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THE LADY IN GOLD

Portrait of Mrs. Francis S. Whitten

By Julian Lamar

Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries



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MAN MONDAY'S FISHING

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF

ROBINSON CRUSOE on his legendary island had his man Friday to keep him company; and I resemble old Crusoe to the extent of spending a good deal of my time on an island, and having a Friday of my own. But Monday is his real name; it is tattooed on his forearm according to the custom of his land. If he ever forgot it, as absent-minded persons are rumored to do, he could roll up his sleeve for a glance at the six blue letters printed on his brown skin.

Monday is a Cook Island Maori, a handsome old fellow, still straight and powerful for all his age. He comes from Atiu, an island where missionaries settled early in the last century and, as he once told me in a moment of confidence that his father had been a cannibal, he must be very old. But his shoulders are still broad and unbowed, his head still carried high, and his brown face scarcely wrinkled by the years. Long ago, in the course of a little unpleasantness aboard a whaling vessel, he lost an eye, and that handicap, coming in middle life, put an end to his

career at sea. He returned to his island, laid aside the godless ways of the whalers, and became a deacon of the Wesleyan Church.

Several of the younger men of Monday's village had shipped for a voyage or two on the whale-ships, and now they proposed to build a boat, keep a man on the watch offshore, and put out when their chance came. Monday thought well of the idea; he helped them build their boat and forge its equipment of lances and harpoons. At last she stood ready on her rollers under a shed close to the beach; the lines were coiled in their tubs, and the new irons hung from the rafters above—bright, razor-sharp, and greased with coconut-oil. Then for a long time no whales appeared.

Most of the young men were keen; the sport of the thing appealed to them, and they knew that a single whale would enrich every member of the boat's crew. One Sunday, just after the service at the little church, a boy came running out of breath to announce that a dozen cachalots were blowing within a mile of the

reef. It was a difficult moment. In Polynesia Sunday is observed with a strictness unknown elsewhere; the sabbath-breaker feels himself threatened with disease and death. A hasty meeting of the deacons was called, and Monday found himself standing out alone against his more orthodox colleagues. His logic was simple. Aboard a whaling ship one day was as good as another; the boats were lowered away whenever the lookout shouted "Blow!" If the young men considered themselves whalers, they should follow the custom of the white man. But the other deacons were not convinced, and the boat's harpooner, who was the son of one of them, announced that he was afraid to go. Monday's blood was up.

"You are fools!" he declared, "fools wasting words!" He turned to the boat's crew, awaiting the verdict anxiously. "Come. I am old but I will go with you and harpoon your whale."

There were one or two doubters at the oars as the boat was pulled up to windward. Their fears increased when a great bull-whale broke water close ahead and Monday planted an iron deep in the massive back. Three hours passed while the boat dashed through the drenching whitecaps, running along the arc of a great circle. Atiu was a blur on the horizon, obscured by clouds, when the whale stopped, wallowing as though exhausted, and the old man gave the word to close in for the lancing. Monday was a whaler once more; he had forgotten everything but the chase. He thrust the steering oar into another man's hands, sprang to the bow of the boat, and seized a lance. But the men pulled up half-heartedly; as they drew near two of them sat paralyzed with fright. Monday turned aft in a rage, roaring out words that fell strangely from a deacon's lips. He thrust deep as they drew alongside and snatched up a second lance. "Now," he announced, "I'll show you how a *man* kills a whale!" Next moment he leaped across a fathom

of water to the monster's back, brandished his lance, drove it home, and disappeared in a welter of pink foam. The boat's crew backed away in a panic, with awe on their faces as they saw their leader pull himself aboard over the stern. Then the whale went into his flurry and died, reddening the sea.

As a rule, in native eyes the end justifies the means, but this incident, reported by unfriendly tongues, cost Monday his position in the church and made him a pariah among the elders. He had outraged public opinion; he had indulged in conduct and language unbecoming a deacon of the church; and worst of all, perhaps, he had succeeded in killing his whale and towing it ashore to be tried out. When I first knew him, in Tahiti, he had been an exile for many years.

His establishment as a member of my household was accomplished by imperceptible degrees. About five years ago, I remember, I needed a new laundress, and an old woman who lived in a little palm-leaf house not far away volunteered to wash my clothes. Her name was Akakoro, she told me; she was an ingratiating old party, fond of a yarn, a tin of salmon, or three fingers of native rum. And she was a number one laundress. On Saturday nights, as I sat reading on my verandah, I used to hear a discreet little cough and look up to see her squatting on the steps with my bundle at her side. Then, if there were any hints of encouragement, in the shape of a cigarette or a move toward the shelf where the bottle stood, she would settle down for a yarn.

I used to be aware of three or four children who played on the beach in front of Akakoro's house, and I knew that her husband lived there—a dignified old fellow with a white mustache, who had a habit of sitting crosslegged in the shade of a hibiscus tree, gazing out hour after hour over the ocean. But I didn't make his acquaintance till one evening when I walked home from dinner at a friend's house.

There was a sound of angry shouting as I drew near. An old man stood in a patch of moonlight on the beach. With one hand he held my bicycle, which I had left under the house, and in the other he swung the formidable club that Akakoro used for beating my soapy clothes. He seemed to be haranguing someone who had taken refuge in a thicket nearby. "Thief!" he shouted. "You are young and I am old, but come out of your hiding-place!" The club whistled menacingly through the air. It struck me that the lurker showed great presence of mind in not accepting this invitation. "What's the trouble?" I asked. The old man snorted.

"I don't know who he is," he explained; "but a moment ago I saw him making off with your bicycle. He dropped it when I shouted, then he ran away and hid like a girl!"

After an unsuccessful beat through the thicket I shook my benefactor's hand. "Do you live nearby?" I asked.

"I am Akakoro's husband," he informed me with dignity; "Monday is my name."

A fortnight later I had one of my evening visits from his wife. Her house, she said, was getting old, and the roof leaked. She and her husband had talked it over and agreed that my place needed some one to look after it when I was away. What would I say to their building a house on my beach, under the pandanus trees? She had noticed a lot of old boards under my house; they would be just the thing for a floor. With a family living there when I was away in America, no one would dare to steal the coconuts or break into the house.

That was the beginning of relations which have lasted to this day. Little by little the tribe of Monday has made itself indispensable to me, until I wonder at times whether they live with me, or if the truth is that I live with them. Old Monday is a very fair cook. Without consulting me, he established himself in my outdoor kitchen and one day,

as I was setting out for my usual lunch at a Chinese restaurant, Akakoro suggested that I stay at home, as Monday had amused himself by preparing a meal in the white man's style. Yes, he understood a bit about cooking. From that day I ate at home. Akakoro took to making my bed and sweeping the house, while the washing fell to her small granddaughter. The other children began to weed the lawn, collect the coconuts, and keep the beach clean—light duties that native children perform automatically. The old lady, in mysterious ways of her own into which it seemed indiscreet to inquire too closely, accumulated a stock of ducks and fowls, which bred rapidly under her care and soon furnished more eggs than we could eat. Monday loved to potter around at night with set-lines and a spear; on three days out of five he provided me with a fish or a fat freshwater eel. In fact, he came very close to being the cook of one's dreams—a cook, that is, who both cooks and provides the food. Akakoro's land, far up in the valley, furnished us with fruit and native vegetables, and a duck or a chicken was to be had any day for the catching—a difficult job, but one the grandchildren regarded as sport. And Monday, as I said, was a keen fisherman.

I should have used the present tense, for he is still a keen fisherman, and the tribe is still with me after nearly five years. Not long ago I made a little summary of the relationship, balancing my contributions against what they do for me. I provide bread for all hands, as well as tea, and coffee and sugar. I also pay the clothing bill, though twenty dollars a year would cover it with money to spare. I furnish soap, as well as an occasional tin of salmon or beef when fishing is dull. And one more item: a quart of rum each Saturday night. Spread out over the week and shared by two appreciative throats, this is surely not too much. The only money that changes hands is four dollars on the first of each month, paid to the granddaughter who washes my clothes, though there are

times when I suspect that it goes to augment the supply of rum. The other side of the ledger would make an account too long to itemize here. The Tribe of Monday, in brief, provides me with food, service, friendship, and entertainment without end. It was Monday, for example, who suggested that we go in for bonito-fishing.

II

The offshore fishing for bonito, the old manly sport of Polynesia, is dying out. The modern Kanaka, enriched by vanilla-planting and made lazy by the ease of buying a tin of salmon or a loaf of bread, has lost the enterprize of his fathers. The women no longer wait at evening for the return of the sea-going canoes; nowadays they thrust their feet painfully into high-heeled shoes and hobble off with their husbands to the nearest cinema. But old Monday comes of a sturdier generation.

I think our tame frigate bird must have given him the idea. I would like to say more about Lala, strangest and most beautiful of pets. She used to perch on the tall dead stump of a palm, gazing out to sea on the watch for boobies or noddy terns. We fed her, of course, calling "Lala! Lala!" and tossing bits of fish high in the air to be seized before they touched the ground, but we encouraged her to be self-supporting as well; and to see her after a booby was to realize that Lala pursued the slower bird as much for sport as for food. All hands used to assemble on the beach to watch her, and one day, when she launched herself into the air and headed for a dense flock of birds circling beyond the reef, Monday turned to me, a glitter in his single eye.

"Bonito!" he said. "A big school! Two men cannot paddle a canoe fast enough to come up with them, but if we had a little boat with an engine, like the boat of your friend's yacht that passed last year, we could fill it with fish!" He said no more that day, but Monday—as I have discovered since then—is a master

of the system we used to call "dropping" when I was a child. Someone told me that the constant dropping of water would wear away the hardest rock, and I remember how fruitfully I applied the idea to parental unreceptiveness where such things as baseballs and new bicycles were concerned. It worked in those days and now, used still more skillfully, it worked on me. One day it would be, "Salt bonito is delicious, better than salmon. We can salt dozens of them when we get our boat." And another day I would come on the old man sorting over a lot of pearl-shells. "To make our hooks," he would explain, "when the boat is ready. The neighbors will open their eyes when they see us come in loaded with bonito!" The modern native, fishing for minnows in water three feet deep, looks on a bonito as the New England gunner regards a wild goose.

At last I weakened, as had been inevitable from the beginning. I subscribed to a paper devoted to motor-boats, sent for catalogues of engines, and began to amuse myself with sketches of a small sea-going boat. I found a builder who entered into the spirit of the affair, and guaranteed to produce a boat light enough to be rowed in an emergency, and seaworthy enough for fishing offshore. Finally the boat was finished and the engine installed. A short trial in the open sea, swept by the trade wind, convinced us that she was a success; and, best of all, the motor actually started and ran.

While our boat was building, Monday prepared our fishing-tackle—an arduous task. For some weeks I saw little of him; he was rummaging about the island, in search of certain pearl-shells in shades difficult to obtain. Then I came on him one day, squatting in the shade by a little stack of shell, and old hack-saw blade in his hand. He was cutting out our lures, and a week later I saw him polishing them with the fin of a small shark. They were pretty iridescent things, made in imitation of a flying-fish,

and fitted with tufts of white horsehair and barbless hooks of bone or brass. I noticed that the lures he allotted to me had brass hooks, needle sharp, while his own were all of bone and dull. "Brass hooks are better for the white man," he explained, "but for Maoris bone is best. This is bone from a pig, but my father told me that men's bones were best of all, harder and taking a better point."

I filled a pipe and lay down on the grass, admiring the skillful way he fitted and polished and lashed. Monday is what used to be called a jack-of-all-trades, a type growing rare at home. He can build a house, adze out a canoe, or plank a boat. Fishing and all that has to do with ships and the sea are second nature to him; he understands a good deal about native agriculture, and has some knowledge of rough medicine and surgery. Yet a man at home who had spent all his working life at operating a single machine would be more than half justified in calling old Monday a savage. Civilization, in fact, has penetrated little deeper than the tattooing on his strong brown arms.

Musing over the idea of human progress, I glanced at the old man intent on his work. His sole garment was a pair of knee-length dungarees; in spite of his age his back and shoulders are magnificent. His arms are covered with tattooing from shoulder to wrist, and the numerous blots prove that there was a day when Monday was no laggard in love. His people, since the early missionaries taught them to read and write, have developed a curious custom. When a young man becomes the lover of a girl, his first thought is to visit the village tattooer and have his sweetheart's name printed on his arm, in letters half-an-inch high. Later on, when the old love is discarded for a new one, the tattooer is visited again, and this time his task is a double one, for in addition to the new name to be inscribed, there is the painful job of blotting the old one out. Monday had undergone this operation at least

a dozen times, and I was amused to see that the large "AKAKORO" on his right forearm, was the only surviving name. He tied his lures in a little bundle, wrapped in a leaf, and sighed as he rose to his feet. "I am going to the mountain for our bamboos," he said.

Our rods were a pair of strong, flexible bamboos, thirteen or fourteen feet long and fitted with stout lines of equal length. When I slowed the boat to about four knots, just fast enough to make the trailing lure dash and skitter in imitation of a flying fish, I realized that our outfits were a sort of primitive fly-tackle. But that wasn't till more than a fortnight after all was in readiness.

Day after day old Monday sat on the beach, scanning the horizon impatiently. The weather was calm and clear with light catspaws from the north; Lala sat sluggishly on her perch and croaked for fish, which even her keen eyes could not detect offshore. Our boat rode to a slack painter on the glassy lagoon.

III

Then one morning while I was writing some letters long overdue, Monday called to me from the steps. "The frigate bird's gone!" he said; "lend me your glasses; there must be fish outside." Five minutes later he came up the path at a shambling trot. "Bonito!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

Our engine rose to the emergency; it started like a race horse, and as I opened the throttle the tiny propeller whirled till we were foaming along at all of seven knots. Monday's one eye was better than my two; we were half a mile beyond the reef before I was able to distinguish what his eager gestures had been pointing out—an appearance like a dense swarm of bees on the horizon four or five miles away. Little by little as we approached, the moving specks took form. Some hovered high above the sea—plunging headlong—rising—plunging again. These were the boobies. A cloud of smaller and darker specks swept

back and forth close above the waves—noddy terns slanting down to seize the small fish on which the bonito feeds. Finally the spray and lunge of the fish were visible. Monday was all excitement.

"Slow the engine!" he said.

We were in the midst of the swarm of feeding birds. Their animation, their fierce energy, was a wonderful thing to see. Hundreds of boobies darted this way and that overhead, scanning the water eagerly for the rising fish. When the moment came they dropped like stones, and the sound of their plunging was continuous. Sometimes two of them came down together and rose to the surface to dispute their prey with locked beaks and spasmodic wing-beats, heedless of the approaching boat. The beautiful little noddies, with sleek dark plumage and snowy caps on their heads, were all about us. The French sailors have a pretty name for them: *Soeurs de Charité*; it fits their costume, but not the eager fierceness with which they flutter in companies just above the sea, alert to pounce on the harried schools of little fish. Then I saw my frigate bird, the long red ribbon of identification streaming from her leg, darting in pursuit of a booby—no mean flier in the air, but helpless when pitted against Lala's incomparable powers of flight. A series of plunging splashes close to the boat showed that we were among the bonito at last.

While I steered back and forth in the midst of the school, Monday tried the first of his lures in a long skitter on the waves. No result. Suddenly he leaned over the side to snatch at a small fish that struggled weakly at the surface, half cut in two. "Mullet!" he exclaimed; "they'll take the yellow shell!" The new lure had scarcely touched the water when the line snapped taut and the old man sprang to his feet. A fat, steel-blue fish of six or seven pounds left the water, described an arc through the air, and landed thumping in the boat. I heard a grunt of satisfaction. "*Mea tano!*" muttered the fisherman, which

might be translated "That's the stuff!" Watching over my shoulder, I forgot to ply my own rod.

Monday stood poised facing the stern, knees bent, legs wide apart, and his left foot slightly advanced. His grip on the bamboo was so firm that I could see the muscles of his shoulders bulge. When a fish struck, it seemed to me that the butt of the rod moved no more than six inches, but the movement was so sharp and powerful that bonito after bonito flew through the air, hit the old man's chest or extended arm, and fell flopping and quivering into the boat. There was little unhooking to be done, for the blunt point of bone usually dropped from the fish's mouth half way, allowing the lure to fall back into the sea. Once or twice the hook stuck and had to be disengaged; sometimes a fish missed the boat altogether and went splashing into the water alongside. Ten minutes passed; thirty or forty bonito covered the floor of the little cockpit aft. Monday laid down his rod and turned to me—dripping with sweat and breathing fast. "I am old," he said apologetically. "Try your luck while I steer."

The fish must have sounded at that moment, for the birds ceased their activity and went trailing off uncertainly to leeward. I was flicking my lure in the wake of the boat when there came a swirl greater than any bonito could make, and a tug at the rod that nearly tore it from my hands. The old man's eye was quicker than mine.

"A tuna!" he shouted; "Hold him! Ah! Hold his head up! If he gets it down he is gone!"

It was a yellow-fin tuna, a fifty-pounder, and he thrashed and plunged like a porpoise while I strained at the rod, bent double and threatening to snap. Monday was fumbling in a frenzy for his gaff, under the half-deck forward. Finally he emerged with it and came aft with a bound that nearly capsized us. Next moment his arm shot out; he yelled in triumph as he swung my tuna over the rail, transfixed

on the big hook of steel. It was a smallish tuna, as they run in the South Seas, but a magnificent fish for all that. The body, deep at the fore-end and tapering in easy lines to the sharp sickle of the tail, was eloquent of speed. The pectoral fins fitted into shallow depressions where they could lie flush, one sweep of the sharp propeller aft would shoot the body through the sea with the speed of a torpedo.

"Your hook is badly bent," Monday was saying; "another minute and we should have lost him." He was steering the boat toward the land. "It is useless to stay out longer," he went on. "You saw how the school sounded? That was because the big fish had risen among them. It would have been the same if the larger fish had been bonito of the next size—those we call *toheveri*. Fish are never at their ease when bigger fish are about."

We were six or seven miles offshore, and the view of Tahiti in the morning sunlight was unusually fine. For once, no clouds hung over the interior of the island, and the central mountain, visible in minute detail, stood like the dorsal fin of a vast sleeping shark. That, in fact, was how the oldtime natives conceived of the island; they recognized the head, the tail, the gills, and the lofty triangular fin called *Orofena*. Dark-blue sea, turquoise sky, snowy line of reef, rich green of the wooded land—all the familiar elements of a picture I had admired a hundred times were here, but their beauty was as fresh as though I saw with the eyes of the discoverer Wallis, on that June morning, one hundred and fifty-nine years before, when his ship drew near the land. There, a little to the east of us, was Matavai Bay, where the *Dolphin* ran on the coral shoal which still bears her name. The slender white shaft of the lighthouse on Point Venus marked the spot where Captain Cook set up his telescope to observe the planet's transit in 1769. Bligh sailed in through yonder break in the reef to load the *Bounty* with young breadfruit trees, and a few years later

the *Duff* dropped anchor in the same historic bay, to offload the first eager cargo of South Sea missionaries. The usual thoughts, futile but always fascinating, played in my mind. To know what one can know to-day, and to have been with Wallis, or Cook, or even Bligh! Sea and land are unchanging, but the last of what Mr. Havelock Ellis has called "the beautiful old civilization of the Pacific" is long since gone, its secrets preserved, its mysteries uninterpreted. Old Monday's voice sounded across a century and a half.

"Next time," he was saying, "I shall steer while you try your hand." I shook my head.

"I could never learn to fish as you do!" The old man smiled as he stuffed tobacco into his short clay pipe.

"When I was young," he remarked, "I was counted a good bonito-fisherman. You see now why I made my hooks blunt? We used to go out three in a canoe, and oftentimes we paddled half a day before we could come up with a school. Then the man in the stern dropped his paddle and took up his rod while the other two worked furiously to hold the pace. Five, or at most, ten minutes was as long as we could hope to keep up, so you can understand that we had to pull the fish from the water as fast as possible. Nowadays the young men have lost the art. Once the bonito was counted the noblest of fish, and his pursuit was the sport of our chiefs."

So it was in the old days through all the scattered island groups of Polynesia. I thought of a book I had been reading, written by an American who knew and loved the South Seas. William Churchill was our consul in Samoa in the days when brave old Slocum sailed around the world, and his insight into the native mind is nowhere better illustrated than in a passage on the language of bonito-fishing—a passage so curious that I shall quote at length:

The Samoan . . . has his own Basakrama, the language of courtesy to be used to them

of high degree, to chiefs and bonitos. One does not say that he goes to the towns which are favorably situated for the bonito fishery; he says rather that he goes into seclusion, he withdraws himself. He finds that the fleet which is to chase the bonito has an honorable name for this use, that the chief fisher has a name he never uses ashore. He will not in so many words say that he is going to fish for bonito, he says that he is going out paddling in the courtesy language; he even avoids all chance of offending this gentleman of his seas by saying, instead of the blunt vulgarity of the word fishing, rather that he is headed in some other direction. He does not paddle with the common word, but with that which he uses in compliment to his chief's canoe. He will not so much as speak the word which means canoe; he calls it by another word which may mean the turning away to one side. In this unmentioned canoe he may not carry water by its common name, he must call it the cool stuff. He will not mention his eyes in the canoe; he calls his visor the shield for his chestnut leaves. Even the word for large becomes something else in this great game. The hook must be tied with ritual care; it is called out of the common name for hook; no bonito will take a hook which has not been properly tied; the fastening is veiled under the name for land. There are many rules to observe; their disregard is called stepping over the bilges, from the most unfortunate thing that the fisher can do. He may hail the bonito by his name (*atu*), or he may call him affectionately or coaxingly old singed-skin. If he has the fortune to hook his bonito he must raise the shout of triumph, Tu! Tu! Tu e! not his whole name but one of its syllables; he triumphs as over a foe honorably slain in combat, but he avoids hurting the feelings of the other gentlemen of the sea. The first bonito caught in a new canoe he calls life; the first bonito caught in any season bears a special name of uncertain signification, and he presents it to his chief. His catch he reckons by a special notation; to his numerals he adds the word body; he counts them as one-body, two-body, three-body. Parts of the gentleman have specific names of their own; his fins and entrails are called in terms nowhere else employed; the tidbit of the belly part, which the fisher must give to his chief, is called by the honorific title of the chief's abdomen. And if the rites were not duly observed, if the hook was not

rightly tied, if the fisher was so incautious as to mention his eyes, if one of a hundred faults was committed and the fishing was in vain, then the fisher acknowledged his ill success abjectly by saying that he was conquered. Such is the language Samoans use to the gentleman of the seas.

To my mind there is something very pretty in all this—symbolical of the wholesome, ancient, and widespread respect for human food. In America, when the head of the family takes up his knife to carve the Thanksgiving turkey, a trace of the same sentiment may be observed; and it is a part of man's contradictory nature that the keenest sportsman is oftentimes the greatest lover of the birds and beasts he kills. Respect for the food we eat and gratitude for seasons of plenty are relics of primitive religious feeling, and verge very closely on religion, even to-day.

The Hawaiians, once, like their southern cousins, a race of fishermen, shared the Samoan respect for fish. Here are some quaint words of advice from old Hawaii, to be found in a footnote in one of Fornander's volumes of folklore: "Don't say, 'I am going fishing.' Say instead, 'I am going to the woods.' Don't hold your hands behind your back. To do so is an indication of weariness, and the fish, being very considerate, do not care to burden you further. Don't indulge in dirty language or in smutty tales before going fishing. Even the fish are averse to dirt. Don't walk on a net when it is spread out; don't step over a net when it is bundled. It is the house for the fish when it is cast in the sea, and the fish prefer it clean."

IV

It was noon when we came putting in through the pass. As I snapped the switch and Monday made the painter fast to our buoy, a few yards from the beach, I saw his wife standing in the shade of a pandanus tree, hands on her hips—regarding us with a faintly ironic smile.

"Well," she called to her husband mockingly, "what did you catch?"

He made no reply but continued to knot the painter in his unhurried way. Old Akakoro was impatient.

"The fire's going," she went on. "I suppose I'd better go and open a tin of beef for lunch." Then I heard Monday's deep, deliberate voice.

"Wait!"

He covered the engine with its little hatch, stepped aft and took up the sponge to mop a few spots of blood from the thwart. Then he began to toss the fat bonito into the shallows at the old woman's feet. She gave a loud, explosive "*Aué!*" and I saw three or four native neighbors, who must have been on the watch close by, approaching at a trot. When the last of his thirty-odd

fish had been flung out, Monday stepped into the shallow water alongside and waded ashore, carrying the rods and dragging my tuna by the tail. I knew precisely how he felt, and I admired his composure at this really great moment.

Relieved of all burdens, he and I led the little procession to the house. As we passed under Lala's perch I heard a feeble croak and glanced up at my distended frigate bird, dozing in the sun with half-closed eyes. As usual, now that we had plenty of fish, she needed none. I halted for a moment to admire her rich plumage of white, salmon-pink, and black shaded with chocolate. Monday was touching a match to his pipe.

"What do you think?" he asked contentedly. "Aren't you glad we got our boat?"





PORTRAIT OF A CLERIC

BY ELMER DAVIS

ON Morningside Heights in the city of New York a great Gothic church is rising, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It was begun as long ago as 1892; but in a whole generation the exertions of the pious—the prosperous and pious, for this is an Episcopalian cathedral—sufficed only to complete the choir and crossing. For years this fragment towered magnificent but incomplete, the product of an effort that seemed to have spent itself.

But now the nave is building, the transepts are in prospect, there is more than a hope that before long the whole immense edifice will be completed, clear up to the cross that tops the spire—five hundred feet above the pavement, the cathedral boosters will tell you, six hundred and fifty feet above tidewater—one of the three largest cathedrals in the world. Inevitably, it will be a monument, a monument to the bishop who achieved in a few weeks of driving effort what three previous bishops had failed to accomplish in three decades. And he achieved it in accordance with the best of precedent—the twelfth-century precedent of the great age of cathedral building, when the whole community was united in one grand endeavor; the Scriptural precedent of the man who, when his invited guests failed to arrive, sent out into the byways and hedges and dragged everybody in.

This was the great inspiration of the Right Reverend William Thomas Manning, Episcopal Bishop of New York—to sweep the whole twentieth-century community of New York, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and about one per cent

Episcopalian, into a great twelfth-century crusade for the building of “a house of prayer for all people.” It was—or is so far—the crowning achievement of a brilliant career. Bishop Manning, after all, is more than a cathedral builder. He is the champion of orthodoxy, defender of the faith, doughty upholder of the Virgin Birth, supporter of the Volstead Act, corrector of dogma and morals, extirpator of heresy; and withal an ecclesiastical statesman, if not in the thirteenth-century tradition, at least in that of the seventeenth. Bishop of the most opulent diocese in the most elegant of churches, he is still young as bishops go, and brighter glories may lie beyond. Enthusiastic after-dinner speakers have called him the First Citizen of New York, the First Churchman of America; without eliciting his visible disapproval, they have suggested him for the as yet non-existent office of first Archbishop of the American Episcopal Church.

Upon what meat doth this our Bishop feed, that he hath grown so great? I reveal no guarded secrets, nor am I a psychographer to uncover the hidden springs of action; I merely study the public record open to all. But from this record one or two rather curious conclusions emerge. Notoriously the right reverend bishop owes his episcopal rank to that right irreverend layman, Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Moreover, Doctor Manning regards his church (when it is politic so to regard it) as “part of the ancient historic Catholic Church”; and certainly it was in a Catholic spirit that he drew all New York into the building of a cathedral which is alleged

to embody the community's spiritual aspiration. But for the method which made the cathedral possible he is indebted to that notable Protestant secretary, the Reverend Doctor Billy Sunday.

II

Doctor Manning is presumably cognizant and approving of his biography as it appears in *Who's Who*. In the American version of that volume the place of his birth is not mentioned; in the English *Who's Who* it is set down that he was born in Northampton, England. Tradition says that he came to this country with his parents in boyhood and lived in Nebraska and California before going for his secular and theological education to the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee. Hagiography has neglected those early years, though there is a legend that the future bishop once sold groceries. But it seems curious and ungrateful that the English birthplace should have been omitted from the American *Who's Who*; curious, since Doctor Manning has never made any secret of his Anglophile sympathies; ungrateful, since if he had not been born in England he would not now be Bishop of New York.

In 1903 he came from Nashville to New York, as vicar of one of the chapels of Trinity Parish, a small, slight man, with no particularly impressive pulpit eloquence to overcome the handicap of his stature, but a man with a good record, sound in theology from the conservative point of view, endowed by marriage with the modest wealth which a metropolitan clergyman always finds useful. Within a year he was made assistant rector of Trinity Parish, whose burdens lay heavy on the aged Dr. Morgan Dix; in 1908, upon Doctor Dix's death, he succeeded in due course to the rectorate.

Now Trinity is the wealthiest and most important parish in the country; its rector is the most powerful vassal of the Bishop of New York; with the vicars of his nine chapels bound to him by sub-

infeudation, he is a bigger man than many provincial bishops. Years before, the mere prospect of this succession had led Doctor Manning to refuse bishoprics in the comparative wilds. But he happened to inherit his fief at a moment when Trinity was feeling the claws of the muck rake. By ancient grants the corporation held much property in downtown New York, which the growth of the city had turned into slums. A tradition of two centuries held that Trinity's business was nobody else's business, and now magazines and newspapers were making a great noise about these private matters, alleging that Trinity's tenements were unfit to live in and that some of the tenants were persons quite unsuitable as residents on ecclesiastical property. In short, Trinity real estate had become a scandal.

Manning cleaned it up—without noise; indeed, with a pious pretense (in deference to the memory of his predecessors) that there was no need to clean up at all. Nevertheless, he did clean up; he ended the secrecy of centuries; he took away a reproach. And, incidentally, he left no doubt of his admirable feeling for etymology. A rector was a ruler, and the new rector of Trinity was going to rule.

It was different when he spoke on matters outside of Trinity Parish, with the prestige, little less than episcopal, which his position conferred. He became a leader of the Anglo-Catholic party which wanted to change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church to the American Catholic Church. His defense of the "historical and unbroken continuity" of Catholic tradition made the Low Churchmen his enemies; and they beat him, at the diocesan convention of 1915, for delegate to the next year's General Convention—the first time in all history that a rector of Trinity had been defeated for an elective office. It was predicted, then, that the defeat would make him a bishop. But as matters turned out it took a good deal more than that to make him a bishop.

For in the next few years there rose the

question of the Congregational Concordat—an arrangement by which Congregational preachers, having received Episcopal ordination, might minister to Episcopalians. To the Protestant mind there seems nothing so very terrible about this, since the Congregationalists had to become a sort of sub-caliber Episcopalians before they could be trusted with these ministrations; but it roused the ire of Anglo-Catholics—all but Manning. He was beginning to be deeply interested in ecclesiastical unity, and to his Catholic brethren it seemed that he was forgetting the ancient principle that ecclesiastical unity could be attained only by everybody becoming Catholic. When Manning came out for the Concordat, his Anglo-Catholic friends whetted their knives for the lost leader.

In 1919 Bishop Greer died and the rector of Trinity was nominated for his seat. So was Doctor Stires of St Thomas's, the Low-Church candidate; so also was Suffragan Bishop Burch. Burch was the long shot, for all that he had been Greer's assistant; he had come late to the priesthood, having spent his early life in the godless occupation of editing a newspaper. None the less Burch was elected—partly by the votes of the rural clergy who rather distrusted that urban potentate, the rector of Trinity, but partly by the votes of High Churchmen, who deserted Manning because they felt that his catholicity was not to be trusted whenever a visible advantage appeared to lie in flirting with Protestantism.

Also, by this time Manning had many enemies, within and without the Church. Some of them, outside especially, were highly to his credit. From the beginning of the war he had been outspokenly pro-Ally and pro-English. Many people dislike his war record; but unless you hold that the Germans were right, or that a clergyman has no right to support any war, it is hard to find much fault with it. If he was anti-Bolshevist, it has yet to be proved that conservatism is a crime. If he had an opinion, for publi-

cation, always on tap, so did all men prominent enough to get their opinions published. If he was infected by war hysteria, so was everybody else during the war—not least the radicals and pacifists who invented the term as a reproach for their enemies, most of whom are war-hysterical still.

He served as volunteer chaplain at Camp Upton and apparently would have gone to France if the age limit had not barred him; and if he was rather ubiquitous around town in his khaki uniform, why, a good many men were ubiquitous in uniform on the internal front who were kept out of the trenches through no fault of their own. Yet Manning made enemies—perhaps because he seemed just a little too virulent for a man of God, but partly because he was English-born and honestly believed that England was on the right side.

Now granted the fact, whether you like it or not, that foreign-born Americans are apt to retain some fondness for the Old Country, it does not appear why a privilege conceded to an American born in Italy or Ireland or Germany should be withheld from an American born in England. But New York is a peculiar city with peculiar institutions. Every New Yorker has, if he is wise, two fatherlands, his own and Ireland. Manning, the most prominent Anglo-American, inevitably incurred the hatred of the Irish and the abuse of the Hearst newspapers; but it took a grotesque episode just after the war to seal and ratify the enmity that was to be the making of his fortune.

III

The war had ended in integral victory, and in that month before the Peace Conference met integral victory seemed to promise an integrated world. The one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moved seemed visibly at hand; in that millennial dawn our returning army, victors at Armageddon, must be welcomed as triumphant crusaders. Accordingly Mayor Hylan

appointed a Committee of Welcome which included about all the prominent citizens of New York; which included among others, and in no obscure position, Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

If it had been meant as a joke it would have marked Hylan as a greater man than Aristophanes; but, like all Hylan's humor, it was unintentional. He saw no reason why Hearst who had made Hylan did not deserve a chief place on any of Hylan's committees. But other citizens saw much reason why Hearst, with his familiar war record, was out of place on this particular committee. They resigned, one after another, with roars of disapproval; Doctor Manning resigned, roaring if anything louder than the rest. Those who resigned got up a rival organization, the Citizens' Committee of Welcome, on which Manning was in the foreground; and they proclaimed a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden to speak out the public reprobation of the iniquitous Hearst appointment.

That meeting turned out to be a grander jest than the appointment itself, the first forewarning of the great political discovery of 1919, that the millennium had been indefinitely postponed. Three or four thousand indignant patriots rattled around in the great open spaces of the Garden, their fiery fulminations interrupted by raucous shouts of "Hurrah for Hoist, de woiking-man's friend." For Mr. Hearst's astute lieutenants had not only brought in several hundred deep-lunged civilians to offer a minority report; they even had on hand a detachment of the returning heroes who had caused all the hullabaloo, soldiers and sailors in uniform. And when an exasperated chairman demanded that all who sympathized with Hearst leave the hall, the heroes in uniform led the recessional. They may have come only from near-by training camps, they may have marched out to be fed at Hearst's expense; none the less they marched out, the meeting fell flat, and the Citizens' Committee of Welcome fell with it, never to rise again.

But from its ruins there was to spring, in the fullness of time, a Bishop of New York.

Bishop Burch died suddenly, little more than a year after his elevation. Again the diocesan delegates must elect a bishop, and again Manning was a candidate. Having failed through too much Protestantism, he had lately been very Catholic. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant of the Church of the Ascension—a radical, a pacifist, a Low Churchman, everything that Manning hated—had preached a sermon on divorce; and Manning had replied with a denunciation of Grant's views as no better than approval of free love. Grant was more or less of a maverick; but among Low Churchmen there was an uneasy feeling that Manning was already a little too episcopal in his pronouncements for one who was still a mere rector (if the rector of Trinity can be called a mere rector). On the other hand, High Churchmen welcomed the returning prodigal. Doctor Carstensen, very high, observed that the diocese needed a bishop who would ride some of the straying brethren "with a curb bit." Everybody knew he meant Grant as the wild horse and Manning as the bronco buster.

At this moment some malignant spirit inspired the unhappy Grant, who knew well enough what was in store for him if Manning were made bishop, to warn the diocese against electing any but a native American. There may have been some echo of that feeling but, coming from Grant, the suggestion would probably have been laughed off. Fortunately for the Man of Destiny, on the day of election it was no longer a suggestion from Grant but an order from Hearst.

That day the Hearst papers carried a huge black editorial headed: "Is An English Bishop Necessary? Why? Is There No Fit American?" It was illustrated with a picture of benighted African heathen rolling over and slapping their thighs to welcome a British explorer, and the Episcopalians of New York were asked if they meant to roll

over and slap their thighs before Manning. In all solemnity, they were warned that this election would decide whether they were an American Church "or only an institution for pro-British propaganda." To make sure that the message reached the delegates, it had been telegraphed to every one of them; for good measure, newsboys were stationed at the door of the Synod House to give papers to all who entered. It was Hearst's reply to the Garden meeting, and a reply in kind; the meeting had been a flop, and so was the editorial.

This was a heated election; Catholic and Protestant factions in the church were ready for a fight. Chief among the Protestants was Dr. Leighton Parks of St. Bartholomew's, who denounced Catholicism of all sorts and asked if America was to remain America or become "a Roman Catholic Irish republic." The question had some point in those days, but it is rather hard to follow the tortuous logic that connected Ireland and Manning. At any rate, one of Manning's supporters countered by reading the Hearst pastoral from the platform, and from that time on the only question was whether the Low Churchmen feared Manning more than they hated Hearst.

The Protestant vote was divided between Slattery of Grace Church and Stires of St. Thomas's; on the second ballot Manning, supported by the High Churchmen, had a long lead. To unify the Protestant forces Stires withdrew, and then came the break. That Hearst editorial still rankled; some of Stires's supporters felt that it was not that they hated Catholicism less, but Hearst more; on the third ballot, Manning was elected. As surely as any Ghibelline nominee of a medieval emperor, he owed his see to a secular potentate. But one doubts if Mr. Hearst got much satisfaction out of it.

IV

Once a Bishop, Doctor Manning began to behave very episcopally. He had

opinions, and though he has never pretended to such omniscience as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, he has this advantage over Cadman, that his opinions can be enforced by acts—when it seems expedient. The qualification is important.

For while our Bishop can be strict, he knows how to temper justice with mercy, or at least with caution. Perhaps, indeed, he is not by nature authoritarian at all. A psychographer might explain his tendencies toward autocracy in terms of his small physical stature, the compensating gesture of a man who has to stand on a box in a group photograph to look sufficiently impressive. If Napoleon had been six feet tall, Europe might have enjoyed unbroken peace after the Treaty of Amiens. But I am no psychographer; I can only report what our Bishop has done and said.

He supports the Volstead Act as zealously as any Methodist, but with the un-Methodist qualification that he does not regard temperate drinking as a sin. He is against it, but for social reasons. But go back a decade, and one finds evidence that he is a prohibitionist for other reasons as well.

In the diocesan convention of 1916, when Doctor Manning was still rector of Trinity, there appeared a resolution pledging the clergy to personal abstinence, support of existing excise laws, and work for local option in New York. (The Eighteenth Amendment, then, was only a millennial dream.) This proposal was the work of the Reverend James V. Chalmers, rector of a poor parish on the upper East Side, the most active of the few prohibitionists in the diocese. Chalmers was used to introducing his resolution, vainly, at every convention. Once more he introduced it, and supported it with a speech about the evils of drink among the poor; but obviously without much hope of its adoption.

Then up rose the powerful rector of Trinity, unknown as yet to the public as an outspoken dry, pleading for the resolution as a stroke of ecclesiastical states-

manship, to put the church in line with a moral movement. (Yes, the dry cause was still so regarded, in 1916.) "We have been asked," he said, "to do this for the poor; but I say we must do it for the Church and the power of the Church."

They did it. One recusant who dared to mention the miracle at Cana of Galilee was literally howled down. These Episcopalians had no such convenient dogma as comforts the evangelical sects, that the wine made at Cana was unfermented grape juice of the kind Mr. Bryan used to serve at diplomatic dinners; for they all knew on authority it was real wine. Nevertheless, the man who mentioned it was howled down and the resolution adopted by acclamation. It was Chalmers's resolution but Manning's victory; they had done it, not for the poor, but for the power of the Church. Manning had had the foresight to recognize that the water wagon was a band wagon, and he had swung the Church aboard.

On divorce, he has always held the Catholic position—that there is no such thing. A few years ago he appealed to Congress for a federal divorce law, with a pretty strong intimation that his idea of the proper law was no divorce at all. But a little later he was urging the churches to unite against divorce, and last spring he had so far weakened as to advocate love and forbearance in the home as the best remedy. One cannot help wondering if our Bishop, reflecting on the history of prohibition, is beginning to lose his faith in the efficacy of the secular arm.

But where his own arm can enforce obedience that arm is powerful, as none knows better, now, than his old enemy, the luckless Grant. In 1921 Doctor Grant's engagement was announced to a lady who had two ex-husbands living. The Episcopal canon permits remarriage to the innocent party in a divorce for adultery, but Doctor Grant's fiancée had secured her second divorce on the unhallowed ground of desertion. Natu-

rally, Bishop Manning forbade the clergy of his diocese to perform the marriage. There was much sympathy for the pair held apart by sacerdotal authority, especially as they were unwilling to be married by a city clerk or a Presbyterian. After years of vain waiting for the Bishop to relent, the engagement was broken.

Meanwhile the martyred Grant was in more trouble. He preached a sermon which seemed to cast doubt on the divinity of Christ. Bishop Manning promptly ordered him to recant, resign, or be tried for heresy. Liberals of all faiths and of no faith at all rallied around the menaced Grant, champion of religious freedom against dogmatic intolerance and episcopal tyranny; they were all set for a fight but their hero ran out on them. He replied to the Bishop in a long letter which sounded as if it had been written by a highly competent lawyer. Expert theologians read it through and remained in doubt whether Grant had recanted. The one thing sure was that he had not resigned.

Well, then—a heresy trial? In that excited period, men said it would split the Church. Would the Bishop risk it? The Bishop announced that he would—against any clergyman whose denial of the divinity of Christ was "clear, courageous, and unambiguous." This was hint enough for the prudent Grant, whose further utterances could not possibly be described by these adjectives; and the equally prudent Bishop, having enforced what Mayor Gaynor used to call outward order and decency, did not see fit to search the underbrush for latent heresy. In due time Grant resigned on the plea of ill health, and Doctor Manning was left in the serenity of one who has seen four-and-twenty leaders of revolts.

The iron hand in the velvet glove caressed, about this same time, Dr. William Norman Guthrie of St. Mark's in the Bouwerie, who had taken to adorning his services with eurhythmic dances and picturesque bits of assorted sym-

bolism. One Sunday, when barefoot girls danced in his edifice, the police reserves had to be called out to handle the crowd. The Bishop ordered him to desist from these pagan practises, and when he was stubborn, withdrew episcopal ministration from his parish. St. Mark's threatened to secede from the Church; once more excited liberals rallied round the persecuted victim; but once more they had picked a poor hero. Guthrie's dances, however satisfactory to the religious sense of Aztecs and Hindus, seemed a little inappropriate, even to Unitarians, in a Christian church. Presently the vestry of St. Mark's came down like Davy Crockett's coon, and the offending Guthrie came down with them.

Meantime another issue had been met with Christian tolerance and diplomacy. Doctor Manning has always been a Fundamentalist and frank about it. Proclaiming that there is no conflict between faith and science, no harm in evolution, he has still declared that "Christianity stands or falls with the facts about Jesus Christ, His supernatural birth, His bodily resurrection, His ascension into Heaven. If these things did not happen, the Christian gospel ceases to have reality or meaning; the whole truth of the New Testament disappears."

In 1923 the bishops uttered a pastoral letter laying down these basic dogmas, and pointed the declaration by threatening to try for heresy an obscure Texas rector who was suspect on the Virgin Birth. Thereupon Manning's ancient foe, Dr. Leighton Parks, told his flock of St. Bartholomew's that the bishops had no authority to fix dogmas, that there was Scriptural justification for denial of the Virgin Birth, and (most unkindest cut of all) that if he wanted to know about this much-talked-of Catholic tradition he would ask no Episcopal bishop, but Cardinal Hayes.

Was Doctor Parks tried for heresy? He was not. He had frankly told his flock one reason why he would not be

tried—that Bishop Manning's delicacy would restrain him from proceeding against an old antagonist. Perhaps this explains the immunity which Doctor Parks actually enjoyed, but bishops were stayed by no such personal scruples in the great age of the Church. St. Bartholomew's is a great and rich parish, where heresy might be supposed to be more dangerous than in Texas. But Doctor Parks had not personally and explicitly denied the Virgin Birth; and Doctor Manning was getting ready to build a cathedral.

V

Through the war years it had been understood that whoever was bishop after the war would have to do something about the cathedral. But great and good men had been trying to do something about it for thirty years, with no noteworthy result. There was plenty of Episcopalian money in New York but most of it was still *in situ*; it was not flowing into the cathedral. What was to be done? Well, there was Scriptural precedent, when the chosen people had shown themselves unworthy of everlasting life, for turning unto the Gentiles.

How was it to be done? The Reverend Doctor Billy Sunday had shown the way. When that powerful vessel of the Spirit preached in New York in 1917 he had had only partial support from the Episcopalians. Doctor Manning was one of many who had held aloof—quite reasonably, for he did not believe in that kind of religion; quite honorably, for he merely remained silent, offering no obstacle to the good work, if any. But no thoughtful man could overlook the lessons of the Sunday campaign as it actually worked out.

It was known that many evangelical clergymen held about the same opinion of Doctor Sunday's kind of religion as did the rector of Trinity but, not being the rector of Trinity they, did not dare stand aside. They had to go with the crowd, and shout louder than anybody to avert suspicion. In other words, the

evangelical clergy could be stampeded; they dared not stay off any band wagon which proclaimed itself the vehicle of the Good Cause.

Quite as important, the newspapers could be stampeded. Few New York editors and publishers felt any sympathy, temperamental or intellectual, with the Sunday evangel; but they knew that many of their readers did, so the newspapers ran before the great wind of that revival. What was possible to Billy Sunday ought to be easy for the Bishop of New York; and it was.

It remained to find a formula, and the Bishop found it in a phrase in the constitution of his cathedral—"a house of prayer for all people." What did that mean? In the twelfth century, the great age of cathedral building, it could be taken literally; for all people, then, were loyal to the One Church; a whole community could be united in a great common endeavor to build a Gothic cathedral, because a Gothic cathedral in those days expressed the highest aspirations of all men.

But twentieth-century New York is not Gothic; twentieth-century New York is split up among a hundred religions, and only about one per cent of its inhabitants belong to Doctor Manning's church. The other ninety-nine per cent had to be dragged in somehow. The Catholics could not be counted on for much more than benevolent neutrality, but then Catholics as a rule are not wealthy. There is much Protestant money in New York and more Jewish money; and Jews could be flattered, Protestants could be coerced—if it could be made to appear that it was not Manning's cathedral, not an Episcopalian cathedral, but everybody's cathedral, "a house of prayer for all people."

It was an act of faith to believe that a twelfth-century campaign was possible in twentieth-century New York; but it was an act of genius to put it over, and put it over by sheer assertion.

No one could doubt our Bishop's Americanism after observing his truly

American approach to this problem. He began to talk about the size of his cathedral, five hundred feet above the street, six hundred and fifty feet above tidewater, one of the two or three biggest cathedrals in the world. "New York," he said, "needs and must have a building to represent religion on a scale equal to the structures which represent the other great interests of our life, business, educational, social."

After Bigness, Organization. The job of raising the money was entrusted to a firm of professionals, willing to raise money for any good cause for a fair fee, plus expenses. The whole town was organized, committees in every parish, in every sect, in every industry, rival committees which were to meet and report each day at a pep luncheon while the drive went on. The evangelical clergy lined up for the good cause; the newspapers took it all at face value. Non-Episcopalians, unfellowshipped in "the ancient historic Catholic church," were allowed to take the lead; Elihu Root, a Presbyterian, headed the general committee. For this is not our cathedral, it is your cathedral, everybody's cathedral, a house of prayer for all people.

In the enthusiasm of getting started, nobody asked what that meant. It would have been indelicate and at times hazardous. For while Episcopalians are not numerous, even in New York, they are rich and powerful, not to be lightly offended; and the example of Billy Sunday had been followed with such success that everybody was climbing on the band wagon. This time, at last, it was Manning's own band wagon.

The drive started with a great mass meeting in Madison Square Garden. The lesson of that anti-Hearst meeting had been taken to heart; no danger, this time, of an empty house; thirteen thousand tickets had been distributed among the Episcopal parishes (another idea borrowed from Billy Sunday). The theme announced by the brazen trumpet of episcopal declaration was taken up by

the muted strings of a hundred minor pulpits and the dulcet woodwind of sob stories contributed by an able press agent; it thundered in the battery of every newspaper editorial page—"a home for the spiritually homeless," "a great common church expressing the aspiration of all New York."

It went over with a whoop, a community crusade in the best twelfth-century manner. There were even—take it on the authority of New York's most sober newspaper—miracles, two or three of them. Whether they too were provided by the press service of the drive, or appeared to the pious eye of the feature writer, I do not know; but if you believe what you see in the papers, miracles there certainly were. Whether everybody swallowed the miracles may be doubted, but everybody who counted swallowed the cathedral.

Nothing in the way of a donation, said Doctor Manning, would be declined; and with one exception, to be noted presently, nothing ever was. But each could contribute his tithe in kind. For the cathedral, comedians capered on the stage and hockey players performed in the Garden; Paavo Nurmi and Willie Ritola broke records *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* (it was unhappily out of season for Red Grange); and President Coolidge contributed good wishes, framed in these well-chosen words: "I trust that the efforts being made for this purpose will meet with the success its importance warrants."

From each his own offering, to each his own reward. The funds raised by hockey games and track meets, for instance, were attributed to the Sports Bay, a great pictorial window expressing the joyful labors of amateur athletes. Humanitarian protests have forced a change in the design, the excision of a picture of a sportsman shooting a live pigeon; but it does not appear that the money, if any, contributed by pigeon shooters has been declined.

Then there is a Journalism Bay, to be honored with the name of the late

Frank A. Munsey. Considering the esteem in which Mr. Munsey was and is generally held by newspapermen, this is about as tactful as dedicating a hypothetical Bill of Rights Bay to Wayne B. Wheeler, or the actual Women's Transept to Bluebeard. But Mr. Munsey left a heavy contribution to the Journalism Bay, which no doubt has been accounted unto him for righteousness.

Money was being raised by the million; not much from Catholics, though there were well-advertised contributions from Catholics holding elective office, but Jews and evangelical Protestants fell over one another to reach the table which waited in vain for most of the invited guests. Indeed, some three weeks after the drive started, George W. Wickersham, Vice Chairman of the Citizens' Committee, himself an Episcopalian and addressing other Episcopalians, saw fit to observe, "I have been wondering sometimes of late if we are going to let our Presbyterian and Methodist friends build the cathedral."

Other people had been wondering that too, as the campaign went on, but this was the first time it had ever been said by a member of the organization. The first time, and the last; for whatever reason, Mr. Wickersham made no further public appearance in the cathedral drive.

VI

But where was the *advocatus diaboli*? He was there, but for a long time his discordant squawk was drowned in the chorus of praise.

The first protests dealt with an apparent triviality. Gothic architecture was the natural flowering of the twelfth century, the great cathedral age; it expressed, then, the highest ideal, an ideal actually common at all. But captious persons complained that in twentieth-century New York, with a diversity of religions and an adequately significant native architecture, a Gothic cathedral was at best an anachronism.

And at worst it was something very

dubious indeed. For Gothic architecture expressed twelfth-century religion, the religion of that "ancient historic Catholic Church" that Bishop Manning used to talk about. That kind of religion was meaningless or abhorrent to the Jews and evangelical Protestants who were contributing so heavily to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; it was alien, even, to Low-Church Episcopalians. If this was really our great common church, its form ought to express such ideals as our time holds with measurable approach to unanimity; if it meant what it seemed to mean, how could it be a house of prayer for all people? (Especially as the architect in charge was that belligerent synthetic Goth, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, himself so twelfth-century-Catholic that he makes even Manning look like a Baptist.)

These observations were made, however, by unchurched infidels, echoed by the lately chastised Guthrie of St. Mark's in the Bouwerie, who put in a feeble plea for "American architecture." But there was on record Doctor Manning's denunciation of a proposal for a skyscraper cathedral in Chicago ("a poor imitation of the Woolworth Building with a cathedral concealed somewhere inside"); and, more powerfully, there was the fact that the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, a quarter finished, was already Gothic. Once, painfully, it had been altered from Romanesque; it could hardly be altered again. And meanwhile another issue had come up.

A fortnight after the campaign started Bishop Manning published the news of the princely gift of half a million dollars from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a Baptist. The next day Mr. Rockefeller published something the Bishop had forgotten, the correspondence preceding the gift. It is amazingly interesting; its most interesting passage, however, escaped public comment, though without doubt certain Anglo-Catholic clergymen kept it, and pondered it in their hearts. Doctor Manning, once the apostle of Anglo-Catholicism, had called his cathedral

"the common center and rallying point of Protestant Christianity."

Protestant Christianity! This is the Manning who had said, "The word Protestant reflects the controversial spirit of a bygone age; we have progressed beyond it." But evidently we can retrogress back to it when it is a question of half a million Baptist dollars. Is there not high authority for making friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness?

Concession to Mammon, however, has its limits, as the correspondence disclosed. Mr. Rockefeller had been "deeply impressed" by what the Bishop had said and written to him. (Doctor Manning, evidently, had worked for that donation) "about the broad purpose of the cathedral." In furtherance of that catholic (with a small c) purpose, Mr. Rockefeller suggested: "Since a large minority of the funds which have already gone into the cathedral has come from members of other churches, it would seem but fitting that this large outside friendly interest should be represented by the election of a small number of laymen of sister churches to the Board of Trustees." Mr. Rockefeller desired to express the hope that this might be done, "if not now, in the near future." But he did not make that a condition of his gift.

Bishop Manning, replying, said that "we may certainly hope, and we should also pray and believe," for church unity; but "the time has not yet arrived," and "any attempt prematurely to force such an arrangement would retard the cause of unity rather than aid it." Now Rockefeller had said nothing about church unity; he had talked only about minority representation of other churches among the trustees of the cathedral. But Manning, after knocking down the straw man, came back to the point. "The clause" (expressing Rockefeller's pious hope) "that you add to your gift imposes no obligation, legal or moral, on the trustees. This being the case, we accept the more gratefully your generous pledge of \$500,000."

If that formula of acceptance is not law-proof, then there are no good lawyers in the Episcopal Church.

None the less, Rockefeller had taken off the lid. The newspapers, which hitherto had refused to print criticisms of the cathedral, had to admit them now; especially as just after accepting Rockefeller's five hundred thousand Doctor Manning sent back a modest contribution of five hundred from the offending Guthrie—the only contribution, so far as recorded, that he ever refused. The contrast was a little too pointed; and Rockefeller had given respectability to those who were beginning to wonder just what was meant by this sonorous phrase, "a house of prayer for all people."

Low-Church clergymen and magazines supported his argument; they cited the fact that the Episcopal Cathedral in Washington had actually had trustees of other faiths. One of their organs, asking what a house of prayer for all people really meant, pointed out that if it meant only that anyone who felt the need could go in and pray, that function was performed by every church of every faith in the country. In vain did Bishop Manning declare that "the true and fine meaning of the phrase is understood by all." The inveterate Parks, disclosing the fact that he was not whooping up the cathedral drive in his parish, declared flatly that "this is not a house of prayer for all people." As the discussion became acrimonious, the forthright Carstensen—he who had once demanded the curb bit for Percy Grant, and not in vain—was goaded into blurting out, "It is not for all kinds of prayer or all kinds of people." In other words, it was for all people who were willing to pray like Episcopalians.

If the merchandiser had been any but a Bishop, offering holy wares, this would have seemed perilously like misrepresentation of the quality of the goods.

But what of the secular press, that informed guide of public opinion? The

secular press, with one exception, ducked the argument, aside from a few pious platitudes about sympathy and understanding. The exception was the *World*, New York's great moral newspaper, so pathetically eager to support all worthy causes, and so recklessly precipitate in picking them out. Just as the *World* later recanted its support of the turpitudinous Vera Cathcart, in whose behalf it had printed chapters from the New Testament as editorials, so now it came out valorously with the editorial second thought, "Bishop Manning Should Reconsider."

In response, presumably, to this warning (the etiology can doubtless be verified in the *World Almanac*) the Bishop did indeed unbend. Not to the point of admitting trustees of other faiths; gently he asked if anyone would wish to see the cathedral change its statutes "of immemorial standing" (fifty years) in connection with the acceptance of a large sum of money. To which obviously the answer was, Not if it can get the money without it. But he preached at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, declaring that "the time has come for a new synthesis of the deep religious values represented by all Christian communions" (though not for minority representation on the cathedral board). In May, when the intensive campaign was over, when ten million dollars had been raised and more was in sight, new trustees were to be chosen. Low Churchmen proposed that Rockefeller, a Baptist, and Root and Arthur Curtiss James, Presbyterians, should be elected. But all the vacancies were filled by Episcopalians. Rockefeller had the best of the argument and Manning had the money; presumably, each was content.

It must not be supposed, however, that the contributory evangelicals got nothing. Doctor Manning actually held three interdenominational services, inviting evangelical clergymen, mere godly laymen according to Episcopal doctrine, to preach in the house of prayer for all

people. By pure accident of ritual, it chanced that their unordained feet did not tread the holy ground of the sanctuary; but they preached from the pulpit. After that who could doubt that it was everybody's cathedral, even if the Episcopalians did continue to own and operate it? "The discussion," said the Bishop, "has cleared the air; let us hope it will stay clear." By way of further clarification a *Times* editorial added, "Those who do not wish to contribute may with propriety keep quiet."

A new extension of commercial ethics: *caveat emptor, sileantque circumstantes.*

VII

So the cathedral is rising, expressing the common ideals of our great city (though now that the intensive campaign is over, nobody seems to know just what they are). There have been no interdenominational services lately, but it is a safe bet that there will be, if, as, and when required. For money is still needed for the cathedral, and Jews and evangelical Protestants still have it.

Meanwhile our Bishop (now that Grant is in exile and Guthrie in eclipse) beams with brotherly love. Whether, in the view of a High-Church bishop, Jews can be saved, is a question I am not competent to consider; but at least they have their reward here below. The gloomy Dean Inge, when in New York last year, asked why the Jews should want to rebuild Zion; let them rather, he suggested, build a new Temple of Solomon in New York. With laudable promptitude Doctor Manning came to the defense of the persecuted people; "the broadmindedness and public spirit of the Jews of this city have been conspicuously shown"—how? You have guessed it. "By their generous gifts to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine." Doctor Manning even went so far as to risk the charge of platitudinarianism; "many," he added, "of my best friends are Jews."

And for a compliment on the other

side, one may refer to the Reverend Doctor Billy Sunday, who has spoken with approval of the cathedral—"a big church"—and of its builder. "Bishop Manning is one of the finest fellows going. He is true blue, foursquare on God and the Bible."

One pious hope has not been realized; before the drive started Doctor Manning declared that "the building of the cathedral will not in any way lessen the support given to other good causes, but will have the opposite effect." In fact, the cathedral campaign practically sank, for months, the ten-million-dollar drive for the Presbyterian Hospital, since salvaged from the depths by great effort; and most ironically that campaign was in the hands of the same firm of money raisers who got their due profit out of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. But the cathedral is the house of God; the hospital, serving only man, could well be compelled to wait.

Meanwhile the cathedral rises, a monument to the man of vision who got contributions from all people for a house of prayer owned by only one per cent of the people, who put religion over in a big way. It will be a beautiful building, if you like Gothic architecture; an impressive building, if you do not require architecture that expresses something of the life around it. Beyond doubt, the hopes and prayers and sacrifices of thousands of humble Christians, the true salt of the earth, have gone into it; people who know what their cathedral means to them and have never read the legal tortuosities of the Bishop's reply to Rockefeller. And beyond doubt some spiritual uplift has been felt by evangelical clergymen who hug to their bosoms the condescension of those three interdenominational services, by Jews who reflect that the bishop counts them among his best friends.

In the fullness of time our Bishop (he may be an Archbishop by then) will be gathered to his reward; but the cathedral will remain. Perhaps his monument may be more enduring than his brass.



THE MATCHMAKER

A STORY

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

"**R**EALLY, not another cup?" Madeline lifted the silver teapot, glancing towards fat Mrs. Muncaster who sat, a great complicated bundle of furs and silks, on her left.

"No, my dear. I should love another, but I mustn't."

Madeline set down the teapot, raising her eyebrows in hypocritical reproach. The moment of Mrs. Muncaster's departure seemed, by her refusal, to be brought perceptibly nearer. There was hope now that she would be gone before five o'clock when Basil had promised to look in. But next moment that hope receded suddenly, for Mrs. Muncaster leaned back in her chair and put her head on one side.

"I shall not be happy, my dear," she said, "until you are married."

"Married?" Madeline received the suggestion with surprise. "But why should I marry?"

"Why should you *not*? That's what I want to know. You're everything that a wife ought to be and you're beautiful into the bargain. And the years are slipping by, you know, my dear; you ought not to postpone it much longer. Thirty-three, is it, or thirty-four?"

"Still," persisted Madeline, "why marry if one doesn't want to? *I*, for example, don't want to." *Liar*, she said to herself, *liar*; and Mrs. Muncaster, too, reproached her:

"But you *must* want to. Every woman wants to. It's natural to want to settle down and make a home for

oneself; and a home, my dear, includes a husband."

Madeline smiled but made no reply. Her impatience was becoming more and more acute. What a disaster that Mrs. Muncaster should have called on the very afternoon that Basil was coming, and *this* afternoon of all. Perhaps if she were to let the conversation flag, Mrs. Muncaster would go; and so she sat, gazing into the fire, listening to the clock ticking on the mantelpiece, and silently urging Mrs. Muncaster. "Go. Go. Get up. You want to get up and go *now*." Surely she could drive in the idea of departure if she let her mind concentrate hard enough on the old woman. She raised her eyes to the clock. In a quarter of an hour he would arrive; he was always punctual to the second; and if, when he arrived, he found Mrs. Muncaster here, he would probably make himself extravagantly pleasant to her for ten minutes and then suddenly and unexpectedly depart. "A surfeit of Mother Muncaster comes over one so suddenly," he had once said to Madeline. Madeline had laughed. "But, after all," she had replied, "she's a kind old thing."—"Oh, a good sort, I admit. And kind, certainly: too kind. One flees, in the end, to avoid suffocation by kindness—to rescue the shreds of one's individuality."

It was true, perfectly true, Madeline thought now as she sat staring at the fire. The kindness of the polar bear. She groaned inwardly. "Oh, go, woman; for God's sake, go."

But Mrs. Muncaster was smiling protectively. "Well, I am doing my best for you: you may be sure of that."

Madeline emerged from her reverie. "Your best for me?"

"To get you married."

Madeline felt suddenly afraid. Had this meddlesome old woman actually been talking to men about her? So far from helping things, she might very easily ruin everything for her by sheer clumsy importunity.

Mrs. Muncaster pursed her lips and nodded her head. "Yes, my dear. I've even chosen the man."

A terrible apprehension chilled Madeline to the heart; it was all she could do to assume a smile of indifference.

"And who is he, if I may ask?"

Mrs. Muncaster shook a finger. "Ah, that's my business."

Beneath the surface Madeline was furiously angry. She longed to seize the old thing and smother her in her own furs. If Mrs. Muncaster had been suggesting things to men, the men would very likely conclude that it was by Madeline's own wish, a feminine conspiracy. The old woman would simply be making a fool of her. Except for that, her intrusive benevolence did not matter, unless . . . Madeline suddenly went cold all over . . . unless she had been attacking Basil on the subject. Under a calm and gaily cynical exterior Basil would be horrified. His independence, his extreme sensitiveness, would leap away from anything—from Mozart, from Blake, from all he most loved—if Mrs. Muncaster were to press it upon him. Five minutes to five. "Get up, old woman. Get up and go away. It's late. You're wanted at home."

To Madeline's delight Mrs. Muncaster responded. She got up and held out her hand. The magic had worked at last, but only just in time, for it was two minutes to five when she drove away.

Madeline, left alone, stood by the fireplace, one elbow on the mantelpiece.

Her heart was fluttering; every nerve was tense with suppressed excitement. And yet, why? After all, the whole thing might be simply her own imagination. She and Basil had been friends for so long: why, now, should their relation change? Probably it was she herself who had begun to change and so had read into their last meeting things which, from Basil's point of view, were not there. And yet, surely he *had* been different. It had begun with his arrival: he had held her hand so much longer than usual. "It's always such a relief to come to see you," he had said.—"After . . . whom?" she had asked with a laugh.—"After Mrs. Muncaster and the rest of the crew. They're hopeless. I give them up."—"All of them?"—"Yes, every Jack one of them. They're all right for a time. Occasionally I actually feel a sort of craving for Mrs. Muncaster: her stupidity, her kindness, her absurd overestimation of her own importance are all, in some curious way, lovable. Then, one morning, I wake up with a loathing, a real first-class hatred, for the whole pack of them. If only I were a Borgia I would order their instant murder."—"And next day, perhaps, you'd be sorry."—"No doubt a little sorry. But in the end, really glad. If it wasn't for you, I should have left this place long ago. Really, I mean it." He had put out his hand as if to take her arm, hesitated, and shyly let it fall again. Surely all this had meant something more than their old friendship? Yet it might so easily have been herself: for she, certainly, had lately begun to feel so much more than mere friendship for Basil, and that, undoubtedly, might lead her to misinterpret him, to read through different eyes what was really the same as it had always been. But no: when he had said good-by and had held her hand in both his own, begging to be allowed to come again soon—sooner than usual: that, surely, was real enough and different enough.

The front-door bell rang, sending her

heart to her throat. In a few minutes the problem would be solved one way or the other.

He came in, brisk, cheerful, face and collar as usual miraculously clean, with the same refreshing boyishness which she always discovered anew every time she met him. She held out her hand.

"You're just too late for . . . whom do you guess?"

"I don't have to guess. I know. Mother Muncaster."

"You saw her."

"No, I didn't. But fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the smell of her detestable eau-de-cologne. Does she put it on, do you think, because she likes it or because she imagines other people like it?"

Madeline thought. "From pure habit, I should think, as she puts on her petticoat. Then you don't like eau-de-cologne?"

"Not since I knew Mother Muncaster."

Madeline laughed, but there was a weight at her heart, for she knew already—knew by some subtle and infallible sense the moment he entered the room—that her golden expectations were unfounded. Except for a trace of unwonted nervousness, he was the same, exactly the same friendly creature, as he had always been. As for the nervousness, she realized that it was not the suppressed excitement of passion but merely a slight embarrassment—the embarrassment of someone reclaiming a debt from a friend. The maid came in with fresh tea.

"I gather," Madeline remarked as she filled his cup, "that Mrs. Muncaster is under a cloud."

Basil nodded. "A heavy one."

"Heavier than usual?"

"A pea-soup fog, and one that is likely to be permanent."

"Dear me, and what has she been up to this time?"

"Oh, nothing special. Just her usual damned kindness in an aggravated form. Plunging in, so to speak, where elephants fear to tread." Suddenly he became

serious. "She hasn't, by any chance . . ." he hesitated for a moment with his eyes fixed upon hers, "she hasn't been saying anything about me to you?"

"About you? No, nothing." Although what she said was perfectly true, Madeline blushed scarlet as she said it.

Basil's eyes turned away. "That's all right," he said briefly. And suddenly Madeline knew that he suspected her of complicity with Mrs. Muncaster. Yes, that was what had happened: Mrs. Muncaster had been pressing her upon Basil, and he believed that she had known it and acquiesced. What was she to do? She must disillusion him somehow; for such behavior would seem to Basil, as it seemed to her, contemptible, a betrayal of their mutual freedom and privacy. And with Mrs. Muncaster, of all people! She raised her eyes to find his fixed on her again.

"You're sure?" he asked.

"Quite sure." She met his gaze without flinching. Still, she could see, he was not satisfied. Why, oh, why, wouldn't he tell her everything? If only he would explain what had happened, she would be able to clear herself convincingly. She watched his face, hoping that he would begin; but he sat silent, staring at the carpet with knitted brows. But not for long. Soon he roused himself and began to chatter in his brisk way of other things. It was horrible: worse, much worse, than if he had broken out and abused her. She tried, but in vain, to chatter back. Her attention was absorbed by the pit that gaped between them and she could not disguise her suffering. Her mouth felt stiff and drawn; even the sound of her voice was changed. What was she to do? How could she make him believe her? He rose to go, his face still clouded. Despair came over her: if she let him go now, perhaps he would never come back.

Then, as she took his hand, she had an inspiration. It was dangerous and it was a lie, at least one word of it was a lie; but, knowing him as she did, she believed it was the only hope.

"Now that you're going," she said, "I'll confess that, when you came, I was very much afraid you were going to propose to me."

His face cleared instantly and next moment his mouth curled into the humorous, boyish smile which, for her,

was the expression most typical of him.

"Bless my soul," he said, "what next?" Then, as he turned to go, he glanced back and she knew that she had succeeded. "Will you be in next Wednesday," he asked, "at the usual time?"

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO WINKLE

BY VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

I'VE never been to Winkle, but
 Well I know
 What I shall find if
 Ever I go—
 A rose-hung door that is
 Trying to hide
 From a gay little pathway
 (Not too wide)
 With border of cockles,
 Marigold, gilliflower,
 Blue periwinkle, and
 London Pride

My little house in Winkle has a
 Roof of thatch,
 Where silvery lichens
 Cling and catch
 The fluttering gold that
 Every breeze
 Shakes from the tall
 Laburnum trees.
 And musk and marjoram,
 Lavender, honeysuckle,
 Drift through the lattice,
 Just to please.

I'll never go to Winkle! I
 Never could bear
 To find that my little house
 Never was there.
 So I'll dream by the fire when the
 Day has died,
 Of a gay little pathway
 (Not too wide)
 With border of cockles,
 Marigold, gilliflower,
 Blue periwinkle, and
 London Pride.



AMAZONS OF FREEDOM

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

AMONG the quaint diversions of ancient society was the inspirational tête-à-tête. Such was the poverty of the rude times down to about 1913 that frequently, even with the beautiful and the damned, there was nothing else to do.

The vested rights of younger generations in family automobiles had not yet been fully established, and few families owned automobiles. It appeared inappropriate to dance except when a large and definitely invited crowd was present, and Terpsichore had not yet learned to shake her shoulders to the family phonograph in languorous twosomes. The "movies" still lacked respectability, while the legitimate theater in middle-sized cities could seldom be depended on for the type of entertainment the fair one's mother approved of. The lure of church sociabilities was lost upon a generation ethically skeptical and conservatively inclined toward a virtuous paganism. Cards suggested, not as a rule haphazard foursomes, but a group large enough to sustain the pretensions of a "party."

So one sat with her by glowing coal grates in winter, in the fragrant, vine-cooled recesses of the front porch in summer, and talked about self-improvement.

The modish procedure, if a weakening memory serves me right, was for the lady to begin it. Within the limits of decorous speech she was allowed an almost insatiable curiosity concerning masculine moral problems. It was part of the fashionable illusion that what the sexes needed was to understand each other better.

So she would inquire what "a man" got out of the brutal and cynical pleasures peculiar to the sex, and the victim would reply that he got very little but that often in his bitter longing for sustaining feminine comradeship he felt—oh, hell, what's the use?

She would reprove him with grave gentleness for the oath and the cynical outlook that inspired it, and entice him with a hint that they could become even better "friends" if he would only strive a little harder to be what a girl thought a man ought to be. If he was reasonably enamored, he would achieve an air of sheepish exaltation and hint that maybe he would.

Then would ensue a long bargaining contest at the end of which she had bound herself to give him her next forthcoming photograph and write him once a week when he went back to college, and he had bound himself not to sin against the second commandment, not to smoke more than one pipe and two cigarettes daily, not to drink except at fraternity initiations and after the big football game, to treat all women with the respect due a "good pal," and not to be unnecessarily cynical about religion and the established institutions.

The agreement would be sealed with a hand-clasp which attempted a hearty man-to-man swagger, but which, to accepted club usage, would have seemed a trifle fervent. They would part, thrilled at the discovery that the process, with its glamorous confidences, had taken hours, and he would walk home in the blissful certainty that now at last he was making progress.

Sociologically, no doubt, these early years of the century should be described as the age of the "good pal" in American sex relationship. The young virgin had put off the coyness, the simpering reserves, the sniffy innocence of the Victorian era. She prided herself on sharing in all male sports that were physiologically attainable, slapped us on the back and "rough-housed" with us in an ostentatiously sexless camaraderie, talked pertly of her equal powers and the equal rights coming to her, and almost wept that she could not be a man and play football and Rooseveltian politics. Yet, under these symbols of equality, the old inferiority sense of woman persisted—and controlled.

While she golfed and swam and boyishly bantered with us, the "good pal" heard the voices of a hundred generations of mothers in subjection, telling her that somehow she must put us, and keep us, in the wrong.

This she did, not by prayers and fainting fits and by keeping mincingly aloof from our indelicate sphere, as her grandmother had done, but by pawing over our rakish lives in order to reform us. No doubt we needed it. But unfortunately the "good pal's" idea of reforming us was usually to make us conform to something. We were to imitate her own set of virtues as far as possible—was it not the day when the "single standard" was rife in the headlines? After that, we were to pattern ourselves a little on Marcus Aurelius; a little on the official campus hero who, without ever having resorted to liquor, profanity, or a critical viewpoint, managed simultaneously to be football captain, prom chairman, and president of the university Christian brotherhood; and a little on the masterful young business executives of the times with their jaws set over problems of personal efficiency and compulsory uplift. The "good pal" had spent a good deal of effort warping her feminine soul to the technic of sexless camaraderie, and she intended to make us pay for it.

Consequently, when she led her captives to the altar, the "good pal" became the legally established inspirer of the Bull Moose, Rotarian and prohibition-for-efficiency's-sake conventions, as well as the bride of her husband. While her dominion was at its height, the prospect that the American male should receive from his women any impulse to recover lost freedom of speech and conduct seemed as remote as that Charles the Second and Nell Gwynn should be crowned king and queen of the May in Emporia, Kansas.

Yet just around the corner of social history lurked a creature as devastating to the "good pal's" standardizing achievements as Voltaire to the political orthodoxies of the Bourbons. The flapper did not even wait to become the "good pal's" eldest daughter. She was her younger sister, and sometimes, so swift and compelling was the revolution, the "good pal" became a flapper herself.

II

I doubt, though, if the revolution was so melodramatically fortuitous as it appeared to the horrified spectators. However far apart in their ostensible conventions, the "good pal" and the flapper were close together in the spirit. The "good pal" was in the business of getting her equal capacities recognized by men and her equal rights granted her. There had been just the tiniest doubt in her mind as to whether her claims upon equality were justified. To prove their justice, she overproved it by aggressively asserting an unnatural and superficial moral superiority at all costs.

Then, while the flapper was making her insouciant way to and through adolescence, the "good pal" finished the job. By the time the dangerous little sister reached the age of intellectual discrimination, equal capacities were acknowledged her as a matter of course, and equal rights were assured. Hence, first of all generations of women since the Amazons, the flapper grew up without

an inferiority sense based on sex. The obscure demon might taunt her to fantastic courses as a person—as it has taunted men to murder, or the White House. But it could no longer taunt her as a member of a class of weaker vessels, of darling but restrained dependents. The flapper felt no need either to emphasize her sex with an elaborate ritual of delicacy or to hide it in a misleading ritual of man-to-man comradeship. She merely accepted it as she accepted her matter-of-course equality of rights and endowments with the genial and openly confessed idea of making the most of it. She was so sure of being as good as her boy friends that she felt no need of pretending to be something refiningly better.

So, whereas the "good pal" had joined in the sports of her suitors with the aim of improving them—and kept out of and deprecated other sports with the idea that they were hopeless—the flapper joined in them all with the idea of finding out what they were like and enjoying them.

What was the good of this equality stuff, she questioned in her most equalitarian argot, if it didn't bring home the bacon? Her boy friends relished liquor, tobacco, profanity, risqué stories, and a degree of amorous experience not necessarily leading to the altar. The flapper tried them all, and found, with about as many individual exceptions as have occurred historically among males, that their traditional thrills had been veraciously represented.

She found, moreover, that however much trouble her career gave her in evading parents, boarding-school preceptresses, and campus monitors, the brutal warnings of pulpit, the etiquette books and the perfect-behavior columns of the newspapers were based upon the illusions of self-denying. Her proposals and the success of rivals with a like technic in the matrimonial market proved satisfactorily that her unconventional course did not frighten away the mating instinct. In fact, the error of

these virtuous people who told her that she would cease to be desirable to desirable young men because she petted, drank, and cultivated a sophisticated Rabelaisian mode simply encouraged her defiance.

Whether she was "respected" or not made little difference. Respect was a cold word anyhow, and she had with her boy friends a frank, free, fully understanding comradeship which was probably what respect was meant to be instead of this squeamish moral vanity her elders were always talking about. True, as her young men friends recognized, there was such a thing as being a rotter, and one was penalized for it in both sex camps. But in the new relationship one knew quite concretely what being a rotter was, and it was easier to avoid when faced without reticence, or even innocence.

So the flapper danced into life, not determined to justify herself by resisting and correcting its forces and rhythms, but to delight herself by moving with them. Thereby the social settlements, the Woman's Party, the ladies' literary circles, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and all the characteristically feminine movements for uplift, reform, rights, and organized culture may have lost some of the young recruits which past statistics suggested were coming to them. But these organizations had done—not to say overdone—their work of clamping down the restrictions of the standardized social conscience upon the willing and the unwilling. In the record of the past seventy-five years historians of several generations will surely find enough ladies to thank for the painful service of improving the racial morals with new compulsions. What was badly needed in the 1920's was a generation of ladies—not too perfect ladies—who would do something to preserve the members of the race as persons.

Suddenly, then, this horde of lithe and more or less swaggering young Amazons darted in among the serried

lines of victorious standardizers and began to do the job. No wonder the ranks trembled with a sense of acute outrage.

A charge from the organized legions of evil, they could have understood. Raising some such war song as a Federated Club's resolution or "The Brewers Big Horses," they had hurled back such onslaughts before. But the strictly unmilitary nonchalance of the flapper's maneuver brought to bear upon them a contempt they could neither comprehend nor fight against. The allurements of bare knees, avowed sex-consciousness, joyously sensual hedonism, of insolent self-reliance and self-determination in speech and conduct worked like an irresistible enemy propaganda within the ranks. Vaguely the army of the compulsory virtues realized that each of these young and seductive ambushers was as prophetic a figure in American sociology as the late Mrs. Carrie Nation. But nothing could be done about it. The ambushers could not be killed or jailed. They were the daughters and sisters of the army's *corps d'élite*, and besides they were charming. They could not be squelched, they were too casual. The generals could think of no strategy but impotent scolding, which damaged prestige and morale simultaneously, and furthermore gave the ambushers the opportunity to inflict the supreme humiliation of treating the army as though it were not.

Starting with the almost wholesale deserting of the young male recruits, the army began to disintegrate, and the end is not yet.

III

Fortunately, all but one out of a hundred thousand of the ambushers, if informed that they had a high social and political mission and were sociologically as significant as the late Mrs. Nation, would inquire how one got that way, and who was Mrs. Nation anyhow. Or they would invite one to have a drink out of the hip flask Bill left

behind in the wee hours of this morning, and forget it. Or, if the speaker were of a suitable age for such diversions, he might be told that a little loving was a good cure for what ailed him. Or the subject would be tactfully changed to something more comprehensible—with the remark, for instance, that a group of ambushers had "got a thrill" out of attending the Reverend Mr. Blazer's "Win One" service last night, not because they took stock in the young man's zealous fundamentalism, but because he was "such a sweet damn fool to look at."

I say fortunately, because the essence of the flapper's service for the ancient freedoms lies in her seizing them and making use of them, rather than in self-consciously forgetting them. She is the active, rather than the conversational principle of liberty and individualism—which is excellent, because in fifteen decades of independence we have talked about liberty and individualism so much, and used them so little, that we have almost talked them out of the republic. The flapper asserts herself not by talking the logic of liberals but by being free.

That is the way with Connie and prohibition. Connie is by no means a lowbrow. Her comments on her contemporaries are famous in her circle for their wit and penetration. A few years ago in college she made a distinguished record in psychology. She is chattily at home in sophisticated literature, including that of the eighteenth century as well as that of to-day. She shrewdly suspects the indignation of the aging "young intellectuals" with commerce-chambered mental processes of being "naïve," and wonders why such "obvious" books as *Main Street* and *Babbitt* should ever have been written.

It merely happens that American political development fails to interest her. I fancy after a brief survey of the discrepancies between liberal traditions and current prohibitions and between the prohibitions and their enforcement, she

has concluded that such an hypocritical chaos is unworthy of a sane young woman's interest. It seems less morbid to keep up with the latest offerings of the Three Mountain Press and the more modish dance steps.

However, I encountered her on a dull afternoon when there was nothing better to get excited about than the season's newspaper polls on prohibition. What did they mean, she inquired of male authority, by all of this light wine and beer stuff?

In my best academic manner I explained the project for amending the Volstead Act and the difficulties of reconciling any really satisfactory amendment with the Eighteenth Amendment. She listened wanderingly.

"How tiresome," she said, when I had finished. "Now if you'll promise never to mention such complicated matters to me again, I'll give you a drink."

An older generation, sharing her convictions that one's beverage preferences were no subject for public interference, would have submitted the argument that this is, and of right ought to be, a free country. Connie was content merely to produce an excellent cocktail and make it free.

Similarly, when a community of which I have knowledge allowed itself to become exasperated over the question of permitting dancing in the high school, Connie's set refused to admit wrath or partisanship or anything but scornful amusement. The elders fulminated heartily against one another in the press and in private discussions, and there was even a public debate. What right had one faction to limit the use of school buildings by its religious prejudices? argued the liberals. Fundamentalists insisted on being told what right had anybody to use school buildings, built with their money, to debauch their sons and daughters. Ministers aired unexpectedly intimate sex observations from the pulpit. One ferocious member of the brotherhood proclaimed that ninety per cent of the modern dances came "out

of the brothel," only to be challenged by the town's liberal newspaper to tell how he came by such sophistication.

But although the citizenship past the fervent dancing stage confused the clamor of the billingsgate with the sword thwacks of Armageddon, Amazons still blooming enough to attend high-school dances with the friends of their younger brothers merely snickered. They hoped the reverend pastor who mentioned brothels knew what he was talking about and had got "a kick out of life sometime." They devised a whole series of mocking group allusions out of the sermon which another pulpit sex psychologist preached virtually from the text—"a girl's first sensation at the touch of a man is repulsion." They knew better and admitted it.

Even on the day when the daring member of the school board who had suggested the terrifying innovation retreated and it became evident that the fundamentalists had won, the flappers remained flippantly unconcerned.

"What difference does it make?" inquired one of their unofficial spokesmen. "If we had to have dances in the high school, there'd be a lot of hard-boiled old hens, male and female, standing around the doors sniffing at us for traces of gin and keeping us from stepping out for air with our boy friends. . . . Now we can keep on dancing where we please, and doing what we please."

It is a cold and calculating, even a cynical, interest which this young person has in her individual liberty. But it is a personal rather than a political interest.

What does she care if such elderly thinkers as Mr. Darrow and Mr. Dudley Field Malone are worried about "anti-ape law"; if Governor Ritchie frets about federal tyranny and prohibition; if Sunday motorists rage at the prospect of shutting the service stations on Sunday with blue laws; if the intelligentsia of Little Rock is alarmed at ordinances forbidding jokes on religion and the Eighteenth Amendment? You can't get her excited about these things, you

can rarely get her even to consider them.

To her liberty is merely a matter of being able to get a drink when she wants it, of being able to dance on the Sabbath, and to burlesque the town's current revival, whether there be any law against it or not. She is too practical, too disillusioned, to be concerned, like her suffragist aunts, with a liberty meticulously guaranteed by statutes and constitutions. She demands a liberty which works regardless of the current fashions in legal phraseology. And by asserting it she gets it.

IV

So she faces, and demoralizes the restraints which are not of the law but of the social conventions.

Mothers of the late Victorian vintage, sisters of the good-pal era, brought her up in traditions that her speech should never be stained by indiscretion, her charms never cheapened by familiarity. But it was no good.

"Mother missed a lot if she really never necked," she philosophizes with cheerful worldliness.

"Sex is funny," she announces with a somewhat naïve air of discovery, "just as much as it is thrilling and romantic and the demon home-wrecker and all that." And she produces an anecdote that fifteen years ago would have been reserved for gentlemen only even in the fast young married set.

Is dignity lost in the processes? "What do you mean, dignity?" she demands with some irritation. "I can still tell 'em where to get off, can't I, and that's what counts, isn't it?" She goes on to explain that old-fashioned dignity was just a form of inferiority complex, anyway—a girl's confession that she wasn't up to facing life on its own terms. Hence, when the sweet and wholesome sister felt her dignity slipping, she often didn't know how to tell anybody when to get off. She was tied up in an elaborate code of manners, reserves, and discretions, and when the code was fractured she became panic-stricken and did not know how to

take care of herself. The flapper hasn't the code, hasn't the dignity with its liability of shame panics, and hence is ready at all times for all emergencies.

In this, as in all her other attitudes toward the inherited traditions, she is concerned with life instead of with preserving fictions; with realities, not abstractions. She begins with the fundamental conviction that she is, not a stereotype of her mother's, her brother's, her fiancé's, or her campus conventions, but herself.

The essence of her freedom of the spirit is that she will not take things for granted. If passion and physical sensation and gusty Rabelaisian humors are a part of full living, she will know them, not by resolute abhorrence or sly prurience, but by test. She will be her mother's friend and confidante if the relationship proves stimulating and agreeable. If not, she will avoid intimacy with indifference, foil control measures with deception, or defeat them with open rebellion and hostility.

Whatever she does, she will not forfeit her title to live her own life through any mawkish sentimentality that she ought to love the family because they are the family. She will win their friendship and let them win hers on the same basis on which all enduring friendships must be won outside the blood ties—the basis of mutual tolerance for differences of personal codes, personal tastes, and differences of individuality itself. Her loyalty is worth having, but it can be held only by letting her go her own way. Scolding and orders in family council will no more make her the happy hombody than the Volstead Act will make her a patriot.

The commendable point about her is that she is not prone to scold and deliver orders in council herself. The "good pal" often took it upon herself to reform her parents in all things from the dinner service to outlook on the labor problem. Thereby the domestic discomfort of the Bull Moose era was often painful to contemplate. The flapper's parents

may be dowdy in social formalities, teetotalers in personal morals, prudes in conversation, fundamentalists in theology, and Blaine Republicans in politics. The daughter of their old age will admire them for their individuality and love them for their quaintness. "Dear old duds," she will say, "it's the way they want to be, and it's their business." She'll keep her hands off if they will.

Similarly, she grants complete freedom to her contemporaries. Her own individuality may require her to be a flapper of the standardized pleasure-seeking model, but it does not bother her at all that her best friend takes a prize for an essay on the Greek dramatists at Bryn Mawr. The "good pal" with her cult of the normal and the average would have thought this rather unwholesome.

Even virtue doesn't appall her. "Martha's six hundred per cent pure," said one of the sophisticates lately in warning a group of young men friends that a party for her out-of-town guest was to stay inside the limit. "She won't drink, smoke, swear, or swap hot ones. But it's all right. She just wants herself to be that way, not everybody else."

So when that formidable relic of the "good pal" era, the president of the Student Government Association at Smith College, proceeded last year to lecture the "superior group" for the unforgivable crime of standing aloof from the campus activities—the endless, stereotyped play at being journalists, Christian leaders, class politicians, musicians, college-spirit fanatics, and the dismally serious farce of the athletic games with the play spirit left out,—the flapper cohorts did not even deign to answer. They had their freedom to read the Restoration drama and the horrors of M. Fantasius Malaire as the spirit moved them. No training-table rule could succeed in restraining them from injudicious meals at odd hours; no faculty edicts could take away cigars between classes and teacups; no passion

for the college's dignity kept them from entertaining attractive young men after hours. All they asked was a chance to lead their own lives and be themselves, and they were getting it.

Therefore, let the voice of the standardizing complex of the American campus have the freedom to say all the words it wanted. They were simply interested in having their liberty, not in the academic opinions of some serious-minded young female on the scandal of their using it.

V

Her appearance is providential or not, according as you estimate the interest of Providence in the social and political tendencies of a minor planet. In any case, her advent was dramatic, her presence and her activity devastating where devastation was needed.

In a society whose conformity instincts were gradually throttling all tendencies toward variety in speech and opinion and conduct, where the sole test of an act or a conclusion was—will average minds approve of it?; where law itself was being enlisted to make dissent a crime and standardization compulsory, the flapper suddenly appeared with her casual and disdainful determination to lead her own life and be herself. More important still, she proved at once that no law and no convention could stop her. Dissenting martyrs are no doubt noble examples, but real liberties are secured and maintained by those who stay out of jail and give a tone to society.

In the critical struggle between liberty and mass domination to-day these Amazons of freedom are staying out of jail and giving American society a tone of defiant individualism. A reckless and ostentatious individualism it may have been on occasions, and even at times shoddy. Anyway, it is an individualism which works. It works not only for the flapper herself. It works for those whom she satirically styles her "boy friends," it works for her father and his cronies, it works for her mother and the new

middle-aged dancing sets. One even meets with occasional evidence that fresh yeast of personal independence is fermenting in the soul of a bishop. Contrasting it with the conditions of twenty years ago, all civilized life in America today seems because of the flapper more human, more at home with whatever may attract it in the way of thought or pleasure, less self-conscious, more free.

So I am inclined to take with a grain of salt those prophecies of her early disappearance with which the residual sociologists of the standardizing epoch so frequently flatter hope. As her example spreads by an agreeable contagion through all society that is in any way amenable to free influences, her presence may become less spectacular. When she has so many imitators, the luster of her unconventionality becomes diffused. With her growing assurance that she can maintain the liberties which she snatched from the teeth of compulsory conformity, she herself may be modifying her technic away from the sensational in the direction of casualness. But the lure of her charm, her youth, and her independence still appears to

be winning her allies. She may be noticed less, but she is not less numerous or less effective, because there are every day fewer to stare at her as a barbarous curiosity, every day fewer to scold.

At any rate, so long as we remain politically at the mercy of opinionated dervishes yearning to write their personal preferences in theology, patriotism, manners, and private conduct into the fundamental laws of the republic, we need her. To paraphrase the typewriter-testing formula, the twentieth century is the time for all unconventional girls to come to the aid of their country. It needs a force too subtly disdainful to bandy brawling arguments with mass tyranny, but able and determined to checkmate it as only youth's casual scorn for the ugliness and the sterile limitations of crabbed age can. Whether she thinks of herself as useful or not, so long as that menace lasts, she will be. Quite possibly the twenty-first century will prove fit for free white persons to live in only if it finds occasion to chisel on civic monuments to rakish great-grandmothers—"They saved what 1776 won."





TWO LIVES

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I HAD got to be a doctor, a man of science, and I took a tiny creature of the Lord—an intense condensation of His mystery, a thing so small it sat with comfort in the palm of my hand—and I cut into its skull and removed a tip of its brain. Science has not got much by that, but possibly a few rats have; for he taught me, that little white rat, and I have changed my mind about many things.

The little white rat survived my cunning. There was no mutilation of any function that is commonly said to lodge in the brain. His thought was clear, his spirit brave, he could delicately guide the animate body, and his length of life seemed even increased, for he reached what in our terms is a hundred years.

The moon to-night is full and flooding through the window. He runs from his chamber—a box that I have set at one end of my roll-top desk—to his granary, a drawer on the other side and below. Back and forth, back and forth. He has been running that way for a month of nights. In the day he sleeps; only with the darkening he opens his amber nervous eyes, casts about him, wonders what he missed while away, then yawns, a mighty yawn, and scratches like a mountebank by the side of his ear, and scrubs his face. Scrubs rather his head, the whole of it, uses both hands and the lengths of his arms. And now he cleans his tail, cleans that particularly, knowing that never a healthy rat but has a clean one. Then back and forth, and back and forth, and back and forth again.

Suddenly he stops, just in the middle of the top of the desk, and one would say he was porcelain, did he not sway and lean far out. It is the moon. He is bathed in the moon's flood. He is struck. He is queer.

She I bring to him is a tiny thing. In the half-dark she trembles like a patch of that very moonlight. She rushes, in these first hours, explores all this new, is pleased, is pleased, but vouchsafes him no solitary glance. He is gone to his corner. He watches steadily from there.

I had said they might have the top of the desk and the upper of the three drawers. He had always kept to that. But she now lives everywhere. She bites her way through the back of one drawer, lets herself hang and drop and, by that strategy, coming thus from the rear, is in possession of all. I capitulate. I remove my belongings. Immediately she shifts all things, all his possessions, one leap from the top to where I drive my distracted pen, another leap to the drawer, and thereafter subterranean grumblings and thuds and perturbations.

He cannot understand it—this fine slender woman, that she should be so material. What can she think of doing with it all? What does she dream?

I cannot understand either. His bedding, his food, my pencils, my pens, the cork of my ink bottle, the eraser with the chewable rubber at one end and the chewable tuft of brush at the other. Hour after hour, diagonally across my work she goes, her head held high to keep what she carries above her flying feet; in human distances it must be twenty

miles. Certainly, something more than the tiny burnings of that tiny body animate that machine. Only late does she tire. She looks where he huddles uncovered in his bare chamber. She seems to think him over. She seems to come to a conclusion. Unequivocally she waddles toward him, delivers him a bump, and drops her head, is ostensibly asleep. He cannot sleep. He does not even close his eyes, squats there motionless, almost breathless, is afraid he may disturb her. Personality remains the great miracle.

I pick up the few gnawed bits of my belongings, turn out the light.

II

Three weeks ago was the wedding. So soon as I arrived this morning she made me comprehend that it was newspaper she wanted. I brought her a newspaper. She put her foot on it, as if to establish possession, then looked at me hard.

"A single newspaper? Ridiculous." That was plain as speech.

I brought her an armful.

All day long she stuck to the job, did not eat, did not drink. I placed food and drink before her. She ran round them. When I persisted, she ran through them, trailed the yellow egg.

The paper she tore into strips. She leaped with the strips to the drawer, and there continued the tearing, each strip into small squares. By noon an inch of squares bedded the bottom of the drawer. By evening, three inches. By midnight, five. And now, shortly after, she settles herself to rest. Still she has not eaten. I beg her again. She only turns her head.

Poor husband, he has stayed well to one side. Now and then he has tried to tear a little paper too. It was not in his character, a big bulging character. But he has not let himself sleep. And not to sleep in the day is unprecedented, and now it is late at night, and still he does not sleep. This new young wife has

made great changes in our ways, his and mine. A hush lies over all the establishment. I sit before the desk, but cannot work. She sits by my side. She is thinking her thoughts. And so is he. And so am I.

Next morning mother and father are moving about. Mother is thin and tired. They are thirteen, if I count them right, they wiggle and worm and topple and tumble. She will not eat even now, and he does not find it easy either. He is bewildered. How can anything like that have happened? I try to explain to him, though I do not rightly understand myself, and to see it thus before me, I confess, makes it less understandable than ever. I tell him that too, and he climbs heavily out of the drawer, and on to my arm, and in my pocket hides his confused head.

By evening, however, he has talked it over with her, and she has told him something that I could not tell him, and in consequence he is licking her, and she is licking them, and he is so interested in what he is doing that he steps all over her, and she is so interested in what she is doing that she steps all over them, and they squeak and step over one another, the smallest the most stepped upon. No one in the heap seems able to take in the whole of the heap. That is somehow sad.

Three out of the litter I intended to leave little mother; but she would have a big family, or none. At least, she was indifferent to three. Two of them I found when I came on the fourth morning, dead. The third I never found though, fearing it might have got into some difficulty, I looked under every square of paper.

They were lovely, and I regret that they are gone. They had the color and somewhat the form of the fingers of the new-born human baby. The little pink tails between the little pink legs, the little pink legs so weak that they dragged, and the little pink tails dragged symmetrically between them. Boneless

they seemed, and sightless they were, and they kept up an aimless motion.

Mother appears unconcerned about what has happened. But I am not sure, for mother is hidden deep under her white hair, and perhaps is hidden deeper even than that. At any rate, father, who knows her better than I, is more solicitous to-day than usual. He picks her vermin with a more insistent care. She lies there very flat, spreads the maximum of surface to the smooth cool table below, and the maximum of surface to great father above. The exertion makes him pant.

As to his feelings about the babies, I believe they were mixed. Thirteen was many. And though they were lovely, it must be admitted they were restless. He was, after all, only the father.

Both are asleep. I reach into the chamber to pet the back of mother's heaving neck. She starts. She bites me. It is not much of a bite, and she is grieved, and tells me she is grieved. She probably thought that I was coming for one of the brood. She glances nervously about. She finds it hard to recollect.

III

On shipboard I had met a man from Guernsey. We talked things easy to talk, things near our hearts. I told of my rats. Then he told how the level of the olive oil dropped day after day in the thin tall bottle on the second shelf from the top in his pantry in the house in Guernsey. Oil does not dry at such a rate. So being a philosopher, he sat himself quietly before the pantry and stayed the afternoon. With dark she came, a great gray one, scaled to the highest shelf, waddled to a point directly above the bottle, studiously inserted her tail, studiously drew it forth, and licked it clean, and left by the road she came. The gentleman from Guernsey attempted to meet this ingenuity with a trap, but her interest

was in oil and, that gone, she returned no more.

Whereupon I told of the skimming of the milk. I was only a boy, alone in the kitchen, and my poor mother a woman so clean, so clean, that had she known, she would in the dark have slipped to some distant apothecary, to purchase the shameful poison. This one was also great and gray, also knew where she was going. One spring to the back of the chair. One spring to the middle of the table. And there, set there every afternoon to cool, stood a flat dish of milk. Carefully she swung her stern, carefully fitted it to the rim, and, a single sweep, the job was done.

These tails, that look so rigid, and are so skillful, much could be written about them. But no one would read. "If it were not for their tails." How often have I heard a growing interest cut short with that.

To be sure, the two rats of whom I have just been telling were hungry rats, and hunger is a sharpener of the wits. Yet a rat will steal when not hungry. Mother rat will steal from my very hand. She will leap out of a sound sleep to snatch a bit of chocolate from under father's nose, and rush with it to a place of hiding. She always rushes, she never eats what I give her where I give it. One morning, finding a loaf of bread in the place where she commonly finds a slice, she tried at once to tow the loaf, but it was ten times her size, and she lacked the strength. Visibly all curiosity left her. Not able to steal it and store it, what interest in bread?

Father on the contrary never steals, and never stores, eats from my hand, as a dog eats. For certain foods he will tussel when mother tries to take the morsel out of his very mouth, but it is always as if he had forgot himself. Banana, however, is not easy to yield. He has a great partiality for banana, and there is no fairness—she not having eaten her own, having hid it away, and having immediately and confidently

ambled after his. Once I saw him make straight into his straw, bore his way in, let the banana mash about his face and, though she pushed him on one side, then pushed him on the other, and sought to drive her thin nose alongside his broad nose, he was stubborn. Only after a long time did he back out, looking very comical and feeling very ashamed.

I did not like to see him ashamed, especially when I knew it really meant nothing to her, so I divided a peanut, and called the two of them, and they came, pressed one against the other, he so big, she so slight, exquisite to see. Peanut was a new variety of food, but the excitement of that did by no means make her overlook his. He, however, poked his heavy flank into her face, pugnaciously angled his head to some point opposite her attack. Finally both settled upon their haunches, took the separate halves into their hands, and drove their tiny jaws with a speed that made one think only of their tiny hearts.

IV

Toward ten every evening mother and father take turns to bathe. I have fitted a board across the basin under the tap where the water drips one drop at a time. To be wet all over makes them very weak and very unhappy, but to catch one drop, and to wash vigorously with that, and then to catch another, that is a different matter. I look forward to it too. I never tire of seeing the way they rise from the board, and put out those marvelous little hands, and wait.

Father this morning is lying on his side, his two hands folded just under his nose, as if he had fallen asleep in prayer. There are five in the family now. The children slumber in a corner, three discreet lumps, heads tucked under, their fine glistening hair making them like the seeds of three enormous dandelions. Father's sleep is pictured with dreams, I can tell because he waves the tip of his

tail, and when the dream gets too vivid he turns, settles on his belly, sidles over to where mother is sleeping on her belly. Then he scratches his head. A little later he scratches his head again. This time he wakes sufficiently to realize that though he is scratching his head, he feels nothing. Promptly he scratches again, and still feels nothing. It is a condition so peculiar that it breaks through his sleep. He opens one eye, not far, but far enough to make out what has happened, for he is not scratching his head, he is scratching mother's, she having pushed hers under his neck, and having brought it out just inside his right hand. The discovery does not anger him. It does not surprise him. Gently he puts her head aside, and scratches his own.

V

It has come of a sudden, as it does—father's aging. It is all in the last weeks. He is thin, and he walks cautiously, and he tries to show a pleasure in his lettuce he no longer feels. He is so shaky it worries me when he leaves his chamber because he cannot sleep, sits at the edge of the desk, the better in that posture to fill his hungry lungs. He has fallen several times in the past, and it might be bad with him if he fell now. Mother has fallen too. They behave very differently when they fall. Father stays where he lands, knows that if I am out of the room, sooner or later I must return, and when I do, he had better be where I shall see him, or where, if I do not see him, he can nudge my ankles to remind me. And when I am reminded he is as pleased as a puppy, enjoys how I sympathize in his misfortune. But when little mother falls she hastens at once to the most cornery corner of the room. I have pushed cases, I have lifted the boards of the floor, I have begged her for hours to come out from next a water pipe. She wants to be found, there is no question of that, and when I reach her she is most relieved, and most miserable,

but miserable, I suspect, largely because her white is a dusty blue.

To-night it is father who sits in the precarious place. He looks tottering, and he frightens me. I mention his name. He moves his tail which is hanging over the edge of the precipice. I mention his name again, and his tail moves faster. He comes to my side of the desk, stands on his two feet like a diminutive polar bear, his beads of eyes trying, ever so helplessly, to find where I am.

About two mother rouses me. Two in the morning. I am nodding over my work. There is tempest in the chamber. She is impatient, I must come at once to see, and she mounts high on her toes to be sure that I do see. Her drinking water, I have put it inside her chamber instead of out. Her drinking water she does not want inside her chamber. Deliberately she tumbles it over her bedding. And now she is enraged also at the wetness of the bedding. She wants the empty dish out. She wants the wet bedding out. She picks furiously at both. I drudge like a scolded maid.

Father grows older and older. Then one evening he leaves drawers and desk top. He goes to be an eagle. At least he goes to be an eagle, if it be true that yearning has its way. His gaze was ever at the misty edges of his universe.

I am filled with the pain of the shortness of everything. That is a common pain. But it is freshened by the shortness of this little life. His great events were a thirtieth the length of my great events, yet they make mine seem not long, but brief. When I saw his death coming, how truly frightful was the feeling that nothing could delay it. And that also is a common feeling. But this life lay in my hand, and made my helplessness seem so much more helpless. Good care and good food and good warmth would save him an uneasy week perhaps and, were I able to add all the

cunning in the world, it would save him another week, perhaps. How then must I know, with a new strong draft of conviction, that gentleness and gaiety are the best of life.

He knew that. He knew how to be affectionate to his friends. To mother rat he yielded not only what she needed, but what she wanted, and what she did not want, what the sweet and lavish extravagance of her youth and sex made her wish only to cast to the winds, cast off the precipice into the dark empty spaces of the universe.

Every night in the last months we used to play a game, he and I. He had too heavy a body, and his legs were too short, and where he walked he rubbed the earth. It was difficult, therefore, to pretend to flee ahead of my hand, then abruptly in the midst of that flight to rear upon his hind legs, give the length of his body an exaggerated shiver, as in some barbaric dance, and then continue to flee. Yet that was the game.

I think of that now, I think, as one does, of everything: the night he made it plain he needed a wife, how she, nevertheless, confounded him when she came, then the litters that passed one by one, and the signs of maturity, how they passed, the signs of age, and all in my hand; he learning every day to be less the rat, excellent though that is, learning to be more and more thoughtful; and then the final sharpness, how he mastered even that, grew gentler, gentler, and one night went to be an eagle.

VI

Poor little mother! Babies gone and father gone. I describe to her how it is with father this morning, how he is off to the Peruvian mountains, and how, a short distance below the highest peak, where there is good shelter against the blasts from the south, under great warm wings, nudging his brothers and sisters, he is beginning again, is waiting, though perhaps he knows it not, for little mother.

Poor little mother! The shadowy

drawer is all she has left. I put my hand back into the dark, and she pretends my fingers are the whilom family. She scrubs them roughly one by one. She crawls under them, crawls over them, goes round the nails and up into the crotches. She scrubs them roughly, and when each is done, bites it, bumps it aside.

I talk to her. She answers out of the dark. Father would never use his voice. Hers is a kind of cluck, and after she has spoken she is quiet. And I am quiet too. Each of us has it in mind to wait on what the other will do. But she never can wait. She must at least turn round, shove her little self through a quarter of a circle, then fix me with one great glowing eye. What she sees of me with that eye I have no notion. Nor have I any notion of what she makes of what she sees, more than that it is an embodiment with which in her loneliness she finds it possible to commune.

VII

I have talked of my rats to many a person. Some have entered smilingly into my feeling. Some have bantered. Some have doubted me, have thought that I was bantering them. There was one, an oldish fellow, whose seriousness was greater even than my own. But I must hereafter be careful what I say. I was telling a very clever lady about putting my hand into the drawer, about little mother holding it for a quarter of an hour; then something made me stop, something penetrating in the lady's face. The lady was reading me. I felt it—the way one feels when one tells certain people one's dreams.

Kind lady, now that I need not at the same time look into your canny face, let me add a note to your picture. Let me say that, all the while it was teaching me I was also teaching my family what I imagine may be useful to eagles,

and even beyond eagles. I was teaching it how to be fond. That may not seem much to you. You may think that all that that requires is to throw a piece of cheese, as one throws a dog a bone, or a man gold. No, at least that is not the way I did it. I did it more simply. I taught fondness by being fond myself. And when I consider, I was able to teach father with very little. It was no more than a touch as I happened near his box, and a touch as he passed me on his walk to the quarters below. Only in the last months it got to be more; his breathing then was not always easy, and that brought fears, and we sometimes must talk long talks to get over the fears.

With little mother the greater intimacy came after father died. She was in such plain need. Every night she would sit beside me, there in her drawer, immersed in a world that in moments seemed so limited, and I would look long at her, and I would feel afresh how beautiful she was, and would remember how limited most likely was my own world to the good Lord. And I would ask myself: what thoughts after all might she not be thinking? Not thoughts like mine, not severe logical incrustations like mine. Precisely what they were I should, of course, never know. But the quality of them, that I was sure was charming. I was sure it was charming because, like father, little mother had ceased in such an extraordinary way to want. Exactly as she received affection, she could do without things. Father in fact was only an ordinary rat, with the interests of an ordinary rat, in cheese and vermin and women, and then, I came. And when he died I was sorry for little mother, and being sorry proved, as so often, the prod to the backward affections, and little mother too lost all her old violences, gave up being merely a rat, and one day soared away.



HOW WE THINK: A BEHAVIORIST'S VIEW

BY JOHN B. WATSON, Ph. D., LL. D.

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ONE of the questions most frequently asked of the new and growing school of behaviorism is, "How can you make a place for thinking in your theories—how can it ever be observed objectively?"

To the antagonists of behaviorism this question is supposed to be unanswerable. Even those approaching behaviorism in a kindly way are here not very sure of their ground.

Considering the kind of philosophic juice we have all been steeped in, it is hard at first to follow the behaviorist. It is quite easy to understand how he can observe objectively all overt activity—such as playing golf, tennis, swimming, chopping wood, bricklaying, and the like; and to believe that very valuable results have come from work of this kind. Even so critical a student as Bertrand Russell admits that this part of the behaviorists' theory is sound. But when it comes to thinking, the behaviorists' case seems much harder to establish. The difficulty is that when thinking goes on the body seems inactive—seems not to be behaving. Thinking and related processes therefore must be done by the brain (or the mind) and not with the whole body. They must be "mental." The distinction between purely "mental" activity and physical activity seems to be very real to the layman.

But the behaviorist admits no such distinction. He holds that entirely too much mystery has grown up around "thinking." Since the time of the philosopher Descartes, "thought" has been put upon a pedestal. We should

worship at the feet of this image but we should not try to understand its essence. *Cogito ergo sum* was Descartes' expression of obeisance. But the faulty logic in the mystical phrase "I think therefore I am" is all too obvious. It was designed just to convince the church fathers that he could provide a place for the soul in his philosophy.

Religious philosophical dogmas of this kind have long deterred us from making even a decent logical formulation of the way thinking goes on. Throughout the ages churchmen—all medicine men in fact—have kept the public under control by making them believe that whatever goes on in the world which can't be easily observed must be mysterious, must be strong medicine, something much more powerful than those things which can be observed. The motive is obvious. It is the only way the medicine man can keep control. Science almost has had to blast its way through this wall of religious protection. It has blasted successfully in the field of physical phenomena; now it is blasting in the field of biology—sometimes, as in the South, in solid rock. One can almost believe that even scientific blasting will be hopeless in clearing away misconceptions in the field of psychology—and this is especially true in the realm of thinking.

The behaviorist offers a very simple, clear, straightforward scientific theory of thought. It is so straightforward, so matter of fact, that even the introspective psychologists, who are lovers of mystery, find difficulty in understanding it—not to speak of accepting it.

The behaviorists' theory of thought hinges upon the way word habits are formed—upon word *conditioning*. Let us take the earliest word habit so far experimentally recorded—one formed at six months of age in infant B. In his babblings I often heard the sound *da*. I decided to try even at this early age to make this word *substitutable* for an object—the milk bottle. I would wait around him with the bottle behind my back until he happened to babble *da*, then I put the bottle into his mouth. This was repeated again and again. Soon he would say *da* every time I showed him the bottle. When conditioning was complete, the word *da* came to call out the *same reactions* as the sight of the bottle. If I had been silent always and his only attendant, I could have built up in this way a wholly new language in him, totally different from my own or any other known language. Instead of feeding him I could have built the word in, or conditioned it, by punishment. One of his earliest words established in this way was “hot.” Crawling near a hot radiator he touched it, drew back his hand, crawled away from it, cried. Just as he touched it, I spoke aloud the word “hot.” After two such accidental happenings just the word *hot* made him draw back and put his hands behind him. As soon as he went near the radiator he would cry out “hot” and draw back.

By this simple process of conditioning—showing the object and speaking aloud the word, we built up a vocabulary. As he learned to manipulate objects—orange, apple, bottle, man, dog—he learned the conventional words which he could also manipulate (say aloud, repeat again and again). Now these words soon came to call out the same reactions in the child as would the objects upon which the words are conditioned. Some of our objects arouse violent reactions. The words conditioned by these objects also arouse strong reactions—“Look out, there is a *snake* behind you”; “there is a *spider*

crawling up your sleeve.” Words conditioned by action-arousing situations are also potent in arousing action—“stand up,” “sit down,” “attention,” etc. Words are thus equivalent to objects in releasing behavior. The words are thus substitutes for objects. Words once formed, the human ever thereafter has two worlds—a world of objects, and a world of words which is substitutable for the world of objects. Man is the only animal who has these two worlds. He is the only animal who takes his environment to bed with him in the form of word substitutes. He keeps it with him in darkness—he keeps it even if he loses his eyesight. He can manipulate this word world just as he manipulates his object world. It requires no space to house this word world. It has its drawbacks too. Psychoanalysts and nerve specialists often send their patients away to change their environment; but alas, the patient carries his substitute word world along with him. It has within it all the old conflicts of his object world.

II

Now follow the behaviorist one step farther. Man reacts not only to words spoken by others and to words read in books, *but also to words he himself silently speaks*. Why does he speak words to himself? Because he has been conditioned to speak words aloud and to himself when in the presence of objects and situations upon which the words were conditioned. Man—because he is gregarious, because he finds it easier to carry around words than to drag around Dean Swift's bag of objects—learns to make most of his reactions in a verbal way.

This paves the way to thinking. The simplest form of thinking can be seen in the three-year-old child. Suppose we peep through the keyhole at a three-year-old and listen as we watch. He may have two hundred words in his repertoire. He has been conditioned

upon sentences as well as upon words. He opens his eyes. There is no one in the room. He calls mamma, nurse, dada, doll, etc. He runs over his repertoire of words and sentences. "Billy wants breakfast," "Billy going bye-bye." As he grows older the outspoken verbal responses become more complex. Parents are eager to have him talk. *He talks aloud incessantly even when no one is around.* As the family becomes assured that he is not an idiot, not dumb, they get a bit weary of so much babbling. They cry out, "Keep quiet" (reinforcing it sometimes with a tiny spank). Thereafter the child mumbles to himself. We still hear him—he disturbs our smooth-running life. Again we say, "For heaven's sake, stop mumbling to yourself." Mumbling gives place to lip and mouth responses—silent mumbling. We can't hear this but we see it. We socialize him still farther—"Can't you stop moving your lips when you read and think?" Complete socialization next occurs. *The child goes on speaking but now he really talks to himself. There is inward verbalization.* The only freedom he has left lies in the silent realm of his own unspoken (but muscularly formed) words. What goes on behind the closed door of his lips is none of society's concern.

Thought then is a form of general bodily activity just as simple (or just as complex) as tennis playing. The only difference is we use the muscles of our throat, larynx, and chest instead of the muscles of our arms, legs, and trunk. If we could actually see the play of the muscles of the chest, throat, and larynx when we think, no mystery would ever have grown up. There is no mystery in tennis playing. We see the movements taking place; we can actually photograph them with the motion-picture camera. If we photograph them in front of a series of lines of known dimension, and show a time-measuring device on the film, we can then measure the extent of every movement and time

it. If we could similarly measure and time the throat and chest musculature, see the end result—the word—show up in some way, the way we see the tennis ball knocked back and forth, we should feel that thinking is just as commonplace as any other motor activity.

Do we use only chest, larynx, and throat muscles when we think? Do we play tennis only with our right arm? Certainly not, we do everything with our whole body. But if I suddenly cut a muscle in your right forearm then tennis playing is sadly disturbed. The right forearm segment of the body is the dominant or controlling one in tennis playing. Just so are the muscles of the larynx, throat, and chest dominant in thinking. Any interference there—even a bad sore throat—slows up the thinking process. We think with our whole body, the shrug of the shoulder, the catching of the breath—even the (conditioned) nausea in our stomach which occurs when we are with people who disturb us is all a part of the organized behavior executed with inside muscles. A nod of the head for "yes," a shake to right and left for "no," a raising of the eyebrows and head and shoulders for "I doubt it," are also part and parcel of the complex process of thinking. It might be better to give up the term thinking and use the term *implicit behavior* in its place. We should mean by that all of the organized (but still *objective*) behavior that goes on in the muscles and glands inside of us. But since the human solves most of his problems with words—so most of our implicit behavior is verbal.

If our main contention is reasonable, objective, and logically tight, how foolish are most of our trite remarks about thinking. "Cultivate the thinking process." "Learn to concentrate." "College is a place where men learn to think." *The truth is we learn to think by learning to do.* We can think no straighter, no better, no broader than the world we have lived in. We learn to think better as we learn to do better—as we meet

with new objects, new situations, new people—get into difficulties and out of them. As we become more and more skillful with hammer, saw, and chisel, we become better thinkers as carpenters if we verbalize each step as we learn it. Of course, the yokel is not so taught in his infancy to verbalize his acts. He remains a hand actor—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. As we become more skillful in fighting fires, we become better thinkers on fire prevention. Those of us who live among cultured people have to learn to verbalize everything we do with our hands. At our mother's knee we learn to talk about what we have done during the day. This constant mutual support between verbalization and doing explains why nothing ever comes from philosophy—because it has become lost in words which are not correlated with, and substitutable for overt action. The new things in the universe come from the doers—the chemist, the physicist, the engineer, the biologist, the business man. With them doing leads to thinking, and thinking in turn leads to doing. With the poet, the philosopher, the day dreamer, thinking leads not to doing but *merely to other words* either spoken or thought; the endless chain of words is never broken.

III

And what is the evidence for the behaviorists' theory of thought?

Its strongest claim is that no other theory of thought so far advanced can lay the least claim to being scientific. It brings thought into line with all other forms of human activity and behavior. It brings thought into line with all other acts of skill. It is a theory which agrees with all of our known biological, physical, and physiological facts.

Its strongest supporting evidence comes from the study of the child. At first, as we have already seen, talking and thinking in the child are identical. As the child becomes socialized he continues to talk aloud when adjusting

verbally to people but to talk to himself (subvocally) when alone. We see in adults around us all of the transitions: Badly bred people think aloud even when alone; people slightly less well bred mumble aloud when alone. There is another group who move only their lips when they think. A good lip reader can often read what they are thinking about (what they are saying to themselves).

What evidence we have from the study of deaf-mutes confirms it. Until they are taught a word world in one form or another, for example through the use of the sign manual, they are supposed to be quite "stupid." As soon as they become adept in the use of words "intelligence" seems to increase by leaps and bounds. Now such people *think* by using the word signs; they use them even when alone. I have gathered considerable evidence upon this. A normal individual adept in the use of the manual, when thrown constantly among deaf-mutes who are thinking, can often read their thoughts by watching their finger and hand movements. This is similar to what can be done in reading the lip movements of the incompletely socialized normal individual. Again, as the deaf-mute becomes highly socialized, his finger, hand, and arm movements become smaller and smaller in extent until they sink below the level where they can be observed objectively without the use of instruments. For example, with Laura Bridgman it was impossible when she was tense and with people to read her thoughts from her finger movements, yet when asleep and relaxed *her dreams could be at least partly read by her finger movements*.

Considerable evidence comes from asking people to *think out a problem aloud*. Before doing this, however, watch how they learn to get out of a complicated maze they have never seen before. They stumble about, trying all blind alleys, retracing their steps to the starting point—going back to ground already worked over, falling into errors

at every point. Finally they stumble on the right pathway. Now put them into a verbal maze and ask them to think it out. Show them a new object never seen before and ask them to *think out aloud* at every step and tell what the object before them is used for. They start in like a rat in the maze. "It is made of metal—it weighs about two pounds—it can't be used for that because of so and so." If the person is really unfamiliar with *all* such objects (has little verbal organization about them) his thinking is pitiful. You lose all respect for thinking as a highly "intellectual" process. You find that your subject will almost at once try to manipulate the object with his hands. If you let him have the box he tinkers with it, talks about it, handles it again. He uses his whole body in solving the problem. His behavior is quite like that of the poor hungry animal who has to open a new trick box before he can get his bit of food. Under such conditions the human becomes really human. You begin to place him where he belongs—on a scale—at the top, to be sure, with other animals, both with respect to his doing and to his thinking. The reason we get such exalted ideas of the occasional human is that we tackle him upon his own thinking ground—ground which he has so thoroughly mastered that you could not ask him anything which would involve any *new act of thinking*. He snaps out his answers as quickly as you could the answer to the question—what is the cube root of 1000 multiplied by 10 divided by 2?

The use of instruments shows that during thinking some kind of muscular activity goes on in the throat and chest region. It is true that we cannot get these muscular responses registered upon wax cylinders and then later play them upon a phonograph and have the words of our thoughts spoken out loud. But we may yet get these inward muscular responses registered in some equally objective way.

We do not need to wait in psychology

until we can objectively record the words we use in thinking. Any effective thinking will and must eventuate in action—either in hand, lip, arm, and trunk action, as when the inventor makes the first wooden model of his thought child, or in written words, when the poet writes out the poem he has already whispered to himself. Or in some overt verbal statement such as "I have thought this thing all out. I think you ought to take the chance and do so and so."

After all, there is astonishingly little real thinking done—real thinking where, by the manipulation of our word world, new verbal conclusions are reached which in turn can serve as stimuli for making us change and modify our object world with our hands. Most of our word organization is as inflexible as the grooves on the phonograph record. We turn the records on when we are alone and play them over and over again. There is no improvement in our thinking. This corresponds with what goes on in our overt actions. Few of us after a certain age improve our golf, our tennis, our skill in our vocation. We get lazy as soon as we can get along socially and financially in the group in which we permanently find ourselves. It is only when we get up against it—get into some jam—that the environment stimulates us sufficiently to make us start real learning with our hands and real thinking.

This view of thinking should have some bearing upon our training of the youth—should we not seek to make them *do* from morning till night, from earliest infancy to old age, and should we not seek to have them *consolidate their daily doings adequately in words*? The youngster ought to do the multiplication table before he puts it in words. He ought to do his algebra, his geometry, and his physics first and then immediately formulate his problems and solutions in words. We ought to have work shops of every description rather than text books. Each student should write his own text book from his work-shop

activity—as a verbal formulation of what he is doing. Thinking should then be the equivalent of doing at every moment.

The goal of training thinkers is to give them such mastery over their word world that they can manipulate it and bring out *new* verbal formulations in the form of judgments or “conclusions” which can later start their hands to work in shaping some new *object* in stone, iron, brass, oil, or clay.

This theory does not mean that everyone who expects to be a thinker must first be a blacksmith or carpenter or a manual worker. If he is to do things with his pen he must travel, read books, go to theaters—in a word, live among the situations he is later to portray *and he must organize and consolidate in words his daily life as he goes along*, or else when he comes to *do*, to *write* or *paint* he finds his thoughts poverty stricken.

FINALITY

BY JEAN M. BATCHELOR

H*E who is hanged
Remembers not
Death's fingers
Tight about his throat;
Whom the sea drowns
Recalls no more
The tide that swept him
From the shore.
Yet I live on
And bear with me
That mortal hour
In memory
When first I met
Your glance . . . and knew
That life had found me,
And death too.*



ADVENTURE

A STORY

BY ALICE BROWN

WILLIS BRENT, that November afternoon, was bidding good-by to Celia Updike, the girl he believed he was going to marry: that is, if she forgave him for hesitating so long on the brink of asking her. He was only running down for a hasty visit to his little shanty on the shore, but they were both, standing there at a window in her mother's Boston house, penetrated by a sense of change. He knew he was running away from her for a last gulp of freedom before giving up his old life forever. What she knew, he had no means of learning. She was too controlled to let him spy for a moment upon the real Celia that lived within the Celia of the even voice and downward glance. She was a lovely looking person, blue eyed, pale, fair haired, dressed in a diaphanous gray that seemed to enhance the effect of her demure temperament—a charming foil to him with his aspect of having been burnt out by the fires of life: not the devastating flames of passion or a resultant nemesis, but the smoldering of energy through tumultuous years. Frost-bound as she was, she also had her temperament, and if he could have known how his picturesque dark beauty was moving her at the moment, he might have caught the infection and seen nothing for it but to rush to her arms. But she had, as always, her emotions well in hand. She met his gaze with a tranquil response from her light-lashed blue eyes, a look that was merely interrogative, nothing more.

"You see," he was saying, "I've had this little shack ever since I was eighteen, and I haven't seen it since the war."

"Of course," she answered sympathetically, "you want to find out whether it's in condition for the winter. Didn't you say there were tremendous winds?"

"Oh, yes," he responded, finding, as he commonly did, that she was ready to go only about a quarter of the way when he wanted her to run on with him, step by step, and even understand him better than he did himself. "But it's more than that. I've an idea I've come to a sort of jumping-off place, and before I jump I want to go down there and—and—"

"Get up your courage," she volunteered with what he found a terrifying astuteness. "I see."

"Oh, no, you don't," he protested. "It's only that up to now my life's been one thing, and now I have an idea it's going to be another."

She was silent, not helping him, and yet he found something in the silence to push him inexorably forward.

"For example," he said, leaping at a way out, "I don't so much care about adventure, but adventure cares about me. It pursues me. It runs me down. I can't go to an afternoon tea without somebody's poisoning somebody's cup."

"You never do go to teas," she said, with the obstinate return to the literal that always made him draw exasperated breaths and then remind himself that half the men's wives were that kind. If

he was going to regard her as a wife, that was a thing he must not for a moment forget. "It's a great grief to your mother," she was going on. "You could sell lots of pictures if you'd just allow yourself to be popular."

Then he started out on one of his excursions to convince her which, after the unfailing defeat that concluded them, he swore to himself he would never try again.

"That was figurative," said he, "that about tea and poison in cups. Talking through my hat. But it's a fact all the same. Adventure does dog me."

"I know," she said, coming over to his position. Often she gave him the impression of being willing to come if she could only see exactly where he was, and at those times he had high hopes of a tranquil married bliss with her. "That time in Persia when you were abducted and lived with those horrid desperadoes. And the year in China. Your mother told me."

"Ripping times, both of 'em," he concurred, his eyes lighting up with the fire that sometimes kindled a strange resentment in her own. It changed him inexplicably, but it invariably made him look as if he had forgotten all about her. "They took me in. I was one of 'em, from the word go. If I hadn't been on official business, I'd have lived out the rest of my days there, contented as a cat. But I don't mean the things that are likely to happen to anybody after they've got into queer latitudes. I mean I can't go anywhere without their beginning to happen to me. And it isn't that I'm tired of it. Only there comes a time, you know, when you wonder whether you'd better try out something else, what the other fellows do, the ones that never 've been on the loose."

"Yes," said she. "What they call settling down."

She smiled, delightfully now, but also with a species of tolerance for his oddity, his persistence in staying outside the only kind of life she considered desirable. But, she was half-consciously reflecting

—and almost his mind caught her at it—she could bring him into that charmed circle once for all, only give her time—and a wedding ring.

"Besides," he was continuing, "I want to escape that cousin of yours. Your mother told me she was coming. Terrifying old party she must be."

The indulgence in her smile seemed meant to reassure him.

"Clotilda," she prompted. "She's a far-away cousin of mamma's. What that makes her to me I don't know. But Clotilda's an interesting person. She's had adventures, now! Been all over everywhere, Africa, the near East. And lived in India."

"The kind I run from like the plague," he assured her, yet conscious that he was only making Cousin Clotilda a pretext to soften his eagerness to get away from Celia herself and all she stood for—but for a time, only for a time. "I know precisely what she is: swarthy, tanned black by the Asian sun, but with an effect of dirt. Oh, yes, she is! You needn't pretend to be shocked. The black has burned into her pores and met the pigment there and they've set up a jolly melting pot together, and the result is you couldn't scour her clean. And she's hung all over with barbaric trash you can buy just as cheap in these United States, and she'll tell you she's seen snake charming and the mango tree, and I shouldn't wonder if she brought out a portfolio of photographs. Good Lord! of course I'm running away. You come with me. It wouldn't be proper, but there's Trumbull next door. He's the old fisherman. His wife gives me grub and you could stay there."

Yet he did not want her to go with him, or only wanted her with one-half his uneasy mind. Should he, he wondered, if he got her down there in sun and spray, discover something wild and primitive in her also, something that would give him a solid standing-ground where he could worship that delicate fineness of hers which was almost too impalpable to be held very close? But this suggestion, as

if he too must know how foolish it was, she did not even answer. She stepped away from him a pace, as if by so doing she changed the current of the interview.

"Well," she said, "come back when—" There she stopped a moment as if wondering what it would be wise to add, and concluded with a touch of malice he found rather piquing—"when you find you can."

Her thoughts, he saw, were fixed on the probability of his really going to get away from her to make up his mind, and this astuteness made her terrible to him. But here, to his relief, since he didn't want to protest, came a diversion.

"There's your car," he said. "Your mother's getting out. Another female body, too. Can't I cut and run?"

"Oh, no," said she, enjoying his predicament, chiefly because she had an idea that if he could be really involved in social duties he would find them more compelling. "Go downstairs like a nice boy, say good-by to mother, be presented to the lady—and maybe you'll sell a picture to her. Who knows!" This she added wilfully to deepen his discomfort because the lady with her mother was, as she knew, of too wandering a habit ever to clutter up her life with paint.

But Brent had his revenge. He caught the delicate hands he believed he was beginning to love—and he did love their beauty—pressed them to his lips, and, without a look at her to surprise the rose flush he knew he had called to her face, left the room, and did hurry down the stairs where Mrs. Updike stood with her visitor in the hall. Mrs. Updike he never liked to look at. She was tall, slim, ivory white, with grayed yellow hair, and she induced in him that sinking at the heart lovers too often feel when they see in a mother the prophecy of a daughter's withering charm. But he went on manfully, and Mrs. Updike gave him a slender ringed hand, itself the withered portent of what Celia's might become. She detained him with it, while she spoke.

"Clotilda," said she, "this is Mr. Brent, the painter. I wrote you—"

What did she write? he had time to wonder irritably. Was it about him and his pictures or about him and her daughter? But when he turned to Clotilda his surprise was vivid enough to knock all more egotistical questions out of his head. Clotilda! swart with the Asian sun, hung over with bangles, voluble with Eastern myth and legend? She was at the farthest pole from these stage properties: a middle-aged, compact, plainly dressed woman of forty-odd, conspicuously clean, if one might say so of a class exquisite by tradition, with smooth brown hair, a healthy red and brown skin, and a harmony of line about her and her clothes that pleased his artist eye. Her own eyes—they were the only extraordinary thing about her, yellow brown, set under her brows like a double charm, reflective, used to long distances (distances beyond the earth, his leaping mind told him) eyes that saw life as a whole and this earth a complement of something else, a mirror of—what? But he was used to these wild flights of fancy in himself. Sometimes they were over before he had to remember they were all foolishness, and often he never went back to them. But this time he was sure it was not foolishness. The eyes were as he saw them. The woman, too, was as he saw her. He felt a great desire to stay and challenge her to some incredible revelation. But Mrs. Updike's eye was on him and he knew, if he talked, it must be to her. So, after his bow to the stranger and his touch of her small firm hand, he turned back to the older woman and said, not knowing why he must, but having to say it:

"Did Celia tell you I'm going down to the shack for a bit? Can't you come down? You'd be very comfortable at old Trumbull's, in a plain way, that is. He can put up half a dozen. Bring Celia, you know, and—" this with a little perfunctory bow to Clotilda, as if he included her only as a matter of course.

But she must come, he was telling

himself excitedly. Somehow he must make her come. If not, he wouldn't stir a peg. It was she who answered.

"Oh, yes," she said, in a smooth round voice with a kind of soft decision in it. "I'll come."

Mrs. Updike, who wasn't used to having the words taken out of her mouth, seemed not to resent this. She merely began asking, in her committee-meeting manner, about the arrangements at Trumbull's. Could they really sleep there? How many? Should they bring a hamper, or could they depend on food? He answered her tersely, and it amounted to her leaving the arrangements in his hands. She couldn't go the next day, and besides he ought to be given ample time, but the day after, if the weather held good, they would appear. And then, with scarcely another word to Clotilda, but feeling her in every fiber, the power and mystery of her, he took a hasty leave.

What was it, he wondered the next night, when he was settled contentedly in his shack, and sank into the company of his thoughts at his own fire—what was it that made a woman without beauty, without youth, so compelling that, if it pleased her clean, fine intelligence to try, he believed she could do pretty well what she liked with you? He had talked about adventure. Here was adventure now, seeking him out on that level where he had fled for refuge, and calling on him for—what? Nothing valiant perhaps, nothing thrilling, but merely perhaps saying, "I know." There was that indefinable promise of understanding in those eyes, of unfailing sympathy. What did she know? Did she know he meant his life now to be this same level plain, watered by the temperate affection Celia only, of all women, could give? Even if other women could be persuaded to give it, it was only Celia who was so exquisite in every line and movement that she raised ordinary living to a perfection of repose. For weeks now nothing had seemed

lovelier to him than the plain where he was traveling, the mountains at his back, a desert or two also where he had thirsted and vainly fled mirages he hardly dared think of even now, they were so wildly beautiful and, being mirages, never to be attained.

Actually, what did the woman want him to do? Perhaps her eyes were the more moving because they reminded him, though so unlike, of other eyes that used to entreat and command him and had now been veiled from him for what seemed a lifetime of years. That woman was Elinor Bliss, unhappily married and making a duteous job of it, a quicksilver sort of woman who, against her will tried with all her might to charm him and did charm him and herself until she would have left her husband inexorably except that he broke his back in an accident and so fettered her for good. Her last interview with Brent was terrible to him now in the clarity of remembrance. She said everything she had to say with a simplicity that drew an equal incisiveness from him. She loved him and she should love him to her death, but she truly hoped he would stop loving her. She could bear being without him because she would have her job: taking care of her cripple. Brent would have no job but his painting, and what was that as he grew older and even the sunsets had no pleasure in them? If he could love a woman, he must do it. He could, she told him. All men could. There was a cynical strain in her, reinforced by her intimate knowledge of the man whose unwilling prisoner she had become. But if she had to think of Brent as aching for her as she did not mean to ache for him, and lonelier every year of a solitary life, the whole thing would be more than she could bear. And then for the first time—for they had been outwardly controlled—she opened her arms to him and they kissed passionately, and she said such words to him as poets say—or mothers, in their hearts—and, withdrawing, took on her

former hardness, and told him that was for him to remember when he doubted whether she was alive or ever had been.

"But I shall be alive," she said. "Only not for you. Never for you. I know that. And we've had the best of it. This one minute was the best. But if we put out a hand to each other—oh, go! go! Love her when you find her. Marry her. Make her happy."

He did go, and after some years of wandering and hard work while she stayed imprisoned with her job, came back to America and, though not having taken her command in the least seriously, except as a part of her bitter wisdom, suddenly remembered it, seeing Celia. And Celia seemed to be the answer. She brought him beauty, and that always melted his heart, and it was of so delicate and austere a type that it seemed to promise a tranquillity he had begun to long for after the upheavals of his past. When he came to her he was bruised and saddened, in that mood where men wince at the memory of mountains and the wilderness and long for the serene upland with homes in it where custom made by other generations follows its quiet way. It did not disturb him in any profound sense when she answered his emotions in a language of her own, never adequate but perhaps the more soothing in that no intensity in her called upon a too easily wearied vein in him. And, as it is with men in pursuit of the woman nature, when he got no response from her it never really taught him there was no adequacy of response to get. Baffled, he was only the more certain it was the hidden beauty of the soul itself that so eluded him. Go a little farther in the leafy umbrage of that midland plain, and what incredible reward might he not find? There was a land, he told himself, with an ironic smile at his own foolishness, where the birds sang delightfully and all the flowers were sweet, a sort of twilight land where you were happier than in full sun. And this was Celia's heart.

The next day, instead of the tramp he

would have taken, hunting up old familiarities of his stamping ground, after so long an absence, he got the fisherman's wife to help him and stirred up an ordered turmoil of setting to rights. In the midst of it came a telephone call from Mrs. Updike. She was bringing four more guests—and a phonograph! He foresaw dancing, and wondered what the deuce she wanted that for in the face of Indian-summer weather and a full moon. But Mrs. Trumbull was not surprised. She knew, she said, what city folks were liable to do. She could swing it. Brent knew he too must swing it, though it altered the complexion of his fête amazingly. His long living room, the length of the shack, he had already made exquisite in its order for the coming of a guest—Celia or Clotilda? He asked himself that once, whimsically, only to answer "Celia." But he was thinking of Clotilda's eyes. He filled every jug and bowl with autumn seed vessels and flowers; and the world smelled of pollen and the apples he had brought in to eat by the evening fire.

In the late afternoon they came, Mrs. Updike with her air of being equal to anything, even to carrying off a debatably eccentric occasion like this, Clotilda smiling, as if she found herself at home, and the other guests expectant in a way flatteringly evident. They were professional, all from the guild of letters, even if called so by courtesy: two fiction writers, a poet of sorts, and his play-writing brother. Brent wondered just why Mrs. Updike selected them instead of the merely social high-flyers she revered in an owlish fashion, and concluded she must have foreseen the resources of the shack as too primitive for anything but what he had heard her call "those sort of people." And why bring anybody but Clotilda and Celia? The reason he hit on here happened to be the right one. Clotilda's stay with her cousin was to be brief. It implied some conventional entertaining, and whom could Mrs. Updike so reasonably summon to the social game as these queer

ones for Clotilda who was so queer herself? Celia was the only one of the party to be visibly excited. She was a slightly different Celia from the one he had been seeing, perfectly dressed in her sport suit, but somehow intangibly changed, some of the mild radiance about her dispersed and her mystery quite gone out. Could a woman, he had time to wonder briefly, be altered by a skirt?

But at first everything fell out as he had planned. They had supper at the Trumbulls' and then came back to sit about his fire. Now Celia was disquieting. She seemed to take possession of him by implication, and the little touches of assertiveness were directed, though obliquely, toward Clotilda. "This," they seemed to say, "this piece of male desirability, is mine." Brent was shamefaced before her. Why the deuce, he felt himself reflecting, had she got to drag him into the open?

"Tell Cousin Clo," she bade him, "what you said about adventure pursuing you."

He hadn't anything to say. He could have told Clotilda every adventure he ever had and every invitation from one, though not out of whole cloth and when he was commanded. But Clotilda, instead of wanting to be told, seemed ready to tell him.

"Of course," she said, "it would be so. You've the wandering foot and the beckoning hand. Of course adventure follows you."

As she spoke everything was different. He seemed to be not here under his own low roof, but out somewhere in the open, a fire burning, a black kettle swinging over it, dusky figures in the nearer foreground, and he and she at a little distance on a hillock where they could see the others in the firelight and themselves, in darkness, not be seen. And he was aware of himself, as it were outside himself, and of Clotilda. But she was really sitting beside him before his own fire and he turned to her and asked her, in a low voice:

"Are you a gypsy?"

She laughed a little.

"Of course," she said, "you'd ask that. It would be the first thing you'd think of. What a child you are!"

And on the other side of him Celia, from her strange new perplexity, was saying to him in a voice whetted to the slightest shrillness:

"Tell the story of this house. Come, we're all listening."

But it was Clotilda who answered quietly:

"It isn't so much the story of the house. It's the story of the land." She went on in a musing way, and Celia watched her—as Brent thought—angrily. "This house," she said, looking at one and another of the guests and, in a way, drawing their eyes to her, "is built on silted land."

Brent pricked up his ears. He knew that, but to the best of his knowledge he had never spoken of it, even to Celia, and Clotilda was a stranger. She continued:

"In the sixteen hundreds the water came right over the threshold here, or would have come, if there'd been any threshold, and back, oh, I should think to the end of the yard. Where the beach plums are." She added this, with a glance at Brent as if they were telling the tale together. He merely looked at her. How did she know about the beach plums here in the darkness of this November night?

"You see"—she was addressing her listeners again, and their eyes were still bent on her as if it were all a matter of the greatest moment—"in the days of the first settlers, this wasn't open sea-coast. In the earliest days we know anything about, there was a small island, just off the rocky shore, and for years, nobody knows how many, the sand had been silting in and choking up the channel between it and the mainland. Now that channel is right under our feet. It's the land this house is built on."

"How did you know that?" Brent put in. "It's not in print."

"You knew it yourself," she countered, and he assented by a nod.

"But before that happened," she went on, "there was a wreck here, one of the most terrible ones imaginable because it came from the wreck of a man's life, out of his wild brain and heart. It was the outcome of one of those great love stories that underlie New England's silent life, just as the jagged rocks of that channel underlie this house."

"What was the story?" Celia asked, in so harsh a voice that Brent looked at her. "Do you know it, Will?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with an attempt at ease. "The man was one of my own people. Remote—two hundred years ago, you see."

"His name was Brent," said Clotilda composedly. "He was Captain Brent, and he had left his young wife in the town back here behind us and gone on a three-years' voyage. And when he came home he touched at Boston to land his cargo, and there he got letters, fatally delayed, taken off a sinking ship by a Boston-bound sloop and so brought home again. The letters told him his young wife had gone, decamped, with the old lover she thought dead. The man had come back out of the Northwest where he'd been trading in furs. And so what did our captain do but read his letters and go on landing his cargo, and when that was done and all his affairs in order, put his money into a small schooner and sail out of Boston harbor with only his wild thoughts for company. He took a small boat, do you see, because he wouldn't risk the lives of a crew in an adventure bound to end only in one way. A storm came up, a terrific blow which was the very thing he wanted. He navigated his boat into this channel between the island and the shore and piled her up there, the wind and sea helping him. The bones of her lay there for years, the sand sifting over them, but his were never found."

Celia leaned back in her chair, at ease again, as if she had miscalculated the significance of the story.

"But," she asked indifferently, "what did he do it for?"

"Who knows?" said Clotilda. "Perhaps he did it in despair. Perhaps he wasn't conscious of any reason. I think myself he had a tremendous love for his wife—one of those passions that are like the great facts of nature, life, death—and wanted to take himself out of her way and do it in a manner that made it seem like what they call an act of God. I can't believe he wanted to revenge himself on her by giving her cause for undying remorse. I am perfectly sure he knew what love is and that he felt it."

"Yes," said Brent impulsively. "I believe that, too."

"Do you think," Celia was asking him, with what surprised him as sounding like the faintest sneer, "that adventure pursued him, too, as you say it pursues you?"

What he would have answered he did not know, for Clotilda, possibly thrilled a little by the warring currents between them, interposed, still gravely.

"Of course," she said to him, ignoring Celia, "adventure does pursue certain people. It pursues you. If you went out into your own back yard in the dark now—we'll say to get a log for the fire—you wouldn't be surprised if you walked into the middle of adventure."

He wished he could. The world of this thin civilization he had stomached for three months, a thing of catchwords and predetermined actions, seemed to him intolerable. The old tide was rising in him, the tide of quickened heartbeats and hurrying blood that calls on a man to get out of this highway of the commonplace and seek things different.

"What sort of adventure?" he asked her, and found he was speaking hoarsely. "What is the adventure of my poor little yard?"

"I should fancy," she said composedly, "you might get out there and find yourself caught—by adventure, we'll say—and be unable to get back."

"By Jove!" came the voice of one fiction writer, who was poking the fire,

"what a rippin' idea! Go out into your own back yard and find you can't get back!"

"Sort of Flying Dutchman idea!" said another.

"Now what," pursued the least fanciful, "would be the reason you couldn't get back?"

"Old well, I say," brought up another, from a not too original fancy. "You break through and your bones are found after two hundred years."

"Silly ass!" said the first. "They'd find the busted cover, wouldn't they? No! a boat puts in with a cargo of hooch. They think the shack's unoccupied, as it has been for months, break in, and hide it in the cellar. They come on Brent here, kidnap him—"

"What for?" inquired Brent, and the fictionist collapsed with a weak:

"Search me. I haven't worked it out."

At that moment Mrs. Updike went to the phonograph, a record in hand and, under cover of the stir that precedes a dance, Brent, laughing a little, in what he felt to be a foolish excitement, said this to Clotilda:

"As a matter of fact, I am going out for another log. Do your worst."

And he had time to wonder, in saying it, why he chose so unsound a pretext when a giant pile of logs lay on the hearth. She too spoke in an undertone, and gravely:

"Remember, you may not be able to come back."

The possibility struck him in the center and he laughed. It was not only a challenge but great fun.

"I'm going," he said, not even aware now that Celia was watching him. "I dare you."

He got up, made his way quietly through the group all intent on what Mrs. Updike judged it socially best for them to do, and went out at the west door leading to the grassy yard. He could never remember whether he went alone or whether he stood aside for Clotilda to precede him. He could re-

member only that he was different, that the yard itself was not so much changed as gone, lost entirely. What had he expected to find? The mild night lighted by an enchanted moon, the whispering brown grass under his feet and a sense of peace and autumn ripening? But those were the things of an hour ago and now not only gone but forgotten. His feet were not on the familiar earth. They were on the deck of a ship, answering to her pitch and roll, and the ship was misbehaving herself in a storm. It seemed to Brent perfectly natural to be there, as if this were a reproduction of a scene suffered before. The sky was full of storm clouds, the pale gleam of the moon struggled with the wrack as the ship fought with wind and water below. He could see only a limited space of the deck about him, a few feet of the shadowy taffrail and, not so much piercing the murk above him as pencilled lines drawn upon it, the raking masts. One figure was near him, moving as he moved, keeping always the same distance from him, a darker shadow among shadows, and he had a curious undercurrent of certainty that it was Clotilda, and that she had a mysterious knowledge of what had happened before, and somehow was causing it to happen again.

"But what for?" he called to her, bawling the words against the whistling of the wind. "What are we here for?"

"Be still," something answered. "Keep still, and you'll find out."

He seemed to lose her outline in a deeper dark and to become another creature than his familiar self on a new adventure, difficult, dangerous. He was Captain Brent, he was on his ship with all sails set, a rocky shore before him and he was engaged in the maniacal work of piling her up—supreme crime in a mariner who has promised his ship the service of eye and hand that shall save her from mischance to the last and then, when the worst has come to the worst, go down with her. And the worst was nearly at the worst, he thought, with a wild free-

dom of certainty, as if he were already freed from the body and saw what was still to do. He had decreed her murder, the murder of a ship, the most glorious bit of beauty known, not even after a horse and a woman, and he was going down with her. But if he had killed a ship he had, in doing it, assured the life of a woman. The woman was his wife. She had gone to the man she loved and, by his own apparently accidental death, he was leaving her the legacy of a belief that now, at last and by his death, she could live blameless. A strong exultation possessed him. He had passed out of himself and, if he was not occupying the imagined body of Captain Brent, dead two hundred years ago, at least he understood him. Curiously, too, Clotilda was in it all. She had nothing to do with their stories, Captain Brent's and his, but she was the agency that had made his own understanding possible. Still she was beside him, as indeterminately as a storm cloud dropped to the deck, and he found himself calling to her at the top of his voice:

"You gave it to me!" And he knew he meant, "You gave me this last bit of the adventure I had repudiated, and I see now there's nothing like it. I won't marry. I won't settle down. I'll cut and run. Oh, God bless you for reminding me! There's nothing for me, as there's nothing for you, but adventure!"

Did he call out these things to her, or did he think them? He was convinced she heard, for she answered, though quietly and, in spite of the storm, it got to him:

"The old captain was happy. Don't you see he was? He has joined that little company of the great lovers, the everlastingly faithful. What are you going to do?"

"About Elinor?" he cried, and her name sounded quite natural here between them. "Love her forever. Die without her, as she's dying by inches without me. I'll sail—somewhere—as soon as I can get away from here, and I'll never come back. Everlastingly

faithful! That was what you said, wasn't it? I shan't forget."

Then it seemed to him that she put out her hand and was seeking his. He gave it to her. Everything was simple and even happy in a world where you had only to make your right decision to find the currents of life set toward fortune, not fortune as men conceive it, but the fortune of the stars. He stood there for the only moment of perfect acquiescence he had ever known, not even discomforted by the fear that he might sometime lose the memory of it, or trying to detain it as he did the memory of Elinor's kiss. And in another instant, with no effect of transition, the storm had stilled and he was standing at the door of his shack in the mild Indian-summer night, the small firm hand still in his. As he came to recognition of things as they had been, the sound of laughter and the phonograph within, the sympathetic night without, Clotilda withdrew her hand and Celia opened the door to them. To Brent she was malign in the coldness of her disapproval, but it in no sense affected him. She was too far away. He smiled at her gravely. He was, he realized, as unlike what she believed him to be as she had become to him.

"Did you get your log?" she asked, with a hint of shrillness in her controlled voice. Then a look at his composed face shook her and she cried, with no pretence at concealment, "What is it, Will, what is it? You look—"

Clotilda slipped past her and entered the shack, and the woman and man stood there staring at each other. What could he tell her, he wondered. What was there she would understand? And what had he done? He had piled up the bark bearing the freight of their cockleshells of unreal emotion and, like Captain Brent setting out into the vast distances of immortal chance, he meant to-morrow to be gone. For the first and last time she understood him. She smiled, rather wistfully for her.

"Adventure?" she asked.

"Adventure," he said gravely.

TWICE TIMES

BY A. A. MILNE

THERE were Two little Bears who lived in a Wood,
And one of them was Bad and the other was Good.
Good Bear learned his Twice Times One . . .
And Bad Bear left all his buttons undone.

They lived in a Tree when the weather was hot,
And one of them was Good, and the other was Not.
Good Bear learned his Twice Times Two . . .
And Bad Bear's thingummies were worn right through.

They lived in a Cave when the weather was cold,
And they did—or they didn't do—what they were told.
Good Bear learned his Twice Times Three . . .
And Bad Bear never had his hand-ker-chee.

They lived in the Wood with a Kind Old Aunt,
And one said "Yes'm," and the other said "Shan't!"
Good Bear learned his Twice Times Four . . .
And Bad Bear's knicketies were terrible tore.

And then quite suddenly (just like Us)
One got Better and the other got Wuss.
Good Bear muddled his Twice Times Three . . .
And Bad Bear coughed in his hand-ker-chee.

Good Bear muddled his Twice Times Two . . .
And Bad Bear's thingummies looked like new.
Good Bear muddled his Twice Times One . . .
And Bad Bear never left his buttons undone.

There may be a Moral, though some say not;
I think there's a moral, though I don't know what.
But if one gets better, and the other gets wuss,
These Two Little Bears are just like Us.
For Christopher loves his Twice Times Ten . . .
And I never know where I've put my pen.*

* So I shall have to write the next one in pencil.



THE RUDE MILITIA

BY STUART ROSE

*And raw in fields the rude militia swarms,
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast
expense,*

*In peace a charge, in war a weak defense;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering
band,*

And ever but in times of need at hand.

Dryden

SINCE John Dryden gave voice to the above-quoted sentiment there has been surprisingly little change in the conduct of things military. The militia, worse luck, is still with us. And while stronger numerically—hence politically—than during the seventeenth century, it has kept up admirably its traditional record of inefficiency.

Bodies of militia, the world over, are practically identical—amateur soldiers, officered by politicians and popinjays. The essential difference between the poet's "blustering band" and our own National Guard lies in the performance by the latter organization of a weekly rather than a monthly exercise. Still they swarm. They remain raw. They are exceedingly expensive.

In the past it has been the policy of European governments to support companies of militia in the belief that the partially trained members of such patriotic groups could be whipped into condition—in the event of an emergency—more quickly than ordinary civilians. And while the various train bands have usually evinced a distaste for sharing in the actual hostilities, the theory is not, upon the whole, a bad one. Be it noted, however, that no modern government (save ours) has decimated its regular military establishment in the fatuous

belief that militia can be employed in the first line of defense.

The military policy of the United States, as outlined in the National Defense Act of 1916, and amended by the act of June 4, 1920, provides for an army of three components; it is a costly and plausible rigmarole, shrewdly calculated to bamboozle the private citizen into believing that he is adequately protected. True, in concordance with our lofty national ideals, it is non-militaristic. Unfortunately—were we to be attacked—it would speedily prove itself non-workable. Then, perhaps, having expended a few thousands of lives and a few billions of dollars, we should busy ourselves with Congressional investigations in a futile attempt to fix the guilt.

We are here concerned with but one element of the Army of the United States—the National Guard; but in order to appreciate properly the theoretical function of this body, it will be necessary for us to consider, briefly, the other two components, the Regular Army and the Organized Reserves.

Reduced to a minimum strength (the latest figures report 12,000 officers and 118,000 enlisted men) the Regular establishment is scarcely in a position to accomplish the peacetime duties outlined for it, i.e., to provide adequate garrisons for our overseas possessions; to provide adequate garrisons for our coast defenses; to provide personnel for the development and instruction of the National Guard and the Organized Reserves. In the event of necessity the Regular Army could not put one com-

pletely equipped division into the field.

The Organized Reserve force is made up of perfectly splendid lists of names—nearly one hundred thousand in all. Yet it is problematical whether these lists, hurled by embattled congressmen at the invader, would inflict many casualties.

The Act of June 4, 1920 added the Organized Reserves as a new element, a third component, to our army. The declared intention of Congress in authorizing this innovation was to create a force of officers and non-commissioned officers (a relatively small number of the latter) which would be available as an aid to the Regular Army and National Guard in the event of an emergency. Having formed this third component, the legislative body, with characteristic foresightedness, neglected to provide for it adequate training facilities, trusting, apparently, that the World War Veterans who received commissions would keep their memories green.

For a brief period after the passage of the Act, when many of the Reserve officers retained at least some remnants of their wartime efficiency, the force was less ridiculous than is the case at present. Then the Reservists were comparatively fresh and still young. Now, after seven years, they grow prosperous, middle-aged and paunchy—estimable fellows, no doubt, and pillars of their several communities, but scarcely fitted to lead troops into action.

The young men who receive new commissions, and fill existing vacancies are drawn from the college R. O. T. C. units and from the Citizen's Military Training Camps. They know little of soldiering, have never been in the field—save during short summer encampments—and, naturally, are far inferior to the National Guardsmen.

A certain number of Reserve officers are permitted to receive fifteen days' training during the Government fiscal year—a privilege of which comparatively few avail themselves. The remainder

rest content in confining their military activities to attendance at an annual banquet, where they applaud frantically the patriotic perorations of after-dinner Paul Reveres. The most that can be said of the Organized Reserves is that they are at once the amusement and despair of the Regular Officers detailed to futher their development.

II

It will be readily appreciated, then, that the National Guard will constitute the main defensive bulwark of this country in the event of attack by a foreign power. We shall be well paid to examine the structure of this highly important element and, upon the information thus acquired, to predicate its probable effectiveness.

Prior, however, to examining the status of the existing National Guard, it will be well to anticipate questions concerning the wartime Guard divisions. These troops, admittedly, were often the equals, and occasionally the superiors, of the regulars—but, for a very good reason. In 1916, it will be remembered, the Guard was ordered to the Mexican Border where it spent the greater part of a year. Almost at once the nation was drawn into the World War, and again the Guard went into the field, this time for a season of intensive training. It was no cause for wonder, then, that with almost two years of field service behind them, these divisions performed well at the front. In this connection it seems fitting to remark that, during the seasoning process, England and France held the enemy at bay—a convenience that is not to be depended upon in the event of future wars.

Congress now limits the National Guard to a peace-strength of 250,000 officers and men. These have been divided into eighteen Infantry Divisions, four Cavalry Divisions, and Corps, Army, G. H. Q., and Reserve troops. It is further provided that the Guard be equipped with heavy artillery, anti-

aircraft artillery, tanks, airplanes, balloons, and other novelties: all of the paraphernalia incidental to the turning out of a modern fighting force. So far, so good. I have already remarked that the scheme *sounds* plausible.

The estimated strength of the National Guard, taken from the figures published June 30, 1924, is 185,000 officers and men. As it is customary for militia officers to pad their reports, it is safe for us to reduce this number from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. The padding process is resorted to by the officers in order that they may receive pay for their services, inasmuch as the Federal government requires that sixty per cent of the enlisted personnel and fifty per cent of the commissioned personnel be present at each drill, and that a certain minimum peace-strength be maintained. In order to get around this regulation all manner of stratagems are resorted to, anywhere from carrying deadheads on the rolls to counting in members of other units—a maneuver natural enough in a country where repeaters have figured so largely at the polls as to establish a national precedent.

I recall, in this connection, an amusing incident which occurred during my own period of service as a militia officer. It is required that Guard units pass a Federal inspection and muster once each year. One year, upon inspection night, my company was physically short (although we carried a plenitude of names on the rolls) twenty-two men. The captain dispatched me to the orderly room of an adjacent company to borrow the necessary soldiers and, after hastily assigning them names from *our* roster, I returned with the detachment just in time to have it fall in. Everything worked nicely until the inspector, calling the roll, bawled, "Weatherby!" and received *two* answers. In the general excitement I had borrowed one man too many, and he, poor devil, anxious to please, had taken a name in company with one of his mates. The rest is history. . . .

But in order to keep up even its present strength the militia is obliged to go in for elaborate recruiting campaigns. Many units, in place of spending their allotted training periods at actual drill, patrol the boulevards in search of victims, hold meetings at street junctions, enlist unwary loiterers; by threats occasionally, else by promises and gentler means of persuasion. Broad-sides find their way into letter boxes. Armories are placarded with huge advertising signboards calculated to ensnare the passer-by. Some regiments employ the help-wanted columns of the daily newspapers in their frantic attempts to enroll fresh suckers.

An artillery battalion in New York City used, and, for all I know, continues to use the signboard method with considerable success. One might have imagined, reading the copy, that this outfit was a combination of the Racquet and Meadowbrook Clubs. It promised dancing and other social activities, athletic games, a two weeks' summer encampment—free!—that was to be nothing more nor less than a sportsman's paradise. "We teach you," it said, "to ride a horse; to play polo." Polo, forsooth! The only horses lighter than Clydesdales who ever stepped inside that armory were the property of a wealthy civilian who used the place as a boarding stable.

But the final responsibility for this recruitment under false pretenses does not rest upon the shoulders of militia officers. They are obliged, in communities where patriotism consists largely of faith without works, of flag-waving rather than flag-following, to appeal to the self-interest of their prospects. Young America has no particular aversion toward wearing a uniform; it is distinctly prejudiced against performing any kind of additional labor. Anyone taking the trouble to think upon the matter will realize at once that the Federal Government is not appropriating its funds for the promotion of young men's social centers. On the

contrary, it spends millions upon the theory that it is training soldiers! And the Guard officers, who realize perfectly that nine out of ten men are not interested in soldiering at all, resort to bunk in order to keep the ranks filled.

Although certain National Guard units attract a comparatively high type of man, and though the efficiency of the organization varies in the several states, the results of this recruiting plan are generally similar throughout the country. The average guardsman is quite young—in his teens, in fact—and just about capable of bearing arms. Growing older (and wiser) he deserts, is discharged on some pretext or other, or else waits eagerly for his three-year term of enlistment to expire. The percentage of reenlistments is not high.

Some years ago I was appointed Summary Court Martial officer of the Guard unit in which I held a commission. My duties were to try minor defaulters for their military offenses, and to investigate cases of continued absence from drill, punishing those men who were, in my opinion, minus adequate excuses. In pursuing these investigations I learned a great deal that I had not known before concerning the enlisted man's point of view. Loath to fine or imprison anyone who had transgressed unintentionally, I questioned the defendants with considerable care, summoning their parents as witnesses in many cases in an attempt to ascertain the true reasons for what had become a wholesale neglect of duty.

I found, in the first place, that the average man who came before me—this, despite the fact that he had taken the Federal Oath of Allegiance—had not the vaguest conception of the responsibilities which he had voluntarily assumed. He had joined the Guard without any appreciation of its function. He knew now that drill was tiresome and that he did not like it—hence his absence without leave, or desertion. It was useless for me to explain to the youngster that he was a servant of the Govern-

ment, that he had evaded his duties, and that he was held strictly accountable. He clung stubbornly to the idea that he had been promised basketball, or swimming, or dancing, and that we—not living up to our agreement—had instead put him to work drilling, or scrubbing equipment, or cleaning harness.

Some of these men I let off with a warning; others I fined a few dollars; occasionally I sent one to jail for two or three days—all this to a wailing Greek Chorus of parents and sisters and cousins and aunts who claimed that the lad was the sole support of a large family, and who looked upon me as an instrument of the devil.

I do not contend, of course, that the men were justified in their remissness; but I quite understand their personal reasons for refusing when requested to reenlist.

While it may be argued that the youngster who has served in the Guard has at least received military training which, in time of need, will stand the country in good stead, it is quite simple to demonstrate the fallacy of such a contention. His training, at best, has been sketchy. Yet the recipient considers himself an old soldier and an authority on military matters. He has learned just enough to make him exasperating. Any professional soldier will testify that, when it comes to fitting men for service, he prefers raw conscripts to ex-guardsmen, or even ex-regulars. Most soldiers (enlisted men that is) have an omniscience complex. Stand one day before a troop of cavalry and order all men who are qualified automobile mechanics to march two paces forward. Nine-tenths of them will never have been closer to an internal combustion motor than the rear seat of a Ford. Yet, as one man, the troop will move smartly two paces to the front. They are soldiers; hence, they know everything. But do not, I beg of you, allow one of them to tinker with your carburetor. And place not your trust in fellows who have *once* had military training.

III

The officers of the National Guard can be split up, for convenience, into three groups. First there are the politicians who make money out of the militia. Next come the "vain boys" who love to strut about in uniform and never miss a parade. Third are the "military nuts" who, occasionally, are valuable. These last do most of the work at hand and, with training added to their enthusiasm, doubtless would make tolerable corporals in a regular outfit.

The majority of the politicians are to be found in the higher ranks. Some of them obtain appointments as permanent National Guard officers—with the pay and allowances of regular officers—and function as state adjutant generals or upon the various divisional staffs. These men are oftentimes fairly capable, and are obliged to do a certain amount of work. The worst that can be said of them is that they are unsuccessful civilians.

Others, among the politicians, are unit commanders (majors or colonels) directly in charge of armories. A favorite diversion with these patriots is to rent out State or National property to private enterprises—at a profit to themselves. It is worked somewhat in this manner: the colonel of, say, the Umpteenth Cavalry forms an Umpteenth Cavalry Association, of which he is the president and one of his brother-looters secretary and treasurer. The ostensible purpose of the association is to promote the interests of the Umpteenth Cavalry financially and otherwise. One fine day there comes a movie company which offers to lease the armory for several weeks in order to shoot outdoor scenes indoors. As president of the Umpteenth Cavalry Association, our doughty colonel approaches himself as commanding officer of the Umpteenth Cavalry and agrees to rent his armory to his association for the nominal sum of three hundred dollars a week. The colonel further guarantees himself that this money will

be applied to the regimental fund. Then the gallant president of the Umpteenth Cavalry Association rents his armory to the movie company for two thousand dollars a week, payable in cash. Calling a meeting of the association, he announces that he has been able to lease the armory for several weeks. "Of course, gentlemen," says he, "it will be necessary during this period to discontinue drills. The time, I think, can be profitably spent in a recruiting campaign. And think, gentlemen, what *three hundred dollars a week* will mean to the dear old regiment!" (Cheers, Cheers!)

I served at one time in a regiment where such practice was the rule. I tried, with tongue in cheek, to obtain an accounting; but a junior officer can do nothing where colonels are concerned. Occasionally, when a new political party comes into power, these fellows are caught, court-martialed, and admonished. But not often.

To give the reader some idea of how frequently things of this sort happen, I mention that during the past year or so two New York City regiments have been obliged to hush up scandals. In one case both colonel and lieutenant colonel were removed from office after an investigation had been made; in the second a major was given the choice of facing charges or handing in resignation. Need I mention that he resigned?

Insuring greater safety, but smaller returns, is the livery-stable business. The colonel, through his association, buys thirty or forty head of horses and rents them out to civilians at considerably more than they are worth per hour. He uses state-owned stables to house the nags and, more often than not, government forage to feed them. One colonel flatly refused me the privilege of maintaining my own horse in his armory, although I was an officer of the regiment and on a mounted status. He said, frankly, that he could get fifty dollars a month from a civilian for the necessary stall, while I, as an officer, could be com-

pelled to pay only twenty-five. Other officers of this mounted regiment, if they care to ride, may hire horses from the Association at a dollar fifty an hour. . . . Of course, it takes longer to become wealthy by this method.

There are numerous other ways of making money out of the Guard. Armories are leased for conventions, for six-day races, for athletic games, for prize fights. The Hippodrome chorus used the old Seventy-First New York for its early rehearsals, and various small-town armories are employed to house vegetable shows, horticultural exhibitions, and professional wrestling bouts. The list could, if necessary, be prolonged indefinitely.

Of course, I do not mean to insinuate, by the foregoing, that all National Guard commanders are thieves or grafters. On the contrary, many of them are delightful, middle-aged gentlemen riding a hobby. I do contend, however, that in many cases commissioned service in the militia has come to be regarded as a political perquisite rather than as a patriotic privilege.

IV

At the present time members of the Federalized National Guard are required to attend drill once each week throughout the year, the training periods to be of at least one and one-half hours' duration. In addition, each unit spends a fifteen-day period at camp where it performs field exercises. It will be entirely obvious to you that civilians, however intelligent, cannot be made over into soldiers in any such short order. It takes months, and even years, to inculcate discipline, and to teach men the simplest rudiments of a highly technical profession. Without discipline an army is totally ineffectual; with discipline it gains confidence and esprit de corps. In the absence of these qualities you have, however brave individually your men may be, a mere rabble. And a rabble cannot absorb punishment, can-

not function under artillery fire, cannot hold its ground against *regular* troops.

In order to facilitate the training of the militia, regular officers are assigned to each unit as "Inspector Instructors." These officers, who are usually relieved every four years, are graduates of the various service schools, picked for their tact and ability to impart information. Before taking up their duties they are informed that the National Guard is virtually the country's main military defense, and that officers and men alike are more than eager to learn. Consequently they arrive upon the scene filled with interest and enthusiasm.

It does not take them long to learn that Guardsmen must be handled with kid gloves. They find that each member of the commissioned personnel considers himself a noble fellow, a volunteer who makes prodigious sacrifices in order to serve his country. Further, it soon becomes apparent that suggestions are unwelcome; that, after all, these volunteers cannot be held to a rigorous disciplinary system for fear that they will hand in their resignations, and that any attempt to bring order out of chaos is met by subtle but firm obstruction.

What to do? The "Inspector Instructors" realize—none better—that the militia is politically powerful, and that it cannot be antagonized safely. Thus, they lose their enthusiasm, and either apply to be transferred or else sit back and go peacefully to seed.

For the reader's further enlightenment I quote the following paragraphs from pamphlet 800-128 issued by the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas, for the guidance of regular officers about to take up their duties as instructors in the National Guard:

Par. 249—In taking up duty with the National Guard, the instructor should remember that the guardsmen volunteer for military service not only from a sense of patriotic duty, but also as an avocation which brings recreation and relaxation from their regular profession. This duty should, therefore, be made as attractive and inter-

esting to them as possible, in order to keep up interest and enthusiasm. An instructor should begin his duty with the National Guard by studying the opportunities and limitations in this line as well as the facilities for training the units he is to instruct.

Par. 262—(f) An instructor is not responsible for the training of the organization to which assigned; the responsibility rests upon the commanding officer. If he carries out his instructions from the War Department; arranges the details of the instruction, and on all occasions maintains the attitude of an enthusiastic, willing, encouraging helper, and a friendly critic, he will have performed his full duty within his authority.

(h) It is essential that you take the officers as you find them. Do not try in any way to influence their selection or promotion; this is not your province. Be impartial and do your best with the material furnished you for instruction.

(j) Remember that the National Guardsman is playing the military profession as a game, and if he is interested in polo, horse shows, gymkhanas, racing, cross-country riding, just so must you exhibit an interest in these sports.

"We have never won a war on the merits of our past military policies, but have been saved by the weakness of our enemies, they being otherwise engaged, or separated from us by three thousand miles of ocean."—I quote again the Cavalry School pamphlet 800-128. Our so-called "splendid isolation" has stood us in good stead for, time after time, we have depended upon militia to fight our battles and, almost as often, it has let us down.

During the War for Independence General Washington expressed himself forcibly and often concerning the militia. Our first Commander in Chief, he was first to recognize the value of regular troops. His ragged Continentals saw him through many a tight place after the well-uniformed militiamen—fair-weather fighters—had beaten a hasty retreat.

What was perhaps the greatest fiasco ever directly attributed to American militia occurred during the War of 1812. A force of British regulars sailed up

Chesapeake Bay, effected a landing, marched upon the National Capital, sacked and burned it. Opposed to them were some two hundred thousand United States troops—school histories, I believe, do not state the exact figures—who fled before the Redcoats like chaff in the path of a storm. The British expedition was made up of thirty-five hundred officers and men, veterans of the Peninsular Wars, while our own army—need it be said?—was composed of militia and volunteers.

The militia did not care about the war with Mexico, and no amount of persuasion could induce it to take part. I cannot help but feel that, had it been under Federal control and thus forced to participate, it would have proved more hinderance than help.

During the Civil War the Northern militia spent its time running away, when it could, and in being slaughtered, when it could not. After several costly years it acquired seasoning. It is claimed, on good authority, that the Southern militia—employing, as it did, thousands of able-bodied men as home guards—was largely instrumental in losing the war for the Confederacy.

V

Let us assume, in common with the late lamented W. J. Bryan, that Americans are the bravest people on earth and that, in case of an invasion, "a million men will spring to arms overnight." And let us further make the equally logical assumption: that all American males are natural rifle-shots, natural horsemen, and instinctive fighters. (For is it not a fact well known to the merest schoolboy that any citizen of this glorious republic can lick two Englishmen, three Frogs, four Japs or twenty Spigs?) Granting, then, that extreme intrepidity is our national characteristic; granting that, citizen for citizen, we can defeat any race on the face of the earth; granting that our high proportion of intelligence, plus a natural aptitude for

making war, enables us to turn out soldiers more rapidly than less gifted nations; agreeing to all this, it remains obvious that a company, or a regiment, or an army made up of camouflaged civilians cannot be expected to put up any sort of a fight against an equal body of disciplined soldiery. Yet that is precisely the task our legislative solons would impose upon us. Militia, however resplendent, is nothing but unformed citizenry. Militia, nevertheless, constitutes our first line—practically our *only* line—of military defense. As well embark upon a war with the Shriners, the Knights Templars, and the Benevolent and Protective order of Elks drawn up in battle array.

If I suggest that the solution of all this is to increase the regular army, I shall be called a militarist, a Junker. Yet certainly it would be preferable to expend money upon a slightly larger body of professionals than to continue throwing it away upon rank amateurs of negligible value. (During 1925 the Federal Government spent \$30,044,500 on the National Guard alone. Thirty-five millions have been appropriated for 1926—no small sum when it is considered that the individual states also contribute to the upkeep of the various units.) I might, too, advance a plea for compulsory military service—a year or so in the army for all males capable of bearing arms, plus a reasonably large body of highly trained officers to instruct them. Still a third plan, and one more palatable

to the body politic, would be a variation on the British Territorial system. That is, to propagandize the business men of the nation until they are willing to allow members of the militia—who also happen to be their employees—a yearly training period of from six weeks to two months on full pay. This would cost the government of the wealthiest nation in the world considerably more than the present system, but a large proportion of the total increase in expenditure could be taken care of by lopping off the practically useless third component of the existing army, the Organized Reserves.

All of these schemes, I say, have their advantages, although I do not asseverate that any one of them is flawless. All of them would be attacked in the Congress upon “I didn’t raise my boy to be a soldier” grounds. And, as a matter of fact, I do no special pleading for them, here or elsewhere.

It seems to me, however, that the public has been deceived in its new National Defense system; that light should be thrown upon it now, in times of peace. If ever this country is attacked by a first-class power the National Guard will be slaughtered. And, if the first line of defense is overthrown before the second has had time to train, the “rich man” of the world will be easy pickings. Of course, another great republic—that of Carthage—waxed fat, and hired mercenaries to do its fighting. We, possibly, could do the same. Yet Carthage, it will be remembered, fell.

Religion and Life

LIMITATION OR LIBERTY

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ONE to whom religion is the breath of life is continually astonished at the ideas about it which occupy some people's minds. I met a man recently who belonged to no church, who had not been inside one for years, and to whom personal religion meant nothing, but who was valiantly supporting the fundamentalists. Since many people were going to have a religion of some kind, he wanted them to have that kind. Religion, so he thought, tended to reduce men to order; it made them docile; it was part of the repressive apparatus of society like policemen and prisons; and therefore the more rock-ribbed its authority, the more undisturbed its obscurantism, the more autocratic its organization, the better he liked it.

One way or another, that man is an interesting though extreme example of prevalent ideas about religion. Many people, to be sure, condescendingly regard religion merely as a superfluous extra. Around the solid fabric of normal human experience with its natural joys, tasks, and satisfactions some, so it is said, prefer a decorative fringe—religion. Certain temperaments are supposed to go in for religion. Like collecting stamps or working crossword puzzles, it is a whim which a man can be interested in or not as he pleases. It is "an elective in the university of life."

To others, however, religion means a positive suppression of life. They think

of it in terms of limitation and imprisonment, restraint, and taboo. It is a man stepping on himself. And often folk who do not take to it themselves warmly recommend it for others, especially for the populace in general.

It is against the background of such prevalent conceptions that the meaning of religion to the spiritual seers shines out. To them religion has been the very opposite of suppressed and shackled living. It has meant life's expansion and completion, with all life's powers and possibilities unfolded and its energies aflame. It has been life's liberator, not its jailer. Its chief effect has been, not repression, but release.

WHETHER or not the spiritual seers are right about this is an important inquiry. If religion is really an addition to, or a suppression of life, it is doomed. We may endow it with money, build great institutions to defend it, solidify it in rituals and creeds until it looks as rugged as Gibraltar; but it will not last. It will not last unless it is indispensable to complete living, so that a man cannot be fully man without it.

Years of work in a great city in what might almost be called a Protestant confessional, where all sorts of sins and shames, all degrees of spiritual need have continually presented themselves, make clear the fact that the last thing which folk are looking for when they seek religion is repression. They are always looking for life—its release and

liberty and fulfilment. I have before me a letter now from one who eagerly is seeking for religion. "If I only had more religion," the letter reads, "the situation would be so much more hopeful." That is no wish to be arrested by a spiritual policeman and put under restraint, but a cry for the inner secret of free and triumphant living.

The plain fact seems to be, however we may explain it, that the deepest elements in human personality are truncated and incomplete until they have expanded into religion. One thing, for example, that all people want when they seek religion is happiness. That is indispensable; they cannot go on with the barren existence that lacks it. They have tried to achieve it without religion. They may even have gone consciously into positive irreligion saying that there is no God, that eighty-odd chemical elements with their combinations make up all existence, that there is no spiritual origin behind life nor meaning in it. They have thought of the saints and seers as self-deceived—Wordsworth finding God in nature and feeling the Presence that disturbed him with the joy of elevated thoughts, befooled; even Jesus saying, "I am not alone, because the Father is with me," victimized by a delusion.

In the end, more often than not, you will find such folk seeking somewhere for religion. They are not looking for restraint; their irreligious view of life has repressed and depressed them more than they could endure; they are looking for liberty and happiness. For happiness is more than physical comfort, daily work, human companionship, books, music, play; it is incomplete, half-grown, without an underlying consciousness that life as a whole "means intensely and means good." It was not a preacher, but a psychologist who lately bewailed the multitudes of people who have everything in life except an incentive to live; and no incentive to live is adequate which leaves a man trying to rejoice in life's details while thinking sadly of life as a whole. He who is

satisfied with the circumference of his experience but has no confidence about its meaning at the center is not fully happy. It was this which caused George John Romanes, the scientist, when for a time he gave up his Christian faith, to compare the hallowed glory of the creed which once was his with the lonely mystery of existence as then he found it; it was this which made him unable to think of his loss without experiencing, as he said, the sharpest pang of which his nature was susceptible.

Multitudes of people know what Romanes went through. They, like him, have come out of it at last and have found in religion no mere extra on life, no negative suppression of life, but an indispensable enlargement of life into secure and abiding happiness.

MANY other people come to religion because their moral life is cramped without it. This inalienable part of them, without which they would not be themselves at all—the inward demand for goodness and the poignant shame of missing it—seems inadequately domiciled in an irreligious world.

Many people, to be sure, try the experiment of serving goodness without caring about religion. They may even consciously say that there is no God, that all creative reality is physical, that the moral sense is a fugitive episode developed on this planet in answer to temporary circumstances. They may say that nothing in creation as a whole corresponds to our moral sense or is interested in it, that the creative power from which all things come cares no more about right and wrong than the weather cares for the flowers which it makes possible in June and in November nonchalantly nips with bitter frost.

Multitudes of people, however, have not been able to stay that way, not because they wanted moral restraint but moral release. When at last they stepped from irreligion to religion, believed in God, believed that man's goodness is a rivulet from an eternal

fountain, believed that the whole universe is in the hands of justice, that no lie can last forever, that no man can ultimately tip the beam of the everlasting righteousness, that God is "Powerful Goodness" and will alike forgive and conquer sin, they moved out into a world-view where their moral sense has room, horizon, and abiding significance.

At any rate, in this realm, too, religion, whatever else it may be, is not truly described as an extra or a suppression. It is the moral life of man expanding to a "lordly great compass within," and believing that goodness, which is its priceless and hardly won treasure, is no accident in this universe, but a revelation of the Eternal.

MANY other people come to religion, as every confessor of souls knows, because they have fallen in love. A young man, never specially religious, takes the minister aside on the wedding day and, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, kneels down and says, "I want you to pray for us"; a mother, brilliant, cultured, wealthy, who never had cared for religion in all her life, comes to the minister desperately seeking some because she adores her children and sees that they ought to have it—the list is endless. As all the psychologists know, the roots of love and of religion are inextricably intertwined.

Nor is the reason difficult to see. Discount, if one will, the merely instinctive and emotional causes of this close association, an intellectual reason remains. It is not easy for a great love to think of itself as an accident. We do not say that stars are accidents; there are eternal causes behind them. But here on earth something has developed much more wonderful than stars, something which Henry Drummond rightly called the greatest thing in the world. It is not easy to suppose that this is a fortuitous by-product with nothing corresponding to it at the heart of reality. Love at its highest and finest feels

cooped and handicapped in a purposeless and loveless creation. Our finest affections and friendships may not have the right to say, but they certainly desire to say, "Love is of God."

As through an open window one hears a snatch of music and recognizes it as a theme from "Parsifal," so in love at its best the seers have thought they heard a divine refrain, partial and broken, from a larger harmony, which is God. That is doubtless poetry. The query still remains, however, as to whether poetry may not be truer than prose. At any rate, so long as religion exists at all, it will keep returning to Tolstoy's conviction, "Where love is, God is."

It is said of one of the great composers that when he was a boy he used to employ the harpsichord to tease his father. After the family had retired for the night he would slip from bed and strike an unfinished chord. Then his father would try to sleep. It was impossible; the unfinished chord haunted him; he had to rise and complete it. So human love at its best, haunting us with its unfulfilled suggestions, is not complete until it sees that "God is love."

At any rate, in this realm also religion is no extra on life, no suppression of life. It is the release of life in its finest attitudes into a world fitted to its presence and responsive to its hopes.

SOME people have this experience of seeking and finding in religion enlargement and release, not primarily for their happiness, their conscience, or their love, but for their mind. Many, to be sure, think of religion as involving of necessity the suppression of the free exercise of thought. Who can blame them? Religion hardens into rigid forms. It is identified by its devotees with its historic encrustations. It becomes, not a liberator, but a slave-driver to the mind and justifies by its obscurantisms all that its worst enemies can say about it. But that is not the

true genius of religion as the seers have known it. That is the degradation of religion.

Religion at its best is not a cramped cell for the intellect, but a mind-stretcher. Though a man try to be an agnostic, as Herbert Spencer tried to be, yet he cannot escape the haunting consciousness of the vast vacancy where God ought to be. "Behind these mysteries," wrote Spencer in his *Autobiography*, "lies the all-embracing mystery—whence this universal transformation which has gone on unceasingly throughout a past eternity, and will go on unceasingly throughout a future eternity?" When, now, the mind tries to deal with that all-embracing mystery by which our lives are encompassed, the choices of attitude are few. We can throw up the question and try to forget it. Or we can take the lowest element in our experience, dynamic dirt going it blind, and, lifting that up as far as we can, say, The all-embracing mystery is most of all like that. Or we can take the highest that we know—personality at its best with purposefulness, intelligence, goodwill—and, recognizing how pitifully inadequate any human symbol must be when applied to the Eternal, still lift that up as far as we can reach and say, The all-embracing mystery is most of all like that.

That is the daring outreach and intellectual adventure of religion. It is the mind rising up to think of the Eternal in the noblest terms at its disposal.

So we could continue down the list of those constituent elements which make men what they are and continually drive them to religion—happiness, conscience, love, mind, hope, purpose, ideal. In every case we should discover that religion is a flowering out of these into their expanded meanings. Take any one of these best elements in life and let it unfold its widest implications, and inevitably one has reached religion. Samuel Johnson once said, "No one can think deeply without thinking religiously." That can be car-

ried farther—no one can live deeply without living religiously. Religion is not the truncation of life, but life's completion.

TO BE sure, that fact by itself does not prove religion's truth. Some, with what seems to them a crushing answer, will be ready to meet the argument which we have been presenting here. They will say, "To be sure, religion is the completion of life. It would be a privilege, the supreme privilege, if you will, to give the reins to one's ideal desires, to rejoice in a world right at its creative center because that makes us happy, to see in goodness a revelation of God, to interpret our love as a reflection of his and so to think of the Eternal in terms of the highest that we know. It would be wonderful to feel our lives so caught up and glorified in the unifying purpose of a morally significant universe, and to believe that mankind will garner at last the harvests for which its saints have toiled. But just because it would be wonderful we are not going to believe it. We are not going to be credulous."

I, too, am afraid of being credulous. The fear of credulity, however, does not lead me away from religion, but toward it. That is one reason for being a religious man. When I hear any one reducing the interpretation of the whole creative process to the fortuitous interactions of a few chemical elements I am sure that that man is credulous. He has been taken in by a superficial view of things.

One easily can get hold of this fear of credulity by the wrong handle, and many in history have done so. Some of the best minds of the race would not believe that there were people on the other side of the globe walking with their feet up and their heads down. They were not going to be fools. No such credulity for them! They would not believe that the earth even was round, because it looked flat, or moving, because it seemed stationary. They

were devoted to their canny common sense. They would not surrender that to think that the blood circulated, that a steamship could cross the sea, that gravitation was true, that democracy could be made to work. Our whole modern view of the world has been built up against the scornful antagonism of able minds that were dead set against credulity. For while the fear of credulity is a necessary guardian against falsehood and superstition, it has, on the other side, prevented multitudes from believing some of the greatest truths which later generations gloried in. Always the universe has proved more marvelous than the incredulous dared to think.

When, therefore, the modern materialist arrives, reduces the qualitative aspect of man's life to the quantitative and then analyzes the quantitative into molecules, atoms, electrons, presenting us at last with a formula in physics as

the sufficient explanation of everything, I am sure that man is credulous. If he says, The formula is simple, I reply, Too simple! Our life and the creation that enshrines it are too deep and varied, too mysterious and meaningful, too filled with spiritual potencies to be reduced to a formula like that. I will not surrender to that kind of credulity.

Incredulity works in two ways. It can guard men from the gullible acceptance of folly, or it can keep men from belief in amazing truth. For myself, on what seems to me the good evidence of man's spiritual evolution up to date, I am confident that this world in the end will prove far more spiritually significant, not less, than we have dared to think.

At any rate, only the caricatures of religion are superfluous additions to life, suppressions of life. Real religion is the secret of life fulfilled and abundant.

PROGRESS?

BY ADA ALDEN

*THE eager city's thrill and surge,
The tumult of the thronging mind—
I feel borne onward by their urge.*

*Yet do I move? How can I tell?
The anchored valley spins, the hill;
Only the rolling sun is still.*

*My train has stopped; a train goes by.
The proud conviction of my speed
Is dear to me—is dear indeed.*

*But deep those clear springs of the soul
Where the heavens look as in a glass,
And hushed hours weave a mystery . . .
There no trains pass.*



THE TEST OF THE GENTEEL

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

CHANGES in society are always greeted with consternation by those adversely affected, regardless of a possible large and enduring value to the community as a whole which may result from such change. The world is filled at the present time with the lamentations of the "genteel." They declare that they, who are the custodians of the refinements of life, are being forced out of existence by the increasing cost of labor, and that a population of crass materialists, who express all worth in terms of the dollar, is being substituted for them. The high cost of labor, they assert, brings about a lamentable increase in the cost of homes, of the upkeep in houses, of personal service, and of the things of beauty and utility upon which the quality of the life of the genteel depends. They claim that the new materialists, accepting a money measure of value, ignore the contributions of the middle-class to civilization, and consent to the discontinuance of its gifts and to the annihilation of its members.

This reaction is typical of the response of the privileged classes throughout history to encroachments on their supposedly sacred preserves. The aristocrats of France in 1789 and the *intelligentsia* of Russia in 1917 might have employed the same words of dismal prophecy in describing the state of their countries that the alarmists among the genteel to-day use in describing the present plight of the United States.

Any factors upsetting the habitual balance of things and altering the established economic levels are particu-

larly disturbing to those on the upper levels. The customary slight fluctuations on the lower levels never seem to them so momentous; for a little larger or smaller dole to the charitable societies has always been assumed to meet that situation to the satisfaction of all concerned. "Coals and blankets" have been traditionally regarded as a generous substitute for a living wage. But the case is different when the articulate upper classes are affected—their wrongs cry to heaven for redress.

The truth of the matter is that a bloodless revolution is taking place in this country which is not, as the defenders of the genteel would have us believe, eliminating the middle-class, but is, instead, enormously increasing its numbers. Never in the history of the world has there been such a spectacle. Whatever the cause may be, the fact remains that, between a relatively small, unfortunate group on a low economic level, and a smaller, but perhaps no less unfortunate group on a high economic level, the great majority of us are able to meet our wants on incomes that suffice for civilized life, though they may never completely satisfy our sense of our deserts.

For generations mankind has been theorizing about such a possibility. We have all thought we were working day and night to bring so desirable a consummation to pass. The churches have been preaching its coming; the humanitarians urging it. We have divided the total income of the country by the population and tried to plot optimistic curves with the quotient. The college

faculties have been so active in advocating changes in our social order, designed to bring about some kind of economic equality, that they have often laid themselves open to suspicion from the capitalistic class. But, while the reformers have been calculating and cogitating, and the socialists and communists have been declaring that they alone could show us how to organize a happier society, the miracle has happened, independent of the activities of any and all of them. A wide distribution of our national wealth among the masses of our population, through the rapid increase in wages, has been accomplished with as little tumult as the melting of great snowdrifts in the first spring thaw. When a carpenter receives \$12 a day and a plasterer \$14, when a plumber is paid \$1.25 an hour, and a painter \$1.30, the fact cannot be glossed over that a new world-order has come into being. We know neither whom to thank nor whom to blame. But it is unbecoming for the genteel, who have hitherto felt safe in urging a more equitable distribution of the products of industry, to complain at the inconvenience they feel, now that their wish has come true.

The plight of the genteel is in reality due to the fact that the traditional life of their group is based upon abundant personal service, whether it be supplied by the slaves of Greece in 500 B.C. or by the undermanned servant-class of the industrialized democracy of the United States in 1926. When the genteel life is threatened by a shortage of labor, as it is to-day, it means that the opportunities for free choice of occupation are rapidly increasing. If in many communities cooks and laundresses are not to be had, the reason for this is that economic conditions have become so favorable to the workers that they can desert the field of domestic service which they have so generally regarded as socially undesirable.

The genteel have not been asked to go out of existence. They are expected,

however, to share with millions of their fellows the privileges which they had regarded as theirs alone, and at the same time to assume the disabilities from which they had thought they were exempt. Too long have they accepted as a part of the inevitable nature of things their monopoly of a margin above the subsistence line, their freedom of choice as to the work they should do, and their leisure to enjoy life. The addition of large numbers of their fellows to their category has produced in them an uneasy sense of indignity and a feeling of uncertainty as to the future. They ask themselves whether economic equality can after all in the long run prove to be good.

Since 1776 every Fourth-of-July orator has acclaimed with fervor the idea of social equality. But economic equality, it would seem, is a coat of another color. It means that we can have only those things from our fellows which come as a free-will offering. No coercion, social or economic, is possible. If the refinements of life, as some of us feel, are actually dependent upon an elaboration of personal service at the hands of our co-citizens, the twentieth century must relapse into barbarism. We are no longer able to demand or receive such attentions from anyone. But we may fairly ask ourselves whether the sacrifice of a butler behind each chair at dinner, or a maid to turn down our sheets at night, is too big a price to pay for the passing of the tin dinner-pail and the coming into being of the thermos bottle in the Boston bag. Inability to afford a trip to Europe, inconvenient housing conditions, the reduction of skilled attendance, absence of provision for resident servants, even the deprivation of light and space and quiet, so dear to the scholarly mind, do not seem too much for us to offer up for a world in which most of us can be clean and warm and fed, in which girls are not tempted to sell themselves for a living, in which the children of laborers may graduate from the high schools, in

which the washwoman does our laundry as a favor and comes for it in her automobile, in which tenement districts bristle with radio masts, and in which the compulsory school age can be raised in state after state without disaster to either family or industry. A civilization in which the employer is compelled to seek the employee is certainly more wholesome than one in which the employee takes his place in the long, shivering queue, hoping against hope for some job to keep starvation from those he loves.

II

The problem of curtailment of service, which figures so large in the plight of the genteel, has been met by the dwellers on the Pacific coast in a competent and cheerful spirit. Their scheme of life is equal to dealing with a social organization which provides trained nurses and chauffeurs but seldom domestic servants. If they have no cook, they use a can opener. If the dining room is too small for their circle of friends, they go out on a picnic. They do not bewail a pleasant past; they move energetically into a roseate future.

The genteel suspect materialism among the workers who press for increases of wages. Yet what could be more materialistic than the complaints of the middle-class over the limitations of their income? The criterion of materialism is not a man's effort to get more money but the use to which he puts the money when he has once got it. If it all goes for meat, drink, and fine raiment, the man is either a pauper or a materialist. If the majority of our people make such use of their wages, or their incomes, or their dividends, we must acknowledge ourselves as a nation of materialists.

But what are the members of this new economic group actually doing with their increased wages? They are obviously buying automobiles, as any pedestrian can testify; but there is one other commodity so sought that the supply, in spite of herculean efforts,

cannot keep up with the demand. That commodity is education.

The buildings that house the pupils of compulsory school age are full, but the high schools and colleges, which were adequate before the economic revolution, are crowded to the doors. Municipalities are struggling to meet the pressure with two-session high schools, with the conversion into schools of buildings erected for other purposes, and with heavy additions to the tax rate. The colleges have been compelled to limit their intake, and the state universities are discussing junior colleges and other devices to take care of the mounting flood of aspirants for a higher education. One striking fact is that the greatest demand is not for trade schools, which offer the obviously utilitarian type of education, but for those institutions which stress the humanities.

A trade-union official, in a conference on curricula for continuation schools, said heatedly to the "genteel" members of the committee who were advocating the type of training they thought adapted to the needs of the working class, "We do not want our children taught trades. They can learn those on the job. We want them to learn to see what you see in a museum, and to enjoy a symphony concert, and to like to read books the way you do."

Our people as a whole are yearning to share in the world of ideas from which poverty and overwork, lack of leisure and training have kept them. What other explanation can there be for the crowding of schools, the constantly increasing thousands pouring into our museums, the immense circulation of books from our public libraries, and the millions listening to the radio? There is in the heart of the economically emancipated a hunger for the fruits of the spirit which will not be denied.

The "genteel" is not an hereditary caste. It represents those in any generation with gentle tastes. They may have horny hands, they may live in tenements and wear rough clothes, but

if they are interested in the things of the heart and mind, if they deal kindly and justly with their fellows, if they use their leisure to acquire the refinements of life and to cultivate the arts, they may be more truly classed as well-bred than those born to the purple.

The mass movement toward a type of life so innocent and so socially enriching, which is obviously taking place in our midst, is of infinitely more significance than the cavilings of any discommoded group. A small city whose public library is compelled to buy twelve copies of *The Education of Henry Adams* to supply the demand, is far nearer the ideal of the City Beautiful than one in which twelve individuals are able to own and read the same book. A genteel twelve in such a city are no longer the exclusive possessors of a literary taste. They may even be unable to afford to own the coveted book, but they can put their names on the waiting list at the library with the consciousness that they are living in a more highly-civilized community than they had ever known before.

III

Have the distracted genteel of these days, who see their old world slipping from them, no responsibility save that of clutching at their vanishing privileges and bemoaning their losses? What of the "new genteel" coming on in eager, hopeful hordes? Is there not an obligation to show them a way to the richest life on means within the reach of all?

The plight of the genteel is really the test of the genteel. Can they measure up to the demands put upon them, or will they prove so wedded to the past that they will be unable to adjust themselves to the new and more inspiring present?

The homemaker is the individual upon whom most of the responsibility rests. She is the spender and the organizer of the family budget. It is she who makes the choices upon which "gentility" and the quality of the home life depend.

She is the one who must demonstrate that, without the cushionings of the old existence, it is possible to make a home in which the essentials of the cultivated life may be carried on. The "new genteel" must be shown by her that the depletion of the lower class, from which the labor of old came, and the increase of the middle-class, which demands service are not conditions menacing to the survival of the gentle life. She must make it clear that the genteel existence is far more dependent upon just and generous living with one's fellows than upon the possession of a white-aproned maid always ready to answer the door bell.

The business world has had to face a shortage of labor in the industries as acute as the shortage in the field of domestic service. But the business world has met the high cost of manpower not with bemoanings, but with new devices to eliminate the need of workers and to make machinery take the place of men. Each achievement of this character has enriched the entire community by increasing the effectiveness of the individual.

The homemakers of the genteel class, on the other hand, have shown extraordinary conservatism and lack of initiative. Such labor-saving tools as they employ are the invention of men, and have been very gingerly accepted by those they were designed to benefit. An enterprising Englishwoman, who had brought home with her from America an oil floor-mop, was met by unconquerable opposition on the part of her maid.

"No, mum," she protested, "on my knees, with a dustpan and brush in my hand, I have kept these floors clean for twenty years, and I'll not be changing at my time of life."

We smile in a superior manner at such an attitude, but we cling as tenaciously to our pet forms of reactionism as any other enthusiast for the golden past.

Yet there is much that American women can accomplish in throwing off traditional beliefs as to what constitutes

the irreducible minimum for the civilized life. It is a change of ideas rather than a change of tools that is preliminary to any real solution of the problem. Many of the niceties of living, which were the symbols of refinement to an earlier generation, are mistaken to-day for the refinements themselves, and the impossibility of maintaining them is regarded as cause for doubt as to the possibility of preserving civilization.

How many laborious processes which were merely incident to the genteel life of the past have been assumed to be basic! Home making-of-bread had its long day of gentility, when the use of baker's bread was the earmark of shiftlessness and of indifference to family solidarity. A public laundry is anathema to many of the genteel to-day. To send one's washing to a place where almost everyone else's washing goes seems to some, not only an invitation to the most unmentionable diseases, but an affront to personal delicacy. The fact that the laundries are subject to rigid health-department regulation, that sterilizing fluids are used, and that the high temperatures are a super-safeguard is without meaning to such insulated minds. Personal service at the table has been to many the major criterion of civilized dining, but the cafeteria has shown that, at least outside the home, people may serve themselves without complete surrender of the decencies of life. Does anything except inherited prejudices stand between the methods of the old-fashioned housekeeper and such a reorganization of domestic arrangements as shall preserve the graces of the table even when the noiseless waitress is eliminated, and shall maintain the charm of the home without an ear in constant attendance at the door bell and the telephone?

The Japanese regard certain of our uses of linen in place of paper as the height of vulgarity, and we counter by placing the taboo of the fastidious upon paper napkins. What is there intrinsically more refined about the prod-

uct of flax than of wood-pulp? Many of the numberless shibboleths of house management are of just such ancient lineage, holdovers from the circumstances of an earlier day. New discoveries and new materials are of no value to us until we develop new minds with which to welcome them. The problem for the modern lover of gentle living is to learn how to find, in place of the old methods which must be surrendered new and better ways of achieving the same ends. "Heartily know, when half gods go, the gods arrive." When each want has its value sincerely appraised and each expedient is judged solely on its merit, the way out of many a seeming *impasse* is easy.

The economic revolution, which we are being forced to recognize, has become a challenge to the more privileged women of the country to pare off from the accumulated trappings of the genteel life those customs which are characteristic of an older and less equitable civilization, without at the same time sacrificing what is essential. We have allowed the weaving of our dress materials to pass from the home without feeling that the integrity of family life has been threatened. We are not unduly disturbed because our daughters, instead of gracing the tea table with their daily presence, are running tea-rooms for themselves. Why should there be any rational objection to a home with a "rough-dry" laundry service, with a dish-washing machine, a tea-wagon domestic, a constant use of bakeries and delicatessen shops, and a bare table set with paper napkins? What could be more desirable than a house easily vacuum-cleaned, free of bric-a-brac, scientifically organized in its kitchen end? Would digestion or æsthetics suffer from a fuller use of raw foods, and a radical reduction in duplicating dishes and elaborate menus? Technic of this character is designed to reduce the need for service without at the same time surrendering any real values. A home so organized is still free

for social intercourse, for music, for reading, for family comradeship.

The old order, whose passing we are observing with such mixed emotions, was tempted to smother itself in the paraphernalia of the genteel life. It all too often failed to see the forest for the trees. The mechanics of life were allowed to absorb too much of its time and interest, and to demand too large a proportion of its income for support. Yet the middle-class has thought it was asking nothing of civilization save a chance to live a full life without interference. It will not solve the problem to insist upon more means with which to accumulate more impedimenta. The whole effort must be to discover the essentials of the life the impedimenta were assumed to foster.

But not for themselves alone! The fundamental failure of the genteel has not been their pursuit and cultivation of gentility, but their lack of interest in extending their own opportunities to all the members of their world. But "no trumps" has been bid now, and every man's hand must take its chance. The "new genteel" are looking to the "old genteel" for guidance. They too want to be genteel. They naturally turn to the privileged in the community to see what technic of living they have achieved. They are ready to admire and eager to imitate. Can the genteel of to-day meet the test, and by independence of convention and ingenuity of device develop an art of gentle living both worthy of the copying and within the reach of all?

COMFORT

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

I CANNOT bring you comfort—ask me not
 For smooth-pulled sheets and socks all neatly mended;
 I cannot bring you biscuits brown and hot,
 If these you seek, why, then, our love is ended,
 If love you call it—men do call it love—
 And women, too, who know no other kind,
 Who patiently put household tasks above
 The trifling hungers of the flesh and mind.

But I can laugh with you at commonplaces,
 And make a feast of moments men call cheap,
 And I can go like snow and leave no traces,
 When night means nothing more to us than sleep.
 Oh! Is it not some comfort to believe
 My heart will not grow dingy on your sleeve?



THE PROFESSOR DINES OUT

BY GEORGE BOAS

THE Professor was delighted at the hospitality of Oralia. Even before an invitation had been received by him, everyone had told him how hospitable a university it was. The faculty wives met regularly for tea; the student advisers had their charges around for welsh rabbits and, *faute de mieux*, ginger ale; the professors lunched one another at the Faculty Club; the President had receptions, dinners, teas, and luncheons; the fraternities and sororities vied with one another in entertaining the faculty. There were dances, big and little, formal and informal, intimate and courteous. There were dinner clubs which held smokers and discussed atoms, coal strikes, and the War. There were always poets and English lecturers who passed through the scholastic heavens like wandering comets. There were always meals to be provided for them. Everybody had hospitality on the brain as the residents of Los Angeles have real estate. New-comers to Oralia sometimes wondered how they would ever reciprocate so many promised kindnesses.

II

After having lived in Oralia six months the Professor found its hospitality maturing in the form of an invitation to Sunday dinner at President Carter's. President Carter was a fellow-alumnus of his and had, therefore, even greater inducement to be kindly than the mere fact of living in Oralia. The Professor did not like President Carter because he resembled too closely a national bank.

President Carter, as you may surmise from the metaphor, was large, cold, and clean. He had a hearty manner about him which was, unhappily, all façade. This repelled the Professor who, when he entered into a person's soul, didn't like to be told to transact his business at Window 5. Still, Doctor Carter was President and he was doing the decent thing and he was a fellow-alumnus.

The Professor put on his best clothes, polished his shoes, brushed his hat, and started out for the executive mansion.

He whistled the opening bars of the Mozart symphony in G-minor to keep up his spirits and arrived feeling on the whole fairly buoyant.

"Music," he murmured to himself, "is the Will externalized." And he rang the presidential bell.

A Japanese butler, grinning and clacking his front teeth, let him in and took his coat and hat.

Through the portières came querulous voices.

"Who, Charley?" said the female voice.

"Sh-h," said the male.

And as the Professor waved the portière out of his way to enter the room, he saw the male voice, red in the face, hearty as ever, come towards him.

"Wuff-wuff-wuff," it said heartily and presented the Professor to a little brown woman with black eyes. She was the occasional cause of a blue foulard dress, high-necked with net, a coiffure which was rolled in a bun on the top of her head, and a cameo brooch with a head of Pericles on it. Aspasia reincarnated for her sins.

"What was the name?" she said, "I didn't catch it."

The Professor told her.

"Are you related to the Great Anthropologist?"

"No, not so far as I know."

"Oh, you would know if you were. Perhaps you're related to that man who writes for the *Atlantic Monthly*?"

"No, I'm afraid not," said the Professor.

Aspasia looked at the President as if he'd played some trick on her. She sighed.

"Oh, well," she said, "Charley did tell me, but I never can remember people's names."

She led him to the other end of the room, where on a dark sofa beside a window sat two mummies, one of each sex.

She screamed the Professor's name at them three times, and three times they uncovered their false teeth and croaked it wrong and asked him how he did.

He sat down. Mrs. Carter began to shriek at the mummies about Junior who was in the Harvard Law School. The National Bank opened its bronze doors and asked the Professor how he liked Oralia, whether he had met many people, whether he missed the East or not, and when he had last heard from his father, the Great Anthropologist.

"They're no relation," snorted Aspasia over her left shoulder.

The bronze doors swung to with a clang.

The Professor began to feel guilty of doing business under false pretenses when the President joined the shrieking at the mummies.

Those interesting fauna were out West for their health. They had a son who owned a ranch in California. He wanted to have them stay with him for the rest of their days. But they felt that east, west, home's best, and were returning to Rutland. The West was too rough. Everyone was so rude to them.

Mrs. Carter agreed and said that it was a great trial to her and her husband

too. But Charley had his work to do and of course they suffered in silence. It would never do to complain, as these crude Westerners would take offense.

At this point a tall woman, about thirty-five years old, dressed in thin stuffs which flowed about her figure when she walked and hung limp when she stood still, came in. She was a harmony in closely modulated hennas and browns. Her mouth was ready with an institutional smile which showed strong horsy teeth. Her name was Laura. She seemed to know the mummies and was not introduced to the Professor.

"A secretary," he thought, "or a cousin. Perhaps both."

As soon as Laura entered a gong rang faintly in the distance. The Japanese butler stuck his head through the portières as if he were going to sing the prelude to *Pagliacci*, and dinner was announced.

Mrs. Carter snapped to her feet. She and her husband helped the mummies to theirs and without a word a descent was made upon the dining room.

The Professor, to whom no remark was addressed, felt that he ought to say, "Well, I must be going"; but as he had been invited to dinner, he straggled after Laura. Her chiffon gown hung straight from her shoulder blades.

Fate and the custom of the country seated him on Aspasia's left and opposite the male mummy. Laura was on his left, and he turned to her to say something but found her engrossed in the President.

He gave his undivided attention to the soup.

The conversation consisted in a family quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Carter. Charley never told her anything. She had to learn all the news from the college paper. Charley protested but to no avail. It then fell upon entertaining and what a bore it was. As President's wife, she had more than one woman's

share. It then turned to Junior at the Harvard Law School and evinced the hope that he would lose that dreadful Western accent he had picked up in Oralia.

The President looked distressed, as he always did when slurring remarks were made about his college.

They were chewing up a leg of mutton.

Occasionally, when ideas seemed more rarified than usual, the Professor tried to say something. But he had little luck. His foot was asleep. He felt singularly lonesome and wanted to be lying in the sun on a hillside, smoking a corncob pipe. There was a lump in his throat. He was like a man in a dream who discovers that he is walking through the lobby of the Ritz with no trousers on.

Suddenly he heard the male mummy whisper, "Very good celery, Mrs. Carter."

"Ought to be," snapped Mrs. Carter. "Cost fifty cents a bunch. Everything is simply outrageous in these Oralia stores. Something ought to be done about it."

There was a moment of silence.

Some evil spirit prompted the Professor to fill it.

"It should be very simple to do something. In New York the Housewives' League—"

He was brusquely aware of the brown face and black eyes of Mrs. Carter. Her palms were uplifted in the first position of "Pease porridge hot."

"Let us not talk of leagues," she said in a contemptuous voice. "Let us have nothing to do with leagues."

The company breathed a sigh of relief and the Professor buried himself in his green peas.

He kept an absolute silence until he was mercifully released after coffee.

He thanked Mrs. Carter for her delightful welcome.

Mrs. Carter smiled aimably. "We pride ourselves in Oralia," she said, "on welcoming the stranger within our gates."

III

After this experience the Professor preferred to sacrifice the joys of Oralian hospitality to work. But having gone to the War and come back humanized, he decided that Oralians were no worse than anyone else and that one couldn't be a hermit. He had, moreover, acquired a wife and felt that it would not be fair to her to continue his life in isolation.

A lecture which he foolishly gave before a local club of townspeople brought him an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs.—well, let us call them Aaron P. Burr.

Mr. Burr was president of Burr and Hamilton, an enormous department store, whose other officers were all the other Burrs and Hamiltons. They lived in a great estate, larger than the college campus, and probably had an income larger than the college endowment. They always headed the list of patrons when the Chicago Opera came to town and were liberal with their money, if not with their thoughts.

Mrs. Burr was more or less of a fool, but very kindly. Her husband was not a fool, but very kindly too. They took their position simply enough, and one could tolerate them if not admire them.

They had two sons, however, who were not kindly. They were shrewd business men and with a glance could tell the number of bones in a shad.

The Professor's invitation had been extended to him because he had charmed the wife of one of these sons. This woman was a camp follower of culture and lived on what she could pick up. There was something pathetic about her. She made the Professor think of a fish swimming in a pool of ideas which ceaselessly flowed into her gaping mouth and out her gills, world without end. But she was more than a pathetic figure; she was flattering. She made one feel how dependent she was upon one for her intellectual life.

The Professor's wife did not like her.

There was a great pother in the professorial household over the invitation. The Professor's wife was for being polite and firmly rejecting it; the Professor was for being polite and weakly accepting.

"After all," he said, "it will amuse you to see the Great American Business Man at home."

His wife gave in with the understanding that the dinner would be field work in sociology, a kind of inverted slumming, and nothing more.

It was not a propitious frame of mind in which to set out. But though one can change his mind at the last minute about marriage, operations, and a third cocktail, one cannot change his mind about a dinner. Once accepted, always accepted. And so the Professor girded his loins and his wife put on her mother's bracelets and they sallied forth.

The house of the Burrs was apparently run on the model of what one sees in the movies. It reeked of money. The drawing-room needed only a saleswoman or two to remind one of a very expensive interior-decorator's shop. There is no sense in my describing it, for it was done over from year to year, one year appearing as Italian Renaissance, another as Spanish, another as Louis XVI, and recently as Early American. When it was Italian, there was a copy of a Guido Reni over the mantel piece, and when it was Louis XVI there was a pastel in the manner of La Tour. Now that it is Early American, the fireplace is surmounted by a model of a full-rigged clipper ship. The drawing-room set the pace for the rest of the house and even poor Mr. Burr's den shifted its style with the mode. It was lucky the outside of the house remained the same, if only for purposes of identification.

Upon entering this gilded cage the Professor felt very conscious of his wife's gown. It looked very nice at home but here seemed almost shabby. The elder Burrs did not seem to mind but the Burr sons' nostrils distended slightly.

"Ah-hah," said the Professor to him-

self, "they've heard too much about us. It's a let-down for them."

The Professor's wife said nothing, even to herself, but felt deeply.

The two daughters-in-law swam forward, shiny and perfumed.

And amid the din of welcome cocktails appeared.

"Take another," said the eldest son to the Professor.

"No really," said the Professor, "one is enough, thank you."

"You better had," said the younger, "you don't drink cocktails every day."

The Professor's wife made a sociological note of this remark to be served cold as she and her husband undressed that night.

They then went in to dinner and the wives made merry neutralizing their husbands' acid as the meal progressed.

The table was a glitter of crystal, linen, and silver. Green orchids and pink roses heaped high in the center were surrounded by lighted candlesticks linked together with glass chains.

"They are doing themselves proud," thought the Professor.

"Trying to impress us," thought his wife.

The conversation broke in two, one end crawling off towards Mrs. Burr and the other towards Mr. Burr.

Mrs. Burr asked the Professor how he liked Oralia, how it compared to the East, how he liked their view. Then, feeling that she had done her duty as a perfect hostess, she relapsed into a breast of duck and turned her guest over to her daughters-in-law.

They, wishing to raise the conversation to an intellectual plane, asked him what he thought of *The Spoon River Anthology*, co-education, and futurism. He, unused to such inquisitorial methods of entertainment, naturally took a moment or two to respond, and soon discovered that before he had made up his mind what to reply to one, a new demand was giving voice. The game seemed to consist in seeing how many questions could be asked before any could be answered.

He was deciding to say something absurd, when he discovered that both sisters were listening to the other end of the conversation, leaving him like a man on the street who is left behind by his companion and wakes up to find that he is talking either to a perfect stranger or to the empty air.

He heard the younger daughter-in-law say, "Yes, it's all the rage in the East to be poor this year. Why Nelly said that they were not going to get a new grand piano because they couldn't afford it."

"That's ridiculous," said the elder. "It's only a matter of a few thousand dollars more or less."

The elder son spoke.

"We speak of a few thousand dollars," he said, "as if it were nothing. But I guess it's something," he grinned, "to a college professor."

The Professor's wife dug her nails into her palms to see whether she were awake or dreaming.

But the Professor said, remembering that he was glad to pick up seven or eight dollars writing reviews for what are humorously called "liberal weeklies," "Oh, no, a few thousand could be dropped from my salary and I'd never feel the difference."

"Will the bully retreat now or strike?" thought the Professor's wife, turning to look at the elder son.

But the gentleman in question grew dark and said, "Hm, you can't fool me about your salary. I've looked into the matter and know. See?"

The company adjourned to the drawing-room where Mr. Burr, *père*, told the Professor how he had suffered during the War with so many friends at the front and Mrs. Burr asked the Professor's wife whether her husband was related to the Great Anthropologist.

IV

Dinner at the Burrs had decided one matter for our professorial family. In the future they would always decline

invitations from Town and confine their receptivities to Gown. Class-consciousness surged up from their sub-consciousnesses as they denied the World and its ways.

"The food will be terrible," said the Professor, "you will eat rice, potatoes, and spaghetti all at one meal, but at least there will be conversation."

"I'd rather be drowned in starches than asphyxiated in brag," said his wife.

They had a chance to put the matter to the test within three months when Doctor Scott, the prominent conchologist, invited them to dinner one Sunday.

Scott was a charming fellow, youngish, enthusiastic, and well read. Mrs. Scott has less of her husband's buoyancy and culture. She was an Orlanian graduate and had seduced her man by her pretty drawings of the chambered nautilus in *Zoölogy* 125. They had immediately dreamed of a great future in which their collaboration would produce an illustrated catalogue of the Molluscs of the Pacific Coast, a work as epoch-making as Audubon's *Birds of North America*. So far their collaboration had produced two tow-headed children in rumpled clothes always two sizes too large for them and a bungalow full of Maxfield Parrish prints and mahogany rocking chairs covered in green velours.

The spirit of their life work hung over their house and their Sunday dinner had all the levity of a Ph.D. dissertation. A true faculty dinner must be copious and dull. Cream of tomato soup, roast beef over done, huge roasted potatoes, soggy rice, spinach boiled alive in salt water until thoroughly dead, a salad of bananas, walnuts, cream cheese, and mayonnaise, and fig-pudding, or—as at the Scotts—just enough vanilla ice-cream to retard digestion for thirty minutes.

The Professor knew that the gastro-nomic aspects of the dinner would leave much to be desired, but counted on the intellectual to pull him through. Yet his heart sank as Mrs. Scott bore down

on them, stopping to pick up a toy horse that lay in her path, and rolling down her sleeves as she came. Her forehead was damp with perspiration and little wisps of hair clung to her red temples. She had invested her hot body with a blue china-silk jumper edged with crocheted lace, the latest style in Birmingham, England, whence her Aunt Letty had sent it to her.

The Scotts did not believe in repressing their children and, when all were installed at table, the boy began tipping his soup plate backward to see when gravity would get the better of him. His sister imitated him and, in spite of anxious eyes and beating parental hearts, a little Red Sea soon surrounded their places. This achieved, the children patted the puddles with their dear little hands and then proceeded to incarnadine their cheeks.

Meanwhile the much-anticipated conversation was launched on the high level of how many hours of teaching the Professor was doing.

Each man pretended to be doing more work than the other and lamented the day when he had entered the academic life. They then passed on to the students and deplored their lack of interest in things of the mind. Thence they moved to salaries and pitied themselves as the victims of a predatory order. Next they jumped on President Carter, knocked him over, and pummeled him. While he wheezed prostrate, they turned to intercollegiate athletics and scourged that and ended the bananas and mayonnaise upon the younger generation as a whole. This naturally led them to denounce the general spirit of cynicism which was rampant in the post-War soul

and particularly to castigate certain younger professors who satirized Oralia and other institutions of learning in the monthly magazines.

"There are," said Professor Scott, "no doubt many things to be found fault with in our present system but they should be discussed among ourselves and not flaunted before the public. Loyalty alone—"

But loyalty was temporarily eclipsed by a wail from little Miss Scott whose right eye had been poulticed with banana and cream cheese by her self-expressive brother.

When her grief was assuaged, Mrs. Scott cleared the table, and told her son that as a special treat he could get the ice-cream. He fled with a whoop, knocking over his chair. The Professor picked it up and a lull came in the conversation.

The boy's prolonged absence inspired his father to guess he'd better go see what the lad was up to. When he didn't return, the little girl clambered down from her high chair and was soon followed by her mother.

The Professor looked down the table, across the devastated districts of Northern France, at his wife.

"How about a little conversation," he asked, "now that we have a moment of quiet?"

But his wife sadly shook her head, knowing that there are moments when ridicule is heartless and sympathy more justly ordered.

"At any rate," said the Professor, as they were walking home, "they didn't ask me if I were related to the Great Anthropologist."



THE ATTACK ON NEW YORK

BY CHARLES MERZ

AMID generous applause one of the religious weeklies remarked recently that Manhattan is an alien island off the eastern coast of the United States, rolling in wealth, bursting with pride and pooh-poohing the Ten Commandments.

The remark is typical of much current comment. In many sections of the West and South the thought prevails that New York is overdoing it. New York is too big. New York is too rich. New York is too smug. New York is too wet. New York is too wild. New York is too flip. New York is too "European." New York is too proud of its sky-line.

Do not mistake this for mere envy. And do not believe that only on a few outlying frontiers is such a point of view expressed. Criticism of New York is both widespread and eloquent. The Iowa farmer rails at Wall Street. The Anti-Saloon League talks of treason. The Southern Democracy repeats over the dead body of the Madison Square Convention that it will take no dictation from the likes of Tammany. The Wheat Belt, annoyed by too many eastern triumphs, eggs the Pirates on to lick the Giants. The West Coast charges New York with attempting to throttle western trade. The Portland Chamber of Commerce accuses New York of attempting to block the development of every port except its own. A clergyman in Maryland sees Babylon outdistanced. The Pullman cars, the night-boats, and the Rotary Clubs are full of Middle Westerners discussing New York and thanking God they do

not live there. The morals of Broadway and the ethics of Wall Street are under weekly fire in a hundred pulpits. A feeling prevails not only that New York has embraced ideas alien to the spirit of the fathers, but that New York is attempting to ram its theories down the national throat. "The West wants to know," says the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, "if New York is a menace."

Echo, for the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, answers "yes." "New York," thinks the Board, "is in danger of losing the proud affection which Westerners and Southerners have held for it these many years." The idea is gaining ground that New York is "a foreign city, run by foreigners for foreigners and according to foreign ideas." In New York the theaters are "specializing in profanity, blasphemy, and nakedness." In New York the publishers are manufacturing "literary garbage" in the name of art. In New York the wits have discovered that it is easy to be humorous by classifying Westerners as "hicks" and Southerners as "yokels." In New York things go from bad to worse, and "the great mass of un-Americans" has found itself, at last, in a majority.

It would not greatly disturb the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, one suspects, if, in return for a few hundred millions on account, New York were traded to the French Republic. Not all critics are so ardent. But in the farmer's resentment against Wall Street, the

South's tilt with Tammany, and the West's anxiety for Prohibition, no less than in an allegedly sharp disagreement as to public and private morals, and in the suspicion that New York is both needlessly self-satisfied and increasingly contemptuous of what is not its own, there is material which worries more than one observer. How wide is the gap between Manhattan Island and its hinterland? Is New York seceding from the Union?

II

The most fundamental charge being brought by its critics against New York is the charge that here is an "alien" city, literally un-American and anti-American in its make-up. For this charge does not concern itself with any of the details of New York's alleged hypocrisy, conceit, bare legs, hip-pocket flasks, and Continental morals; it offers, instead, an hypothesis which would explain all of New York on the single central theory that the city has gone foreign. This is the conclusion at which the Methodist Board of Public Morals reluctantly arrives. It is a theory which has been argued not only by the clergy but the layman.

New York, as Mark Sullivan has pointed out, is the only metropolis in the world, and the only metropolis in history, as far as he can recall, more than three-fourths of whose population is alien to that of the nation upon which it lives. How many old-fashioned Americans are there in New York? Foreign stock furnishes 76.4 per cent of the city's population. To this add the Negroes. "At the end of the computation," Mr. Sullivan suggests, "one is justified in doubting whether as much as 10 per cent of New York's population is American in the sense of possessing, in the form of a heritage, old American ideals, prejudices, and characteristics." The country feels that its metropolis lacks "American ideals as an inheritance from white American ancestry." It is this suspicion which "is at

the heart of the present American feeling about New York."

There is more than a little evidence that this is true. But true or not, it is worth noting that in no such feeling can be found the original causes of the country's quarrel with New York. For it would be difficult to prove that it is really the alien population of the city which actively and aggressively irks the provinces.

What is the alien population of New York? A vast, almost uncounted multitude of hard-working, voiceless, poverty-pinched men and women who sew caps, deliver ice, stitch pants, sometimes vote Socialist, more often vote for Coolidge, peddle groceries, and empty ash-cans. There are perhaps ten thousand New Yorkers of foreign birth or foreign extraction whose business it is to deliver milk. It would take a great stretch of the imagination to believe that it is their erotic foreign theories of art which are undermining the American theater. They probably have no erotic theories of art, and their theater is Coney Island. There are, again, perhaps twenty thousand "foreigners" in New York who make their living sewing buttons. Their lives, like countless other foreign lives in the metropolis, are first of all a grim race to meet rent, union dues, and doctors' bills. The only way in which anyone of these people could conceivably break onto the first pages of the newspapers—thereby to annoy Americans of native white ancestry in Detroit, Denver, or Savannah—would be by inheriting an unexpected title from an uncle in Albania or by falling forty stories in an elevator shaft.

The fact is that New York's alien population is really hidden away from the rest of the country so completely that, if it were not for the census figures and the ruminations of New York's interpreters, the rest of the country would scarcely know that it existed. It is not the tenement-huddled alien population of New York which imports

Benedictine, bullies Congress, dances all night at cabarets, forecloses the mortgages on Iowa farms, pays twenty dollars for a pair of theater tickets in the hope of being horrified, sneers at the rustic West, and regards itself with deep-seated and abiding satisfaction. It may well be, as Mr. Sullivan has suggested, that the known preponderance of an alien population in New York does color the country's thoughts and helps inflame a dislike already in existence. But the actual positive irritants in this relationship of New York and its hinterland are not to be found in Little Italy or Chinatown. To be irritating it is necessary first to fill and hold the country's eye.

III

Three great arteries penetrate the New York which actually commands the headlines and gives its critics in the West and South something to fume about. These arteries are Wall Street, Broadway, and Park Avenue. Wall Street has the international bankers. Broadway has the cabarets, the bootleggers, the racing touts, the "wise-crackers," and the sex shows. Park Avenue, as its critics see it, has the dollar-royalty which prides itself upon possessing the last word in sophistication, elegance, and culture.

Much can be said of these three streets. Much has been said of them. Much is being said of them to-day with feeling. But one thing which it is difficult indeed to say of them is that they are not "American."

Granted that there are plenty of foreign names emblazoned on the doors of the imitation-Spanish patios which encase Park Avenue's elevators, the fact remains that most of New York's successful immigrants come not from Poland and Ukraina, but from points west and south. For years, while the covered wagon has been headed west, individual aspirants for wealth and power have been forsaking it en route and coming east again. Thus a great

number of those Wall Street bankers whom the Iowa farmers now denounce as lacking an American point of view are simply ex-Iowans. Both Wall Street and Park Avenue have drawn heavily upon the rest of the country for recruits. Even the stage, which such critics as the churchmen of the Methodist Board of Public Morals seem to think has especially fallen under foreign domination—what with its attempts to outdo Paris in the matter of bare backs, plain talk, and erotic love themes—still draws heavily upon the provinces for its producing personnel. Of the ten most active producers now operating in New York none is an "alien" and just one is a born New Yorker. The other nine hail respectively from Chicago, San Francisco, Providence, Syracuse, Cleveland, Buffalo, Hartford, Conn., Paducah, Ky., and Sandusky, Ohio. Both Moscow and the Quartier Latin are wholly absent from this list.

Nor is that all. For it is to be noted that Broadway, Wall Street, and Park Avenue not only have their quota of the native-born but manage with amazing speed to assimilate their aliens.

Mr. Rosencrantz, born in Galicia but now living in New York, has made a fortune—let us say—by patenting an invention which cuts one-quarter of a cent per yard from the cost of weaving woolen cloth. Does Mr. Rosencrantz, having thus arrived at leisure and great wealth, seek to re-create for himself, as far as possible, his native background in Galicia? Does Mr. Rosencrantz search for a house with a Galician look about it, surround himself with old Galician friends, and give Galician dinners? Mr. Rosencrantz does not. Mr. Rosencrantz buys the largest, most expensive, and most orthodox apartment obtainable on Park Avenue, and applies simultaneously for membership in six golf clubs. Mr. Rosencrantz purchases a country place on the Long Island Riviera; and if he observes that there is anything about his house which distinguishes it from the next ten houses,

north and south, he chops it off. Faithfully, as each new iceless ice-box and each new rustless fly-screen takes its place upon the market, Mr. Rosencrantz buys it; his house is American from the imitation-English shingles on its roof to the brass pipes in its laundry; his Vermeer hangs in the right place on the wall; his specially built-in radio cost seven thousand dollars; his daughters go to boarding-schools; his wife moans if she is one new play or one new watering-place in France behind the ladies of her set. Religiously does Mr. Rosencrantz comply with the ritual of American living.

The man himself may be seen, sometimes, sitting at a window of the exclusive city club to which he has been admitted by special vote because he owns the land on which the building stands. There is a faraway look in his eye, but it betokens no memories of his fatherland. A chance item in the evening paper prompts it. Certain factory hands in a Passaic mill have gone on strike. They are Galicians from his own Galicia. And Mr. Rosencrantz, puffing a cigar and glancing at his watch to see if it is not time for someone to come and take him home, mutters:

"Damned foreigners. . . . Bolsheviki!"

IV

Give the devil his due. It is only fair to Mr. Rosencrantz and his fellow-apartment-owners in the Belvedere Arms—sixteen rooms, eight baths, servants' wing and private organ—to recognize that the New York of Park Avenue has more in common with the provinces than readily appears upon the surface of its busy life.

Let us see.

The first of the specific accusations brought against New York, aside from the general charge that it is "alien," concerns its insubordination in the matter of the Volstead Act. New York is wet. That is an open secret. The West and South are dry.

But is the West dry? Is the South dry? Or are both West and South just mostly dry—and wet in spots? It is demonstrably true, I think, that New York is not the only large city in the United States where Prohibition is unpopular with many average people of white American ancestry on both sides. The newspaper polls which were taken early in the spring (for all their margin of inaccuracy) are evidence of that. So are the bills introduced by Congressmen who are anxious to oblige their home constituencies. Forty-two bills, as this is written, have been introduced in the present Congress calling for repeal or modification of the Volstead Act. Less than a third of these bills have been introduced by Congressmen from New York City. The bulk of them have come from delegates of such cities as Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. It seems reasonable to conclude, from the tally of straw votes, from the evidence of bills in Congress, and from the eloquent personal testimony of both wets and dries, that there are other cities than New York in which wet sentiment still flourishes. The real quarrel is presumably not so much between New York and everybody else as it is between towns as towns and (on the issue of hard liquor) an evangelical countryside.

Nor is that all. Of every seven corks which are still popped annually within the city limits of New York, it has been estimated that four are drawn not by and for the native population of the city, but expressly for the entertainment of its guests from out-of-town. This estimate is unreliable. To frequenters of night life in the Broadway cabarets it may seem, if anything, a little low. But low or high, it does suggest a fact with which eager critics do not always reckon. New York is not only a city but a national pastime.

What is Manhattan Island, within the individual experience of most Westerners and Southerners who come to visit it, if not a place in which to ne-

gotiate a certain business deal and then make merry drinking things, eating things, seeing things, dancing things, and buying things which are either unobtainable or disapproved of in the Mississippi Valley?

This might be the diary of an average visit:

Mr. A., of Saginaw, Mich., registers at the Hotel Belmore, with wife, business partner B., and Mrs. B. In a stay of four days the quartet manages to encompass two matinees, four evening shows (by deliberate choice, the four which they have heard are "racy"), six cabarets, and one duty-call on their Aunt Fanny. They depart, having happily missed Aunt Fanny, with a record of having had personal first-hand contacts with one hotel clerk, two elevator-men, three bell-boys, two chambermaids, one barber, two hair-dressers, six theater-ticket agents, eleven doormen, fourteen waiters, thirty-six taxi-drivers and one old friend from Ypsilanti. All of these people seem to be up at all hours of the night and to have nothing in particular to do except to help somebody else get somewhere in a tremendous hurry. And from this fact, Mr. and Mrs. A. and Mr. and Mrs. B. conclude, looking back on it from Saginaw, that New York is not only a place where everybody is perpetually in a rush, but a place which is wholly, utterly, and completely devoid of all the elements of home life.

V

This is a sound observation as far as it goes. But, obviously, it does not go far beyond the cabarets. Not all New Yorkers live in taxicabs. Mr. and Mrs. A. and Mr. and Mrs. B. owe it to themselves to pay New York another visit, of a different sort. They will find much that reassures them, much that compensates them for the loss of Main Street, and much that makes them feel at home.

What is it that distinguishes Park Avenue from Main Street? A great

deal of scenery, of course: brick fronts, roofs ten stories above the street, canopies running to the curb, an avalanche of motor cars, theaters around the corner, opera at Thirty-ninth Street, contact with a lively modern world, doormen with little whistles. Certainly it is another scene; but it is not necessary to argue, therefore, that it is played with wholly different people. The New York of the three great avenues has its own individuality, but it preserves its points of contact with the continent behind it. For example:

It is said of this New York that it is a sophisticated place, whereas Main Street (bless its heart) will bite on anything.—Query: is there any city in America in which people fall over themselves more rapidly than people fall over themselves in New York, to buy tickets for a charity ball the purpose of which they do not know but attendance at which will permit them to gaze upon the Grand Duchess Feodorovna, third cousin to the late Tzar of Russia? Main Street, perhaps, will bite on anything. So will New York.

It is said of New York, again, that it has outgrown back-slapping and small-town oratory, whereas Main Street dotes on after-dinner bombast and being brotherly in public.—Query: is there any other city in America except New York where an incoming Mayor is called upon to address an average of ten banquets to the week, where it is thought inhospitable not to welcome visiting celebrities by scattering paper in the streets, and where two solid columns of each morning's papers could be filled, and sometimes are, with lists of "those attending" public dinners held the night before? New York is rich in perorations. Welcoming Captain Fried of the *S. S. Roosevelt* after his rescue of a shipwrecked crew, the city chose to show its gratitude by delivering at Captain Fried no less than twenty-eight speeches all identical in content. Has Main Street ever shown more faith in the rich reward of talk?

Again, it is said of New York that it has a big-city tolerance which Main Street lacks—for want of size, if nothing else. No doubt it is true that big-city life does offer refuge. But it is worth noting that New York still has its social castes, its well-paid gossips, and its organized exterminators of heresy who keep busy hunting heads. Even those small circles of free-thinkers which are tolerant on principle and rejoice in having escaped from the narrow bigotry of Main Street into a new and wider freedom have certain standards of admission. Pity the poor lamb, professing mid-Victorianism in everything from Mendelssohn to Jonah and the whale, who ventures into a company of liberated minds. Does the poor lamb still think that woman's place is in the home, that McKinley was a statesman, that E. M. Hull is a realist, and that *David Copperfield* is a better novel than *Sons and Lovers*, of which he has not heard? It is possible to think these things; but it is not possible to think them—or to think five thousand other things—without being savagely attacked by onlookers whose professed creed in life is tolerance. Tolerance, in this case, simply means having as sharply defined a set of beliefs as anybody else and fighting like a tiger to impose these beliefs on anybody who dislikes them. This is fair enough, and strictly above-board. But it is not tolerance. Not by a jugful.

VI

We are speaking now of a New York which does not live in tenements and talk Hungarian, but a native New York which lives in apartment houses in half-sunny streets and talks slang which will be current in the Main Street drugstores in another month. And for all the sacrilege which it may involve we are suggesting that this New York is not otherworldly, but something of a one-horse town itself. Consider the tempo of its life.

It is said of one-horse towns that they are easily fooled, loquacious, and intolerant upon occasion. It is also said of them that they lack poise and are forever rushing breathlessly from fad to fad. What is cited against them is not that their enthusiasms vary. That is normal enough to human life. They are laughed at rather because their enthusiasms vary capriciously, *en masse* and with no discoverable motive for a shift in loyalty. Thus, New York smiles because Main Street is now going in wholesale for Michael Arlen, whereas one year ago crossword puzzles were the rage, and one year before that, winds and dragons, and one year before that, *If Winter Comes*. What logical line of intellectual or emotional development, it may be asked, can possibly exist between these four enthusiasms? And if it has taken Main Street four years to advance or decline from A. S. M. Hutchinson to Michael Arlen via crossword puzzles and Mah Jongg, where will Main Street be four years from now, and what in Heaven's name will it have covered in the meantime?

I refer you for an answer to Mr. Gerald Carter.

Mr. Carter is a broker, just an average New Yorker, a neighbor of Mr. Rosenkrantz in Park Avenue, and at the moment when this inquiry is addressed to him is sitting down to dinner. Mr. Carter, in fact, is drinking borch. He does not like borch. He cordially detests it. But a company of Moscow actors is now playing to fashionable audiences in Fifty-ninth Street, there is a vogue for all things Russian, and borch is Mr. Carter's soup. Duncan Phyfe, meantime, is Mr. Carter's chair. Mr. Carter does not like chairs by Duncan Phyfe. They make his back ache. But the Metropolitan Museum of Art has opened a new wing of early American furniture, and in the scuffle Mr. Carter lost a friendly arm-chair. He has acquired, on his right, a dinner-guest. He does not like his dinner-guest. The man is plainly crazy. But he is the

latest poet, general, or something of the sort to arrive from Poland or some other place, and at the moment is regarded as a modest catch for any dinner. Mr. Carter will take him to-night to hear Paul Robeson sing Negro spirituals. Mr. Carter does not like Negro spirituals. He does not like singing. And if he had to hear something sung it certainly would not be Negro spirituals. But if Mr. Carter does not take his guest to hear Paul Robeson sing to-night, Mrs. Carter, who also dislikes singing in general and Negro spirituals in particular, will not be taking advantage of the cultural opportunities of living in a large city. There will be time, afterwards, to drop in at the Palais d'Or. Mr. Carter does not like the Palais d'Or. He has never been inside of it, but he knows someone who has. Mr. Carter himself prefers the Terrace Garden. The tables are large and the head-waiter is a friend of his. But the Terrace Garden, it must be confessed, is old and out-of-date. It is almost three months old and almost two months out-of-date. The Palais d'Or is the latest thing in town. And Mr. Carter knows that if two weeks pass and he is still unable to agree with his friends that while the music is good the prices are outrageous, someone at the club will speak to him about it. . . . Of Mr. Carter's evening it remains to be said that upon his return home he will enjoy a cigarette in a library one of whose top shelves shelters three crossword puzzle books and a set of Mah Jongg tiles. But Mr. Carter has forgotten that he ever wore out pencils on the one or hunted in the pockets of his smoking-jacket for missing pieces of the other. Main Street, curious place, can perhaps think back three years in things like this, but not Park Avenue. For Park Avenue has too rich a past in sudden fads, and too troublesome a future. Of all fad-ridden cities which

toss restlessly on their pillows because they do not know what will be either fashionably proper or fashionably improper in the morning, New York is the most amazing.

Where will Main Street be, four years from now? Just about six months behind New York, having tried, in getting there, one-eighteenth as many starts.

VII

Lights flicker on Manhattan Bridge. The bright eyes of a Bronx local sparkle suddenly as it takes the curve at Fourteenth Street. A tug whistles to a ferryboat for right of way, in the dark river below Vesey Street. Dusk falls, and two New Yorks go home to dinner.

There is one New York which will eat in the drab rooms of the great steel barracks which house drab people living humdrum lives. Somebody will complain that the cod is burned, and somebody else will complain, in Yiddish or Italian, that his eyes ache from too much close work with the needle. The night will be hot and a child may fret. The room will smell because the sun has not peeked into it since somebody built another barracks on the other side of the narrow alley. A fat woman with her elbows pillowed on the window-sill will watch a shrill crowd in the street below, and nobody will suspect that the West worries because all the fine old things of the metropolis are now controlled by aliens. This is the foreign city.

A second New York will ride uptown in limousines—take the bus—or come home on the 5:15: to dinners at which the respective merits of goose-neck putters, congressmen, senators, Mexicans, five-tube sets, and semi-balloons are still discussed by patriots, man to man, and in the spirit of the fathers.

All is not lost. Nor is secession near at hand. Courage, brothers on the Kansas prairie. We are with you!



RESTRICTION: ENGLAND'S SOLUTION

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

IT WAS somewhere on Eccleston Square that I chanced upon a small pamphlet entitled, *Labour and the Liquor Trade. Report of the Special Committee appointed by the Labour Party to inquire into the question of the Liquor Trade*. Without further glance I laid down the modest three-pence asked. An impressionistic memory of Eccleston Square records that particular rectangle of English green as charged from such batteries as Maude Royden preaching in the Guild house on one side, and Marion Phillips editing *The Labour Woman*, with Ellen Wilkinson, M. P., as leading contributor, on the other side. A report on Liquor emanating from Eccleston Square was, whether one were to agree with it or not, bound to prove interesting.

There is an introduction by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in which he frankly declares that "what is known as 'the Drink Problem' is one of the most troublesome and difficult that the honest politician has to face to-day." Then follows a keen and dispassionate survey of the pros and cons of alcoholic damage. Then, in capitals, an abrupt headline: "NO SUDDEN CHANGE PRACTICABLE."

We hasten to say that in our view, no sudden reformation, and indeed no complete change among the whole population within any brief period, is attainable. We know of no way in which, in this or in other matters, a whole people can be brought in a single year, or even in a single decade, to effect any such sweeping change in individual desires or personal habits. Least of all can we expect to effect such a sudden and simul-

taneous revolution merely by an Act of Parliament.

The Committee then proceeds to a review of what "some enthusiastic reformers" have been impressed by, namely, "the example of the United States," but expresses the opinion, "We see no sign that the British people are at all likely to be willing to vote, even by a mere majority, for a measure of National Prohibition, within any space of time that we can usefully consider." And it winds up with the conclusion:

"We need only say that, so far as Great Britain is concerned, we deprecate the absorption of the time and energy of reformers in what we regard as, within view, an impracticable measure."

That, in thirty-three words, is Labor's verdict. It is incisive and complete; implicit within it (or so I fancy) a delicate comment upon us, and possibly a veiled amusement at the "absorption" of energetic reformers. It could not be more succinct. And as I look back on the observations of several weeks during which I talked over the situation with social workers, public-health experts, representatives of labor and capital, of interests wet and dry, as well as with beef-and-beer workmen, charwomen, fishermen, Bobbies, donkey-cart drivers, sailors, and everybody's wife, I find the impression definitely registered that it sums up the verdict of Britain in general. To be sure, there are sanguine extremists in both directions. The National British Women's Temperance Association dreams of prohibition as a millennium,

and it is well known that certain organizations, also some distinguished individuals, are striving for it. The ultra wets, on the other hand, object strenuously to anything short of a "wide open" policy. But with a steady firmness that is essentially British, the government proceeds along the middle path of restriction. The system now obtaining was born of war and post-war exigency, bred for the strengthening of a nation in time of crucial need, and has resulted in such satisfaction as to be worth planting in tenacious British soil. Whether future generations will point to its thriving greenness as to that of an ancient oak, or whether it will wither where it falls, remains to be seen. For to-day, at least, it is highly interesting to compare it with our own ultraism. A decade or so ago we were racking our nerves and digestive machinery by a nervous consumption of hard liquor; we next swept every bottle off the board and decreed total prohibition. Meanwhile Britain tempers the prohibition of drink to the thirsty. We enact a law that is extreme and then proceed to break it; she ordains that liquor shall be sold with certain restrictions, and her people, being congenitally law-abiding, obey. Summed up in the opinion of a certain hotel porter with whom I conversed, the regulations as they stand are sometimes "inconvenient but unavoidable."

The height of systematic restriction has been achieved at Carlisle, which stands as the Spotless Town, the model for exhibition. Here, and for a stretch of some five hundred square miles above and below the Solway Firth, government control obtains; and the curious result is that, instead of effecting a happy compromise between the extremes of moisture and aridity, it has become the red rag of each. The Trade sees in it a threat of spreading government ownership; the extreme reformers deplore the fact that Britain sets her official seal of approval upon any drinking.

But Britain is no more lacking in subtlety of analysis than in sense of humor. Cunningly she has, instead of overtly prohibiting, applied the psychologist's theory of substitution. She has not taken away the workingman's drink—"There, there, my good man, to be sure you shall have your mug!"—But at the same time she draws his attention to a heaped plate. Food and drink together is the basis of her plot. To a detached observer, the working out of it is well worth watching.

The system's chief feature is the restriction of hours of sale to correspond with meal periods. In this matter there are local variations; but the typical public house is closed until about eleven in the morning; opened then until two or three in the afternoon; closed again until five or six. However, it remains open through the evening until ten or eleven—of which more anon. On Sunday the open periods are shortened—say twelve-thirty to two-thirty, and six to nine, or seven to ten. (Sunday closing obtains in Wales and Scotland. The latter has local option.)

To begin with, then, a ban is placed upon the little morning nip. In former days, when a man could "look in" on his way to work, he often did so much more than look that he arrived groggy at his job: or did not arrive at all. To-day he passes along a sober street in which the whilom-welcoming doors are closed against him. He goes perforce to work. He swings into the rhythm of the job. Once having swung in, he falls into the marching step. He keeps at it the forenoon through.

The same applies to the employed woman and the wife at home. Indeed, a physician and social observer of London's Public Health Department gave me it as his opinion that the late morning hour has not only wrought great reform everywhere, but has shown its most marked effect among the home-making women of the poor.

"A man may bolt his fried herring and hurry to work, too late to stop at

the tavern. But the wife at home is free to control her own hours. In old days she did not always stop to wash the frying pan before slipping out to the pub for her morning beer or spirits. Sometimes she stayed. Maybe her bosom friends would join her and treat, and a jolly good time they would have dear-dearing over their woes. Nowadays they must wait till the opening hour; meanwhile they get into their work, and if the kidney pie is in the oven at eleven, the housewife can't leave it."

At eleven o'clock, or a little earlier or later, comes the opening. Ancient shrines of hospitable tradition spring into life—The White Hart, The Boar's Head, The Red Lion, The Mitre, The Ship. A roseate countenance beams welcome in each. So little subject to mutation are England's types that if to-day her bar-men were merged into a composite portrait, it would represent a host as rotund and rubicund as one of Dickens', plying bottle and beer-engine full force.

At first glance it may seem that, although a man must wait until nearly noon to drink, he can then become as beatifically intoxicated as he desires. But here the beneficent slyness of the system begins to reveal itself. The situation is fairly summed up in the rueful comment of a London taxicab driver:

"A man can't fair henjoy gettin' sprung less so be it's on a hempty stomick," he sighed. "When bars was nothin' but bars, any cheerful-minded citizen could henjoy 'imself to the full. But now there's a luncheon set out alongside, and before you knows it you've eat a snack—jellied eel, mayhap, or a savaloy, or cockles—and then you've eat another—and by that time you don't care so hardent for the spirits, and you can't rightly drink enough to tike yourself for the Prince o' Wiles bein' received by a Haffrican potentite."

The sign, "Snacks at The Bar," is

frequently seen and is the undoing of many such a "cheerful-minded citizen." The taverns of England have, to a great extent, returned to their traditional own, serving meals, tea and coffee (or, to be more accurate, that astonishing beverage known to the English as coffee, and apparently harmless to everyone and everything save the morale of the dismayed American visitor). Before the war they had sunk to mere bars, and the man who carried in his dinner-basket a portion of slack-baked bread or a clammily perspiring pork pie was wont to dispense with these and lunch on rum alone. But he no longer has any excuse for going hungry. All of the model public houses under such management as that of The People's Refreshment House Association, and The Association for the Promotion of Restaurant Public Houses in Poor Districts; also, many that are "tied" (as the majority are) to the ownership of breweries and distilleries, furnish substantial and well-cooked food, though under the modest appellation of "Snacks." The man who drops in bent on drink alone finds himself inveigled into a square meal before he knows it. The upshot is that he probably drinks less; and, even if he drinks as much, no amount of liquor can do as much damage with a meal as without it. "It get's 'em either wi," as I heard a milkcart vender declare. Miss Edith Neville, a social worker of twenty-five years' London experience and an acknowledged expert on the liquor problem, being executive chairman of the last-named association, makes the arresting statement that "a man is more sober by the end of the second sandwich."

To an American, for long accustomed to our national taboo, it was a quaintly novel experience to be conducted by this small demure Englishwoman of a very prim charm to a public house once notorious even in Mile End Road; there to be led by her behind the bar, introduced to the one-time sea captain who now presides; to be instructed in

the mechanism of the beer-engine, and asked to admire that state of orderly bliss which her association, since taking over the house, has caused to prevail among those imbibing in both the public and saloon bar.

"It is an established fact that food makes more appeal than drink to a man in normal condition," Miss Neville told me. "He may like liquor, but his irresistible craving is for food. If his wife happens to be a poor cook, he is chronically underfed and he goes on drinking to quench the pangs of hunger. But if the public house serves good food, it is soon shown which is his greater craving. We have instances of man and wife coming to our houses regularly for meals; they eat and drink together in a clean place, and they have told us that they are in better health, drink less, and have greatly increased both earnings and savings."

I heard many similar reports. Brewers of the better class are following the example of reformers, making the restaurant a means of doing away with drunkenness on their premises. This is one of the important factors that are bringing about a more sober England. The rapid increase of tea-and-sweet shops has co-operated.

Abstinence again reigns through the afternoon. The forms of bar-men loom through sepulchral dimness, wielding brooms. It appears that they approve of the regulation. "It gives us a chance to clean out and snatch a bit of a wink ourselves," one informed me. An executive of the People's Refreshment House Association considers "the best feature of the restricted hours to be the afternoon break. Men go back to work after lunch; they can't stay and soak." The man who is susceptible to the lure of either Bacchus or Bass must perforce conserve his thrippence ha'pennies until dinner time.

The early evening "permitted" period is much like that of noon—food is served, the majority finish and go home. Those who remain, however, are many,

and it is from seven or eight up to the closing hour when the law meets its most difficult problem.

The crux of this problem is the lack of uniformity in closing hours as fixed by the different Licensing Benches. While six licensing districts of the City and County of London (being boroughs or parts thereof comprised therein), permit their pubs to remain open until eleven, one (the City proper) requires closing at ten-thirty, and the other eleven fix ten o'clock. In that final debated hour lies a problem with which Church, State, and the Trade, reformer and transgressor, labor and capital, Kensington and Whitechapel, the top-hatted clubman of Pall Mall and the Victoria-bonneted charwoman from East Ham are vitally concerned.

Warfare over the issue is threatened. A uniform closing law of ten P. M. is the aim of the social workers and their allies. The extra hour, up to eleven, is the prize apple for which the Trade is willing to climb any tree. When the battle opens there will be hot firing. For, as Miss Neville analyzes the situation:

"Ten to eleven is the worst hour of the day. There is some subtle psychological peril in it. A man may loaf, with an occasional drink, up to ten o'clock without becoming intoxicated; but by that hour he has had enough. Any drink after ten P. M. is one too many. By that time he is too tired, and the more tired he is the less self-control he has. Therefore, he drinks far more recklessly than he did in the early evening."

II

One night as I turned into Great Portland Street I had my first opportunity to observe the reaction of a certain element to this erratic ruling. Suddenly a group approached who, as they hastened toward Oxford Street, emitted such sounds as more resembled those of Apaches in pow-wow than of His Majesty's subjects. "What can be hap-

pening?" I asked anxiously of the Londoner who escorted me.

"It's only the jump," he replied casually.

"The *what*?"

"The jump." He glanced at his wrist watch: "Ten-five. You're in St. Marylebone now. Just behind you lies Holborn—a different borough. Oxford Street is the dividing line. St. Marylebone closes at ten and Holborn at eleven, and crossing Oxford Street is 'the jump'."

It opened my eyes—which observed several similar instances before the month was up. The hilarious group had collected from neighboring pubs in the borough which had just closed. Guests thus inclined to revelry will remain until put out; they then make the "jump" over to the eleven-o'clock side, and besiege the bars there for another hour. The theater-goer, too, takes advantage of the convenient arrangement. If the show he is attending happens to be in the early side, so that he is unable to get a drink at the theater after ten, he obtains a return seat-check, crosses Oxford Street, and is back in time for Act Three. On some occasions there has taken place what is known as a "rush" across the bridge for the same purpose. "Cheero! There's 'alf a hour of 'appiness if we rush it!" one of a blithe party may summon; and, "Righto!" comes the fervent rejoinder, and the Thames is crossed at a bound.

This non-uniform state of affairs leads to revel, and now and then disorder. Those who linger until they have to be turned out of a pub at ten are the sort to go across and drink all they can hold during the final hour in a spirit of daredeviltry; and to a great extent are they moved, I think, by the much-maligned British sense of humor. But for the most part the pubs do close at the decreed hours, and the subjects of King George do depart obediently. Police Commissioner Horwood of London in his report calls attention to a change that has been made from

"closing" to "permitted" hours. Under the shelter of the newer phrase, licensed premises may remain open at all hours although drink may be sold only between those named. "This system is not conducive to a strict administration of the law," says the Commissioner, "and further legislation seems to be necessary." This, however, is the exception that proves the rule of that law-abidingness which is innately British.

The many social workers and public-minded citizens with whom I talked seemed to agree that this difference in hours is the greatest fault of the system. I heard it discussed by representatives of the two associations already named; by Miss Kelly of the Charity Organizations Society, who was on Mr. Lloyd George's committee appointed during the war to inquire into the matter of drunkenness among women; by Miss Willis of Toynbee Hall; by Miss Neville; by many physicians, educators, business and professional men, and others informed on social conditions. It being taken for granted that the law will, in the main, be carried out, the American is impressed by the fact that stress is laid on improving rather than enforcing that law.

The other difficulty, I am told, lies in the registered club. Here again the problem is not so much infraction of the law as its own inadequacy. When a bar is closed, it seems, the owner sometimes gets a license for a club on the same premises, hangs out a new sign such as "The Workingman's Club," and he can then legally sell liquor all the time. Commissioner Horwood says, "The ease with which new clubs can be registered . . . results in the opening of numbers of them of which the principal attraction is the supply of drink during prohibited hours." He adds that "the majority are doubtless well conducted," but in that his report of May, 1924 showed 1,510 of them in the Metropolitan District alone, it can be deduced that the minority may be large enough to prove perplexing.

These appear the patent shortcomings in Britain's system. But its general success sums itself up in records such as these:

Proceedings for drunkenness in the Metropolitan Police District in 1914 were 76,965. In 1918, when war restraint was at its height, they had dropped to 11,358; from that point they rose somewhat, but in 1923, with the War well over, they were only 32,983—less than half what they had been nine years before.

Convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales were 161,407 in 1910, and 77,789 in 1921.

Deaths from alcoholism in England and Wales were 1,831 in 1913 and 493 in 1921.

Conditions have improved in many ways. In the better public houses one finds meals served; the sign "No Drinking Outside" is posted conspicuously; women are not entertained without escort; drunkenness and rowdiness are not permitted. There is a tendency toward cleaner bars. Children are not admitted. A baby left outside in a pram may be slightly endangered, but the risk of kidnapping in districts where supply exceeds demand is so small as to be more than offset by the moral protection against a nip from the parental glass. To Lady Astor is given credit for raising the age of young persons to whom drinks may be sold. Formerly, sixteen stood as the age limit except at Carlisle; her bill, I am told, made the age of eighteen uniform throughout. Children may purchase for off-consumption liquor "not less than a reputed pint in corked and sealed vessels," the sale to take place in the "bottle and jug" department; but the assumption is that it is carried home for adult consolation.

In brief, all the better class of the tied houses are being conducted more or less along the lines of the model pubs. The Association for the Promotion of Restaurant Public Houses in Poor Districts operates without additional legislation. It claims that if there is a good atmos-

phere, good food, clean and comfortable bar-rooms without pens, and a good manager—one who obeys the law against serving to an intoxicated person—the end is practically achieved at the outset.

The People's Refreshment House Association, which manages 175 houses scattered over the country, puts in a manager who is not tied, gives him no profits on alcoholics, so that there is no incentive to push their sale, and arranges that he make his money from the sale of food and non-intoxicating beverages. In rough districts it employs a man and wife, because it has been found that when a drinker reaches an almost incorrigible point "a strong-minded woman knows how to make him think of his own wife." "We prefer a barman who has never been a publican," one of the executives told me. The old-time mirrors which were wont to set forth the merits of somebody's ale, the advertisements posted over doors, on windows, against walls, are all done away with, and the "pushing" is entirely in favor of the restaurant. "Ale and drinks are all on hand but we make the visitor ask for them." At a country inn patronized by carters, laborers, and artisans who had formerly been served only beer and spirits, 707 penny cups of tea were served the first year and 2,765 the second.

England's model laboratory, her experiment station, is Carlisle. It lies up near the Scottish border, just across from the Gretna Green of runaway romance. At Gretna in 1915 sprang up one of the greatest munitions plants, and men poured in from everywhere to make the war materials.

They flooded the place. They crammed the lodging houses and spilled over—upon staircases, stoops, sidewalks; a cot was often rented to three persons with a precise allowance of eight sleeping hours to each. The population of the district swelled by 15,000. And with all the crowding and excitement, the driving pressure of work, the dead-dog fatigue, and the disturbed sleep that

failed to restore breaking nerves, came the usual alleviation—getting drunk.

Worn-out men went over to Carlisle and its vicinity and turned the district riotous. While such over-drinking passed unrecorded, the cases of "convicted for drunkenness" rose from 277 in twelve months of 1915 to 564 in the first six months of 1916. The Government saw that it must do something quickly.

It began in 1916 by acquiring the licensed houses near Gretna and in Annan, and the following July it took over the entire trade of Carlisle, with a still later extension south to Maryport. The state now owned five breweries and 298 licensed premises scattered over five hundred square miles. Measures were promptly taken to reduce the number of licenses, which fell from 298 to 181 by 1920. Grocers' licenses were withdrawn, to aid in reducing the off-sale of spirits; liquor advertisements on taverns were abolished, they were made more comfortable and sanitary, the sale to young persons was drastically limited.

The result was that Carlisle's convictions for drunkenness dropped from the height of 953 in the riotous 1916, before the control had fully shown results, to 78 in 1919. Then they rose a little, the War being over and restraint somewhat lessened, but the following three years showed an average of only 128. Carlisle's mug of beer is still brewed, bottled, and purveyed by the State, and the "Carlisle experiment" has incorporated itself in history. The surrounding country being still under State control, the voters under Scotland's local option have chosen that it should continue—which is claimed by some as a significant straw by way of weather vane. But whether or not this form of control ever extends, the vote is one of many evidences of good-will toward the law.

III

There are several causes contributing to the total of betterment. Unemployment and paucity of money have

curtailed drinking. The decreased strength of liquor, together with the increased price, has told—the erstwhile penny glass of beer is now threepence at the lowest, more often fourpence, the best ale has risen from two to eightpence, and the eightpence now asked for whiskey, gin, or port used to buy two or three drinks. But the widest and wisest opinion seems to conclude that the undeniable improvement is due chiefly to the system of restriction coupled with general education in self-control. It is the working of a moderate law, on the whole willingly accepted by the most of the people.

As has been set down, there are those who cherish the dream of total prohibition. But I am told that the majority of the social workers do not favor it, to say nothing of the majority of less expertly informed citizens. Someone has stated that it would be the one thing that could bring about revolution in His Majesty's realm. A Bobbie gave it to me as his opinion—and I believe it to be fairly representative—that "if a man wants to get 'ardenin' o' the harteries or go to 'ell it's his own right to do it."

It goes without saying that the restrictions cause resentment in some quarters—even English human nature is human nature still. Mrs. Applebite sighs for her oldtime morning nip at The Cock, while she rubs the small of her back over the tub in which she is washing "his" shirts and the garments of seven children. Old man Hortop, driving his Devon donkey into town of an afternoon, misses the gathering at The Lamb. Some of the poor complain that they cannot take advantage of the off-sale as the prosperous can, cannot afford to buy for home consumption. But the majority of citizens with whom I talked confessed themselves better off. "The boy's layin' by now he can't stop at the pub all afternoon. He's got more'n a hundred pound saved." "Mary used to get drunk 'cause William did—that's her

husband. But now he has to keep workin' all di, and he comes home sober to find her the sime." The opinions of such observers as Dr. T. N. Kelynack, Hon. Secretary of the Society for the Study of Inebriety; of Mr. W. Crosbie Hamilton, surgeon and public-health expert of Plymouth bear out my impression of marked improvement, although there is no doubt room for much more, and many problems are still to be solved in regard to State control or otherwise, Sunday closing, further restriction of hours, and local option.

The British attitude as expressed in the liquor situation sums itself up in the Chaucerian lines which a Londoner recently quoted to me:

In everything, I wot, there lieth measure;
For though a man forbid all drunkenness,
He biddeth not that every creature
Be drinkless altogether, as I guess.

It is parabolic that we post an imperative command, "Keep off the Grass," while British placards make a reticent statement to the effect that it is better for the welfare of the lawn if pedestrians will refrain, and so forth. Meantime, we roll upon our park stretches and scatter peanut shells and chewing-gum wrappers, and dig our heels into the sod; while the English tread their paths with the meticulous anxiety of a rope-walker. They perhaps find it sometimes "hinconvenient but hunavoidable."

THE UNNOTICED

BY FREDERICK THAYER, JR.

I WOULD have furs and gowns
For the folk in the church to see.

I would recite my prayers
In a most amazing key.

I would be guilty of some sparkling sin,
That God might take heed of me!



THE RAVINE

A STORY

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

IT MAY be that winter sharpens our problems against the sky of our destiny as it sharpens every line of the trees. Winter was not made for concealment. It traces all shapes, stiffens color into density, the cold air makes more vivid faces and voices.

That was why Rachel Rochester quailed as she saw the man with whom she had quarreled pass her on the winter-sharp street. In spite of their separation, he was vividly her man.

The girl bit the insides of her cheeks; she tried stoutly to tell her woman's being that it had not sprung to life at sight of those shoulders, that dark chin, the spring of him as he bolted into his car. But the graphic purity of the December air was too much. Pitilessly, it revealed to her her mate, the man she had lost.

They "did not speak." Can you blame human beings for agonized wonder as to the essential worth of life if, after short witchery of knowledge of each other, tranced walks under trees, evenings on twilight paths, some inevitable anguishing thing cuts them apart and they "do not speak"?

Men take these crises in various ways, they get back to the work that holds them as long as anything holds them. But women—a bald book on the way women take the thing will some day be written. It might well be called *From Their Walled-up Cells*. For the rest, he who runs may read.

Rachel had the positive sense of social purity. She understood her job in

the world. Garret Grey, fresh from modern influences, modern theories, would not offer her marriage. The man believed powerfully and reverently in their love, in their meaning as man and woman to each other. But he had had glimpses of determinism. Beyond them, he told her, stretched long years in which, he believed, he might develop, change, in which she might develop, change. Then, so he told her, any bond for them would be immoral; for him, at any rate. A great deal of what he said was the truth of human experience; the divorce courts prove that Rachel heard him only with dismay.

Young, strong, self-reliant, the two gravely searched out the question. Before their unflinching eyes trailed humanity's pitiful experience. For a long time they tried to evade any positive answer, tried to shut it out of their lovers' meetings. . . . Then one rainy November day, coming home from a mistblown walk, it suddenly reared, wound itself round them. It throttled them as, close together, they walked through streets lined with wet hedges. For years afterward Rachel remembered that walk. Lines of soft wet barberries—drops of blood and thorns! The girl had turned trembling from them to bury her face on Garret's arm.

"Oh, my dearest, we mustn't go on . . . quarreling like this. . . . We mustn't become enemies over an idea!"

But he was gloomily determined. She knew it was the best truth he had to give. She tried to convince him of her

love for him. At last she saw, with agony, that they were purposely wounding each other. . . . Drops of blood, and thorns. . . .

Fiercely the young lawyer explained the old laws which had governed marriage. "Civilization will get nothing better until men and women take it." Didn't she see where the ethic of purity originated? Military safeguarding, maintaining of aristocratic line, of tribal things? Then the church hooked it up to *her* authority . . . and then they began to make examples of women . . . weak women, so as to be sure of the tribe—Garret swallowed fiercely.

"This beautiful thing, our love, must come true," said the man stoutly, "be as square as a decent man and woman can make it. You and I couldn't help but be happier for an honest attitude toward life. What's to prevent our putting our hands in each other's and saying, 'I love you and belong to you now? . . . For years to come, I can't tell. I may develop into another person, that person may truly love someone else better; under these circumstances I could not be your honest mate. . . .' Well?" He threw back his head, challenging.

All she could do was to stand there in the wind-driven mist, shaking her head. Rachel could not answer philosophy with philosophy, against new systems of thought like this; she had only a tradition. Down the years back of her it was as if her ancestors, straight-backed, deep-eyed men and women came out of their old American home doors and looked at her. They said gravely "Rachel, we believe you will be true to what we believed!" She was. With a heart that bowed like an ice-laden tree, she slowly lifted her head and turned from him.

"Dear," he besought her in his dismay, "we mustn't quarrel—you—you just said so yourself!"

The miles of wet bright barberries seemed now to her to be stabbed with miles of thorns. "I shall always love you!" whispered the girl.

Love him? She turned, her young back bowed, walking straight away from him. Garret Grey did not go after her, did not call. He also saw these miles and miles of barberry bushes dripping in the November rain. Miles and miles of little drops of blood transfixed with thorns.

"Garret doesn't mean what we call honorable life," Rachel's mind told her. "We aren't animals, we are advanced scouts of life, men and women who administrate life with a duty towards society. Garret is wrong. If there were no bond our little children could never turn to *both* of us; even if happiness fails, in marriage there are loyalties."

The girl was capable of reasoning like that, capable of facing the thing, then capable through her woman's nature of utter breakdown.

All night long in curious gusts the fundamental conviction of their psychic union blew through her being until she quivered with stark vibrations like the naked trees outside her windows. Night after night in these moon-riding gusts flared her soul astream on the empty air. All Rachel had to do, to end the torture, was to write her lover one word. Rachel never wrote that word. Many women do not write that word.

At last hunger for him grew so powerful, so frightening that Rachel tried to be "sensible," to forget it in the somewhat mixed metaphor that we call Life. Social work, she thought, must be the best cure for her malady. Rachel had tried before this to help. The offices of the town's probation work had always interested her. Here was strange comment on what we accept as Life. The very building itself, Rachel thought, smelled of makeshift, of intellectual poverty that caused poverty, of the dry atmosphere of offices, the unholy smell of dentists' parlors. The rooms downstairs were used for rummage sales for the hospital; these museums especially amused her. Such triumphant exponents of the junk of existence! Jumble of old bonnets, once haughty

headgear, old books, old bedsteads, old cologne bottles, awful vases, dishes, now and then a clock of some quaint shape, or a sad little chair that got to the girl's sensitive perception. They, more than anything else, revealed the true worth of character. Rachel often brooded over some plaintive shape, her hand caressing it. . . . These little old chairs, they were torn apart with use, but they were sound; they stood wear and tear.

The Probation Society boasted a businesslike reception room where the green-shaded electric lights hung downward like stiff flowers determined to spill out their pollen. A long table was ostentatious with unrelieved piles of literature and packets of reports. At either end of this table sat the two social workers who under the probation officer ran things. The building had also a girls' club where the town's upstanding young women of very definite position were supposed to meet and entertain such of the working girls as they could cajole off the street to the club's entertainments. Rachel was chairman of this club.

While she shared vigorously in all these efforts she always wondered at their obtuseness. What could "probation officers" do against Life? What artificial diversions could hope to outrank the spontaneous diversions of the street?

Mentally, the girl reviewed this counter attraction.

The shops, like Olo Luk Oie, holding umbrellas of dream over a factory girl's imagination, saying softly, "Do you see this slender lady in the white-serge suit with the scarlet parasol and the hat with cherries walking along the silver beaches of Florida . . . ? Well, she is *you*. . . . Look at this lovely little wax person in the blue with crystal drops, see the silver slippers, ah, *you* would look even more beautiful". . . .

Such things strike home to the blood as do the other things of the street. The Word of the Pavement, that strange misrendering of life, passes from mouth

to mouth until it becomes tradition. Was it any wonder that girls with quick impulse, unregistered ancestry stayed night after night to read with brooding moth-eyes of youth by the flaming torch of Sensation, the shadowy, flaring, many-languaged Book of the Street?

Rachel glanced in at the probation officers' private room. The institutional-looking woman sitting there nodded. Her thick lips smiled. On an honest moon face intended for simple, unpoetized motherhood now sat another motherhood, tragic, unintellectual service built up out of the long continued "practical" handling of certain awful things—things best hidden beneath the polite surface of contemporary life.

"Rachel Rochester, yes?"

"I came for orders. In the index room they said you wanted me to go after Sadie Tathorn."

The probation officer glimmered anxiously through enormous goggles.

"Rachel, could you, would you? It means rather steady following up; she needs to be sleuthed."

"I know. I rather hate the backstairs, listening-in game."

"But you were so successful with Minnie Ogle! Look how you got her that waitress' job." Then, seeing reluctance on the girl's face, "You see, if *you* won't, nobody can. Sadie is positively slithery—a little candle in the wind. Miss Blair and Miss Covent have utterly given her up, but you, we thought . . . well, the girls at the Saturday-night dances always seem crazy about you."

"Because I don't try to improve them," remarked Rachel acutely. "What's all this about Sadie?"

"She must be got away from this man, this 'Shadow' Flynn."

Rachel drew her brows together. "Why are you so keen about that?"

For answer the probation officer handed over a docketed pile of reports. "These go back to October; they'll show you."

Sitting down in the dry, overpolished,

overheated room, Rachel turned over the reports. They seemed stiff, self-righteous. The girl's soft eyebrows gathered. Rachel's heart was not in this complacent spying on girl lives and girl follies. From Garret Grey she had got a sort of contempt of the idea that one "saved" girls by keeping them unrealized women. The dreariness of "saving" them to make them "good servants" got to her imagination, stuck like dust and suffocation in her throat.

The report was made out by Miss Covent, the elder social worker. Rachel knew her reports without their signature, they invariably ended with waspish suggestion of segregating the sexes.

The girl thoughtfully replaced the elastic band round the little packet of slips.

"What good can I do?" she asked. "A girl like Sadie is really wiser than I. She knows what she wants. After all, it's what people *want* that *makes* life, isn't it? Sadie wants life, fun; if I save her from this man some other man will get her when she's bitter and broken. Now she's glad to be alive, like a little thing just out of a cocoon, a silly little thing; why should I take her away from this Shadow person? She seems really to care for him."

The probation officer heard patiently. Big, slightly obtuse, looking something like the Cumæan Sibyl in an unbecoming blouse, her large seamed face was very grave.

"Rachel," she said reprovingly, "isn't it our duty as good women to teach these girls . . . better?"

Rachel was moody. "It looks to me as if we tried to make them believe what really isn't true, that men and women can do without one another. Every woman needs a man, every man needs a woman!" Rachel repeated that truism a little drearily. . . . "Different ways, perhaps," she added thoughtfully, "but, they do need one another."

"Have you a headache, dear?" inquired the woman sitting there.

Miss Grodge was full of these little

solicitudes for her workers. She "felt strong" always, she said, and did strong-sounding capable-looking things. But was she really so strong? Rachel suspected that under certain temptations which would never come to her, facing certain problems that had never been her personal problems, she might prove rather insecure; "wobbly" would be a good word for it.

After all, administrating a Social Point of View did not take great personal strength.

"Miss Blair and Miss Covent have all the facts about Sadie."

Rachel looked at her watch.

"All right, I'm on; from now on Sadie is watched."

In the main office the two women at either end of the table looked up.

"Morning, Miss Rochester." Miss Covent's thin hands paused in their shuffling of documents. Her wrist bones were haloed, one with a braceleted watch, the other with a worn silver circle. She was a screwed-up rigid woman hung about with fountain pens and eyeglass trolleys; she ran confidently like a ticking clock—tick, a dictated letter, tock, a telephone. Efficient, sufficient, limited. The world for her was divided very simply: good people, bad people!

Miss Blair was different. She gave one the impression of being tucked and gathered like an old-style skirt. She was thick and obstinate with a soft smothered voice that rolled its rrrs. She was sycophantic without knowing what the word meant. She supposed that all virtuous people rode in shiny limousines, the next virtuous in roadsters, the next in Fords, and so on; when one got down to no automobile at all, there was very little chance of virtue. If anyone suggested to Miss Blair that there were yet books to be added to the Bible she looked frightened; if anyone spoke to her of Birth Control she registered that person as "nasty-minded."

"Have you anything to suggest about the Sadie Tathorn case?" asked the Rochester girl.

Both women looked communicative.

"Oh, Miss Rochester, you are going after Sadie! You can do her so much good!" The chorus was patronizingly flattering.

Rachel raised her eyebrows, her upper lip took on perversity.

"Maybe Sadie can do *me* good. Why are we all so complacent, anyway? I'm not a bit sure that the Sadie kind of girl isn't—well—honestest than we are; she goes for what she wants, we pretend that we don't want—we get set in a queer pattern and we call that virtue . . ." The voice paused on a perverse note as Rachel mused—

"I suppose Sadie loves that purple-necktie-thing."

"Why, Rachel Rochester, she couldn't love him! He hangs round the hotel. He doesn't mean to marry her. It's—it's disgusting, they are inseparable."

Rachel nodded. "I know."

"They have been seen in the Ravine at night."

"The Ravine!" It was spring now. That cleft through the hills outside the town of Origen must be very beautiful. Walls of red sandstone topped by hemlock and cedar; water coursing through a stone bed where ferns shimmered and mosses clung; through budding bushes and screens of young birch and sassafras, the falling sparkle of a tiny cascade. The very place for things to be said which no one else must hear, the old secret of the birds and the flowers.

"I know." She made a slight movement with a hand that had otherwise been quiet. It went involuntarily to her slender throat. At the word "Ravine" that hand, remembering its natural home, had started to feel for Garret's hand. Now there was no man's hand to meet it . . . it fluttered to the lips that must, it seemed, call his name.

Rachel could see the Ravine, see these two young things—the Tathorn girl, blue-eyed, lissome, with dawning beauty, not yet clouded by coarseness, taking for her natural food the words

and caresses of this flashy youth whose talent ran to feeble songs like this:

You and I in purple weather, love,

You and I in castles fair in Spain;

You and I in love that's pledged above,

You and I in sunshine and in rain.

"What's your plan for Sadie?" Rachel demanded. "If I can, as you propose, break up her own handling of her life, get her away from this Shadow, what do *you* propose for her?"

Miss Covent began superciliously snapping rubber bands onto slim packages of documents.

"What she was born for! Work, domestic service of some kind. The same work that she would do for him, provided he pays her the compliment of marrying her."

"But she's a child, she's a butterfly, looking for gardens. . . . You want her to get right into harness, poor butterfly . . . to grow old in service—without romance, without life."

Rachel got up restlessly, she went to the window and looked out. The spring sun was spilling over. It splashed the prosperous looking autos that moved up and down the principal street that ran crossways from the street on which the Probation House was situated.

"Even . . . even if he doesn't marry her, she'll have been through him more of a woman than any of us three! We have theories about life. She'll have some woman-memories, she will be sorrowful, maybe; despairing, a true woman, whom life crucifies. . . . We are nothing. Incomplete. . . ."

"Rachel!" Miss Blair's dull eyes looked frightened rebuke. Her hands trembled slightly; she made a curious gesture, a slight furtive pressing of the breast.

"H'm!" snapped Miss Covent. She flicked on another rubber band. "A little advanced, aren't you, my dear? Please don't get queer and disgusting . . . not . . . *here*."

A slow flush went over the face of the girl staring at them.

"It seems—like that—to you? But even you," Rachel faced them, "don't think that to talk of the mating of men and women is 'advanced' or 'queer' when you can do it over a railroad track of five thousand boxes of fruit cake tied up with a few miles of narrow white satin ribbon."

Miss Blair looked discreetly down. Miss Covert looked sharply up. This woman was a nice example of spiritual metallurgy. All the hard traits fused into one steely personality. Miss Covert was clad in a curious grim costume that looked like figured oilcloth. She was, people said, "a born organizer." And, like many of us, in following her prerogatives, she was forced to let a deal of lovely understanding go.

Now she spoke sharply to the girl standing irresolute by the window.

"No wonder Garret Grey got frightened" (shrugging significant shoulders) . . .

Rachel laughed.

With quiet which to an imaginative person might have seemed dangerous, she took down the necessary data. She was to keep Sadie Tathorn from going with "Shadow" to the Ravine.

Yes?

To break up gradually their association; if possible, to get "Shadow" fined and sent from the town.

"Um."

To get Sadie away from the idea of having a "friend"; to lend her improving books, get her to save her money and to train for lifelong domestic work instead of the spasmodic factory work.

"Uh-huh." Rachel, her dark eyes veiled, busily jotted down the recommendations while she listened to the acid comment.

By this comment she saw herself a "saved" woman—she who had by sheer force of character and awareness of tradition pulled herself back from, ah, yes, from the Ravine! A little dreamy smile of remembrance played over her lips. With automatic pencil she made pictures of tree-boughs with stars shining

through . . . The great dark beautiful Ravine of Life! Well, she ought to be happy, she had not walked into it, she had turned from it! Then the slow reproach of her nature rose like a tide.

It was simple to bid the two social workers sprightly "Good morning," and turn away. But Rachel carried that picture of the Ravine with her. In the Ravine, at least, everybody was true to Life.

Lit with its wild sweet glammers of primal things, it was in the Ravine that the torch of the Life-dream was handed on by men and women. Many of these men and women cried in Rachel now; she felt them surging up, speaking to her in myriad voices, trembling, fateful human voices.

A few days later came her opportunity to talk with Sadie Tathorn.

The girl was intent on the window of the millinery department of Origen's Big Store. Sadie's eyes were fixed on a turban-shaped affair with a gold-bullion tassel.

Rachel joined her.

"Spring hats?" The Girls' Club Chairman put her hands on Sadie's shoulders.

Sadie, with a little gesture of excitement, turned. "Look at that New Blue. Did you notice how they use wings nowadays, just as if the hats flew?"

"You ought to be a milliner yourself." Rachel's thoughtful eyes were on the girl. "You could sing all your songs in hats; you know more about pretty things than lots of us do."

Rachel herself happened to be wearing a rather charming hat. Sadie looked knowingly at it.

"You know enough to pick them out!"

Rachel stole glances at the little chin, the gentian-blue eyes, heirloom dimple, fatal gold in the over-curling hair. Sadie's mouth had a slight droop at the corners, her eyelids were full, there was soft sensuousness in the face.

"That gold tassel, don't it get you? And the New Blue just in front . . ." She spoke radiantly. "I'm saving for

that hat, my gentleman friend loves me in blue."

Rachel pulled herself together. Here was her job. To begin to draw Sadie away from this happiness.

"Oh, Sadie, you aren't going to marry that—that man?"

"We ain't spoke about marriage yet." The girl looked coolly with what might or might not have been comprehension into her friend's eyes. "We just *go together*," she explained loftily. "Mr. Shade G. Flynn, that's his name, is agent for a New York music company, and he plays lovely on his mandolin up to the hotel dances. He's a perfect gentleman, has went everywhere, and knows everybody. Him and me was to the Ravine last Sunday night, he played to me by the waterfall. Oh, Miss Rochester, don't you love music? Shade plays all them pieces into the Sunday Supplements. Do you know 'Amber Jade'?" asked Sadie impressively.

Rachel confessed ignorance of this masterpiece.

Standing with the plate-glass window full of hats for background, Sadie took a half-dancing, half-strutting attitude; hands on hips, she hummed in repressed tremolo:

"Amber Jade, of you I'm 'fraid,
My shining yellow queen;
Your golden hair, your baby stare
Makes all my heart careen.
No star can shine too bright
For us this summer night;
But you're too bright, I ween,
For you've caught me, I'm the happy fly
In the amber, Amber Queen."

The next time Rachel saw Sadie it was with the gold tassel hanging over the curled puff of her yellow hair, and feet spectacularly shod. She wore a tan-silk dress, perhaps borrowed or rented, surely not all paid for. She and "Shadow" Flynn and the "mandolin" were strolling in the dusk toward the Ravine.

Wistfully, the Chairman of the Girls' Club watched them. Rachel made no effort to detain. "Why should I stop Sadie?" she hotly inquired of herself.

"She's walking toward that same thing which made Watteau and Fragonard, and Abelard and Heloise, and even Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'; the awe and wonder and joy and mystery that men and women hold for one another." And the Ravine was the arras, the great tapestry of nature across which such figures moved. Sadie was walking through an entranced story book of life where all her ancestors, some of them poets and troubadours under their squalor and ignorance, were speaking within her. But in the Ravine there would come a time when only one ancestor would speak. . . .

That time had come to Rachel! Only one of Rachel's ancestors had spoken. He had happened to be a man of stern principle and austere vision. He had spoken so powerfully and commandingly that, with all her woman's weakness, she could not fail to obey; she felt somehow that against all her other voices this ancestor *knew*. . . .

Now, night after night as summer advanced, Rachel lay fighting, in addition to her own proud battle, that other battle, watching with a sense of fatality that light lithe butterfly figure which walked toward Romance. . . . "I can't stop it," muttered Rachel.

It was June, a rather ideal sort of morning with the little rows of red and yellow tulips fringing the narrow borders of the Probation House. Miss Covent was starch from neck to common-sense white-canvas shoes. The eyeglass trolleys were affixed now to white-enamel fixtures, and this time the oilcloth hat was white.

Miss Covent grasped Rachel's elbows, the light shot across her bracelets. "Are you keeping your eye on Sadie Tathorn?" As Miss Covent asked this she kept her own eye with its wrinkled burrowings on Rachel.

This young person, however, was not awed. "Not open to interview," was the evasive answer. "I make reports to the probation officer, not to the social workers."

The other tried to hide the look that made her mouth match the bracelet. "Miss Grodge is away on her vacation and" (dryly) "in her absence I am supposed to look over all reports." Then after a pause, "You may think you can dilly dally over this thing, Rachel Rochester; you may have all these disgusting Freudian notions, but God is watching you play with a human soul. . . ." Miss Covent gasped sensationally "That man, Shade G. Flynn, has a room somewhere in this town—girls have been enticed there. . . ."

There was a lot more; the girl noticed that Miss Covent seemed to gloat over the matters she deplored. Her mind was preoccupied with these details.

"Most of that isn't true," remarked Rachel, as the social worker ended. "I have had someone who knows about this poor donkey look him up. He's utterly worthless, I admit, a sappy little cad with no backbone, but he isn't vicious."

There was a short silence. Miss Covent primped her mouth. "I suppose you mean by that to imply that he won't ruin Sadie." She spoke baldly.

Rachel's lips curled.

"Ruin!" It was all so inevitable, true to tradition, this trembling, awe-struck spinster with her word "ruin." Well, of course, poor little Sadie would be ruined . . . but not so much by "Shadow Flynn," as by the Misses Covent of this world.

Rachel, not very wisely, tried to forecast this; the other woman drew herself up, a strange, hateful look on her face.

"I thought you were a pure girl!" She sucked the words back as soon as she had uttered them, not because she regretted them but because it was not politic to antagonize Rachel Rochester. But the words were said. Their effect, however, was not dramatic. Rachel had an almost interested look. "Poor thing," thought the Rochester girl, "whatever comes, I mustn't let myself grow like *that*."

She flashed a profound glance of compassionate fellowship on the other and was gone.

Near the Probation House there was a lunch room where many workers of the town slipped in for the noon meal. It was a pleasant sort of room run by a young Austrian, who knew enough to have strange old prints of his own homeland hung on the walls.

A rose-breasted parrakeet muttered a parrakeet's observations from a clean cage between frilled white curtains; little bowls of garden flowers were set upon the white tables.

A rubber plant had never set its cloven hoof in this establishment. This showed that the young proprietor had a stout heart which could defy precedent. So thought Garret Grey, who sometimes came in here for the square meal which made it possible for his brain to keep up its fierce gnawing at the Gordian knots so securely tied by the Conservative until he must come crying to his despised brother, the Radical, for help to untie them.

The lawyer, taking up his napkin, glanced mechanically about the room. The few people sitting at the tables were mostly unknown to him, but his quick eyes caught the pinched profile of Miss Covent. The social worker bowed. Garret nodded cordially back. He looked thoughtfully a second time at the rigidities of this institutional personality.

This was Rachel's *confrère*; he wondered how the two got on.

He watched the steely-looking bracelets flash as Miss Covent broke her bread; noting the set lines round cheeks and mouth, mournfully he associated her with his girl, his mate, who had defied him.

Well, he had given Rachel his best truth, what he really believed, and he knew more about it than she did! He, looking into the dark secret chambers of tortured and undeveloped lives of men and women. . . he *knew* . . . !

Damn the whole pompous, untrue, old-woman scheme!

After luncheon he got up. He went over to Miss Covent's table. He was received with the austere bridding of the species.

"In spite of your radical theories you eat like the rest of us," the social worker observed. What Miss Covent meant was, "In spite of the fact that you have come a heart-cropper, you eat!"

"You, guardians of the public virtue, eat, too," remarked the young lawyer. His gray, slightly mocking eyes dwelt with good fellowship upon her.

"In spite of our knowledge of men and events!" she stung.

"Have you actually that knowledge? Omniscience?" he teased. Then Grey looked more closely at her; the mockery died out of his eyes.

"By Jove, it is a wonder you can eat!" He was gentle, almost tender, saying, "What you have to face! . . . Women aren't trained for the revelations you must have every day."

The lawyer was genuinely touched by the sudden thought of women's minds meant for love, beauty, and creative life confronted with sordid social revelations. He considered this one, searching her face for the subtle loveliness of human sorrow. . . . "I suppose," he hesitated rather boyishly, "that even at that—knowing the whole game—you'd be the first one to fight the solutions some of us propose."

Her eyes in their wrinkled settings sprang to vigilance.

"Such as?"

"Well," shrugging his shoulders, "for instance, the removing of spiritual stigma from illicit association. Penalizing it with money, taxes, maybe, but not with the tax of human ostracism."

"You mean," Miss Covent was on her guard now, fixing him with all her knowledge of grim example, "You mean" (she smote with the flat of the sword) "such 'freedom' as has been observed by our friends, the Halities?"—mentioning a degenerate family long the town's sorest problem.

Involuntarily, the man shuddered.

"No, dear woman." He said it very gently. As a lawyer he was impressed by the nerve torture he could discern underlying the spinster's bravado. "No, please understand . . ."

The man stood there, leaning upon the table, looking wistfully at her, insisting "We are half animals actually. Some of us, because of high development, are trying to get wholly away from the animal, but in our effort to do this haven't we psychologically landed upon ourselves worse than pure animalism—the distrust of essential humanity, the condemnation of lovely human things? In the end don't we send humanity lower than the animals?"

Miss Covent did not understand him. But the powerful, masculine figure bending toward her, the gray eyes and that "dear woman"! For just one instant the social worker conscientiously averted her gaze.

"I . . . I . . . see what you mean, but I guess that would be a dangerous thing to think, wouldn't it?—anyway, we've begun another way: we have to keep on."

Suddenly she lost the troubled woman-look.

"Is that the rock you and Rachel Rochester split on?"

He started. It was the woman whose ruthless hand turns the combination to the heart's most secret chamber, opening it when she pleases to read the documents hidden there. Grey straightened, the name had been flung at him baldly, distinctly in this public restaurant! He was furious; he guessed that, besides all the other misery he had brought upon his dear girl, he brought this annoyance, to have these rummaging females discuss their severed relations.

Then the control which made him an outstanding lawyer became his and Rachel's armor. "I fancy I could split on many a rock with you." He put his man's quizzical look on her, watching for results. When she winced, said grimly to himself, "All right, my friend, I had tenderness for you, a decent man's,

a brother's effort to understand and help . . . now I'll let you feel the lash."

(But he got the lash first.)

"We are thinking of asking Rachel to resign from the Probation Office. She's hardly—er—*thorough* enough for our work. . . . Dear dreamer! She has these easy-going idealistic notions."

Grey raised his eyebrows. "Really? I had been hearing of her success. The Steckovi family and that little pyromaniac, Jack Cooley—she really got hold of that demon; I have him in my office now, underfoot generally, but as yet no *feux de joies*."

"She's letting Sadie Tathorn, deliberately *letting her go* . . ." Miss Covent set her jaw.

"To the devil?" questioned the lawyer easily. His laugh was enigmatic. "Well" (ironically), "isn't that rather nice of Rachel? So many of us long to go to the devil but we won't be let. . . . You pillars of society make things so unattractive for us, you see." He smiled, his eyes bitter on this woman.

Grey paused, gathering up his hat and gloves. He stood there by Miss Covent's table a good build of well-muscled thinness. His hair dark, unflecked yet, but he looked like one who had known starved days and nights. The man's profile betrayed hours spent in too intense orgies with these solemn gentlemen of whom Mr. Blackstone leads the procession. Veblen and Bertrand Russell had built for him dreams that made him writhe on his gridiron of precedent. Now he opened lips purposely wary.

"You don't approve of Rachel's 'rescues'?" Grey called up some recent vision of Sadie Tathorn, that most predestined little figure in its fawn silk and blue hat with the curled yellow hair bunched over the ears. . . . "Little Mayfly Sadie," he said softly. "She dives rather fiercely into her day of youth!"

For answer, Miss Covent took up a black-and-steel bead bag. She consulted her wrist watch. "It's a pity

you and Rachel have stopped seeing each other," she observed, "you have . . . so much . . . in common!"

It was her way of snubbing the lawyer and what he stood for. Miss Covent knew she was doing right; she was Virtue putting down Vice. She set her chair neatly back to the table and, straightening, bowed. Grey saw the niggard movement of her figure as she walked to the door.

The red and yellow tulips that edged the narrow borders leading up to the steps of the Probation House were little things, ragged and nipped. As Grey's car whizzed by he thought they seemed to be blowing thin trumpets of warning. But they made him know that he couldn't read Mr. Blackstone any longer; he treated his car as a small boy treats a bathtub, he turned on everything.

Away out into the spring countryside he fared, moodily glaring ahead of him. Miles and miles of tender growing things, soft willows tinting the ways of woodland brooks, smell of warm budding, rods of trees where the sap crowded to spurts of life. Garret Grey rode on and on. . . . It was winter for him, November, miles and miles of barberry hedges, red berries like drops of blood!

Every once in a while a town like Origen, probably because of politics, permits an orgy. It does it because it has to, because whether the town knows it or not, there is orgy hidden in its breast (though it doesn't *call* it orgy).

That summer Origen had one of these queer affairs which begin with an opening prayer by leading politicians and end with lawsuits by reigning stenographers. When this orgy was being planned the officers of the Probation House merely folded their hands. They folded their hands and waited. There was to be a platform for dancing; booths, fortune-telling, a ferris wheel, and swings at Fantasy Island, where you went either by bus, or by scurrilous little motor boats.

Rachel heard all about it from Sadie

Tathorn, and in her capacity of lady sleuth advised the girl not to go. To her surprise her ward remarked:

"Me and Mr. Flynn hasn't no intention of going. We like to be by ourselves. We dance a lot in the Ravine, we practice together; do you know that new song 'My Potato Peel'?"

"Spiel, spiel, my potato peel,
You are the cutest little rag,
After you I'll tag,
For we dance till we reel
And our senses keel.
Tag—Tag—Tag—you're It!
My Po-ta-aaaaaaaay-to-Peel.

"Ain't it cute?" demanded Sadie. Her inflection was indescribable. "Sort of humorous, you know."

Veneer of screen and gramophone! Such strange film of modern sophistication laid over an entire fundamental ignorance, an almost animal being! Yet, Sadie, little victim of the mechanical and commercial age, was not doing so badly. If the purpose of life is pursuit of happiness, she was pursuing, even laying hold on it! She had a look of pride as she did her Potato Peel song and dance. Evidently the ennuied Flynn so far regarded her merely as an apt pupil and was shaping her for business; there was as yet no offering on any altar of emotion.

"So you're not going to the Fantasy Island picnic?" For the moment Rachel's brow lost its anxious line.

The girl laughed, she was even patronizing. "Oh, Miss Rochester, them picnics is so common! The way the girls go on with their gentlemen friends! I and Mr. Flynn wouldn't go if you was to serve us spun-glass strawberries and pearl-necklace ice cream."

"Spun-glass strawberries with pearl-necklace ice cream," Rachel's eyes showed interest; the other girl saw that she had made an impression.

"It's Shade's talk," she explained, adding with proud deprecation. "If I was to *tell* you the way he talks . . . like an advertisement, so fancy and yet

refined!" Something almost patronizing crept into the tone. Rachel knew that inflection—that of the woman who makes allowances for the extravagances of her lover. Sadie plainly pitied a woman who had no Mr. Shade G. Flynn to talk to her like that.

So that was the key-note . . . well . . . perhaps . . .

Rachel hesitated. She laid her hand on that hand trifling with a neck-chain of blue beads. . . . "Sadie, be careful." The dark-haired girl hesitated, then said very simply, "It looks as if sometimes, because of the future, we have to turn our backs on things . . . just because they *are* so sweet!"

The Club's Chairman, this straight, strong Rachel Rochester, said slowly, "The thing I've got to say to you, or I shouldn't be fit to live, is that some night in the Ravine, the loveliness of it all—the smells of the plants and the trees and the sound of the water and the way a man's voice sounds—sometimes these things will get like a drug—too strong—a girl is apt to get sort of unable to think—it's like *fire*—It's all beautiful—all true," said Rachel; she bit her lips, "but . . ."

"What d'yer mean?" asked Sadie.

The sweet blue eyes looked sulky suspicion.

The Club Chairman stammered. "You see, it's my job to be a friend to girls . . . and I want to be a real friend. . . . I can't follow you up as if you were . . . common . . . you're not; you're just a lovely little woman thing that wants life . . . and, life deals hardest with those . . . *who want it* . . . Sadie!"

The Rochester girl paused. Her ancestors and Sadie's were at grips now; it seemed that she could not make hers come forward in their nobility and calm. They seemed—evil-minded! What *her* ancestors said sounded cheap and commonplace as she tried for clarity and directness with that small figure so elusive in its pliable vagaries.

The Rochester girl stood there helpless in her grave wish to truly help the other.

... "I wouldn't go to the Ravine too much," she urged this in a stifled voice. "I wouldn't go there to-morrow night, when . . . when everyone else is away. . . . Come to my house with your, with Mr. Flynn, we'll have some music, ice cream." Eagerly Rachel urged the thing.

Then she saw her mistake, for the other with the air of a duchess turned. There was something strangely reserved in her inflection.

"Well, of course, I know you're lonesome, Miss Rochester—" Sadie's tone was laughably significant—"but me and my gentleman friend have this *engagement*."

It was superb; *noli me tangere*. . . . There are things certain kinds of people cannot do, but Sadie could; her little jab, absurd as it was, was well aimed!

The Club Chairman held out her hand. "Forgive me, Sadie, I didn't mean to interfere. Honestly, it would make me very happy if you *would* come to-morrow night. I shan't ask you again." Then the girl said that one thing she knew she must say, "If you ever need a friend . . ."

Oh, it was sordid, somehow; Sadie must have thought so. With a slight twitch of her scant skirts, she walked grandly away.

All the next day, hot, heavy leaved, great buses full of village families ran in the direction of Fantasy Island; the scurrilous motor boats could be heard going and coming.

Rachel, her head aching with the summer heat, saw the thing as one might have seen tumbrils going to and fro from some great scaffold of Humbug. She had the etched, detached view of the person who remains at home and sees only the drawbacks. For as evening came and the auto jitneys returned, full of sleepy children and mothers whose feet hurt them, she caught at straws of criticism. Now as darkness swallowed the town she knew that things at Fantasy Island were really on; the

strange sense of what slumbered in human beings reached out and laid hands on her. The Ravine. . . . Her thoughts turned to that dark cool stretch of woods; idly, she wondered if there were water in the brook now when everything seemed so dry. . . . Did the scent of mint and birches come as strongly to the nostrils? She pictured that little couple of the "Potato Peel Rag" wandering there this midsummer night, played upon by a thousand age-old things.

As the girl lay listless in her canvas hammock, staring into the hollow depth of summer night, she saw a familiar gray car glide by. A man with dark head and big chin leaned to look; he planted his gaze directly at her corner, at the white figure prone in the shadowed swing. This man, Rachel could see, wore white trousers and a dark blue belted coat—a coat she knew—she saw his hands on the wheel . . .

Miles and miles of barberry bushes with their thorns and drops of blood!

The car went very slowly, the man leaned as if hoping for a sign, a hand-wave, even a raised head. It was the night of Dionysia, all young things were so many torches to one another! But—but here was a torch turned down.

At about ten o'clock, when the last respectables of the Fantasy Islanders were returning home, the telephone rang sharply. Rachel heard Miss Covent's voice.

"Please listen attentively. I thought you ought to know. I learned at the drug store to-day that 'Shadow' Flynn frequently buys drugs. I saw him to-night with Sadie, making for the Ravine. You understand?"

"Yes!" The answering voice was cool.

"Rachel, this is your job! If you will go down there now I will go with you. Drag her away from him!"

The girl at the telephone stiffened at the theatrical note. "Oh, aren't you a little premature? If you were in the Ravine to-night would you be obliged

to anyone that 'dragged you away'?" Rachel smiled naughtily; the answer rapped back:

"Your own attitude is not the thing. Some of us may go too far and, losing a man's respect, become callous. . . ."

There was silence, then Miss Covent added in meaning tones, "I saw Garret Grey the other day, he was asking about you. I told him of some of your notions. Even he, a Radical, doesn't agree with you about Sadie."

The shaft struck home! Rachel was still a moment. Then, like a creature rising after a vital stab, "That is interesting!"

"To get back to business," came the decisive voice at the other end, "there is no doubt as to the outcome of this . . . Sadie's soul, her very life is in your hands!"

"Her . . . *life* . . . ! (Yes, I know.)"

"I can't order you." Miss Covent's voice showed how she regretted this. "I can't order you to go down there to the Ravine after her. I can't go myself, for it's not my job and I have no power over Sadie."

"No—" the younger woman almost laughed.

There was a moment's silence, then . . . "Yes or No, will you save this poor child, will you let her go to everlasting misery?"

Rachel's eyes widened. The Club Chairman got a glimpse of that other woman sitting at the end of the telephone this summer night, the night of Dionysia, of Life in its hundred forms and guises. She saw Miss Covent, rigid, denied, atrophied; strange, fugitive Seed lost forever, with all that lay within her, out of the great dream of physical creation, of realization—the girl's voice broke piteously, her hand passed swiftly over her young breast; she became suddenly motherly, tender, to another frustrated woman.

"Oh, my dear!" she called softly through the darkness, then strangely tender again, "Yes, Miss Covent, I will save Sadie, I will *save her* from . . . no,

don't worry any more, good-night—go to bed . . . I will save her!"

The connection was suddenly broken off. . . . Rachel sat, her face in her hands.

The clock struck the half hour after eleven; the girl rose and went to the window, looking out on the calm summer night. . . . Only three blocks away at the end of the town stretched the glimmering white path to the Ravine. The long lines of black evergreen trees were massed in solemn wall against moonlit sky. . . . Rachel looked for a long time at that mysterious shadow of that wall.

She dragged herself upstairs. All the house was quiet, the family asleep. Her aunt and cousin, the little maid, all single women, and she, a single woman, going to her virgin room! There in that room which had witnessed all her mental struggles, she went to a drawer and took out a photograph of Garret. She bowed her tense face on the man's pictured face; with the strength of her imagination gave herself to him she had denied. In the dark she undressed and lay down.

Twelve o'clock! Heavily, like a stone sinking through the ethereal summer night, the girl lay there, hearing little sounds in the trees, in the deep tide of the grasses. Sometimes along the leaves came the faint splurge of the band at Fantasy Island, sometimes laughing cries and, once or twice, those not laughing. Once, with straining sense, she thought she heard the dry little tinkle of a mandolin, but it might have been a cricket at his glassy dance. Once a firefly came by the window; it paused as if caught in the netting, showing obstinately its tiny pagan light.

The town clock struck one; the great ball of sound dropped like a plummet through the midnight.

Rachel lay staring at the shadow of a leaf branch on the white wall of her room. It swayed mystically. In the Ravine now there must be many fireflies, little pagan lights wayward on the

darkness. The tinkling mandolin must long ago have stopped and the glimmering faces and forms of two young things must long ago have merged into the great dream, the great processional Intention. . . .

Even now, with the pathetic, the unconquerable sense of failure and tragedy upon her, she could not tell exactly what she had done. For who knew? Who could know until all the Sadies in the world stood in their broken line, saying simply to their Creator, "Lord, we did but take the Life thou gavest us!"

Now to the girl lying there the thought of morning became a slow glittering terror. When morning came she must arise and face herself, seeing in her mirror not that one she had been used to seeing, Rachel Rochester, frank woman who handled realities and faced

problems, but a veiled and terrible priestess, who had let a little bewildered lamb run straight on the Knife. . . . And yet, and yet . . . Rachel with a moan gazed at that moon-branch pattern on the white wall; she clenched her hands.

Two o'clock. . . . Great stillness—a strange stir of sorrow in the leaves. Three o'clock. . . . Opaque, a light through which blind dreams trembled, the strange other side of the Wall of Life! Four o'clock. . . . The wondering note of a sleepy bird, a muffled misty dawn, furtive like one who would rather not bring back many sleepers from their walks of Dream. Then warm yellow morning filled the air. There was feverish stir of birds, light through leaves. Five o'clock. Six o'clock. Morning.





FROM HER THAT HATH

BEAUTY: ASSET OR LIABILITY?

ANONYMOUS

For many years the author of this article has been engaged in business with considerable success. Under the cover of anonymity, she has consented to write frankly, out of her own experiences, upon the difficult situation in which an attractive woman finds herself in the modern business world, at a time when women are invading business offices in increasing numbers but when nearly all the positions of authority are still held by the other sex.—*The Editors.*

NOT long ago a woman who had made an unsuccessful attempt to find work in New York came to me to complain. "It seems to me," she said, "that with the introductions you have given me and with my record for ability at home I should have found something here long before this."

I tried to explain that introductions, after all, are only a means of entrée, and that in coming to a strange city one has to blaze one's own trail. "I had to do it," I declared.

"You?" she questioned, with a show of scorn. "You never had to blaze a trail in your life. You're so good-looking that men are always ready to give you a chance."

"You mean," I interrupted, "that I have no ability?"

"Oh, no," she hastened to assure me. "You have that—loads of it. But you know that men take to you."

"I know nothing of the sort," I replied, emphasizing my declaration with vigorous details of the struggle every woman must go through to achieve success.

She remained unconvinced, and departed, petulant with a Creator who had made her plain and others attractive.

Often during my working years this accusation—or implication—has been hurled at me by less successful women and even by disgruntled men. Often I

have been told directly, or the innuendo has been repeated to me, that I secured jobs and held them because some man of power in the office took a personal interest in me. From the heart, and even with bitter memories, I can say that this is not true, either of myself or of many successful women I know who also happen to have been given that peculiar charm which bids men pay them attention. My own fifteen years' experience in the business world, and that of other women as well, has convinced me that this attraction is not so much of an asset as it is an added responsibility and even a liability for the woman who must earn her own living.

It is true that if a woman is handsome and smartly dressed she may be accorded a more cordial reception when she enters an office. She may even obtain a job more readily than a less gifted sister. But once the job is hers, she finds herself the object of constant scrutiny and criticism on the part of the women about her. Even large-minded women find it difficult not to be suspicious of pretty women. Even some men—small ones—are antagonistic towards those of the opposite sex who outdistance them on the road to success. Should those women have beauty added to their ability, they do not escape the petty insinuations and intrigues to be found in some degree in all offices. At first the

work of the attractive woman is the center of attack. The slightest mistake is made an unpardonable error. If her efficiency is above reproach, her personal character, and even her morals, are put under the microscope of their envy and discontent. Only too often, whatever her capacity for hard work and for accuracy and for achievement, her success is attributed to some particular fascination she may have for the men higher up in the office. Just as often their suspicions and their imaginations run riot to the point of disaster.

II

I learned this after I had been working only a short while. When I came to work I was not self-conscious about men. Women who are used to their attentions seldom are. Besides, the men I had known were of a good sort, and I met them on the basis of understanding and friendship. I had known only the women of my own circumscribed set. They, too, were of fine caliber. Therefore, I thought that human beings in general were the same. My first job almost destroyed my illusions.

I had secured this job through a close friend of an official of the company. Knowing nothing about business practice, I did not realize that anyone who is placed in an office over the head of the department chief is from the start an object of prejudice and antagonism. The office manager taught me this at once. I made a few mistakes as I was new to the work, and he called my attention to my slightest errors in a voice and manner which made me the center of observation of the entire office. There was, however, as his assistant a younger man of less acerbity. One day when I had made a minor mistake in judgment, and the office manager had shouted at me down the entire row of desks, this lad came back to me and said, "Don't mind what he says. Your work is splendid. You have brains. That's more than can be said of your

predecessor." A few weeks later the office manager went out and the younger man took his place.

Things changed for me at once. I was given every opportunity to get ahead and also that appreciation which inspires one to take pains with one's slightest task. In another department in the same office was an older woman who had been in the field many years and who occupied an enviable position both as to opportunity and salary. She had often gone out of her way to praise and encourage me. We soon became the best of friends. One day a difficult and unusual piece of work came into the office. She suggested that I should be given a chance to do it. My efforts were satisfactory and I received a raise in salary and was placed, also by this woman's suggestion, in her department in a position second only to hers. Then she was taken ill. For nearly five months her duties devolved upon me. During that time I came in direct daily contact with the office manager. He often talked with me about my work, sometimes consulting me about other departments. When the woman came back I was automatically relieved of her duties. During her absence, with the approval of the office manager and the board of directors, I had made some innovations in the department which had considerably increased the volume of business. She took up this work, complimenting my initiative, and suggesting to the office manager that I be given a vacation. When I returned she barely spoke to me.

I could not imagine what it was all about. When I questioned her she said with an enigmatic tightening of her lips, "I do not have to tell you. You know what's the matter—not with me but with you." Soon I noticed that the rest of the force in the department seemed afraid to have anything to say to me; and that when the office manager came to my desk for a word or sent for me to come to his desk all heads were turned in our direction.

Then one day he sent for me to tell me that I must go. He said, "I have never had to do a thing like this before. Your work has been a hundred per cent efficient. But Mrs. X, as you know, is close to the president. She has been with the firm for over twenty years. She knows all its secrets. Lately you have incurred her dislike. It may be partly my fault. When she took over the work of the new bureau which you started in her absence she did not take the trouble to acquaint herself with its details. She has made several grave mistakes. Protests came in from our clientèle. These were taken up at a directors' meeting. Unwisely, I fear, I recommended that you be given full charge of that particular bureau as it was your idea. When I told Mrs. X that it might be better for her to turn the work over to you or to consult you about it, she was furious. The president was here the other day and she had a long talk with him. The result is that you must go."

Naturally, I was crestfallen, as I had worked very hard and I knew that I had done good work. When my week was ended and I was leaving, just as I was getting out of the elevator, I ran into Mrs. X. She stopped me and very cordially asked me if I would run around the corner and have a cup of tea with her. I was astonished at the invitation but accepted it. She drank four cups of tea and, without any solicitation on my part, went round and round the reason for my dismissal, her explanations growing vaguer and vaguer until finally she blurted out, "My dear, let me give you a little friendly advice. In your next job don't have a love affair with the office manager. It doesn't pay."

There is only one word to express how I felt—flabbergasted. The office manager was the last person in the world for whom I could have had a personal liking. While a brilliant young man and an excellent employer, because he was not afraid to give praise when it was due, he was crude and often uncouth, and it was

sometimes difficult for me to hide a certain aversion I felt towards him. As he had behaved so finely toward me I could not tell Mrs. X this, but I did tell her what she already knew—that he was not the sort of man who could possibly attract me. And then came her flagrant betrayal of herself. "My dear," she asked me, "why did you inaugurate that bureau? The department was acquitting itself admirably enough. You only made more work for us and it has brought us little credit."

"That's not so," I declared. "It has increased the volume of business, or at least it had up to the time you took it over. I don't know what's happened since, as I haven't seen figures on it."

She hesitated, embarrassed, I could see, and then said, "Well, maybe so. But we don't need any more business. We've got all we can reasonably handle now." For that I had no argument. I already knew why I had lost my job.

I did not see the office manager for several years. One week-end when I was at home on a visit his wife asked me down to their place in the country. On Monday morning when he was driving me back to town, he slowed down, looked at me quizzically for a second, and said, "I'm going to tell you something that I am sure you never knew. I was very much in love with you when you were in my office. I had an awful fight with myself, and for several reasons. In the first place, I am very fond of my wife and I would not want to do anything to hurt her. In the second place, I knew that you did not give a hang about me. But you can't imagine what I went through for a while there."

Here I interrupted him. "I'm sorry you have told me this," I said. "I always thought you gave me a chance to get ahead because I had ability—"

"You have ability," he explained hastily, "but you have so many other things besides. Of course, I knew you would never look at me. I was not your kind. That only made it harder for me. I've got over it—maybe because I

haven't seen you for so long. But it was difficult while it lasted."

Now it seems to me that here I was working under a distinct disadvantage. While I, myself, was unaware that this man cared for me in any way, as he never made the slightest attempt to assume a personal friendship with me, there must have been something in his attitude towards me upon which Mrs. X based her insinuations. It might be said that, jealous of my ability, she would have resorted to some other fabrication in order to get rid of me. But there was no other available material. My work was good. I was punctual. I was subordinate. I attended to my own affairs. I did not play office politics. I am quite sure if I had happened to be entirely plain the office manager's praise of my work would not have been misconstrued.

The worst of this experience was that it did not end with my departure from that office. Mrs. X had to justify herself, and she did not hesitate to do so at my expense. Clever enough not to attack me in any particular spot, she told those who questioned her about me, even volunteering to those who did not question, that I had been let out because I was really not the sort of woman who worked well with other people. "She has ability," she would declare, "but she ought not to be working at all. She should be married to a very wealthy man who could give her a beautiful home in which to entertain on a large scale. That's what she is cut out for."

The city where this occurred was a fairly large one, but as I had been born there and my father had held high public positions in the state, I was not entirely obscure. Therefore, her barbed shafts took good effect. Wherever I went to seek for work, by some hint or questioning I knew she had hit the mark of the employers' business sagacity. Often indefinite excuses which I saw to be evasions or subterfuges were given for refusing to take me on. More often the excuses were not so indefinite. One man

said to me, "You know you were never made to work in an office. Your husband has been dead several years. Why don't you marry again?" Another, quite as direct, but of far coarser grain, remarked, "Why do you work? A woman as pretty as you are doesn't have to work." The appraisal in his eye compelled me to walk out of the office without replying. Yet another said, "The woman who gets this job has to assure me that she will stay and grow up with the business. You're bound to marry again." I assured him that marriage was no temptation to me. He only smiled. I was sure he had some other reason for refusing to consider my application. My intuition was correct. I knew his wife, a talkative, tactless little creature. Sitting next to me at luncheon one day, she said, "My dear, I have a compliment for you. My husband said you were in looking for a job and that he just couldn't bear to let you go, but that he couldn't have you in his office. Some man would be sure to fall in love with you."

At the time this seemed as absurd as it was unfair to me. What I did not know then but know now is that there are men of temperament and imagination to whom the propinquity of an attractive woman is disturbing and dangerous—especially if the woman herself is susceptible. I have seen deep attachments formed between such men and women in offices. In some instances they have been carried on with dignity and fineness. In others they have ended in confusion for the woman. Looking back with larger vision down the vista of my business years, I realize that this man, generally speaking, was justified. On the other hand, his decision points to a considerable stumbling block in the progress of the attractive woman. Men place themselves on the defensive against her. Either they fear that they may grow to like her too well; or, this having come to pass, they resent it; or, if not resenting it, they wish to protect her, and themselves as well, from the

comment of those about them. Men, ordinarily courteous, are sometimes deliberately curt and even rude to such a woman. Rather than meet her glances or lend themselves as prey to her beguilements, they turn their backs upon her or walk away from her before she has finished what it has been necessary for her to say to them. For fear of being accused of favoritism, they are swift to criticize her slightest error of judgment; or they are niggardly in their praise for work well done.

A charming and lovely woman with unusual ability, who sometimes confides in me, once asked me if I knew of a good job as she wanted to make a change. I was somewhat amazed, as the quality of her work was such that she was considered an incalculable asset to her firm. I knew, also, that one of its high officials thought very well of her. When I expressed my surprise she replied, "It isn't that I am not interested in my work. It satisfies me thoroughly. But I am not getting anywhere with it. I know Mr. Brown likes me. And that's the bad part of it. In the beginning his attitude towards me was obviously one of admiration. But I am used to being casual with men, and that didn't signify much to me. So when he was generous in praising my work, or came often to my desk to talk with me, I thought nothing of it. He has a quick ready mind, to which mine reacts as readily. I enjoyed mental tilts with him. I suppose our attitude towards each other excited comment in the office. He must have heard of it. Now he rarely speaks to me. When it is necessary for me to confer with him, he scarcely answers me. My work is infinitely better than it used to be, for I take it seriously and I am constantly studying to improve it. If suggestions of mine come up before the various committees, he does not advocate them until someone else takes the initiative. If the department over which I preside comes in for a share of praise, he remains silent. If there is a discussion or difference of opinion between me and

anyone else in the office and the decision is up to him, he always takes the side of those who oppose me. I have not had an increase in salary for over four years. Others in the office, with less standing and in really subordinate positions, have been raised again and again until they are higher paid than I am. When I ask him for more money he shrugs his shoulders, makes some inadequate excuse, and gives me an indefinite promise which never materializes. I know he likes me, for when I meet him outside of the office—as I do once in a while, for we have a few mutual friends—he is attention itself. He dances with me much oftener than is necessary. He seeks me as a dinner partner. He gives every evidence of enjoying my company. The next day in the office he is as distant as the peaks of the Himalayas."

I gave her some advice. The next time I saw her she told me that she had had a raise, received only after she had received an offer from a rival firm at a much larger salary. She said the president had sent for her and asked her why she was leaving. She told him it was purely a matter of appreciation and salary. He replied, "But Mr. Brown has never asked for an increase for you. I thought you were satisfied. As for appreciation, there is scarcely a directors' meeting at which your work is not highly spoken of." I know of many similar instances.

III

Life sometimes plays grim jokes upon these women with a native appeal. They are thrown into situations from which they extricate themselves with difficulty, and often with unhappy and even tragic consequences. They may be emotionally well balanced. They may be impervious to the attentions of men in general. But it may happen as well, as it sometimes does, that in an office they may meet the one man who strikes the actual spark, and they are then but the puppets of a fate not always beneficent.

Illuminating proof of this is the story

of a woman who was publicity director for a large financial corporation in the Middle West. One of its vice-presidents was a man of attainment and wide appeal. He was considered the most charming and the most eligible bachelor in society. Women were quite mad about him. A man's man as well, he spent most of his leisure at his club, on the golf links or at his hunting lodge. While he did not by any means shun the society of women, his attitude towards them was one of amused tolerance. As often happens to the impervious male, one day the one woman entered the field of his complacency. It was the new publicity director. Supervision of the publicity department was one of his duties. Dissatisfied with the man who had been handling it, he had heard of this woman when he was on a business trip to New York. Returning home he had written to her, negotiating for her services entirely by mail.

She had not been with the firm a week when everyone in the office saw what was happening. Ordinarily, when he wished to communicate with his subordinates he had done so by memoranda, or had sent his office boy or secretary to call them to his office. Now, on the most trivial excuse—and he found many such during the day—he was at the publicity director's desk. When he talked with her his eyes devoured her. He began at once to extoll her ability to the other officials. Never at any time personally solicitous about the working conditions in the office, he became remarkably so about hers. He used to inspect the radiator in her office to see that it was giving off enough heat. He had her desk moved so that she would have the proper light to work by. He found out that she sometimes stayed after hours to finish up odds and ends. At five o'clock every evening he came in and ordered her to go home. One morning when she came into the office on her desk was a majolica bowl filled with American Beauty roses. As long as she was in the office the bowl was kept filled with flowers. Soon the

latest books appeared as a morning greeting. They bore no card. But she knew who put them there. Women know such things, especially if the attraction is mutual. And this was. When she realized it she tried to struggle against it. Her efforts might have been successful had they not met unexpectedly at dinner at a friend's house one evening. He took her in to dinner. They found that they had many tastes in common. They liked the same books, enjoyed the same music. They had many identical faiths and ideals. The man, except for the social amenities of chatting casually with his hostess and an old friend or two, paid attention to no one else. They were both completely engrossed in each other. He asked if he might call upon her. She knew she should have made some excuse. But she was caught up in an eddy whose swirl was stronger than her self-control. And then they both threw their logic and their sense of values to the four winds.

Things might have gone differently if the Chairman of the Board of Directors, who was an absentee, had not sent an order to place a protégé of his, a young boy, in the Publicity Department as an assistant. The woman did not mind this in the least. The boy meant well enough, but he was stupid and inefficient. The orders were that he was to learn the work from the ground up. He was utterly incapable of learning anything. Like most of the unintelligent he was sly. The woman was patient and painstaking with him, as she felt it was part of her work to teach him what she could. But the Vice-President resented his being there. He felt that the boy was put in for the purpose of learning the job and replacing the woman. He did not hesitate to make things most uncomfortable for the lad. And then one day when the woman returned from luncheon earlier than usual she heard the boy talking in the next office with the Vice-President's secretary. "They get away with murder," was what the boy said. The secretary's reply was, "I am so sick

of hearing how wonderful she is. Everything she does is gone over and over with bursts of praise. I can work like a slave and all I get is a grunt and a five-dollar raise in three years." There were other remarks of a much less pleasant nature. As the woman was not an eavesdropper she closed the door. She had heard enough.

That night, after a vigil with her soul, she knew what to do. She cared too deeply for the man to jeopardize his standing and integrity. A few days later he went away on a trip. During his absence she resigned. When he returned he was astounded. His questioning brought only the response that she was homesick and wanted to go back East again. He tried to dissuade her, but she was adamant. When she returned East, he followed her. They would have been married, but he was taken ill and developed double pneumonia. In less than a month he was dead. The woman was so stricken that it took her a long time to recover. As a matter of course her work suffered. She was in no condition to take a job as exacting as the one she had. So for several years she filled subordinate positions, gradually working back again. In the meantime she had had to draw upon her savings, and through the decrease in her salary was out several thousand dollars.

Now the practical ones of this world may accord her little sympathy. Castigation falls glibly from the tongues of the complacent. But the inner defenses of the mind are as tissue paper ramparts before the whirlwind of unexpected emotions. I have seen men of high character, and women too, go down before them. One thing, however, is patent. Had this woman been plain and without that subtle essence which, even more than mere beauty, makes women captivating to men, her ability would by now have brought her to the top of her profession with an established competency greeting her middle years. Instead of which she is just now picking up again.

IV

Instances of this sort are rare, owing I think, to the paramount fastidiousness of the gifted woman. She is usually at work because she wants to work. The work, for this reason, occupies the larger area of her mind. Because men may be to her just episodes in the wide horizon, only a man of unusual attainments can win and hold any real place in her life. And this is another handicap in her progress, for her indifference is bound sometime or other to antagonize men whose attention she flouts. The male of the species does not relish being made ridiculous.

Recently a man who employs many women in his office, in discussing this question with me asked, "But isn't it true that women are pretty well able to protect themselves from unwelcome attentions from the men in the offices where they work?"

I replied, "Women are always able to protect themselves from unwanted attentions wherever they may be. But they cannot always forestall disagreeable presumptions on the part of the men." And this is so. American men, as a rule, are splendid in their attitude towards women who work for them. By the time they have arrived at an age to occupy positions of standing they usually have homes and families of their own. While some of them are willing to be knights errant, they are not anxious to have their office régime disrupted. But there are men, coarse-grained, and without sensitiveness or sensibilities, who cannot recognize these qualities in others. To them the woman who attracts their eye is so much natural prey. When it is necessary for a woman in the employ of such a man to put him in his place, being of small caliber, like as not he will resent it. If so, she might as well look for another job. Even captains of industry may be less than lance corporals when it comes to taste and perspicacity.

An amusing experience of this sort happened to a friend of mine, a woman

of real attraction. Having heard that a large brokerage firm in her city was looking for a woman to sell bonds in the country districts, she applied for the job. In due course she received a letter from the General Manager asking her to call upon him. After he had questioned her as to her education and experience he decided she was just the person he needed for the work. He said he wanted a woman of pleasing appearance, who was used to meeting people, and who could talk convincingly. Not exactly committing himself, he asked her to drop in again in a few days. The next time she called he riveted his eyes upon her in a way in which made her ill at ease. As she rose to go, he said he would let her know definitely in a few days. One evening shortly after dinner her doorbell rang. She opened the door and there stood this man. Astounded, she asked him in, as there was nothing else for her to do. The man informed her that he had come to tell her that he had decided to give her the job. He stayed on and on and she had a difficult time to make conversation. Finally he asked her if she would go to dinner with him. Not wishing to offend him she excused herself on the plea of another engagement. Later she received a letter asking her to come to work the following Monday. Saturday evening he appeared again. Again he asked her to dine with him. She told him it was quite out of the question. Then he tried to take her in his arms. Having a volatile temper, she was not sparing in what she said to him. He had a temper, too. "You needn't bother about coming in on Monday morning," he said. "The woman who gets this job has to go out a good deal among men. If they ask her to dine or to take a run out to the beach for a dance and for supper, she must be ready to do so. I see you would never do."

"Decidedly not," she agreed with him.

As he was leaving he shook his finger at her and said, "Young lady, your greatest asset is your beauty. If you expect to get along in the business world

you've got to learn to unbend. Some day you'll find this out. If you don't you'll fail."

Some years after she was dining in a club in New York when this man came in and sat down at an adjoining table. She hoped he would not recognize her, but he did. Later in the evening he came over to the table. "I want to congratulate you on your success," he said to her. "I have been hearing a great deal about you and how well you are doing."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," she replied. "It may be interesting for you to know that I have succeeded without following your advice."

"Unusual for such a pretty woman," he laughed back, uncomfortable though he looked. His idea that a woman can succeed best by capitalizing her personal appeal was completely wrong. No woman, I believe, goes very far who tries to do so. She survives only so long as her beauty—and nothing is so evanescent as that—unless with it go intelligence, talent, and the capacity for hard work. The majority of business men look for efficiency in their employees. If they do favor a pretty woman they are quick to discern a lack of intelligence or effort or efficiency on her part. If they do not see it themselves, someone else in the office will be sure to do so, and her career will suffer.

I once knew a girl who had not only real beauty but charm and verve and more than a fair degree of intelligence. At college she was a reigning belle and, what was unusual for one so popular, excelled in scholarship. After graduating she did not return to the town where she was reared, but went to a larger city to go into business. She took up salesmanship and started out with some success. What she lacked was a real sense of values. Carried away by the adulation she received on all sides, she was not discriminating in the attentions which she allowed men to pay her. Unable to divorce the personal and the business relationships—a capacity which every-

one who succeeds must have—she capitalized her attractiveness. Her candle was ever burning at both ends, until one was tempted to wonder if her work were not just a cloak behind which to hide her flamboyant digressions. Long before she was thirty her beauty was on the wane. At thirty-five scarcely a vestige of it remained. When a woman has depended so largely on her personal appeal to carry her along, she is bound to go under when that fails her. Gradually this girl lost her hold. Intelligent enough to understand what had happened to her, she had not the resilience nor the inward resources to rehabilitate herself. Finally she married a kind but uncultivated and inadequate man whom she would never have considered in her youth. She had compromised with life; now it has lost its color for her, and she has become a drab household drudge, with no outlook but that of perpetually having to make the best of a bad bargain.

There are among those who occupy the more subordinate positions in offices pretty and attractive girls who do, perhaps, benefit because they are appealing. But only in small ways. They may, occasionally, excite the interest of their employers to the extent of getting slight raises in salaries; but even this is more or less contingent upon their ability. The business world is cold toward those who have no real diligence. The routine

jobs, such as stenography, filing, and clerical work, are exacting in their demands. Those who occupy them are judged and rewarded according to the quantity and quality of their accomplishment. Sooner or later the girl who concentrates on extraneous effects rather than upon the work at hand comes to an impasse. I have never seen it fail.

Looking back from the portals of middle-age to the years in which I have climbed to some success, I cannot say, either of myself or of other women of the same endowments, that any interest men have taken in us because of them has helped us on the way. The fact that we did have to struggle against our own liking for admiration or against the superfluous attentions of men, may have strengthened us in our purpose to achieve through the sheer force of our talents. It may have developed our tact. It may have given us poise. It may have taught us real values. Certainly it has taught us that what really count in life are diligence, self-control, and a high knowledge of the essentials of true living. But it has made our business life more difficult, more uncertain. It has been said, "To him that hath shall be given." Of the woman whose heritage is beauty, or charm, or whatever it is that makes her captivating, and whose destiny it is to be Saturday's child, it might also be said, "From her that hath shall be taken away."

The Lion's Mouth



GOLDEN DAYS AT ROYAL COURTS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WHEN "The Lion's Mouth" was very young and I was at least younger than I am now, I crept up, one quiet evening, and slipped in a contribution in which I confessed my love for the handbook, for those instructive and cheery little volumes which go forth under such names as *Trout Flies for Northern Waters*, *Our Leading Orchids*, and *Master Billiards*.

To this early affection I am still constant at heart. Volumes on gardens, on horsemanship, and on bell-ringing for sextons still form an indispensable part of my library, but through the subtle suggestion of these I have now worked back to an older, more serious love—a love for memoirs.

That in this greater passion I am not alone I need no reassurance, for one of the amazing phenomena of the literary world in the last few years has been the avidity with which the public has seized upon a new flood of memoirs, a kind of production which, it was supposed, had reached its apex with Lady Burton and Madame Waddington. Week after week the reviews are swamped by fresh *Memories of The Sixties*, *The Eighties*, *The Nineties* and even *The Nineteen Hundreds*. It only remains, ere the year is out, for some youngster, dreaming and sighing at a table in The Algonquin, to put forth a volume entitled *Fading Figures of Nineteen-Twenty-Six*. And if

he does, I shall read it faithfully, understanding completely the mellow spirit in which it was conceived.

To a writer of fiction the present stampede for memoirs must be highly ominous, but to one who is not only a writer of fiction in his professional hours but a lover of memoirs in his own private evenings, the reason for it is painfully apparent. Memoirs, biographies, and reminiscences are giving to a restless world something for which it ardently hungers but which fiction, most stupidly, refuses to supply.

Memoirs, in short, have all the desirable qualities of fiction with the disagreeable parts left out. What the human soul craves at the present moment is security, warmth, and a certain luxury—to which, of course, may be added color and charm. And it is into an atmosphere of precisely this sort that a reader of memoirs is instantly plunged.

Fiction, on the other hand, has become the slave of a foolish and tasteless tradition which, to a gentle mind, passes comprehension. It has been decreed by the high gods of literature that the essence of fiction shall be "conflict" or "clash." To this has been added "action," which is usually taken to mean unpleasant action. As a result, the mind of a reader, in approaching a "story," is jumpy and ill-at-ease. He knows that the author will build up his card houses only in order to knock them down again in the next chapter. If the story opens on a delightful picture of home life, it is a virtual certainty that, at nightfall, the head of the house will come home and announce that he is broke. Youth will strive only to find disappointment, and lovers will marry only to fight.

Let us take, for example, the same events and the same set of characters and see how they would be treated by an author of fiction and a writer of memoirs. A luxuriant scene in the tropics will best suit our purpose, as both classes of writers have a peculiar fondness for palm trees and colonial life.

To begin with, the scene would be laid out in almost identical terms. We should have, let us say, a delightful garden party in the afternoon, decorated by a native band, by British officers in full uniform, and honored by the governor general and his wife. There would be, in both books, the interesting blonde lady, "just out from home," and the handsome young officer who was gambling away his pay. In the opal sunset the characters would drive home to their baths and their punkahs and all the rest of their oriental luxury in order to dress for the formal dinner and grand ball at Government House.

It would be, in short, exactly such a scene as any of us would delight in sharing; and up to this point the two authors would treat it exactly alike. But in the book of memoirs I, at least, should enjoy every word of that opening chapter. In the book of fiction I should not. For I should know that, inside of fifty pages, the young officer would blow his brains out, the handsome blonde lady would marry the worst rotter in the book, the hill tribes would rise and kidnap the hero, and one of the native servants would go around saying, "Yes, Sahib," and putting fine drops of snake poison in each of the liqueurs.

Now there may be persons who like to dine under such circumstances, but I am not one of them. When I settle down for an evening's pleasure I like it to last. And how much more delightfully a book of memoirs would bring it off:

. . . Towards ten o'clock there broke out a most indescribable tumult in the native quarters, a shouting, a wailing, a beating of tom-toms and shrieks to wake the dead. One or two of the ladies looked anxious, but Cap-

tain Smith-Simmons, the adjutant, only smiled. At midnight, when the outburst was actually interfering with the music of the orchestra, the officer of the guard sent down an Irish sergeant who came back with a broad grin and three frightened Chinamen. It seems that the child of one of them had discovered an old silk hat belonging to a Jumpah woman. Hence the outcry. For my part the evening was particularly memorable because it was the last occasion on which I saw Mr. Joseph Choate.

From the pleasure they give and the calm maturity with which they are written it would seem, at first glance, that the writing of memoirs calls for a higher talent than the writing of fiction, but this is disproved by the endless numbers of first-class memoirs. There are, I am sure, a dozen excellent memoirs for one excellent novel. It is not, indeed, so much a question of talent as of being born to the atmosphere, or else of having had marvelous luck. Unlike a novel, a book of memoirs must not only "come out all right in the end," but it must start all right and continue all right, all the way through.

To do the thing properly, a writer of memoirs should not only be born in comfortable circumstances but he should begin to build up a wide calling list at the age of three. An Englishman has not much chance at this happy profession unless he can have had personal, childhood memories of Gladstone, Disraeli, the Duke of Devonshire, and, if possible, the great Wellington. An American writer had better seek some other trade unless he can say:

But among all our visitors, that winter in Boston, my own favorite was Longfellow . . .

From his own writings I had never thought of Longfellow as a man about town, but I have read at least two hundred memoirs in which the writer belonged to a household at which Longfellow dropped in regularly every Friday night.

With such a start it goes without say-

ing that one will have influential relatives. If any event is called in question it can always be verified by "my sister Lily who afterwards married the Duc de Pau." Nor is a wearisome education at all necessary. Roaming for six or eight years all over the continent of Europe will fit one much better for the part. Nevertheless, one must be incessantly on the alert. From the earliest age one must be prepared to start at an instant's notice for the most remote quarter of the globe in order to be there at the exact moment when all the other celebrities are there. Once arrived, no time need be lost in making acquaintances, for whether it is a question of a prime minister or a great violinist, "he had known my father twelve years before in New Orleans and took me at once into his intimate circle"; but just the same the mere task of meeting so many important persons in a given lifetime requires a genius of no common sort.

Most writers of memoirs apparently solve this problem by going into the diplomatic service. But *such* a delightful view is given of foreign affairs! As for example:

. . . The mention of wines reminds me of a most ludicrous incident.

The British ambassador at that time was Sir Maurice Hill. One night I had taken off my evening gown after a fancy dress party when I heard some one stumbling around the compound and, supposing that it was Arthur, I went out just as I was.

As I reached the veranda, whom should I meet but Sir Maurice. On his head was a paper foolscap, which he had acquired at the party, and in his hand was a huge sack from which were issuing a dozen live serpents.

It seems that that irrepressible Szlenzo, the Austrian attaché, suspecting that Arthur might underestimate the strength of the port and burgundy, had hired a native to catch him a dozen harmless but most repulsive reptiles which he had then left on our front veranda. Arthur, as it proved, was to return home later with a perfectly clear head but Sir Maurice, dropping in from a little chat, had stepped squarely into the lot.

Seizing the embroidered cover of a divan, I hastily wrapped it over my déshabille, but twenty-five years later when I met Sir Maurice, then Lord Chelsea, at Buckingham palace, his first words were, "Don't worry. I haven't brought any snakes!"

It must not be thought that writers of memoirs never have any troubles. Of course they do, but the jaunty air with which they face them is one of the very things that most captures my imagination.

The following year (they write) was one of the saddest of my whole life. After a lingering illness, my dear father died and it was unhappily discovered that almost his entire fortune had been allowed to slip away through his regal generosity and unbusiness-like habits. My cousin Cyril came down from London and we had a serious family conference after which it was decided that Lily had best remain in Rome, where she took the tiny Lescova palace, with only a few of our old servants. My mother went up to Scotland with Lady Bang, while "Tu-Tu" and I, as the youngest, were sent to Switzerland with only our nurses and Sir Gerry Scott, who had promised to keep an eye on us all.

Yes, it was *sad*, that part, but wasn't it better than having Lily take up stenography and getting Tu-Tu a job in a bank? Yet that is what would have happened in fiction. Lily would have gone to the bad and then to the good again and then, when Tu-Tu had foiled the bank robbers and married some wholly preposterous person, the whole thing would have been put on the screen as "The Sweetest Story Ever Told."

But not for me. I vote for Switzerland and Sir Gerry Scott. Homer and Milton may have needed a "clash" to bring out their genius and modern criticism may require that a novelist drag his protagonists through all the misfortune of two hemispheres to give them "dramatic power." Well, let them do it. Let those who will read their fine fancies of gloom and disaster.

But as for me, leave me in peace with my cheery memoirs and their simple, unvarnished chronicles of everyday life.



FOOTNOTE IN FILAGREE

For a Biological Encyclopedia

BY NIVEN BUSCH

(*Oysters reared in sea-water incubators at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, exhibited, when grown, a penchant for bachelordom.*—News Item.)

UNLIKE the newt, the scallop, or the snail—

Creatures that clip and breed in every spate—

Your inbred oyster cherishes the frail

Remunerations of a celibate.

He does not lurch through deep-sea aisles to sate

His pinquid hungers, nor does he bewail

The flinty shell whose hard crystalline pale Derides his shy advances to a mate.

But while the rhythms of the breeding sea

Incite crustacean rakes to headlong orgy,

He views life's purposeless prolixity

With measured horror, thinking, "Though

I am

Unloved, I'd rather shut up like a clam

Than cast my pearls, perhaps, before a porgy."



STUDY IN BLACK LACQUER AND RUST

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

"A FORD," said Phineas, "will run whenever a quorum of its parts is present."

Phineas was not joking. We were chugging up the side of a perpendicular ridge in the Alleghenies when he spoke, having come thither from Cape Cod,

New London, Perth Amboy, Caledonia, Seven Stars, and Gap; so that just what constituted a quorum was important to decide.

Our vehicle suddenly decided for us. With its nose in the air at the steepest grade above the Old Well in the Wall, it stopped going forward and began to go backward, in spite of all clutches, all brakes. Not rapidly backward, but backward, if I make myself clear. Phineas was diligently working all devices for retarding this form of motion. It was not the sort of road where one willingly takes to the ditch.

"Do you suppose you could get out carefully," inquired Phineas between his teeth, "and find a big stone?"

Out I slid, reversing the correct position for leaving a street-car in motion, and sped to the precipice near by. Two good slabs of granite suitable for paving stones I seized, and ran to the aid of my retreating spouse. As I ran my brain repeated that cheerful motto, "It gets you there, it gets you back." Just now for the moment it was getting us back. Dashing well to the rear of the down-sliding machine, I placed my stones and hopped aside. The slim wheels of our frail Juggernaut felt of the obstructions, jounced a little, threatened uneasily to mount over them, and lodged.

"Very good!" said Phineas, "we'll let the engine cool."

While it cooled he sat within our phaeton, holding tightly all the brakes. I removed my suitcase from the back seat and sat on it to wait.

"When you start," said I firmly, "I shall follow on foot, bringing this suitcase and a stone."

Phineas protested but he was in no position to coerce. I took up my traveling bag and my running position in the rear, and waited for the starter's gun. A few false beginnings, a few lingering deaths of the engine, and we began to move, at a snail's pace first, next with unsnail-like coughs and jerks, and then more steadily so that I had to quicken my gait a trifle to keep up.

I had adjured Phineas not to stop for me but to husband carefully all spare momentum for the final spurt. The grade was now so steep that it tilted our vehicle unnaturally on end and made me, in my capacity as trailer, puff. Through the window in the rear curtain I could see the dogmatic set of Phineas's ears as he drove rigidly on, and uncontrollably I began to laugh. Trotting ardently behind our own conveyance, with a suitcase in one hand and a paving stone in the other, I made a fetching picture for tourists coming down. But I could not stop until, triumphant, we reached the crest. Then I rejoined Phineas, and gravely we shook hands.

I do not tell this story in disparagement of our Car. The least criticism would seem to me disloyal to the vows I plighted on my wedding day. The sturdy Ford was already getting along in years when I married into it. Hither and yon it had conveyed its master Phineas in the excursions of his bachelor days—an aggregate jaunty distance of nearly twice around the world. One can understand that it was by the time I met it a confirmed bachelor Ford. It and its owner knew all each other's little ways. I think I detected a trace of the Centaur motif in their complete at-oneness. If anything, it was I who was on probation, received into their long companionship as a new element, spiritually, an addition to their projects and no great burden to the springs, but still an extra passenger taken on. By way of propitiation, on long trips I learned to pack my belongings light and to offer the hospitality of my hat-box to the Centaur's panama.

From the first also I learned to refrain from comment, allowing car and master to work out the route together as in other days, while I, upon request, unfolded fluttering square yards of map against the wind and preserved the high impersonal behavior of a guest. This absolved me from responsibility, and from broils.

Once or twice, to be sure, I have been

known to ask a leading question, as when, one early Sunday morning, we were skimming through the city of Washington, past the Naval Observatory and down Massachusetts Avenue. We turned at a spanking clip around Dupont Circle, when suddenly out from behind us came bowling a detached automobile wheel, running briskly by itself, about to pass us on the left.

"Some poor duck," mentioned Phineas, "has lost a wheel." Our own car at this moment was sagging gently in the back.

"You don't suppose," I ventured, "that it is ours?"

At this, our left-hand hindmost brake-drum settled down. With no further parley Phineas leaped out and ran after his own rear wheel, looking like a vivacious advertising poster of "Time to Re-Tire." Miraculously, our wheel went tooling along under its own power ahead of him, well balanced, hooplike, gravely steering a true course. Through Dupont it sped, veered around the corner of Connecticut Avenue, rolled smoothly down Connecticut toward the White House, with Phineas hard after it, and was still going nicely when he laid a detaining hand on its shoulder, as it were. When Phineas and the wheel came back again, hand in hand, I was seriously jacking up our rear.

One can plainly see that I am a model wife. I vary from the politest stranger only in that I am handy with the jack, know how to find the tools, and can take the brunt of conversations with talkative standers-by when Phineas makes repairs.

When other topics of comment have been covered, our highway friends turn their attention to our instrument board. Time was when Phineas spent his days testing and developing aircraft-instruments for measuring altitude, direction, and speed. He has an assortment of such devices attached to the machine, some of them gifts from manufacturers, some of them home-made—altimeters, gauges, high-speed indicators, airplane-engine thermometers with dial reading, a

watch, a compass, and even a thermometer in our roof. With so many dials and mercury-threads registering all around us, we can feel as up-to-the-minute as if we were in the cockpit of a plane. At least, Phineas can feel that way. As for me, I am never sure that I am reading the instruments aright. I have learned, for example, that the altimeter is really a barometer at heart; when the pointer is up, you can never be sure whether it means that you are on high ground, or that it is going to rain. If the dial-reading suddenly advances more than a thousand feet, however, Phineas assures me, I may be comparatively confident that we are going up.

Garage-men and hotel-people never fail to appreciate the discrepancy between our scientific equipment and our material wheel-base—such delicate instruments on so indelicate a car. Said one meditative Yankee at a filling station in the Berkshires as he saw us off, "I should calculate that what ye've got on that there dashboard is wuth more than everything else in the hull car."

To Phineas, I think, it is. The dials have measured for us many a variant temperature, many an up and down. Sometimes we wonder if there might be also a sensitive dial to register our joys: to record the loveliness of a morning mist rising off Long Island; the glory of autumn trees alongside Jacob's Ladder at sunset on the Mohawk Trail; or the afternoon lights on the peach blossoms around a certain valley that Phineas calls Nook Hollow, halfway between Fox Chapel and Harmarville, on a deserted woodland road. If we could devise an indicator for these it would afford fresh topics for our friendly passers-by.

The car now bears such marks of travel that we have little fear of thieves and need no longer reckon in "depreciation" when we figure up its annual cost. We have already depreciated practically all we shall. We do not expect to sell at a profit or trade it in. Another year, we plan to pension it and let it spend its last of life at the family's summer home near Buzzard's Bay. There, with all the tribal mechanics to attend it, it will have pleasant vacation jaunts from house to bathing-beach. It will feel once more the salt of fishing-creels and clam-baskets in its tonneau; and we shall be in the market for another kind of car.

But when we get into our dapper little Priceler and drive away, leaving our true old steed behind us in its stall, I think it will be a long time before we feel quite like ourselves again. We shall look more presentable, but we shall not feel more gay. And when, of an April twilight, we are loitering back from an afternoon tramp around Nook Hollow on one of our deserted woodland roads, I know I shall glance down under our favorite parking tree, half-expecting to see there waiting for us that high old flaring top. It will not be there, any more. We shall step into our suitable motor car and drive smoothly off, and it will run easily. But on the highways of remembrance there will be traveling still a certain homely vehicle that we shall not forget. It will jog along companionably in retrospect over many a bumpy road, its thermometers set for July weather and its altimeter set for rain, behaving competently in our memories and transacting business in parliamentary form, with a full and adequate quorum of all its parts.



Editor's Easy Chair



NEIGHBORS, RUM, AND LOVE OF MONEY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

DOES it matter at all to us of the United States what sort of people inhabit the earth outside of this country; what varieties of them increase and flourish? Does it make any difference about neighbors? Have we any choice about them? Do we think of some as good, and of others as not so good? Have we any concern that people of derivation more or less like our own shall continue healthy and powerful in the world, and not suffer unduly from the pressure of other peoples of quite different derivation?

This concern about our neighbors can be overdone of course, but it has some importance. Are we doing anything about it—doing anything we ought not to do, neglecting anything that we ought to do? Take our nearest neighbor, Canada. Canadian prosperity, which was going strong up to 1914, has not recovered yet since the war. Population does not increase yet. Business is no better than it should be. One particular reason is that the great prosperity of this country has been sucking away population and energy from Canada. Perhaps we can't help that, yet we have not even kept hands off, but have made a tariff which makes it difficult for Canada to pay in goods and raw materials for what she buys from us. That seems rather mean, but, of course, it is a way nations have in this world; but does it make any difference to us whether Canada prospers or not, whether her population increases or not, whether her

people live comfortably or not? Does it matter whether the United States has a prosperous neighbor or not on this northern boundary? Of course, it matters greatly, but when we make a tariff we don't seem to think of it.

Does it matter to the United States whether Great Britain survives or not; whether she prospers, goes strong, holds her own in the world?

One would never think so when he observes how hard-pinched England is nowadays and how much our Uncle Sam is taking out of her for the war debts. All the same, to the United States as a country of English-speaking people, of laws based on the common law of England, of a literature so considerably British, the prosperity of the British races is a concern of intimate importance. Does anyone suppose that, if the traditional sun which never sets on the British Empire should show obvious signs of setting, the prestige and welfare of the United States would be unaffected? Of course, they would be affected! The purposes of the United States and of the British Empire as factors for civilization are very like. Their security is promoted and their service to the world is vastly bettered and increased by co-operation. Neither could view in these days without worryment the deterioration of the other.

Consider France! Would it be nothing to the United States that France should go to pot? One reads, not knowing how large a proportion of it is

gossip, that the disposition of France to lean on black soldiers for military protection is producing overmuch mulatto population in France. Now in this country the sentiment is strong that when a white stock of the human race runs to colors it is deteriorating. Would it be nothing to the United States if this process should seem to be in operation in France? Is it more to the United States to collect war debts from France than that the purity of the French population should be maintained?

France and Great Britain are the countries mainly concerned in these considerations because we have negotiated deals (some of which at this writing still hang fire in the Senate) about debts with Italy and most of the others that owe us. But about all people with whom we are concerned at all—and that means the whole world—the thought is pressing: does it make a difference to us whether we have good neighbors or not in this world, and if it does, are we doing what we can to have good neighbors, and avoiding so far as possible what might hinder it?

THE detail of our dealings with our neighbors most discussed is this one about the war debts. We are thought to be much too solicitous to collect what on paper is due us. Our government borrowed money of its people to put into the war. It lent some of that money to the Allies. It was a matter of life and death to them to have it. From the time we entered the war until we were able to send over troops in important numbers—a period of considerably more than a year—it was largely by use of American money and American credits that the Allies were able to do what they did in holding their lines and continuing their operations. What has been hard to make a large proportion of the American people realize is that from the time in 1917 when we declared war on Germany we were in the war, and that this money we borrowed and lent was our fighting force, and for a good while

the only one outside of our Navy that we could furnish. After the war had been won and as it gradually appeared that the world was not completely saved, this idea, common enough in 1917, that we were fighting with our money fell out of notice to be succeeded by the observation that we had the notes of various foreign countries for very large sums, that we were paying interest on the money we borrowed and lent, and that no one seemed disposed to pay us back anything. So considerable energy was spent on the labors of collection. The arrangement with England was made by which we have been getting considerably more money out of the British taxpayers than they can safely spare us; and we have haggled with the other countries—Belgium, France, Italy, and the rest—and, as said, have made settlements with some of them, and it has not been for nothing; for out of the haggling and all that have gradually come increasing doubts whether these collections were wise; whether indeed they would ever pay us even if we got the money that was promised us; and out of these reflections seems to be emerging the conclusion that as between the United States and any other country which owes war debts the thing most important to consider is the economic condition of the debtor country and what, if anything, it can afford to pay. In other words, we are making progress towards the conviction that it is important to have good neighbors in the world; more important indeed than to collect war debts which the nations that owe them cannot afford to pay.

When Mr. Mellon came out the other day with the flat assertion that prosperous countries to trade with were worth more to us in dollars and cents than all the war debts due us, that was something. It showed progress, not necessarily in Mr. Mellon's own mind—for he may have been of this opinion for a long time—but progress in that he thought the public mind had reached such a point that his thought could be imparted

without too great shock. So later, when Senator Smoot said that the money we had loaned and were loaning in Europe would never be paid back to us so long as the money center of the world continued to be in the United States, that also was interesting, and showed progress towards the idea of what our present office in the world now is, and what are the obligations of it.

Evidently they are not merely to collect money from Europe and keep it in bank vaults: evidently not to contribute to the distress of struggling nations already hard put to it by over-eager efforts to collect dues from them. Probably in the end we shall do what we ought to do about these European debts. When it came to an arrangement with Italy a new principle in collections began to show itself, and in due time, perhaps in overdue time, that spirit still further developed will probably govern.

THE love of money! The love of money! Verily, it is the root of all evil, as Scripture says. It seems to bedevil the minds of men, make them see things big that they ought to see small, make them see things small that they ought to see big. In this matter of the debts of Europe the thing to do is to see Europe big and the debts little. The thing that our cash-register patriots have been too apt to do has been to see the debts big and Europe negligible.

And consider Prohibition. What primarily have the prohibitionists been fighting? Most of them think they have been fighting rum, but they have not; not primarily. What the Anti-Saloon League really lined up against was the love of money. It was that which was the root of most of the rum evil, and not mere rum. It was the love of money that made the liquor traffic, that tried to sell whiskey like soap, and beer like breakfast food, that crowded intoxicants by every available means, by advertising, by solicitation, by political influence, on an impressionable public. And it should

be noted that all this ardor in the liquor traffic was stimulated by Government Taxation. Our government, by putting heavy taxes on whiskey, beer, and wines, and by finding increased revenue in increased sales, did its share to stimulate more sales. In so far as the Anti-Saloon League and the Prohibition movement generally have beaten the love of money in the liquor business, and broken the Government of the habit of relying on revenue from it, they have done well and the results of their efforts should not be lost. Where they have failed has been in trying to coerce drinkers. They have fought the reasonable rights of orderly human beings. They have tried to make crimes of practices that in themselves were innocent. They have tried to change by force the habits and usages of the American people, and have prescribed for all of them details of conduct that to a large proportion of them were not acceptable or even desirable. They have attempted to impose upon great centers of population restrictions well enough adapted to rural communities but not to cities. They have tried to eliminate the principle of local option from the liquor laws and fasten upon the East restrictions suitable perhaps to Kansas, but highly unsuitable and very harmful to cities like New York and Chicago. So the job is not good and has got to be tinkered; and success in tinkering it will turn considerably on the ability of the doctors to distinguish between the love of money and the love of rum. The former of these affections is by far the more formidable. Pinch that into tolerable dimensions, and the other trouble will pretty much take care of itself.

Meanwhile the great rum fight is changing its character. Nowadays it is not primarily a fight for whiskey or for beer or for light wines, but a fight for the reasonable control of the conduct of life by people who actually live the lives controlled. The embattled Wets include plenty of selfish and unintelligent fighters, but they also include a fair

infusion of sincere friends of human liberty, fired with an intense conviction that the over-regulation of individual life is a disastrous proceeding that must be checked. So the laws which are to help us to a control of rum that will not do more harm than good will be laws which will control in that direction the love of money.

AND it is the same about peace. The understanding of life and of the true interest of nations that will bring world peace, if it ever comes, will be an understanding that will diminish the love of money by making other things seem more important than money-getting. The Great War was essentially a fight for commercial supremacy. Commercialism, industrial development, markets were at the bottom of it. The same elements enter into the clashes that at this writing have lately developed at Geneva. They are not so powerful yet as they were in and before 1914, but they do operate. The rivalries of nations are still predominantly rivalries in money-getting—that is the form their competitions take. To be sure, these current troubles are based on jealousies of sentiment besides, but still they are due to the fear of one lot of peoples or states that another lot will control the earth and its opportunities and make an unfair distribution of riches and power. Inasmuch as the countries that control the League of Nations are impoverished and scrambling pretty hard for national salvation, their economic fears are comprehensible enough; but it is those fears primarily that must be medicated. If that can be done, existing hatreds and jealousies may cool to the point requisite to the maintenance of peace.

It begins to be disclosed that new groups of nations are forming in the world. What happened at Geneva in March was very suggestive of that. In the vision attributed to Tolstoi—

a remarkable document quite widely printed just before the war—the war was forecast and described as the fruit of commercialism. Its course was indicated and also its results. One of them was to be the United States of Europe and still later than that the division of the earth between the four great families—the Anglo Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs, and the Mongolians. The disposition shown at Geneva of the Latins to get together was well adapted to recall this document to anyone familiar with it. The Latins seem to be the weakest of the families suggested; but after all, if one counts in all the people who speak Spanish, there are a good many of them; and if the French and the Italians are to be bunched in with this family, it will contain due provision of high intelligence. If the suggestion works out, there will doubtless be added to each family elements not related to it by blood but only by politics. But altogether the world of the four families is an interesting subject for contemplation, and there never were times in which this terrestrial conception looked more likely to come true. Mussolini, with nose bandaged in token of his most fortunate escape from an assassin's bullet, exhorts his Italians at inspection of a new battleship "to render homage to our glorious navy whereon our best hopes for the future are founded." That means colonies. Well, Italy has an urgent population problem and her leader may think colonies without blame. But rather ominously it recalls the Kaiser, and that report attributed to Ambassador Houghton that Europe distrusts Mussolini and is worried by his utterances which promote turmoil and thoughts of war.

So they do, but so doing they may prove a timely stimulation to the search for remedies, just as sickness proverbially stimulates piety in a well-known character.



Personal and Otherwise



CALIFORNIAN by birth, resident of Tahiti by preference, aviator, novelist, short-story writer, and co-author (with his friend James Norman Hall) of *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, **Charles Nordhoff** presents in the leading article of the month a picture of a native South Sea Island type combined with a delightful account of a fishing adventure.

Elmer Davis went to Oxford in 1911 as a Rhodes Scholar from Indiana, was for many years an exceptionally able reporter for the *New York Times*, and more recently has written three witty novels (*Times Have Changed*, *I'll Show You the Town*, and *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*) as well as many stories and articles for the magazines. He lives on Morningside Heights in New York City, not far from the Cathedral whose builder he portrays.

"The Matchmaker" brings about the first appearance in the Magazine of **Martin Armstrong**, the distinguished British short-story writer, whose novel *At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses* was published last fall by Harper & Brothers.

To the November issue of the Magazine, **Duncan Aikman**, a member of the editorial staff of the *El Paso Morning Times*, contributed an article called "The Home-Town Mind" (a title, by the way, which has also been given to a volume of his essays recently published by Minton, Balch & Company). In that article he made a passing reference to the flapper as the leader of a new revolt against the standardizing tendencies in American life. Now he develops the idea more fully, interpreting a type which may not be wholly lovely but for which, in his opinion, there is something quite definite to be said.

When we accepted **Gustav Eckstein's** manuscript we put to Doctor Eckstein, who is an instructor at the Medical College of the

University of Cincinnati, a natural inquiry: to what extent was the account of the two rats based on fact? He replied, "You want to know if the *Two* were real. Yes, very real, more real than I have been able to make them, and much loved. There was a cat too, and she was much loved, and one of these days I shall tell of a point where all our lives crossed, with a curious consequence, for the cat."

Last month we published a clear explanation of the nature of behaviorism by **John B. Watson**. In this issue Doctor Watson enters the battlefield between the behaviorists and their opponents with a study of the process of human thought as it is viewed by his school of psychology (and be it understood that behaviorism is making such rapid headway that, if we are correctly informed, nearly half the psychological instruction in American universities now recognizes behaviorist principles). Doctor Watson, formerly a professor at Johns Hopkins University, is one of the foremost exponents of behaviorism in the world.

Not since **Alice Brown** won a first prize in our Short Story Contest nearly two years ago have we had the privilege of publishing a story from her pen. Miss Brown lives in Boston and is, as everyone even superficially acquainted with American literature knows, the author of a long and imposing list of novels and collections of short stories.

In his explosive article on the militia as a feeble arm of our national defense, **Stuart Rose** speaks from varied military experience. He spent about eight years in the National Guard, serving on the Mexican Border, in France, and at home after the War. He has been a private, a non-commissioned, and a commissioned officer. Resigning his commission in 1924, he became a member of the Organized Reserves. Mr. Rose is a graduate of several war-time service schools, and of the

United States Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas. He is a contributor to various magazines.

Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, which is now building a new house for itself hard by the Union Theological Seminary, has been a regular contributor to HARPER'S since last September.

The middle class is being pushed to the wall and thousands of its members find themselves unable any longer to afford the decencies of life: such was the contention of Katharine Fullerton Grould in her paper, "The Plight of the Genteel," in our February issue. The article provoked a storm of comment. Substantially the same problem is presented from an entirely different point of view in the article which we publish this month by **Cornelia James Cannon** of Cambridge, who has written many papers for the *Atlantic* and other magazines, and is the wife of Professor Walter B. Cannon of the Harvard Medical School, the distinguished investigator of surgical shock and of the activities of the endocrine glands.

We notice a tendency among HARPER writers to depict characters with certain startling resemblances to themselves. A month or two ago, Mr. Dwight portrayed a gentleman of New England ancestry who was born neither north or south of the Potomac, and we were reminded that Mr. Dwight himself, also of New England ancestry, was born in Constantinople. Now we discover in **George Boas's** amusing study of collegiate hospitality a man who says that he is not related to the anthropologist. Neither, we understand, is Mr. Boas himself. He is a member of the Department of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University and has recently written for the *Lion's Mouth*.

Occasionally writers for the Magazine speak slightly of cities other than New York, and we are made to understand by indignant readers that New York is not wholly a center of sweetness, light, wisdom, and tolerance—as if we ever supposed it was! These indignant readers will be glad to see that **Charles Merz**, a native of Sandusky, Ohio, is permitted to be disrespectful to Manhattan: in fact, to say some things which

might prove salutary reading for some of our metropolitan friends. Mr. Merz, a Yale graduate and former editor of the *New Republic*, now an editorial writer for the *New York World*, writes frequently for HARPER'S.

The article on the English treatment of the liquor problem contributed by **Sarah Comstock**, a reliable American journalist, is based on a careful study of the situation made during a recent visit to England.

Edwina Stanton Babcock, the author of the final story of the month, has written many stories for HARPER'S MAGAZINE; she divides her time between Nantucket and Nyack, New York.

The author of "From Her That Hath" prefers to remain anonymous. We should add, however, that she is known to us personally and that her article follows fact except in a few places where insignificant changes were necessary to disguise her identity.



No less than six poets appear in the Magazine this month: **Vilda S. Owens** (Mrs. R. E. Owens) of Cortland, New York, author of "Not the Hushed Grave" in our issue for last November; **Jean M. Batchelor**, a new contributor from Narberth, Pennsylvania; **A. A. Milne**, who first delighted a small audience with his humorous articles for *Punch*, then a larger audience with his comedies ("The Dover Road", "Mr. Pim Passes By", etc.), and then a still larger one with *When We Were Very Young*, and whose new Christopher Robin poems now appear regularly in HARPER'S; **Ada Alden**, widow of the late Henry Mills Alden, long the Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE; **Ruth Fitch Bartlett** (Mrs. Walter S. Bartlett) of New York, a Vassar graduate and former resident of Milwaukee, whose sonnets frequently appear in our pages; and **Frederick Thayer, Jr.**, of Oakland, Maryland, another newcomer to the Magazine.



The *Lion* is fed by **Philip Curtiss**, who does his reading of memoirs at Norfolk, Connecticut, where he combines literary work with farming; **Niven Busch**, a young New York journalist who writes on sports for *Time*;

and *Frances Lester Warner* (Mrs. M. D. Hersey) formerly of the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the English Department of Wellesley College, who now keeps her flivver in Pittsburgh.



Julian Lamar, whose portrait of Mrs. Francis H. Whitten appears as the frontispiece of this issue, is a young American artist who began his career at the age of eleven at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, continued his preparation in Florence under William Chase, in Paris, and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; went to West Point and was graduated a Cadet Captain in June, 1918; and left the army in 1919 after having served overseas. His success as a portrait painter was immediate: three of his pictures were accepted and hung in the Chicago Art Institute in 1920, only a few months after he had begun to paint professionally. Princeton men will be interested to know that he is a nephew of the late "Tilly" Lamar, of the Class of '86, who made the famous run which won the Yale game of November 21, 1885.



Before these pages appear in print the Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest will have closed and the judges, William McFee, Christopher Morley, and Zona Gale, will have begun the task of picking the prize-winners. As we go to press, sixty-seven colleges and universities have entered the Contest; the list of competitors includes Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, the University of Michigan, the University of Wisconsin, the University of Indiana, the University of Illinois, the University of Pennsylvania, Leland-Stanford, Wellesley, Radcliffe, Vassar, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Smith, and most of the other important institutions of higher education in the country. In each of these colleges the head of the English Department, or someone authorized to act in his place, is selecting, from among the manuscripts submitted to him by undergraduate students, the best five to send on to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, in competition for a first prize of \$500, a second prize of \$300, and a third prize of \$200.

We have been impressed with the enthusiasm with which the colleges have responded to the idea of an intercollegiate contest in prose-writing sponsored by the Magazine. The feeling seems to be general that such a contest will do much to stimulate among undergraduates creative writing of the best type.

Before the next issue of the Magazine appears, we hope to be able to announce the names of the winners; and in an early issue we plan to publish the story, essay, or article which wins first prize.



Since the publication of Professor Faulkner's recent article on "Perverted American History," which referred in some detail to the projected American Legion history, we have been informed that as long ago as June, 1925, the National Executive Committee of the American Legion voted to abrogate its contract with the History Publishing Company and to receive no financial benefit from the sale of the history, although permitting the publishing company to carry on its title page the fact that the publication is at the suggestion of the American Legion. This vote, we are informed, was carried by a vote of 46 to 11, the opposing votes being not against the abrogation of the contract but against giving permission to the publishing company to refer to the Legion in any way. Professor Faulkner was not aware of this action of the Executive Committee of the Legion when he wrote his article, for the very good reason that no announcement of it had been made. In fact, so far as we are aware, the withdrawal of the Legion has never been made public until now.



Ever since the appearance of "The Plight of the Genteel," several months ago, we have been hoping for an opportunity to print a brief human document which came to us in response to Mrs. Gerould. It is written by the wife of a high-school teacher in a New England city, a woman of college training, an ex-teacher, who "is not even the mistress of one washwoman for three hours a week." We are making space to quote from it this

month as Mrs. Cannon reopens the subject of the status of the professional classes; for we feel that here is one who, spiritually at least, has passed the test of the genteel.

I humbly confess that not only are our two children strongly tainted with an ungenteel hankering after money and comforts, not to say luxuries, but I am not even sure I am properly sorry. They have had daily to see the struggle to keep the family's head above water on a salary adequate for one unmarried woman teacher, but simply not adequate for two adults and two young people of college age and ambitions. The latter are both firmly resolved to do something, anything in life, that will bring in more cash than teaching, and I cannot honestly say that I have discouraged that idea. Our daughter when nine years old declared, "I think I will be a surgeon and squeeze money from the rich." Such a resolution is, for a child of the genteel, terrible but hardly surprising.

Yet we have not lived at any time on the ragged edge. Our New England ancestors within us forbid that. Instead, we trim down life to the bare bones, devise a budget to fit that pruned way of living, and proceed to live that way. It is a matter of resolution. When our genteel instincts drive us to face certain extra-budget and forbidden wants, we burn the candle at both ends, which means for my husband night-school, lecturing, coaching plays, and tutoring, and in my case substituting or part-time teaching. If the extra money is not forthcoming then we put that fiery want down in the hold and batten down the hatches. The hold of our ship is full of unsatisfied wants smouldering away. Often, however, the blaze dies out altogether, and we happily forget that particular longing.

Our furniture is plain and battered, our rugs are worn, our dishes scarred. We do not possess an automobile, or perhaps I should say, an automobile does not possess us. Our clothing has to be simple and serviceable and tenderly cared for. But we have in our cellar plenty of good anthracite coal, paid for last June. We have a house of our own, also paid for, overflowing with books and song and sunshine and jokes, with a wide lawn, a beloved garden, and a very large elm tree two hundred years old. Our children have been prepared for college in the excellent public high schools. All these things are luxuries in 1926 (except the songs and the jokes) according to Mrs. Gerould. Lines

on our faces and many gray hairs show how hardly most of these luxuries have been won, though, after all, as many wrinkles have come from much laughter as from worry. The next five years will make yet deeper marks. We shall then have got our young folks, by hook or by crook, through college and launched. All this makes life intensely interesting. At the present moment, we do not know exactly where the money to meet the college expenses is coming from, but come it shall.

If you are unconventional and have a strong sense of humor, you can, in a way, enjoy the oddities of experience in a life such as ours. Then too a genteel mother likes to feel how capable she is. She knows she would not be at a loss keeping house for Robinson Crusoe. When I imagine myself changing places with more prosperous and generally more conventional acquaintances, I see clearly that I should be bored to death. Besides, I should be hopelessly ignorant about the lives of all that big group below the genteel. Having tried my hand at almost everything,—potato raising, store-keeping, nursing, painting and varnishing, setting glass, dress-making, carpentry, teaching at an hour's notice any subject taught in the city high schools—I am on easy terms of freemasonry with workers in all these lines, and a number of others. Women who can afford one servant, or two, are shut out in the outer cold, poor things. They are very seldom among the initiated, to whom self-service is an instinct, and economy bred in the bone.

As I look back over our life campaign, I see that certain battles stand out—the Battle of Bottle-Feeding, the Adenoid-Tonsil Battle, the Silk-Stocking and Must-Be-Dressed-Like-the-Rest Battle, the Battle of Buying the House. Now before us lies the most dubious and sanguinary battle of all, the Battle of Going to College. If we survive that, we shall be much-scarred veterans, about ready to retire from the dust and turmoil of the struggle for existence, to that two-room shack in the woods, where with a garden and hens we may possibly keep body and soul together on our teacher's annuity, till we get our summons hence. No doubt we shall be tutoring, coaching and all the rest of it, when our last tooth is gone. Well, it must be ghastly to feel you are of no use in the world, even if your hands are smooth and pretty and your face unlined. On the whole, I do not regret that my lot has been cast, for better or worse, with the shabby genteel.

C. M. P.



THE ITALIAN PAINTER, GUIDO CAPROTTY

By Lopez Mezquita

Courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

THIS VULGARITY OF OURS

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE title, for all its colloquial air, should need no apology. If we do not know that many of our fellow-countrymen—and keenest critics—spend a lot of time accusing modern America of vulgarity, we have not caught up with our world. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, for example, makes American vulgarity the chief theme of his best-sellers, and Mr. Mencken tells us all about it once a month. To cry out in denial is in itself “vulgar”; which turns behavior into a vicious circle.

Passing over the fact that a certain absurdity is resident in the reproach itself—for how could a nation which prides itself on popular rule look for anything better than to be as is the populace?—what definition of vulgarity can we find to work with? Dictionaries do not help us with any word used so loosely. Many of the people who sling the epithet “vulgar” at what they disapprove are simply making class distinctions; are claiming to be of a minority which, politically and officially unimportant in a democracy, yet imposes itself, or would like to, socially and spir-

itually. A good deal of the every-day talk about vulgarity refers only to a lack of superficial sophistication in other people, and is based on the conviction that what is good in the eyes of the many must, for the sake of their personal distinction, be despised by the few. Snobbishness, in other words. One must have a better basis than that to go on—in a democracy.

“Vulgarity is one of the forms of death,” Ruskin says somewhere; and though it is not a very precise definition, it may be of temporary assistance. You cannot say that a trait is “one of the forms of death” just because it characterizes the mass of a given nation. The given nation might be on its way to eternal life! The value of Ruskin’s statement lies in its vague reference to moral and spiritual and æsthetic values, to something more vital than superficial manners and customs. To eat with your knife is certainly vulgar in the sense in which the average snob uses the words; it is not important enough to come within Ruskin’s definition. Of the more serious implication (resident in the

reproachful use of the term) that, because the multitude does something or is something, that something must be wrong, we had better not speak. That implication brings us straight back to the saying, "My kingdom is not of this world." The world is in the wrong, according to Christianity, and "vulgar"—popular, of the multitude—is doubtless, in that sense, a word of reproach. With that sense, however, we have nothing, at the moment, to do.

That which makes against veritable life, that which is necessarily impermanent, having no hold on eternal laws, that which destroys the spirit—what else could Ruskin have meant us to infer from his statement? And that must be something more vital than patent rockers or gum-chewing or illiterate speech. Ruskin would have included all these, no doubt, since they are crimes against beauty, and beauty is one of the handmaids of God; yet if you are going to stop there, you stop far short of the goal. What constitutes beauty in itself is, anyhow, a dangerous question. I am not going to tackle philosophy any more than religion. Who knows what the Rogers group may have done, in its time, for the starved spirit? There are very civilized persons who fail to get æsthetic satisfaction from Hindu temples or Japanese prints—even from Italian primitives. Some great refusals and great acceptances have been declared (doubtless as the gum was shifted to the other cheek) in slang unintelligible to the philologist.

That there is some vital untruth, some profound inaccuracy, in anything properly and seriously called vulgar, I think we might assume, without offending such diverse critics as Ruskin and H. L. Mencken. An incorrect sense of values, a sum that does not "prove," the act or the object wrongly equated with beauty, with morals, with progress, surely these (even if you have to grant that beauty, morals, and progress are all relative terms) are definitions that no one can much cavil at. All decent

people are pretty well agreed as to what is essentially good and essentially bad: they quarrel, rather, over ways and means. In all the present clamor about the Volstead Act, has even the wettest wet defended drunkenness as in itself a good thing? In all the sob-stuff about Gerald Chapman (and in the cheaper press there has been a good deal) has anyone pretended that he thought it right, in itself, to murder? We Americans are notoriously careless of life, and even more notoriously prone to acquit a woman who has killed her husband, her lover, or her rival; but not even the silliest American jury acquits on the score that murder itself is a worthy occupation. It is provocation, temptation, insanity that are held to justify an act unjustified of itself. I doubt if "Babbitt" would approve theoretically of either murder or that temporary abdication of the ego which is drunkenness one whit more than would his creator. Yet Babbitt is a personification of vulgarity.

If we are vulgar, then, we must be cherishing the wrong expedients and making false equations. Probably, to some extent, we are. What are they? "The truth shall make you free" equates truth and the right kind of liberty. Again, will anyone find fault with that algebra? Certainly not anyone bred in genuine American traditions. Liberty as an ideal will not yet be questioned on the soil of the United States, though liberty as a practical proposition has rather fallen into disrepute. The American citizen's lack of freedom is the subject of bewildered comment from foreigners who talk about freedom less than we do, but who could not live without more of it than we have. Again, this is not the place to discuss our loss of liberty, since, as a people, we still believe in liberty.

II

What does the average American desire most? Are the objects of his desire worthy? That is how we must

find out whether the average American is vulgar or not. That the average American wants to be a free man, I honestly believe. He has not, I am convinced, sunk so far as to have forsaken, in his heart of hearts, that desire.

By many ways of death, and moods,
Souls pass into their servitudes.

(The death-idea, again.) A lot of his servitudes have been forced on him simply because he was not wise enough to foresee the danger; largely, indeed, because the average American is not a political animal and can always be surprised by the possibilities of our complicated political machinery. Many of these impositions have been "put over" because a minority shrieked moral maxims in his ear. The Puritan suspicion that morals are the greater part of religion has been inherited, on our soil, by millions of people whose ancestors were not Puritans. When you add to that fact our extraordinary national sensitiveness to words, our verbal suggestibility, our readiness, from the days of Patrick Henry to those of William J. Bryan, to be the prey of rhetoric, you account for much of our stupidest public action. Our hypocrisy has often been noted: our love of a good-looking law that no one intends to keep. Hypocrisy is vulgar, since hypocrisy is untruth. Yet I think, even though we confess to vulgarity in this particular, we may fairly state at the same time that we did not usually (in these cases) set out to be hypocritical. We have been betrayed by our practical inexperience, by our superstitious faith in mere words, and by our old reluctance (born of blue laws and a theocracy that prevailed long, long ago) to contradict people who set up to be moral and sociological experts. The average American is not a deliberate hypocrite in the political field, and the deliberate hypocrites in that field are, I fear, not the people who would usually be called vulgar.

Americans, we are always being told

by the critics of a different school, are the greatest idealists in the world. Personally, I am in doubt about that superlative. Yet a degree of idealism must be granted us. Now and then we give collectively large sums of money to relieve alien suffering or disaster. If facts of earthquake, disease, cruelty, dire poverty are set before us convincingly, we do put our hands into our pockets more freely perhaps than other people. We adopt more Armenians and inoculate more heathen against disease than do most European citizens. Anything except money and bustling physical activity we find it hard to give: attention, mental effort, sympathetic understanding, helpful legislation. Our Red Cross pours cash, clothing, medicines, food, supplies into Japan after an earthquake; but we resolutely keep the Japanese off American soil. I have seen it stated that if Japan were put on the same quota basis as the European nations, we should acquire fourteen Japanese immigrants per annum. I cannot vouch for the figures, which, indeed, seem absurd. It is difficult to believe that we should insult a great power on account of so tiny a yearly increment. Yet it is just credible; for we are an extraordinary combination of generosity and bad manners, of impulsive charity and mean, suspicious prudence.

The fact is—and it is at the root of most of our real vulgarity—that we are servants of Mammon. We want, as a people, I believe, to serve God; yet we are forever attempting the double servitude which we were told, nearly two thousand years ago, was impossible. From that attempt, and the false positions that result, come most of our absurdities and many of our sins. No one among the group of civilized peoples is so kind instinctively as we Americans—often thoughtlessly, senselessly, absurdly kind. Our kindness, to be sure, is apt to take the form of cash. There is a curious inconsistency here, and much as one may dislike inconsistency, one is rather glad of it in this instance.

We are regarded as being the only rich nation, and probably we are. We are, of course, disliked for being more fortunate than our fellow-men. Nor can we hope to be understood by them, since we are inconsistent. The Frenchman who sees the American tourist spending with unheard-of lavishness, mulcted shamelessly by the native European because he is an American yet not therefore forsaking his extravagant career, must wonder why all this pother about war debts; must, in many cases, put it down to mere national meanness. And he is right, and he is wrong. Money is, roughly speaking, the chief interest in life of the average American; yet he is incapable—and if he had only a dollar left in the world would still be incapable—of French thrift. Of all sources of misunderstanding during our military tenure of French soil, this, we are told, was one of the most fruitful. The Frenchman strikes the American as mean, as stingy, as utterly lacking (where money is concerned) in sporting spirit or human charity. The Frenchman thinks us extravagant to madness, and wonders why we insist on a debt's being paid into our right hand while we are willing to waste an equivalent sum with our left.

Does not a lot of our vulgarity come from the fact that we worship money without knowing very well what money is good for? We worship, that is, an unknown god. The quick fortune always makes for vulgarity; "new-rich" has, for decades if not for generations, been, in all civilized countries, a synonym for "vulgar." Owing to our vastness and resources, we have created more of these sudden fortunes than any other nation. The average American hopes, if he does not exactly expect, to be rich before he dies. I doubt if you could say that of the citizen of any other country. He wants money—and other things afterwards. No American, of course, believes in "doing his duty in the state to which God has called him"; to better the state to which he was called

is his highest hope. Thus the American leaven works in him. Unfortunately, his ambitions are chiefly financial. Because he begins, very young, to work for money, he does not have time, by the way, to consider how best to use the money when he finally gets it. He tends to think that the most expensive thing is necessarily the best. That is why so much of man-made America is ugly. The man who has made the money has never had time to educate himself. He buys from the best-advertised firm, never exercising his own judgment. He has, indeed, no judgment to exercise. Good taste is, alas! unless it is inborn, the fruit of leisure, of gazing and comparing. What American has time for that? The commercial, industrial, mechanical atmosphere in which our life is lived, with its concomitant worship of specialization and "efficiency," leads us to trust the man who calls himself an expert and to distrust everyone else. No one is so easily "stung" as the American, because he has ceased to believe in the all-round man. It is not to be expected, runs his simple faith, that a man should know about reciprocating engines and also about architecture or furniture. When his reciprocating engines give him money enough to play with, he employs some man who has capitalized his real or pretended knowledge of beauty. As the other man is also out to make money, the results often offend the eye. Nothing is sadder than the rich man desirous of purchasing beauty and purchasing ugliness because he does not know. He takes it for granted that the other man is disinterested about his designs, though he is quite well aware that he himself is not disinterested about his engines. Yet if you are commercializing beauty you must bring in fashion; you must alter your stock (and then dispose of it) so that Chinese Chippendale is the rage in one lustrum and pewter and Windsor chairs in the next. Whether the householder's rugs are "hooked" on the farm or woven in Ispahan is often a mere mat-

ter of the year in which he arrived at a goodly competence. Latterly they have been selling at exorbitant prices all the mid-Victorian things that our parents congratulated themselves, wisely, on getting rid of. The great game of the decorator is to create a market for whatever he has happened to pick up, and his clientèle seldom has the knowledge to say him nay. If a thing is expensive enough, it must be all right.

Mammon has done this for us, incidentally, in the matter of domestic beauty. I am not talking of the people who have had some measure of education, leisure, and wealth, and have created their own combinations. They are a minority, and they are not the Americans whom our novelists and critics are accusing of vulgarity. I am talking of the man whom Mr. Lewis calls Babbitt, and whom Mr. Mencken would call a Rotarian or a Methodist, according to his mood of the moment: the man whose kitchen is probably the best room in the house because he knows how to deal with plumbers and his wife has studied "home economics" in the magazines; because a good kitchen demands only money and common sense, not any of those more difficult and disturbing assets such as knowledge, taste, travel, sense of form.

Let it be admitted that our taste in objects is prevailingly rather bad, our sense of beauty faltering and fallible. In so far as vulgarity is a question of æsthetics alone, we perhaps tend to be vulgar. Yet even that admission cannot, in fairness, stand by itself. I believe it, for example, to be true that our public buildings, our houses, our decorations in general are better than the corresponding inventions in Europe. European towns, houses, people have been fortunate in keeping a great deal of beauty over from periods when people seemingly knew more about it. If in Europe we could isolate and collect the authentic achievements of the last fifty years—see, in an English, a French, an Italian town only the product that

is contemporary with most of ours—I fancy we should have no reason to be ashamed of America. The *nouveau riche* in Europe acquires a beautiful old house, and puts in electric light, central heating, and a few bathrooms. His æsthetic success is ready-made for him, and he contributes only comfort. We cannot do that, because our old houses either have disappeared or are in places where no one wishes to live. We must achieve from the ground up. And there can be no question, I think, that we do that better than Europe does.

All terms, nearly, are relative, and these folk who call us vulgar must believe that we are vulgar as nations go. There is no use in comparing the average American with the super-average European, the innumerable members of a democracy with the few members of an aristocracy. And if you could cut out vestiges of the past, I believe that you would find Babbitt's home and Babbitt's town to compare favorably with European homes and towns. That, I realize, you cannot do, for the European Babbitt is imbedded in the past and cannot get away from it. All the same, the modern American house is apt to be much better than the modern European villa. As for our civic centers, our public parks and squares, our commemorative monuments, do they not tend to be better than the Albert Memorial, the Hindenburg statue, the Victor Emmanuel monument? Are we not all shivering with apprehension over what Signor Mussolini *may* do to Rome?

No: I venture to say, *pace* the critics, that there is more desire for beauty and resolution to achieve it in the average American heart than in the average heart of any other civilized people. We have been handicapped. We have not had the past to guide us at every turn; we have not an inherited aristocracy to imitate closely. We are migratory, and our fortunes are as shifting as our habitat. Large sections of our country are devoid of striking natural beauty to assist and inspire. All things con-

sidered, I do not see how anyone can deny æsthetic aspiration, in rather surprising quantity, to the average American. That he has, in too many cases, no authentic tidings of beauty, is another matter. We have admirable architects, and a great many of them. And decorators flourish nowhere as in the United States, though the decorators are not so admirable as the architects.

III

So much for "taste" in the ordinary, restricted sense. If Mammon has been at once the foe and the friend of æsthetic values (for sometimes the rich man trusts the right expert) Mammon has unquestionably been the foe of taste in other and deeper senses. A religion is known to outsiders largely by its by-products. The by-products of Christianity have been, on the whole, good, as no one will deny who contemplates history from the fourth century onward. To say that it has bred both obscurantists and sectarian fanatics is only to say that it is a religion, wrought upon by human characteristics. All the great religions have had both obscurantism and fanaticism to deal with. But the by-products of Mammon-worship are almost altogether bad. A good deal of our blamable vulgarity arises from the fact that Christianity has been the official religion of the Mammon-worshippers, and that Mammon has had to be worshipped unavowedly. Men who set up the image of Mammon in the market place to be openly incensed and publicly adored would have to explain their faith. We should see whether it had a logic, a philosophy, a revelation. As it is, the average American, having the superstition of money, caring really more about it than about anything else, recognizing no hierarchy save that of wealth, and believing that if he is rich all things will be added unto him, none the less has to talk and behave as if he were a member of a Christian civilization. He is still trying to reconcile God and Mammon.

That the dishonesty inevitably resulting is vulgar no one could deny. Honest religion, no matter what some people say, never made anybody vulgar. The worship of money, on the other hand, has always bred vulgarity. The late William J. Bryan once made a famous epigram about crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold; meaning, I believe, to illustrate the horrors of the gold standard, though his metaphor could easily be twisted to illustration of something worse. When the Israelites, weary of waiting for Moses' return, and forgetful in his absence of Jehovah, melted up their earrings to make a golden calf, and then proceeded to worship it, they did precisely what we are doing now. They treated as a god something that was not a god. Without preaching a sermon on a text from Exodus, one may point out that things are only what they are, and that to treat money as if it were anything but money is a fundamental mistake. Money is, after all, legal tender, a convenient substitute for barter; its value is in its purchasing power. When people go beyond that and revere cash for itself, they become idolaters. You have only to realize that the man who is most respected in America is the man who has more money than he can possibly spend, to see the way in which we have come to falsify values. We are amusing, almost absurd, about our Mammon-worship. Formerly a man was respected for his fortune because of what his fortune brought him: his way of life, his education, his comfortable home, his practical wisdom, the advantages he could give his children, the unharassed peace of his old age. Now it suffices that he should be able to buy these things: it is not even necessary that he should buy them. We still preserve a pathetic illusion from the older, simpler, honest days that if a man is rich he will apply his riches wisely. When we see a man with more money than he can apply, we stop questioning; we are too dazzled even to assume; we simply goggle with admiration.

That goggling, I venture to say, is vulgar. Nor can it be denied that it is general. We all know whom Babbitt admires and would like to model himself upon: the man of great wealth. If wealth is good in and by itself, it does not make much more difference how you acquire it than what you do with it after it is acquired. As torturing the body was considered by grand inquisitors a kindness because it saved the soul, so the fanatics of Mammon think—or think they think—it is permissible to do anything they can “get away with,” provided cash results. “The end justifies the means” when the end is sacred.

A real religion does not take all a man's time, though it may influence all his life. Mammon, however, comes very near taking all a man's time. “Their rest is scant with Baal.” Hence the fact that we were noting, that the average American does not have time to civilize himself completely. Leisure is not his; and the leisure that he gets, he is too tired to employ in any valuable way. His experience, direct and vicarious, shows him that neither art nor letters, neither history nor philosophy, neither music nor sport, will help him to make money. Therefore, he has no time for them—only time for the kind of relaxation to which he does not have to contribute anything except cash: a drive in the car, a movie to look at, a radio to listen to, a game to watch where professionals do the work. It is a commonplace that the successful American business man goes to pieces when he retires because he has not kept in reserve other interests. He passes from his hectic servitude to uselessness; does it often without reason, without necessity, simply because the making of money is supposed to be the only legitimate occupation for a man, and he has not dared intermit the process during youth and middle age. The American business man on a European holiday has given our comic artists and our satiric novelists a great deal of material. Surely the explanation of that absurd figure is

not any fundamental lack of quality in his class or race—the female of the species is supposed to be much better equipped than he and rather ashamed of him—but the tragic thing his life has been: forced as he has been into cash-acquiring too young to have learned other things, kept at it so arduously that he has lost the habit of leisure and the power to use it, and necessarily proud of this state of things because the service of Mammon is supposed to be virtuous. In the old melodramatic phrase, he is more to be pitied than scorned.

In other words, one comes to feel that a lot of our vulgarity is not fundamental or ingrain, but is due to the materialism which has been forced upon us. We helping, no doubt. Mammon imposes no duty on his servants save the rigorous duty of success. The minor ethics go by the board. It is peculiarly unfortunate—though it would appear to be inevitable—for a democracy to turn into a plutocracy. Without any illusions as to the founders of great families in older countries, one may none the less say that a recognized and admitted aristocracy is a little more apt to cherish a tradition that an unadmitted and unrecognized one. When only wealth counts, there is no guarantee of an inherited tradition, since wealth notoriously passes. “From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations” was never, in America, an absolute rule, but it was always a strong probability. The rich man who was made a peer, on the other hand, was inducted into a group that stood, in part, for something besides mere wealth. No one would desire, now or ever, to establish an hereditary aristocracy on American soil, even could it be done. But it is good for us to remember that a society is worth nothing unless it discriminates, and that the whole validity of democracy lies in its power to discriminate not according to birth or wealth, but according to real and proved superiority. Our democratic ideals prevented us from accepting the compromise of oligarchy. Instead, we accepted plutocracy com-

pletely, if unintentionally, and have made our democracy ridiculous by destroying the original democratic design and keeping only the rather inelegant trimmings. A democracy wherein a man prevails over others—effectually if not nominally—by wealth is a contradiction in terms; quite as much of a contradiction as any hereditary kingship could lead to. Some historians would have us believe that, from the very beginnings of the nation, plutocracy and democracy were locking horns in the maritime states; that the Constitution of 1787 itself was a compromise between the two, and that Alexander Hamilton in his day was all the things that the yellow press accuses “Wall Street” of being. Even those historians, I think, would admit that the situation is much clearer, much more accentuated, in our own time.

IV

So much, at all events, for Mammon and his clouding of the finer issues of human life. There are critics who attribute our “vulgarity” to quite different things: to a lower-middle-class tradition, for example, helped out by a narrow, uneducated, uncivilized conception of the Christian religion. To the epithet of “middle class,” uttered by American lips on American soil, one can have no retort, so obvious it is that America is, and always has been, prevailingly middle class, in any authentic European sense. The American families who derived from European aristocracy are numerically very few, and in eight or ten generations the blue blood must have been considerably paled by intermarriage. Like most New Englanders of long standing, I am a descendant of both Myles Standish and John Alden. Myles Standish was, though not an aristocrat, a gentleman; John Alden, of course, was not. Both desired, I believe, to marry Priscilla Mullins; John got her, and one of their children married a child of Standish’s. So it goes. I recall the ex-

perience of a woman of my acquaintance who was not only descended from Benjamin Franklin, but, for some reason, proud of the fact. A well-known historian (ignoring, no doubt, her descentance) said to her lightly that the Revolution was largely a plebeian movement and that Americans of distinction at that time were Tories. “I don’t agree with you, Mr. X,” she replied; “there was Benjamin Franklin, for instance.” “Son of a soap-boiler, madam; couldn’t well be more plebeian, could he?” the gentleman retorted. I recall the day when I was informed by a lady who had married into the Virginian aristocracy that George Washington was not exactly a gentleman, but had been polished off to some extent by the Fairfaxes, who took an interest in their young employee. One does not argue this class matter, even on points of fact, because it is so profoundly irrelevant to American social philosophy. All our white population came to us originally by immigration, and it is generally the lower or middle classes who emigrate. How anyone can complain of Americans for being middle class I do not know. We might as well complain of them for speaking English. We have somehow made a great nation, in spite of the fact; and the world has delighted to honor our great men regardless of their social inheritance. If we are vulgar, it is not because we are middle class, as has been amply proved by the distinguished men among us who were far from being Fairfaxes. That we had for many years a vulgar habit of letting the eagle scream cannot be denied. America had gone to our heads. In claiming that a man could rise to the full level of his native worth we sometimes went too far and proclaimed native worth where it was purely theoretical, not actual. Even that habit—a perverse result of democratic theory—is passing. Whether the tendency to consider ourselves better than anyone else, not because we are freer but because we are richer, is more lovely, I will not attempt to determine.

The false values of sectarian morals have also helped to cheapen us. There can be no doubt, I think, that apart from our hypocrisy—which has come largely from the double worship we have noted—our most vulgar trait is our tendency to petty tyranny, to interference with the liberty of others in the interest of our own whims. The basis of all integrity, distinction, manners is a man's freedom to abound in his own sense, which implies respect for other persons' freedom thus to abound. Inquisitiveness, censorship, baseless egotism, are always marks of the vulgarian. Inability to distinguish between principle and prejudice is vulgar. Invading a field of taste or knowledge or morals without being sufficiently documented is vulgar. Ignorance preening itself is vulgar. To all these faults we are fairly prone; yet not, perhaps, much more so than other people. If we abound more than other nations in these vices, is not that due to the fact that we have more money to indulge them with? More money for parades, insignia, placards, banners, mass-meetings, banquets, organizations, propaganda? As appetite comes in eating, so our appetite grows as the pageantry of our prejudices elaborates itself.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Mencken both, I fancy, consider either a Rotarian luncheon or a revival meeting vulgar. I wonder. The revival meeting is vulgar, we should probably all agree, since any social occasion in which emotion is deliberately permitted to usurp reason is vulgar. Matthew Arnold took exception long ago to the nonconformist expressions of Christian belief. "The signal want of grace and charm in English Protestantism's setting of its religious life is not an indifferent matter: it is a real weakness. *This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.*" He was probably right. Yet the real sin of modern Protestantism in America is not so much against æsthetics as against truth. Materialistic we are, even in our virtues; and our answer to

the pleading of God as well as to the pleading of our fellow-men is apt to be cash or what can be bought with cash. Social service has taken the place of real "conversion," and we put kitchens into our churches when we should put in (I speak metaphorically) confessionals. It is no question of Catholic or Protestant, of Episcopalian or Methodist. True religion, whether a man took the path of St. Thomas Aquinas, or of Henry VIII or of John Calvin or of John Wesley, laid its greatest stress on a man's personal relation to God. If our religion fails us, it will be because we think that a literal acceptance of Genesis, or a new church building, or a neighborhood clinic can substitute for that relation. In other words, because we think God does not know the difference between repentance and a stained-glass window.

When it comes to Rotarians, I can speak only from hearsay. To say that "Christ was a Rotarian" is vulgar because it is untrue. But is there any special vulgarity in Rotarians except when they say the thing which is not? There is nothing vulgar in improving one's city or in building orthopedic hospitals for children—favorite occupations, apparently, of Rotarians and Lions and Kiwanis; and it is difficult to see anything more vulgar in stating that X is the most progressive town west of Pittsburgh than in making any other challengeable remark. Personally, I would rather go about saying that X was the most, etc., than to go about saying that George Washington was not quite a gentleman. It is very hard to define "progressive"; but we know by this time what we ought to mean by a gentleman.

V

All that it comes to is this: that no doubt the average American is in some ways vulgar, as the average citizen of any nation is in some ways vulgar; but that his vulgarity has perhaps, of late, been overemphasized. Our novelists,

for example, have tended in the last twenty years, to select vulgar people to portray and to declare them typical. I, myself, admire *Babbitt* more than anything else Mr. Lewis has ever written. It comes very near being great satire. I am not able to admire Mr. Sherwood Anderson's accounts of the men he considers average citizens. One has known the people Mr. Lewis is satirizing; one has not known the people Mr. Anderson is sentimentalizing. It may sound like rank Rotarianism; yet I cannot help believing that the American average is nearer gentility, finds real gentility easier to achieve, than most national averages.

We are not prevailing an æsthetic breed—the stock we came from is not prevailing æsthetic. Yet I sometimes wonder if justice is done by the critics to the thousands upon thousands of lovely houses, lovely rooms, lovely gardens scattered through the land from Maine to California. I think, too, of the spontaneous kindness of man to man in America. Our partial ruthlessness, dishonesty, hypocrisy, violence, sentimentality are easily enough explained by history, and are the more lamentable because we deliberately set out to be more free of those traits than most people. A large part of the mess we are in is due, as we have said, to our materialism. We have been so preoccupied with making money that we have not paid proper attention to the other duties of the citizen. We have let our politics, our manners, our mental processes go bad, all for lack of attention. Our keenness in business is compensated by a certain obtuseness in other matters. We tend to believe what we are told; we are carried away by clever phrases, since we do not deal very skilfully with any but concrete facts. The average American is a very sensitive person; and, outside his business life, rather helpless. He tends to confuse issues; and, above all, being uneducated in political theory, to consider legislation a panacea rather than an expedient. The solemn

self-congratulation of our ancestors at having succeeded in establishing a republic gave Americans the notion that there was something positively sacred in our special form of government. Every shot we fired was supposed to be heard round the world. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, between them, had somehow made us superior, unique. Joseph Smith was merely of his own time when he declared that the Constitution was directly inspired by God. Even today, the average American runs to the refuge of a bill or a statute as a child to its mother's lap.

All this must be taken into account, probably, in judging the organizations of varying merit that have endeavored to compel legislation: Ku Klux, W. C. T. U., Associations for the aid and protection of women, minor children, Indians, colored people, Fundamentalists, forests, roads, natural wonders, blue Sundays, birthplaces; Associations for the destruction or mitigation of an equal number of other things. We still preserve the superstition that a law, like the little boy's "effalunt," can do anything. I have no doubt that the more honest Prohibitionists believed that the Eighteenth Amendment would not only drive liquor from the country but actually destroy the human appetite for liquor, and that when the Volstead Act was passed normal citizens would automatically cease to be thirsty. The people who want laws against text-books containing scientific information doubtless believe that, with the passing of such a law, desire for knowledge will die in the human heart. Those who are agitating for a uniform divorce law perhaps believe that, if they get it, human marriage will become at once a simple matter. We tend to see laws in this mystical aspect. It is a point where our idealism and our vulgarity swim close together, and it is unfair to accuse us of vulgarity in attempting to impose our personal prejudice on others, or proclaiming our ignorance to

be better than their knowledge, without showing the other side of the shield. Preposterous though it may sound, the average American believes that in passing a law he is not simply policing the Devil but exorcising him, not merely influencing human conduct but improving human nature.

In so far as we are materialists, content to see in anything only its cash value, we are, of course, vulgar. In so far as we falsify facts in the interest of our personal success or our personal prejudice, we are vulgar. But half of our most glaring mistakes are made in the pursuit of an ideal originally respectable. It is supposed to be unflattering to call a man "well-intentioned," because the term is held to imply intentions unfulfilled or controverted. All the same, it is better to be well-intentioned than ill-

intentioned; and I believe no one can deny that the average American has in his heart genuine aspirations, in many fields, to what is lovely and of good report. We carry, I believe, fewer of the seeds of vulgarity in us than many other peoples. Taking us in the mass, we are more conscious of the claims of beauty than we were some decades ago . . . and if we would but once realize that the golden calf was made (as in Exodus) out of our own earrings, with no validity beyond his mere substance, we should find ourselves making more accurate equations of every sort. A great source of dishonest thinking would at once be removed. If, in addition, we could learn to judge both traditions and innovations on their own merits, without prejudice either way—but by that time we should be nearly perfect.





THE PESTIFEROUS ALUMNI

BY PERCY MARKS

SEVERAL college presidents, so the story runs, were discussing what they might do after they had retired from their college work. What would they be fit for, was the question.

"Well," said one of them, "I don't know that I'll be *fit* for anything, but I do know what I'd like to do. I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum; I'd never get any letters from the parents."

"Oh," exclaimed another of the college presidents, "I've got a much more delightful ambition than that. I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."

The story is probably without factual truth, but (pardon the rhyme) it is bursting with actual truth. Most college presidents, if they dared to admit it, would undoubtedly describe their heaven as any place that lacked alumni. I'm sure that those college presidents who get past St. Peter into the celestial campus will immediately demand transportation elsewhere if they find that the archangels are merely the alumni of the Seraphic College.

Why, then, don't we hear a little public condemnation of the alumni by college presidents? Why, one might as well ask, doesn't one hear a public condemnation of a board of trustees by a college faculty? The president does not dare to condemn the alumni for exactly the same reason that a faculty does not dare to condemn the trustees: one doesn't publicly rebuke one's employer and, in the end, the college president is the employee of the alumni. They hold the purse strings, they elect

many of the trustees, and their strength when they are aroused to union is invincible. And they are the bane of the American college.

In discussing the alumni, I do not feel any need for caution; it is impossible to overstate their follies; it is impossible to be unfair to them considered in the mass. They are the visible and, worse yet, audible evidence of the results of American education, and what a sorry sight they are! Fortunately it is possible to get money out of them by sentimental appeals to their love for Alma Mater, especially if Alma Mater happens to need something athletic, a stadium, say, or a football coach. It is not so easy to get money from them to pay an adequate faculty or to build a library. Let me be fair, however: if the college president "sells" their college to them with the proper emotional appeal, they will pay a price for almost anything, even professors. Most of them aren't interested in professors; they aren't interested in libraries; they aren't interested in education; but, I repeat, these fancy commodities *can* be sold to them by a sufficiently clever president. If the president is really clever, he won't make his appeal until the football team has just finished an unusually successful season. The alumni will be full of love for their college then. They will know that it is a great college and actually be eager to make it even greater.

If the alumni could only be taught to give money when asked and keep their mouths firmly shut, the colleges would make astonishing progress; but no such Utopia need be looked for. More and

more money is being asked of the alumni, more and more they become definitely stockholders in the college, and, therefore, louder and louder grows their voice and greater and greater their influence. Let us hope that the present undergraduates blossom into more satisfactory alumni than their predecessors. If they don't, in fifty years the degeneration of the American college will be complete. Half the time of the undergraduates will be given to athletics, one quarter to a good, common-sense training in "real practical business," and the last quarter to acquiring "pep and personality." Our colleges are doing a very fair job right now of standardizing their students into colorless Babbitts; let the alumni influence grow, and they will probably attain perfection.

There are, of course, intelligent college graduates who take a genuine and valuable interest in their college, but they are the cream on a vast sea of pale-blue milk. The average college graduate is a dull fellow without education or understanding. He loves his Alma Mater, but he is the active punishment for her sins; she "raised" him badly, and when he is grown and strong he bands with others and destroys her in the name of his love. The Dear Mother must mend her ways, I suppose, before her children can be expected to mend theirs, but the children are stronger than the mother; if she would survive, she must teach them again and this time well, grown though they are. In other words, if the colleges do not wish to degenerate rapidly into trade schools, they must begin to teach their alumni the meaning of education.

II

If you wish to get a microscopic view of the results of a college education, spend a casual evening in any college club in New York City or, for that matter, in any other city which happens to have one. I have spent many such evenings and, therefore, feel that I can

make a report with considerable accuracy. There is only one difference between a large club and a small one. In the large club there are many groups, in the small club only one or two; but the same thing happens whether in one group or many. About five o'clock or a little later the members begin to straggle in, each with an evening paper under his arm. Greetings and important comments on the state of the stock market are exchanged. Since most of the men under thirty are making less than forty dollars a week, and since few men beyond that age are seen around a college club in the evening, their interest in the stock market is largely academic, or, more accurately, pose. The world of big business does not hold them long, however; somebody suggests a game of bridge. With remarkable speed one or two tables are formed, the stake agreed upon, and the game begun. At last there is life in the club; there is interest. Those who aren't playing watch the games, and both the players and on-lookers show an enthusiasm and knowledge that were lacking in their discussion of high finance. At dinner the game is postmortemed in detail and after dinner it is resumed. Some of the members have social engagements, some of them play cards, those who can afford it go to a musical show, and a few get in a corner and talk—and the talk nine times out of ten is about women.

Aren't any of them reading? you ask. One or two, perhaps, but probably none. Don't any of them go to the opera or to concerts? So small a number that they are hardly worth counting. Don't any of them ever go to a good play? Maybe, but only musical comedies and revues are discussed in college clubs. Isn't there ever a discussion of anything worth discussing? I don't know; I can only report that I cannot remember ever having heard such a discussion. No dormitory or fraternity house in the land offers such a lethal intellectual atmosphere as a college club does. It isn't just that the undergraduates are study-

ing because they have to. Many of them are using their brains, it must be admitted, entirely out of fear, but most of them are really curious about something; their intellectual life may be feeble but it is life. There is no intellectual life in a college club; there is only the musty odor of death.

When most seniors graduate they put away for the last time their mortar boards and gowns and their intellectual life with them. Books become a thing of the past. A fiction magazine or two does for reading, an occasional musical show and the movies for entertainment, women for discussion. Many of them find stimulating companionship in Rotary Clubs, Lions, and Kiwanis Clubs, and the intellectual pap they receive at such organizations feeds them to repletion. Business, bridge, bootleggers, radio, girls, and automobiles—there is the complete list of the interests of the unmarried alumni. The list for the married alumni must be modified only slightly. For girls, substitute family and put more emphasis on radio.

III

But what of their interest in their colleges? Don't they ever talk about it? Yes. Sometimes a group of them get together to talk over "old times" and indulge in pleasant reminiscences of college scrapes, and at other times they discuss one phase of the college with passionate intensity—athletics. How athletics matter! Damn the undergraduate interest in athletics as you will, it is not comparable in foolishness to the alumni interest. A lack of interest in sports in an eighteen-year-old boy is abnormal, it is slightly offensive; but an intense, violent interest in a supposedly mature man is ridiculous and, so far as colleges are concerned, it is harmful. The alumni feel that the college has had a splendidly successful year if the football team has won most of its games, and if during the winter and spring the other athletic teams show equal prowess,

the alumni are tumescent with pride. They measure the worth of the college by the success of the athletic teams; and if you don't believe that statement ask any college president—if you can find one—who will dare to tell the truth. He will tell you that there is one way, and one way only, that he can be sure of holding the interest of an alumni audience, and that is by talking about athletics. Doctor Hopkins of Dartmouth manages to talk to his alumni about education, but he admits that his particular alumni situation is in some ways unusual. Ask any dean who is making a tour of the alumni clubs what he is asked about, what phase of the college the alumni show an interest in. If he is honest, he will tell you athletics. To most college graduates their college is the home of athletic teams and nothing more; to them athletic success is of ultimate importance, and they seldom think of the college as an institution of higher learning.

Practically all the professionalizing of college athletes has been done by the alumni, and the really pathetic part of such treachery is that the deluded alumni are really trying to do something worth while for their college; they believe so much in their treachery that they are willing to expend hard-earned money toward the fulfillment of it. "Athletics advertise the college," they say, and they never pause to consider the kind of advertising athletes give a college and if the advertising is worth while.

Successful athletic teams do advertise a college, they do bring students to it, but the type of boy who goes to a college simply because it attracts or buys good athletes is hardly the type that a college should aspire to gather into its student body. Further, there is a notion abroad among college alumni that a few unsuccessful athletic seasons will permanently ruin a college. The idea is absurd, and Harvard is a living proof of its absurdity. Harvard has been having a series of disastrous athletic years, and yet next autumn it will be

turning away men by the score that other colleges will be eager to get. Harvard has been beaten at football over and over again by lesser colleges, but the other colleges remain insignificant and Harvard remains great. There is a similar idea current that Dartmouth's phenomenal growth was due to the success of its athletic teams. I doubt it. Dartmouth grew through the finest possible advertising medium—the enthusiasm of its graduates. It grew, further, because its Outing Club offered a great attraction to the average healthy American boy and because the kind of college life possible in a small New Hampshire village is appealingly vivid. In the last few years its progressive educational policy has been widely discussed, and that educational policy is probably more responsible just now for Dartmouth's popularity than all its athletic successes combined.

No one can convince the majority of college alumni, however, that athletes are not of inestimable value to their Alma Mater, and they bend every effort to supplying her with them. They will pay a "scout" a salary to visit high-school and preparatory-school athletes in order to induce them to come to their colleges. Sometimes the scout uses merely verbal appeals, but often he is authorized to offer a financial reward, which may or may not be disguised as a job. If an alumni club manages in one year to supply its college with several athletes, it feels that it has done admirable work. Suggest, if you have the courage, to an alumni club that it send out scouts to get good students. Your proposal will be smothered in a blanket of embarrassed silence. To your audience it will seem untactful at the very least, perhaps a trifle indecent, and certainly absurd. One truly loyal alumnus will probably recover sufficiently from the shock to inform you that his college, and yours, does not need to send out scouts to get good students—why, the idea is ridiculous!—it has always had good students; look at the distinguished

men it has turned out, look at the men on the faculty, think of its great history, its beautiful traditions, its inspiring record. Scout for students! "Our funds are limited, fellow alumni, and the little money we have at our disposal must be used wisely. Great athletes, as has been proven time and again, will do more to advertise the college than a thousand Phi Betes. Besides, a successful athletic team brings the type of men that we want at our college, regular, red-blooded young Americans—he-men!" And so on to final applause—and a selection of scouts to ferret out athletes.

This alumni interest in athletics cannot be overstated; nor can the harm that results from it be too vigorously condemned. The alumni have so exaggerated athletic importance that the athletic tail is at this moment doing a fair job of wagging the academic dog. Sport for sport's sake has become a mere slogan, an hypocritical mask for professionalism to hide behind. Such professionalizing of athletes and such overemphasis on the value of athletics give the undergraduates a false sense of values that is injurious both to them and to the college.

It takes courage, great courage, for a dean to expel an athlete, regardless of how low his academic record may be or how heinous a sin he may have committed. The protest from the alumni is prompt and violent. "The Dean is killing the college! He's trying to turn it into a place for grinds and Phi Betes! Here we break our necks getting good men and he kicks them out because they break one of his fool rules. The college will never get anywhere as long as it has an old fogey for dean. He'd kick out every athlete if he had his way. And look at all the rotten publicity Blank's dismissal is getting us." The president will undoubtedly receive letters of protest, many of them, and he will have to temporize and explain and, unless he is a man of real stamina, he will probably urge the dean to be as "discreet" as possible in dealing with athletes.

The amount of such alumni interference in the direction of the college is enormous, and the presidents and deans have to listen to all of it with patience and assumed interest. At times the interference goes to preposterous lengths. For example, when I was teaching at Dartmouth I reported a student for having copied three themes in succession. The student admitted his guilt but insisted that he had meant to do "nothing dishonorable." He was so insistent about his honorable intentions that he persuaded everybody that he was telling the truth, strange as his moral standards might be. There was one committee meeting after another, but in the end the committee, after wasting many hours of valuable time, decided that the boy's inverted code could not exempt him from the punishment that a normal sinner would receive. He was dropped from the course and put on probation. Then the president's troubles began. He received a long letter of protest from the alumni club at the boy's home. What was the use, they wanted to know, of sending fine fellows to Dartmouth if that was the way they were going to be treated after they got there? What was more, they were going to bring legal means to correct such injustice; in fact, they had already employed a lawyer to prepare a brief! Get any brave college president in an expansive mood and he will match that story twenty times over.

The alumni interfere; they interfere about everything, and their interference is not only a fiendishly irritating itch that cannot be scratched but a serious drawback to the colleges as well. The lack of freedom of speech in the colleges is due more to the alumni than to the trustees. Every alumnus apparently, by virtue of his degree from the college, feels that his opinion of every member of the faculty is valuable. Any grudge he formed while an undergraduate may find expression once he is safely graduated. If he chances to hear that a professor has given a lecture which seems to him "radical," he rushes straightway

to write a letter to the president. Or if the college opens its halls to an outside lecturer who is reported a liberal, again he writes in protest. This right to object gives the alumnus a feeling of power, a sense of directing an important institution, and a consciousness of virtue that are sweet and comforting. These pestering alumni are rarely those who are succeeding impressively in a business or profession; they are the little fellows and, since the large majority of college graduates are little fellows, the number of those who interfere either individually or in clubs is appalling.

IV

The present tendency to turn our colleges from educational institutions into business schools is also due largely to alumni influence. Most freshmen feel that a college degree is a magic key that will unlock the door of success for them; and most alumni feel that it should have been. They fail and then blame the college for their failure. "If I'd only learned something practical," they explain, "I might have got somewhere. Look at Jones. He never went to college. He got a job here when he graduated from high school. That gave him four years' head start. Now, if I had got anything practical in college, I could have caught up with him, but they filled me with a lot of hooey about English and history and philosophy and such rot. What good has it ever done me? It's no good to anybody unless he's going to teach, and only a damn fool would teach anyway—you know, the kind of man that hasn't got guts enough to get out into the business world and fight like a regular he-man.

"Oh, yes, of course, I took economics. But what good did that do? Did it teach me anything about this business? I guess not! Old Prof Smith jabbered about the law of supply and demand and tariff and free trade and labor problems and a lot of things that may be important down at Washington but which

don't help a man to sell goods. They ought to give some practical courses at college; that's what they ought to do—and if I've got anything to say they're going to. My boy's going to know something when he gets out of college, or I'll know the reason why. They ought to have a course in salesmanship for one thing. Why, I didn't know a thing about selling when I got out of college—and, believe me, you can't get anywhere in business if you don't know about selling—no, sir!”

When a few hundred of the alumni of a college have such ideas—and there are thousands and thousands of them the country over that have exactly those ideas—the college is bound to respond to the pressure brought. Unfortunately, the successful, thinking alumni are apt to keep their mouths shut, believing, no doubt, that the administrators of the college know more about education than they do; but their voice is needed badly. They are against the Philistines, but most of them are inclined to smile scornfully and take out their opposition in silent contempt. Individually, the Philistines are insignificant nincompoops, but collectively they are a powerful menace, and the rapid change in most of our colleges is ample evidence of their power.

V

President Hopkins of Dartmouth has shown the way, I think, to correct the alumni evil, at least to minimize it. For the past few years he has conducted a vigorous educational campaign among his alumni. He does not talk about athletics when he visits their clubs. He talks about the educational needs and policies of Dartmouth and explains the ideas back of the policies and the reasons for the needs. His thesis is that the

alumni are still an active part of the college and that education does not cease with graduation. The enthusiastic response of the alumni is encouraging proof of how much can be accomplished. How much is necessary to be accomplished is evidenced by the fact that the Dartmouth alumni recently built a perfectly needless concrete grandstand and a mile or so of iron fence around the athletic field in the New Hampshire wilderness. One only has to consult the Dartmouth salary schedule to recognize that it was high time that the alumni be taught that the needs of a college weren't satisfied with the dressing up of the athletic field. They have responded, nevertheless, to Doctor Hopkins's teachings, with the result that the change in Dartmouth that has taken place in the last five years is the most encouraging sign in the college heavens. With the alumni interference and protests that would have to be endured in most colleges, such a change would have been impossible.

The alumni cannot be insulted; they give the all necessary money—but they must be educated. They must learn first that no college, however admirable its courses and however great its faculty and resources, can give its students the open sesame to success, and that a college made to fit their particular needs might fail to meet the needs of most of its students; they must learn that their interest in the college is essential to its existence but that interest must not transform itself into petty interference; they must learn finally that athletic ardor is not necessarily the highest form of love for one's Alma Mater and that they can serve her best by giving money to her, by keeping their hands off—especially off athletes—and finally by maintaining a brilliant and profound silence.

The Battlefields at Gettysburg

BY AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

HARVEST

ONLY the seasons and the years invade
These quiet wheatfields where the Armies crashed,
And mockingbirds and quail fly unafraid
Within this forest where the rifles flashed.
Here where the bladed wings of death have mown
And gleaned their harvestry of golden lives,
The fruitful seeds of corn and wheat are sown,
And where the cannon smoked, an orchard thrives.

Long are the war years over, with their pain,
Their passionate tears and fury, and the sun
Lies hot and yellow on the heavy grain,
And all the fighting on these fields is done.
But in their peace, the quivering heart recalls
The youth that bled beside these old stone walls.

ROCKS

AMONG these jagged rocks, whose height commands
A vista of the Ridges, and the plain
Where thrifty farms lie on the battlelands,
And sons of soldiers reap their ripened grain—
Among these tragic rocks a pang of fear
Cuts at my heart for every frightened lad
Who charged this wooded hill or waited here,
Gripping his gun with all the strength he had.

How young they were, these boys in blood-stained blue,
In dim and dusty gray amid the wheat,
The salt sweat in their eyes like bitter dew,
And burning furrows under burning feet!
My youth cries out to theirs. . . . Could I have stood
At bay among these rocks, or charged this wood?

THE BATTLE

THREE times the sun rose while the battle held;
Three days of blinding heat and fiery dust—
Three red eternities of breastwork shelled,
Of charge, attack, repulse, and counterthrust.
And in the soul of Meade, the soul of Lee,
By every soldier's suffering torn and wrung—
What vain defeat, what frustrate victory,
As to and fro the battle's fortune swung!

For always on the leader's heart must fall
The sharpest lash, the wounds that cannot heal;
To them is given the wormwood and the gall
Of hurling life against inhuman steel.
And ever in the eyes of Meade and Lee
There lay the shadow of that agony.

THE CEMETERY

HERE Lincoln stood, in strong simplicity,
And spoke the brief immortal word that rings
Forever over earth and over sea,
With echo of all brief immortal things.
Beneath these numbered stones how many sleep
Who beat against the bolted gates of death,
And entered in so swiftly none might keep
Their names that vanished with their yielded breath!

But not in vain these unknown dead have died,
Nor those whose names are clearly carved there.
Above their rest, the wings of Love are wide . . .
There is a sense of glory in the air.
Here Lincoln stood, on this blood-quicken sod,
And gave himself, these graves, this Land, to God.





JOANNA GODDEN MARRIED

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

AT THE end of a June day a woman sat at the window of a house in West Street, Chichester. Beneath her the traffic of the Portsmouth Road flowed like a river—cars and carts and bicycles, and the various members of two conflicting tribes of country omnibuses, all jumbled in an apparent meaninglessness, and raked over with the dusty gold of the sunset.

Joanna Godden looked down on them without seeing them—their dazzle meant no more to her eyes than their racket to her ears. Both had grown accustomed now. Her thoughts were busy, though they had not wandered farther away than the two letters that lay on her lap. Suddenly she looked back into the room and called very loudly:

"Martha!"

There was an inarticulate response from a distant part of the house. The minutes went by and, as nothing more definite followed, Joanna went to the door and flung it open.

"Martha," she shouted. "Where are you? Come here."

"I'm coming all in good time."

Footsteps creaked on the stairs, and a moment later Martha Relph came in, vested in her cooking apron as a hint of a short visit.

"I'm sorry if you're busy," said Joanna, "but I'm unaccountable dull and sick of myself all alone. I'd have come down to you, but I wanted to show you this letter, and you've got your boy in the kitchen."

"Reckon I have—and where else should he be, poor lad, at the end of a long day's work?"

"I'm not finding fault—though heaven knows that boy . . . however, I won't say it. But it only shows me it's time I was up and off."

"Now, you shouldn't ought to speak like that. You know you're welcome here."

"Keeping your custom away just when it's starting holiday time and you might have your house full."

"Come to that, I'd sooner have your money regular than other people's now and again."

"But I can't stay here forever—I'd die of the gapes in a town, with nothing going on and nothing to do; and if I stay much longer I'll lose you your season. No, Martha Relph, you've been a real good friend to me, as I'll always remember, but things have begun to show me that it's time I started by myself again. Besides, I've heard from That Woman."

"Her at Sidlesham?"

"Yes, it's her letter I want to show you. She seems unaccountable anxious to get rid of the place—a bit too anxious for my thinking."

"Reckon a lone widow woman don't want to be bothered with a farm. It ain't everyone who's like yourself."

"Well, read what she says."

She handed Martha one of the letters, written on flimsy paper in a hand both formal and straggling.

CROWN DIPS,
NEAR SIDLESHAM.

Dear Madam,

I received your welcome letter quite safe, and am writing to say that I am seeking to dispose of my farm, "Crown Dips," being left a widow by my dear husband who departed this life seven weeks ago and used to manage same. There is twenty acres, all grass, and a hundred head of fowl, Sussex and Orpingtons. Also three cows, one being in calf, two pigs, also sheds, coops, tools, etc., as well as one nicely built barn besides the house which is double-fronted and commodious, four bedrooms, three sitting rooms with kitchen etc. Everything in excellent repair and going well. I can show you the returns and think it would be a good thing, madam, if you could come over and see it all, which is very easily reached from Chichester. Kindly let me hear when to expect you at your earliest possible convenience.

Yours truly,

SARAH WICKEN.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Joanna.

"I dunno. I dunno what to think."

"It sounds worth looking at. That would be the best thing—to go over and see it."

"Maybe."

"You don't seem to like it."

"Well, you know, I've always said you shouldn't ought to settle in these parts—you should go to the shires."

"And I've always said I never will. I was born and bred in Sussex, and in Sussex I'll die, or in Kent at farthest. I'll never go venturing into foreign parts at my time of life. I'd die if I was to go and live in the shires."

"Seemingly you'd die in a good many places—first it's in a town, then it's in the shires. You'd much better get away from these parts, where folks' tongues are bound to start wagging soon. I've managed to keep 'em quiet so far, but I don't mind telling you it's been all my doing, and directly you get off by yourself I don't trust you not to make yourself the gossip of the county."

"Well, you'd never expect me to tell lies."

"I'd never expect you to do nothing so sensible—that's why I want you to stay with me, or to go where folks don't know you!"

"They don't know me on Manhood Marsh."

"Pooh—it's only the opposite end to Romney. They'll soon find out all about you."

"They won't. You know quite well, Martha, that East Sussex don't have any dealings with West Sussex, and so it's always been. I own it ud have been foolish of me to have gone into Kent, leastways into the Kentish Marsh and the parts near by, but over here I'm as cut off as if I was in the shires—all the Downs between me and the eastern marsh, and a day's journey in four different trains to cross 'em. After all, no one's started any talk about you."

"That's true, but then I came here with my legal husband, and no one was to know how close the marriage was to the birth. Besides, who was to bother about poor little Martha Tilden, who got herself into trouble when she had a place as chicken girl on Ansdore Farm? It's another matter when it comes to the mistress of Great and Little Ansdore, Miss Joanna Godden, who's been the talk of the three marshes for a dunnamany years. Reckon when you put up Ansdore for sale and flitted they nearly broke their jaws at the Woolpack. You yourself told me as Vine of Birds-kitchen was took to his Maker owing to an apoplexy he got in the bar."

"The Woolpack ain't such a famous place that we need trouble ourselves in these parts over what it says." . . .

At that moment a shout came up from the basement, a shout of manly outrage and disgust.

"Hi! Mother! Are you going to keep me waiting all night for my supper? Reckon you two never stop jawing when you get together."

Joanna's lips tightened, and the already high color on her cheeks took a richer dye, as Martha turned obediently towards the door.

"It's a crime the way you let that boy of yours order you about. I'd never stand it a single minute if it was me."

Martha turned on the threshold.

"I'm not sure as you won't have to."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's all along of me being a poor widow this ten year. You can't bring up a son without a father."

II

Joanna first looked angry, then meditative. She rose with big arms lifted for stretching, and the letters in her lap slid to the floor.

"A-a-ah," she sighed, then stooped to pick them up.

She had settled about Mrs. Wicken: she would write at once and fix the day after to-morrow for her visit. Ellen's letter had not been dealt with yet. Not that it required any dealing beyond being torn up . . . but she would read it again first.

The sunset was gone from the room, which had taken on dim bluish colors in the twilight. The light of an early street lamp was like some big yellow fruit among the purple shadows of the street. Joanna leaned her head against the window-frame as she read Ellen's letter.

13, TORRANCE SQUARE,
S. W. 7

My dear Joanna,

I should have answered your letter before but I've been abroad, and it didn't reach me till I came back only a few days ago. I'm very glad to hear that your son was born safely and that you've made a good recovery, but I'm afraid I can't go back on what I said when I last saw you. If I was to be godmother it might create an awkward situation for both of us later on. No doubt you will think me hard-hearted and unnatural, but I have my husband to consider, and you must remember that you deliberately chose to put me out of your life. My decision has nothing to do with the morals of the case, but merely with its social and practical side. If you yourself had

considered this, I should not have had to do so. I'm very sorry, and I shall never forget all I owe you, but you must remember that I also owe a great deal to Tip, and where there is any conflict between your interests and his, I'm afraid you don't stand a chance.

Yours in regret,

ELLEN ERNLEY.

"I don't believe her—I don't believe he's like that. It's all an excuse for her own . . . Oh, my little Ellen!"

Crushing the letter in her hand, she hid her face for a moment in the unsympathetic folds of the Nottingham-lace curtain. Oh, how it wounded still, this ancient love! How cruel it was that this her oldest, homeliest tenderness must be sacrificed to others that had come later and more devastatingly. The latest love was only just born, and yet before it all loves must be offered up. Ellen—Ellen—her own sister, whom she had loved from childhood, brought up and cared for as her child—Ellen, who had been first—the first of all—long before this little Martin to whom she must be sacrificed—before the little clerk who was Martin's father, though not Joanna's husband, even before that other Martin, both dear and dim in memory, who was mystically the father of all the love and sorrow in her life. . . . Ellen was an older love than any of these, and yet they had in their sequence driven her out of Joanna's world, leaving her sister groping and crying after her.

For some months after the crash she had been uncertain as to which fragment of her shattered earth called most terribly to her heart. Sometimes she felt it was her farm—the greatness of Great and Little Ansdore, three hundred acres of Sussex marsh that she had loved and served so many years—now broken and sold, transformed by a black alchemy of shame into a bank-roll which was "filthy lucre" indeed. At other times her heaviest burden was the loss of her fair and gallant name upon the marsh. . . . The day she had left Ansdore her ears had burned as she thought of the tongues that would wag

that evening in the Woolpack and in every public house from Dymchurch to Rye; and since then there had been nothing but humiliation—her refuge with Martha Relph, whom fifteen years ago she had turned away for what was now her own guilt, the lies she had been forced to tell to maintain that refuge, and to maintain the respectability which Martha had won by tardy marriage through Joanna's grace . . . it had all been terrible, sometimes it had seemed to her as if that was what had hurt most of all.

At other times the pain had been not for herself but for the silent helpless victim of her life's wreck. When her child was born would she be able to save it from its share of her dishonor? Would she not probably fail, even in spite of the deceptions that she practised in such disgust? And then, the child's father . . . had she no regrets for him? No times when she wept in longing and bitterness for that three months' passion? She had never faltered in her determination not to see him again—the one letter that she had received from him after the break she had firmly torn up unread; but she could not help thinking of him and crying over him in that pity which was the ghost of love, hoping she had not hurt him badly by her going, sometimes reproaching herself for the way she had dealt with him, not in the end, but in the beginning. Oh, she had behaved badly to poor Bertie Hill—she had pursued him, snatched him, caught him, because she had forgotten the good ways in which she had been brought up and the man she loved long ago.

All these thoughts had been her penance during the months she had stayed hidden with Martha Relph in Chichester, while she waited for her child. But they had not been constant—they had taken turns with one another, as it were, to torment her, and they had alternated with moments of mad hope and soft joy, when she thought of her baby—her baby not as shame or as stumbling block

or embarrassment, but simply as her darling. In those moments the past lost its reproach. Bertie Hill was merely her child's father, an impersonal force of nature to which she owed her joy, and Martin was re-established in her memory's shrine, as the child's mystical father, but for whom she would never have loved Bert and, therefore, never have had her present expectation.

But there was a wound which never ceased aching, a regret which alternated with no hope, but merely throbbed at the back of all her happier thoughts. It was the wound of her love for Ellen—the little sister for whom she had slaved and sacrificed, for whom she had lied as she could never lie for herself in the days when Ellen had defied morality and the Ten Commandments and the good opinion of Romney Marsh. It was all owing to Joanna and her battles on her behalf that she had been able to come back to Ansdore and re-establish herself in local reputation and finally marry a man who was a gentleman both by birth and deed. And when Joanna's own trouble had come, and she had turned to Ellen for help as Ellen had turned to her, Ellen had not stood by her. She had reproached her, bargained with her. She had said, "Either you marry the father of the child that's coming or you never see me again." She had been angry because Joanna had refused to spoil her own and the baby's life by marrying a man who did not love her and whom she did not love. She had spoken of decency and respectability as if she herself had not once flouted them and as if they were not much dearer to Joanna than to herself, and renounced only at the cost of her life's tranquillity.

Her love gathered anger as she thought of Ellen thus, and a sob broke from her into the silence of the room. She had hoped that Ellen would have relented at the birth of the child, that she would have been placated by her sister's request to stand godmother—a great honor in Joanna's eyes. But it was no

good—Ellen would not forgive her. She was angry with her, not because she had done wrong, but because she had been found out and had refused to take what Ellen considered the only decent course to hide her shame. Little Martin's birth would, according to Ellen's ideas, only make things worse instead of better.

Joanna's ideas were not the same as Ellen's. She turned from the window to a second door, leading into the bedroom. Here all was darkness, for the baby had been put to sleep and the curtains drawn more than an hour ago. She groped her way to the cot at the foot of her bed. She could not see the child, and did not touch him for fear of his waking, but she was aware of a fluttering breath and a dim sweetness of powdered skin.

"Never mind, my duckie," she whispered, "never mind, my precious lamb. She says she won't be your godmother, but we'll get Martha, who's more of a Christian woman anyway—goes to church and says her prayers, which Ellen don't, I reckon. The only reason she was angry with me was that you were coming, poor sweet. She didn't deny as she had done the same as me, but 'I never landed myself with a child,' says she, as if that was all the sin there was in it. And wanting me to marry Bert when—but I won't speak ill of your father before you."

III

The farmstead of Crown Dips was in the parish of Sidlesham only according to the letter of parish law. For all practical purposes it belonged to the less adequate village of East Wittering, one of the half-dozen strung like beads on the string of the unfrequented road that loops round from Birdham to Sidlesham Common. Reeded acres of sheep-dotted, roadless marsh separated it from Sidlesham station on the toy railway that runs down the Manhood Peninsular to Manhood's End.

Between the cluster of red and black

farm buildings and the sand dunes of the shore lay only a paddock of buttercups and coarse grass, and three reeded pools, or dips, from which the farm took its name. It looked both gay and lonely on the afternoon that Joanna Godden and Martha Relph came tramping with dusty, aching feet from Sidlesham station. The little red house, with its white-rimmed windows like staring eyes, and the flutter of cloud-flecked sunshine blowing over it, seemed almost to dance a greeting and at the same time to proclaim that it knew no neighbor but the sea.

"It won't never do for you here," said Martha.

"Why not?" asked Joanna briskly, snuffing up the marsh air like a war-horse.

"There ain't another place within miles."

"Well, I'm used to that. I like it."

"You won't like it with no one but yourself about. It was another thing at Ansdore when you had all your farm people round you; but here—"

"I'll have a maid and man, which ull be quite enough. I tell you I don't like living all crowded up with folk. I'd die if I had to live any longer in a place like Chichester—I beg your pardon' all the way along the pavement, and more like a hen than a human being when you cross the road."

"Well, wait till you see what this place is like inside," said Martha, pushing open the drive gate.

The two women were in striking contrast as they walked up to the house together—Joanna tall and striding beside Martha's dumpling figure, Joanna's warmly colored face and eager blue eye above Martha's pale full moon and brooding gaze. In one point only were they alike, and that was the color of their dress. Both were dressed in black, Martha in ten-year-old compliment to the deceased Thomas Relph; Joanna in obedience to some undefined but compelling instinct, to some inward urgency linked with the words "I will go softly

all my years, in the bitterness of my soul." Not that there was much of "going softly" about her black, indeed, it had more swagger than many a woman's colors. Black to her mind was mourning, and mourning was plumes, whether on hearse or head. Therefore, on Joanna's head nodded two fine black plumes, which, with her swaying jet earrings and swinging jet necklace, produced an effect of flaunt and aggression rather than of atonement.

Mrs. Wicken, who opened the house door, eyed the effect severely. She also was in black—new black, cheap black, in contrast to Martha's, which was old, and Joanna's, which was costly. The three women were like three crows on the doorstep of the farm.

"Good morning, ma'am"—"Good morning, ma'am"—"Good morning, ma'am."

They eyed one another suspiciously—Mrs. Wicken wondered which was Mrs. Godden, and how much she would give for Crown Dips; Joanna wondered how much Mrs. Wicken would ask, and in what relation it would stand to the farm's real value; and Martha wondered to what extent Joanna would make a fool of herself over the place, which in her eyes was nothing but a hole and unworthy of human habitation.

One piece of folly she determined to prevent.

"This is Mrs. Godden," she said hastily, before Joanna could blunder with a "Miss." "I've just come along with her to see the place, having some knowledge of these things."

Joanna opened her mouth loudly to deny the latter part of the statement, but a ferocious nudge from Martha reminded her of the effect such a denial would have on the enemy, and she gulped angrily instead.

"Well, you'd better come and look at it now," said Mrs. Wicken, "unless you'd like a cup of tea first."

"Thank you, ma'am. I think we'd better start at once."

"Then will you kindly step this way."

"After you, ma'am."

"Oh, no, after you."

"You'd better go first, ma'am, since you know the place."

Thus, with much outward politeness and inward distrust the inspection started. Mrs. Wicken showed first a neat house, rather over-symmetrical in its placing of doors and stairs, but spacious, and solidly built, with two good sitting rooms and an ample kitchen, four bedrooms above, and a couple of attics. Joanna's ambitious eye noticed that there was many an opening for "improvements." She could make a good little place of this, with a verandah thrown out beyond the drawing-room, and perhaps a couple more rooms built on. She could never live in a place without scope for development, and now all her future was in the house. It was part of the change that had come that she thought of the farm only as part of the house. She did not want to develop the farm—to tear fresh acres out of the green wideness of the Marsh and fling them under her plow. She had done all that at Ansdore—done it all, and smashed it all. She could not do it again. With what had come to her from the sale of Ansdore she would re-establish herself, not as a farmer, but as a housewife, mistress of many rooms and much furniture. If she tore anything from the Marsh, it would be a green lawn or a flower garden.

Her thoughts ran ahead of her eyes throughout the expedition. She did not see Crown Dips as it was now in its incompleteness, with the marks upon it of contrivance and inefficiency. Martha grunted her amazement at Joanna's skimming attitude towards the kitchen range and the dairy, towards the dark cow-shed and inadequate fowl-run; the fact was that she saw all these things not as they were now, but as they would be in twenty years, with herself splendidly rising to greet Ellen, announced by a parlormaid, "So glad you were able to come, dear. I've asked the Squire and his wife—and here's

Martin. Doesn't he look nice in evening dress?" She saw Martin in white shirt-front and white waistcoat and tails—looking exactly like another Martin. . . .

"Can't say as your fowls seem to be doing too well," said Martha acidly.

"It's two months since poor Mr. Wicken died, and I'm not used to looking after things myself. I had no experience of country life till I married—that's why I want to get back to the town."

"Found it a bit difficult to rid yourself of this place, haven't you?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, not at all, if I was willing to take any offer. But folks are hard up these days, and I won't sell except for ready money."

"I'll give you two thousand for it," said Joanna, "cash down."

IV

On the journey home she leaned back in the little train, her eyes closed in a comfort which was entirely spiritual. She was spiritually at ease, though her body ached with her dusty tramping and the unrestful seat of the train. Her spirit was at rest because she had found again a country that she knew—a country of grass and watercourses, of winding hard white roads, of buttercups and hawthorn hedges, of nibbling cows and sheep, all bounded by the sea. Even the miniature railway, jolting along its ridiculous track, had its double on that other marsh which flowed over the borders of Sussex and Kent into the spit of Dungeness, just as this melted together the borders of Sussex and Hampshire at the base of Manhood's End.

She would be happy here; there would be no strangeness for her either of street or hedgerow, no hills or undulations to make an unaccustomed view. For Joanna the dear had always been the familiar-old faces, old places. The first she could not hope to see again, but the second she could restore. Manhood might be smaller and saltier than

Romney, but it would be what she had always known—the Marsh, in its flatness and greenness and mildness, its seagirt pasturage, a land alien from the rest of Sussex, apart from weald and down. It was the Marsh that she wanted; she would be happier on a marsh in the shires—supposing that the shires grew anything so gracious—than on some wealden hill twenty miles from where she was born.

Her contentment was so great that she had only good humor for Martha's scolding. They were alone in their carriage, and Martha scolded hard all the way to Chichester.

"Reckon you must be mad, Miss Godden, to do a thing like this. That farm ain't worth more than fifteen hundred. She would have asked eighteen and been thankful to get sixteen, and you go and offer two thousand without even troubling to find out what she'll take."

"The farm's worth more'n two thousand to me."

"I don't see that. You'll have to spend another five hundred before it's fit to live in."

"Well, I can run to that. I did well out of Ansdore, and the best way to spend the money seems to build another Ansdore for myself and the boy."

"That place ull never be Ansdore. Why, there's only twenty acres, and you'll never get more—she said that herself."

"She doesn't know. Besides I don't want more. I don't want land. I'm too old to start all that over again. I want just enough land to pay for improvements to the house. I'm going to have a fine house, Martha—bathroom, hot and cold water, same as I had at Ansdore, a nice paddock and a flower-garden, and a parlor maid a lot better than Mene Tekel ever was."

"What I can't understand is why you couldn't buy a place that was better to start with. For the money you're paying you could get a house with them things already there."

"But I don't want them already there. I want to put them there. I want to make the place grow. Besides, I'd have got nothing like that on the Marsh—the agents said so. They said there was nothing to be had on Manhood, and if I'd never lit on that woman's advertisement, I might be settling now in some tedious place inland."

"Well, you'd be a lot better inland—I told you you'd best go to the shires."

"Oh, have done do, Martha, with your shires. What you don't understand is that I'd sooner pay two thousand pounds for a thing I want than sixteen hundred for a thing I don't."

"But you could have got the thing you wanted for sixteen hundred. That's where I'm blaming you. It's only your vanity that makes you throw your money about. Your idea was to scare that Mrs. Wicken and make her tell all the neighbors what a rich and fine and magnificent woman you are."

Joanna smiled. What Martha had said was quite pleasantly true. She had offered more money than she felt Mrs. Wicken would ask, and certainly more than the farm was worth in its present state, because she wanted to enter the neighborhood with a flourish. At the price of a few hundred pounds she had left Mrs. Wicken gaping at her lavishness, and in course of time would arrive to find the neighbors gaping too. Best of all, she herself felt once more rich and fine and magnificent, such as she had never felt since love had stripped her of Ansdore and sentenced her to a soft and bitter going that she had forgotten in this glorious hour.

V

Joanna's preparations for her removal took longer than Mrs. Wicken's. The latter had only to pack her trunk and order a van to take her sticks, and jolt away one still morning when the sun was driving the fog off the sea, cheerful in the hope of certain comfort for her husband's loss, since it meant her return

from the exile into which he had taken her. Joanna, on the other hand, had to buy new furniture, because in a recklessness that she now regretted she had sold everything at Ansdore. She sought to reproduce as far as possible the Ansdore style of comfort—the horsehair, the mahogany, strangely mixed with the black and olive fabrics that Ellen had introduced during the last years.

Horsehair proved unprocurable, so far had the furniture trade deteriorated in the sixty years that had gone by since Thomas Godden bought his to set up housekeeping. Joanna had to fall back on tapestry, studded and strewn with the black cushions Ellen had loved. But her dining-room suite was mahogany, and her bedsteads were brass, and her windows were white with the scrawliest patterns of Nottingham lace, wherein lace roses were as the ghosts of the red and blue and brown roses that rioted on her carpets.

To Martha's disgust she had also papered and painted all the walls—as a part of her incoming flourish, since only about half the rooms needed re-decoration. But Joanna felt depressed by Mrs. Wicken's blue-gray stripes, and bunches of blue sweet peas tied with mauve and gray ribbons. She had never cared for blues and grays, and felt she could not settle among them. So instead she had more roses, red and yellow and brown and golden; the house became a bower of roses, paper roses, lace roses, carpet roses, and tapestry roses—the riot of Joanna's barbaric loves, unsatisfied in her life, unacknowledged in her heart, projected instead upon the walls, the floor, the furniture of her house.

Outside the house she did not do so much—there was less opportunity for splendor, and she had lost heart for the merely utilitarian. Her chief improvement and only extravagance was to enlarge the cowhouse for the stabling of four more cows. She must have half a dozen, at least, she said, if she was to

do any good. She did not fancy chickens as a means of livelihood, being discouraged by experience rather than enticed by adventurous arithmetic. But milk was always profitable if you could get a private round and ignore the middleman. This she proposed to do, and in time her dairy business would grow—she saw herself supplying hotels in Portsmouth and Southampton at last.

She had sold Ansdore at a good price, to one or two buyers, since no single adventurer would undertake what she had undertaken singly for so long. A part of the land beside the Brodnyx road had gone in building lots, and the two well-built houses of Great and Little Ansdore, with the manorial rights of one and the wide lands of the other had brought her enough money to face a more difficult future than any before her now. She could afford to buy Crown Dips at a price that would make her famous, to set it in order both within and without, and still have enough to settle and support the uncertain years.

So during the last days of June the Selsey Bill railway took Joanna many times to and fro between Chichester and Sidlesham. She was harassed by the needs of young Martin—his meal times were disorganized by such travel, and she was constitutionally unable to trust anyone else with his precious care. The same constitution forbade her to trust anyone with the care of Crown Dips—the builders and decorators would scamp and dawdle without supervision, and Mrs. Wicken's man, who had charge of the stock during the interregnum, would be sure to steal the milk and let the fowls die. Therefore, since she herself had made the house uninhabitable, she took a room for herself and Martin at the Falcon Inn—a little brick box of a pub on the Wittering road, staring with hard, bright windows out to sea, and offering a doubtful glass of ale to shepherds and wagoners and straying holiday-makers.

Joanna was not at all comfortable

at the Falcon Inn, nor was the inn at all comfortable with Joanna, but her stay enabled her to combine the care of her two most precious treasures, Martin and Crown Dips, and hurry the latter into habitable grace. It also enabled her to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Root.

The Roots were a middle-aged couple who lived in a small cottage near the inn, and worked on Owledge, the farm between the Falcon and Crown Dips. Root was carter, and Mrs. Root was chicken woman, but she had also some knowledge of dairy work. Though not yet old, the fact that they had lived all their lives in the district, in the remoteness of Manhood's End, had put them among the old people rather than among the young folk who wore bowler hats and silk stockings and traveled adventurously into Chichester on Saturday nights for the Pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Root had always lived within five miles of where they lived now, they had never been on the Selsey Bill railway, preferring on the rare occasions when they went into Chichester to travel by carrier's cart. They had never been to the Pictures, in which they dimly discerned the hand of Satan, whose constant interference with local affairs they believed in as firmly as they believed in the Bible. They spoke the old Sussex speech, broad and slurry and full of strange old words, and uncorrupted of the "bloodies" and "not halves" of modern education. They picked and distilled herbs for food and medicine—they made dandelion and nettle tea, and cowslip wine, and simples and balsams with purslane and mugwort and succory.

Joanna esteemed them for no separate one of these things, but the total quality was eminently dear to her. Mr. and Mrs. Root stood to her for the old days and the old ways, for homeliness and memory—they were in the long line of servants that she had employed both indoors and out at Ansdore. Moreover they provided a very stimulating foil

to her modernity, her go-ahead methods, and brave experiment.

Most of all, her inquiries and observation showed her that Root was as excellent in his work with the cows as his wife in her work with the chickens. They were the instinctive workers of the old school, toiling in a sort of communion with the beasts they tended. They were the ideal couple for the outdoor work of Crown Dips, and before she had known them a week Joanna was coveting Mr. and Mrs. Root as desperately as Ahab coveted Naboth's vineyard, or King David the wife of Uriah the Hittite.

Her maneuvers to acquire them, though scarcely more scrupulous, were less catastrophic. They consisted chiefly in offering Mr. and Mrs. Root half as much again as Mr. Boorman of Owledge paid them. It is true that they would have to walk a considerable way to their work, but that was a common hardship, and amply atoned for by the promise of breakfast and supper in the day's gift of meals. No strong ties bound them to Owledge, which had lately changed hands and ways, and they had all their type's strong love of money as distinct from what money brings.

So when Joanna made her parting with the Falcon and moved into Crown Dips she sweepingly dismissed Mrs. Wicken's boy, and installed Mr. and Mrs. Root in the care of her farmyard. Indoors, she kept a girl, to cook and scrub and help her with the baby. Her parlor maid was still some years ahead.

VI

The neighborhood was inclined to be curious about the new owner of Crown Dips. As a rule when a farm changed hands, the incomer was already known by repute, having come from a spot within twenty miles at farthest. There was but little movement in the settled population of the Manhood Peninsular—it was as if the stream of visitors flowing to and from Selsey Bill drew off all the

energy of the district, leaving the local life stagnant. There was but little buying and selling of land, except in building plots to Bungalow Town, and the farms, great and small, dwelt in unchanging stillness, rotting like red fallen apples in the green freshness of the Marsh.

Crown Dips had been built sixty years ago, by the father of the late owner, therefore, it was still talked of as new, and its shifting fortunes considered no more than was to be expected in such a place. Nevertheless, it was a surprise to find that the new owner was a woman, who had appeared suddenly out of nowhere, and had no kith or kin on Manhood, nor, apparently, west of the Downs.

No one could discover anything of her past except that she was a widow and had lived for the last six months in Chichester. Her husband had been killed in a railway accident—on a threshing machine—out hunting—had been drowned at sea—had fallen down dead in his own kitchen—had died in his bed of pneumonia—cancer—consumption—kidney disease. Joanna herself gave no help to conjecture. She was rather gruff in the face of inquiry, as was only seemly after so recent a sorrow.

She did not think it right to invent any story about herself, though Martha had often urged her to do so. To call herself Mrs. Godden and wear a broad gold ring on her wedding finger belonged to a different order of deceit. It was not so much a lying statement of respectability as a refusal to issue an open challenge of disrepute. Besides, in Joanna's world, "Mrs." was often a purely honorary title, the reward of established spinsterhood. She told herself that anyhow she would have been "Mrs. Godden" in due course; she was merely anticipating her title—though anticipating it in circumstances that destroyed her right, as her heart was not slow to tell her when she let it speak.

Martha had wanted her to call herself

"Mrs. Hill," as if she had been Bertie's wife in name as well as in fact—it was not so very difficult to imagine. To Martha it was more in accord with things-as-they-were, and also gave a better disguise. But Joanna would have none of it; her mind worked differently from Martha's, and she saw her chosen course as the less ignoble. As for safety, there was many a Godden in Sussex, Kent, and Hampshire; it was a good old country name, widespread now like all the best. It would give her a better shelter than any foreign Hill. Besides, suppose Bertie were ever to come into the district, and find her using the name she had so scornfully rejected—the mere thought of such a contingency made her scarlet with shame, and it did not seem unlikely to her fear.

Besides, she would be less prone to muddle things if she kept the name she was used to. With a new one, her tongue might trip and give her away. Apart from Martha's warnings, Joanna knew that she was likely to give herself away, and for the boy's sake she avoided occasions of self-betrayal. She adopted an almost cloistral life—the red and brown and golden roses blushed unseen, and the Nottingham lace lay like a veil between her and the rest of the world.

This again was all that it should be, and the neighborhood felt disposed to approval. It is true that Mrs. Godden had quarrelled with the Falcon and stolen Mr. and Mrs. Root from Owledge. But the Falcon was not held in any great local repute, and Owledge had lately passed into the hands of a new owner—not a stranger it is true, since he came from Appledram, setting up for himself on marriage, but nevertheless subversive of the ways of Owledge and giving Mr. and Mrs. Root a lawful reason for complaint and removal, apart from the briberies of Crown Dips.

These briberies and the price she had paid for the farm, improved by gossip's multiplication table, added greatly to

Joanna's credit, and gave her the reputation of being a rich woman. Her husband had owned a fine place over by Horsham—he had made a lot of money out of livestock, and left his widow rolling, as you might say. She was only running the farm as a hobby—she had done up the house so as it took your breath away, and was living in it like a lady.

Joanna heard the echoes of these rumors, and they made it sometimes difficult for her to maintain her seclusion. She would have liked to see local feet—the feet of Mrs. Boorman of Owledge and Mrs. Gill of Solegate and Mrs. Gain of King's Court—treading her roses. It was real pain to her that her silver teapot, saved from the wreck of Ansdore, should never be the central sun of an admiring female system. She felt like a lonely queen in the midst of her splendor.

But she would not relent towards herself. If she grew friendly with the neighbors she would either have to involve herself in more falsehood or else give herself away—possibly she might do both. Also there was a queer moral complication. It was right that folk should be impressed by her wealth and skill and enterprise, for she was wealthy and skilful and enterprising, but that they should take pleasure in her society involved a lie, because, according to her code, she had forfeited her social claim. If all these people, the Mrs. Gills and Mrs. Boormans and Mrs. Gains of the district, knew her story, they would no longer seek her out, but regard her with contempt and indignation and, since they must not know her story, they must not enjoy her company under false pretences. Joanna was hard on herself, as she had been hard on others.

VII

That winter was the dreariest she had known. The winter before had been more catastrophic, more remote from experience, as she had sat and watched

it go by from her window in Chichester—going by in flurries of rainy wind that passed down West Street, in cold gleams of sunlight on the Cathedral tower, in the smell of moist earth in the Canons' gardens, in the queer many-colored jostle of a town at Christmastide, and the first drawing out of the days in a gaslit dusk. But it had never wearied her—it had been so like a procession passing by, a procession of hours and days and weeks going gallantly forward to the hope of the spring. She herself had seemed to lead winter onward, going before it in expectation. . . .

But now, winter was no path to spring, no procession, nothing that moved, but a weight upon the land, a heavy cloud that shut her into her empty house. There could be no developments on the farm till warmer, lighter weather. All she and her servants had to do out of doors was to keep things going as they were, and that was an easy job for the three of them. There was far too much time left to spend indoors, by the fire, thinking and remembering, while the wind howled over the Marsh and through the bending reeds of the dips, and the sea, unaccustomedly near, bellowed and pounded at the sandbanks, uttering hoarse threats to Crown Dips, shouting "What if I came nearer? . . ."

The roughness of the weather—climate made the chief difference between Manhood and Romney—combined with the difficulties of railway fares and the inconvenient hours of winter trains, kept Martha Relph away in the sheltered town. Joanna, who had hoped for her company, felt neglected. She did not find in her son either the occupation or the companionship that other women's remarks and her own thoughts had taught her to expect. It is true that a good deal of her time was spent in washing, dressing, and feeding him, and that every day she could watch some fresh marvel of growth; but curiously enough, he seemed to intensify her sense of loneliness.

On the whole, she felt, she had loved him more before he was born. Then

he had been a cherished mystery, a part of herself so intimate and dear that it had never occurred to her to want another human being to share her love. Before his birth she and her child had been one, a single unity. Now they were separate, a pair. But this was wrong. The number of love is not two but three, a trinity—father, mother, son. Her love was incomplete because a part of it was lacking—the father's part. Oh, deary me, what **am** I to do without a father for little Martin?—To work for him and watch him grow—I was never meant to do it alone.

This was a new discovery for Joanna. Hitherto she had imagined that when her child came life would be complete. But now it seemed even farther from completeness than when she had been single. More than even during those days of quest and yearning, she wanted a man, a husband, a keeper of her household, a father to her child. And now she knew that she could never have him. According to her code, no decent man would look at her. It would not be right—she herself would disapprove if he were lax enough to want her in spite of all. But no one would want her—if ever anyone did she would have to tell him everything, and then he would go away. Better not meet anyone—better live alone as she was living—she would grow used to it in time.

She found a certain companionship in Mrs. Root. The man himself was too inarticulate even for Joanna; he plodded on at his work without speech and, it would seem, almost without thought, toiling not of plan and care but of inherited instinct. Mrs. Root, however, had moments of conversation, in which she told Joanna about neighbors past and present—how they were going to start sheep next year at Slivericks and were engaging a shepherd from the Downs (as if he'd know anything about it); how Solegate Farm had been given Mrs. Gill as a wedding present by some earlier lover, whose name nobody knew, her having met him when she was in

service at Brighton; how Mrs. Ades was expecting her eighth child in May; how they were getting a new couple in at the Falcon, as the brewers were shocked at the way Mr. and Mrs. White had run the place. And did Mrs. Godden know, but a murder had once been committed there? Not in the days of anyone living, but a young man hanged for it all the same.

Joanna found that Mrs. Root was nervous of going out after dark and would never walk home without her husband, for fear of "ghosteses."

"You don't mean to tell me this place is haunted!"

"Not the house, ma'am, nor yet the pläace. But you sometimes meet Them on the road. 'Tis ghosteses out of the sea."

"Drownd folk?"

"No, ma'am—folks that used to live under the sea, or sooner, I shud say, that lived a dunnamany years ago in a forest where the sea is now."

Joanna caught her breath in a pang of memory.

"In the place where I used to live," she said, "there was a whole town under the sea. Someone once told me about it, a town of fifty taverns, he said, and twelve churches—all drowned when the floods came, way back in old times. You can see the marks of the waters in New—in one of the churches—least-ways of the mud the waters brought. Was it a flood that drowned the forest here?"

"Reckon it was—an unaccountable gurt flood, that came upon them when they was all eating and drinking and giving in marriage. You can read about it in the Bible."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Root,—surelye. The Bible ain't about people like us. That was Noah's flood."

"Maybe you're right, ma'am, but I always understood as it wur ourn. There wur a king drowned in it—while he was out hunting—and sometimes still you hear his horn."

"And at—at home you hear the

bells—the bells of the churches under the sea. . . ."

In that moment Manhood and Romney flowed together in the waters of a common doom. The whole of memory was as a land drowned under cool green water.

VIII

When spring came the child ailed. He had always been a comfortable baby, calm even in his teething, but at the coming of the spring winds he grew peevish, tossed and whined, refused his food, and made Crown Dips stormy o' nights. Joanna was not used to children, and her inexperience fed her alarm. She thought Martin must be terribly ill, that he would die; she sent for Martha, she sent for the doctor who had attended her in Chichester, recklessly paying his town fee in preference to the more modest one of the local practitioner, whose skill she doubted. Both the doctor and Martha agreed that there was not much wrong with young Martin, who was merely cutting his double teeth, but there was a great deal wrong with Joanna, who was worn out by her frets and her bad nights, and had, moreover, been revisited by the rheumatism which had first mocked her age three years ago on the other marsh. The doctor told her she ought to take a holiday—go inland to some dry, bracing, cheerful place, and if possible leave the baby behind her.

"That's good sensible advice," said Martha, "and you should ought to take it."

"What! Leave a chicken farm in the spring. I don't call that sense."

"If you go at once, you can get back before the real work starts and reckon Mr. and Mrs. Root can manage till then. As for Martin, if you go now I can come here and stay with him, seeing as my rooms aren't let till Easter. Georgie can manage by himself for a week, and a week ud be all you'd want to set you up again."

"It ull cost a lot of money, which I

can't spare till I know how we're going to do this spring."

"You won't do nothing this spring unless you go and get a bit of a change first. You've gone and moped and worried yourself ill, down here alone by yourself all the winter, and if you ain't careful the rheumatiz ull get you fast, seeing as you're Marsh bred."

In the end a compromise was effected, a rather expensive compromise, since it involved taking both Martha and the baby with her to lodgings in East Grinstead.

"There's no use talking. I'd fret myself silly if I left him behind, even though I left him with you—and I'd be lonelier than ever I was at Crown Dips."

"But you should ought to go to a hotel—you wouldn't be lonely there. You'd see life."

Joanna shook her head. Hotels were outside her existence as she viewed it now, as a thing austere and apart from her fellow men. Staying at a hotel had been the beginning of sorrows—she would never forget that it had been because of her going to stay for a fortnight at the Palace Hotel, Marlingate, that she had first met Bertie Hill. Similar traps for those who forgot the good ways of the Marsh—according to which no woman stayed alone except in lodging-house seclusion—might lie at the Dorset Arms, East Grinstead, or the Beacon Hotel, Crowborough. So she renounced the temptations of their comfort and social altitude, much as she would have enjoyed boasting of these even to no other audience than Mr. and Mrs. Root. Martha knew of quiet lodgings in Brambletye Road and, as she would take charge of young Martin, Joanna could get her sleep at nights and some freedom during the day, and at the same time feel that her most precious treasure was under her eye.

She had never been successfully idle, and by the end of the week was eager for her return to Crown Dips, apart from her conviction that the Roots in her absence had destroyed it entirely. But she was

substantially better for the dry bracing air of the Sussex highlands, and for a week's good sleep. Little Martin was better too—Martha's less emotional methods suited him admirably. His yells did not wake her the first night, so he did not trouble to utter them the second. He and Martha understood each other.

On the day of her departure, feeling cheerful and invigorated, chiefly by the thought of going home, Joanna walked up to the Dorset Arms to order a cab to take them to the station. An open touring car was just pulling away from the hotel, and looking into it she found herself looking straight into the eyes of her sister Ellen.

For a moment both women stared powerlessly at each other—then the man who sat beside Ellen called to the chauffeur to stop.

"Why, Joanna!" he cried, "here's a surprise. Who'd have thought to meet you here!"

It was Tip Ernley, Ellen's husband, a bit shy and startled, but with all a man's desire to regularize an irregular situation.

Ellen had by this time recovered, and rose to the occasion in her turn.

"How are you, Jo? I thought you were at Chichester."

"I've been staying here for a week with Baby, seeing as we'd both got run down with the winter on the Marsh."

"Which Marsh? You haven't gone back to—?"

No madness of Joanna's seemed improbable to Ellen.

"Oh, no—not Walland Marsh. I'm on Manhood, over by Sidlesham. I've got a little farm there."

Joanna was the most flurried of the three. She stared at Ellen sitting there like a queen in her fur coat, and for the first time doubted the perfection of her own coat and black-plumed hat. Though Joanna infinitely preferred her own way of dressing to Ellen's, her sister's clothes never failed to make her feel either shabby or outlandish.

"We're on our way to Brighton for the

week-end," said Ellen with unexpected graciousness.

"Is that your car?"

"Yes—do you like it?"

"It's fine. I'll be getting one of my own before long, I reckon."

"I hope you will," said Ellen, while her smile added "but I doubt it."

For another moment the sisters stared at each other without words. Joanna felt the color mounting on her cheeks. It was just like Ellen to sit there talking of nothing that mattered, instead of having things out. Joanna had always set great store on "having things out," such circumstances as spectators and occasion counting for little.

Ellen saw the color rise and deepen, and as she gazed found herself quivering with a sudden undesired response. That flushed face under a towering black hat . . . it seemed to link her up with a past she had thrust away, with her own childhood on the Marsh, with a little girl who had hidden her face in a big motherly breast, who had coaxed and kissed and quarrelled with a kind big sister. . . .

The situation once more required regularizing.

"You haven't told us where you're living, Joanna," said Tip Ernley. "What's the name of your farm?"

"Crown Dips, near Sidlesham."

Ellen had recovered herself.

"How's the baby?" she asked. "He must be quite big."

"Reckon he's getting big." Then "things" had to come "out"—Joanna could not help it if the whole town was looking on.

"Ellen . . . Ellen . . . won't you come and see him?"

For a moment Ellen hesitated, then she said quite gently:

"I can't come now, but I will some day."

"You will . . . you promise."

"Yes—some day. Good-by, Jo."

The car drove on. Tip had felt that it might properly do so now. Both he and Ellen turned and waved to Joanna,

who stood motionless—like a monument to Good Will Frustrated by Good Manners.

IX

Little more than three months later England went to war.

The matter came as a surprise to the people at Crown Dips, and indeed to most of their neighbors. Cause and effect were difficult to trace—somebody had murdered a foreigner in Servia. Why not? Murder was the common lot of foreigners, since rumor said that there were no policemen in foreign parts. Joanna had no love for foreign parts, though long years ago she had dreamed of a Parisian honeymoon. It was just what you might expect of foreign parts, to conspire so formidably to wreck the peaceful process of day-by-day.

"Surely we're not going to war about a lot of blacks," said Mrs. Root.

"Belgiums ain't blacks," corrected Joanna's enlightenment.

"Those I saw was," persisted Mrs. Root.

"Where did you ever see any?"

"In the sea—" with which remark she cryptically closed the conversation.

But on the whole Manhood approved of England's decision. War was a good thing for agriculture, sent up prices, and gave landowners a chance, which the Lord knew they needed. Besides, it would be all over in a month or two, and good fun while it lasted.

There was some private dismay when one or two local lads marched with the Territorials, and still more when some others who were not Territorials went to enlist at Chichester. Those in the district who remembered war remembered it only in South Africa, an affair of distant drums. They at first imagined that the new war would be like the old one, would come no nearer to them than the newspapers, and take no more of their youth than a few adventurers, or of their money than a tax easily payable out of agricultural fullness.

As the drear days of the autumn

closed in over a sea unlighted by the watchful eyes of the land, as the disaster of Mons forced its way through suppression by channels of rumor and report, and the turning-point of the Marne proved no decisive victory and conclusion of the whole matter, the spirit of the country changed, and the change penetrated even to Manhood's End, where there had been no flags or national anthems or Belgian wounded—even there the change was as of a shout dying down into a sigh.

Joanna felt it all remotely. She had never been much of a reader of newspapers—a glance at the headlines in the *Sussex Gazette* had sufficed. Now for the *Sussex* paper was substituted the *Times*. It cost more, but she felt convinced that it knew everything. She could scarcely believe that any Censor dared check its utterances; any suppressions must be due to a mighty submission of its will in the interests of safety. No one else in the immediate neighborhood took in so august a journal, preferring a penn'orth of pictures to two penn'orth of solemn words, wonderful and incomprehensible as spells. Joanna felt appreciably nearer the heart of the Empire's struggle than any Gills or Boormans, and the feeling gave her a secret pride.

But something was to make her feel even nearer than reading the *Times*. Hitherto she had had no personal link with the War—except when in a moment of sudden dismay at its continuance over the scheduled two months, she had wondered whether it might not now go on for twenty years, eventually to involve Martin in its carnage. But during the autumn Ellen wrote to say that her husband had succeeded in getting a commission in the East Kents, and would be over in France very soon. When he was gone might she come down and see Joanna? She had heard that there was a very decent hotel at Selsey Bill.

Between the rather indifferent lines Joanna read, or at least imagined, the anguish of her sister's soul. Ellen loved Tip Ernley. It was because she loved

him so much that she had been cruel to Joanna. Love makes you cruel sometimes—Joanna knew that. Her love for Ellen was no longer cruel, no longer fierce with outrage. She wrote and begged her sister to come to Crown Dips, to make it her home while her husband was away—"To be just as we used to be, duckie, you and I."

But Ellen remembered what "just as we used to be" was like, and wisely avoided its renewal. No, she would rather go to the hotel—her comings and goings might be erratic—she would be better on her own. "But thank you very much, Jo, all the same."

So the estrangement of two years was to be over, and the most dreadful wound of Joanna's life was to be healed, in the midst of a wounded world.

X

Ellen came down to Manhood's End in the first days of the new spring. Tip's going had been delayed until then. But now he was gone, lost behind the dark curtain of the smoke. It almost seemed as if Ellen's eyes were following him there, so sad and far-off was their gaze. Joanna was smitten when first she saw her sister, and realized what she had always known but had sometimes forgotten, that Ellen's life had held nearly as much sorrow as her own.

Of course Ellen had "done well for herself" as they say. She had married unhappily, she had disgraced herself with an elderly lover, but she had somehow managed to thrust both events back firmly into a quiescent past, and now she was married to a kind and congenial husband, well-to-do and a gentleman. She had a beautiful London house and all the money she wanted for the clothes she loved. On the other hand, Joanna's past was not quiescent, it seemed to have traveled with her through life, gathering power and menace as it went. It was with her now in the concentrated shape of little Martin, whose ancestry was not merely the Bertie Hill of two years ago,

but the Martin Trevor of fifteen years' remembrance.

Nevertheless, Ellen must have gone through her moments of overwhelming pain. She was going through such a moment now, and it was as well that her big sister was at hand to comfort and support her. Not that Ellen encouraged comfort or support. She seemed wonderfully able to support herself as she came into the lounge at the Selsey Bill Hotel where Joanna was waiting for her. Her dress and her demeanor started their usual challenge to Joanna's. It was disconcerting, that shout of utter quietness which Ellen's clothes seemed to give.

Joanna did not possess an evening frock, vaguely connecting such raiment with hotels and moral downfall, but she had been pleased with her stiff black taffeta gown till Ellen's violet cloud proclaimed it a coarse and garish covering. There was the usual interval of incoherent and resentful embarrassment on Joanna's part and self-possession on Ellen's, then the two sisters linked arms and walked into the dining room.

They were reconciled. But not a word of reconciliation had been spoken. Ellen had seen to that. Their first meeting after the estrangement had been public by fortunate accident, their second was public of design. The almost empty dining room, in which every whispered word was common property, struck awe even into Joanna. They parted without any embarrassing confidences, regrets, or explanations. On the other hand, the first awkwardness of meeting soon was gone, and they fell into comfortable chat. They talked about Tip Ernley, about little Martin, about Martha Relph, about old times at Ansdore without any chill sense of estrangement over these things. Once or twice Joanna had opened her mouth to utter forbidden words, but Ellen, more skillful now than of old, was always able to silence them.

Her victory was so complete that

when, the next afternoon, she came over to tea at Crown Dips, the position remained unchanged. Perhaps Joanna had been chastised into a new discretion—anyhow, her first attempts having failed, she no longer sought to overthrow the hard-won amenities. She made no further effort to "have things out." She showed Ellen the farm, the house, and the baby, feeling very pleasantly proud of all three. Then they settled down to their good tea.

Joanna had sold all her household gods, feeling that she had desecrated their shrine, so there was nothing in the room to remind them of Ansdore. The roses were, of course, all part of the Ansdore tradition, but Joanna's litter of treasures—her mother's "ornaments," her father's "Buffalo Certificate," all the framed colored supplements from Pears and the *Illustrated London News*, were gone, and as yet there was little to take their place. More sentimental memories than Ellen's might have regretted their absence, but Ellen could only feel glad that the riot she had always deplored was over, and yet that there was enough of the old Jo left in the carpet and wallpaper for her to feel herself at home.

They talked mostly of Tip and his adventures in France. He wrote home cheerfully to Ellen, but of course he could not tell her much. It was plain that she loved him dearly, and in her love was the self-sacrificing courage which is always a part of truth, whether in knowledge or love. Joanna could not analyze it, but she was conscious of this growth in Ellen—an inward growth, which might be hedged by hardness from the outer world, even from her sister, but which nevertheless was strong and ever more and more sweet towards her husband.

"Jo," said Ellen suddenly, "I hope you'll get married."

Joanna flushed. To answer directly would be to step on forbidden ground, and she was as anxious as Ellen now that this should not be trodden on.

"I don't know as I want to. Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Well, there isn't anybody."

"Oh, I'm not meaning at once, but in time. You're the sort of woman who can always marry if she makes up her mind to it."

"I'll never do that. I'd sooner stay as I am."

"I'm not saying you're not very comfortable, but you must often feel it lonely here."

"I've got my child."

"A child's not much without a man."

Joanna grew angry because Ellen had echoed her thoughts.

"You've no right to say that, Ellen Godden . . . Ellen Alce . . . Ellen Ernley . . ." the whole past flew like a film before her as she fumbled over Ellen's names. "I've missed my man, but I'm no worse off than you who've missed your child."

To her surprise Ellen did not take up her challenge.

"You're quite right—I'm no better off than you, at least not much. I don't really know which is worse, to have a husband and no child or a child and no husband."

"Then you'd like to have a child, Ellen? I remember as how with Arthur Alce . . ."

But Ellen cut short her remembrances.

"It's different now. It's different with a man you love. I didn't love Arthur and ought never to have married him. But I love Tip, so I wish there was a child. But there won't be. That's certain now. So you're right, Joanna—I'm no better off than you."

Her mildness, accompanied by the revocation of what Joanna had considered the wickedness of earlier days, melted her sister's wrath. Joanna too revoked.

"I don't know about that, Ellen. I don't know as I wouldn't sooner have a husband without a child than a child without a husband."

They debated the matter amiably for

some time, coming to the conclusion that the first was best, since a husband was always more or less, himself, one's child.

XI

On the whole Joanna, like most women, enjoyed the War. As it went on through the months she enjoyed it better. The new experience of having an interest outside the round of one's daily life was too pleasing and vital not to be clung to. She had now grown used to the *Times*, and could understand much that had once mystified her in its language and point of view. She was able to talk about the War not only to Mrs. Root, but to the Vicar when he called, and to Tip Ernley on the one occasion that Ellen brought him down to Manhood's End.

Ellen brought him only once. Joanna could see that she did not mean the reconciliation to be more than formal where he was concerned. She had never quarrelled with Tip as she had quarrelled with Ellen; he had merely been kept away from the doubts and embarrassments of her acquaintance. Now he was still to be kept away. His life was not to be complicated by the misfortunes of Joanna's. But Ellen and Joanna were sisters again—nothing could alter that; they belonged to each other once more, and nothing else mattered. Not that Joanna saw much of Ellen during these times, for Ellen was busy in London, doing War Work. She went through a course of training and became a voluntary nurse in a big hospital. She sent Joanna a photograph of herself, looking almost unlike in a white veil, with a red cross on her breast.

Joanna did not do War Work. She was too busy with her household and her farm. But she gave to her country ten of the twenty acres she had meant to reclaim from the Marsh for her own delight and ornament. She had meant to convert the land nearest the house into an orchard and flower garden, as part of the scheme of developing Crown

Dips as a country house rather than as a farm. But now she foresaw a new need, greater than her own. Before the Ministry of Agriculture had begun its arguments with rural prejudice, Joanna had refilled herself with the glamour of an earlier exploit and put ten acres of grassland under the plow.

It was true that this plow was a hiring, and the ground when sown did not yield with the rich fruitfulness of the eastern marsh. But the excitement roused by her deed was much the same as that roused by the same deed at Ansore. "Them as breaks grass shall themselves be broke"—thus at her inspiration Furnese of Misleham had created a new proverb in the bar of the old Woolpack, and much the same was soon being said in the bar of the Falcon on the Wittering Road, in the bar of the Lion, Sidlesham, and the Crown, Bosham, and the Queen's Head, Appledram.

She did not give the neighborhood the lie quite so triumphantly as before, nevertheless, she gave it and some sixty quarters of grain to her country's need. She came to be looked upon with wonder as well as curiosity—the Marsh talked of her prowess, and of other things connected with her which she would not have been so pleased to hear discussed. Hitherto it had accepted her as a well-to-do, stand-offish neighbor, who wanted to amuse herself with farming in a small way. The last thing it had expected was to find her competent and, now that she had proved herself so, it was perhaps inclined to view her less favorably than when it had considered her the usual ineffectual sort of lone woman. But whether or not it approved, it was impressed—and Joanna knew that it was impressed, and tasted triumphantly of sweets she had long forgotten. When those in high ministerial places passed from the cajolery of the English farmer to his discipline, then was Joanna's head exalted above her neighbors. It was pointed out that where she had succeeded, others

at least ought to attempt. She had, in fact, discredited the local Providence hitherto supposed to be set in judgment on those who force the earth.

She had forced the earth, and the earth had yielded. She knew that in spite of herself she had become a farmer once again. Her ambition lost its merely household quality, and became agricultural. She would forego all thought of "grounds" outside the house and a parlor maid within; instead she would buy more land since things were going well and the War was good for farmers. She would break up another ten acres and at the same time increase her pasture for more cows . . . she'd give the Falcon and the others something to talk about. . . . The War had brought a dead Joanna to life again.

XII

By the summer of 1917 Crown Dips was a farm of fifty acres, half dairy, half grain. Mr. and Mrs. Root were reinforced by a plowman—Tom Addis, a bad-tempered and obstinate old fellow, but all that could be obtained in such times of dearth. The dearth of butter, milk, and eggs was more satisfactory to the farmer than the dearth of able-bodied men. Joanna's milk-round could have been twice its size, and people came all the way from Chichester to beg personally for her butter, until she found that it was not worth her while to make it. She herself and Mrs. Root had charge of the fowls and dairy, Root—finally relinquished to her after sundry tussles with sundry tribunals—being required to help Addis with the beasts.

Joanna worked from six o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night, toiling as she had never toiled in personal sweat and backache. She never left the farm, except when its interests took her to Chichester. She had no time to be lonely or weary, no time to have rheumatism, no time even to hear the wind as it wailed down the Marsh.

All her life was work, driven by an urge which was partly agricultural ambition, partly the first growth of her class's love of money, and partly mere energy, inspired by the great unrest around her and the great need.

In the house her joyous roses faded. The one girl—who was never added to, but occasionally replaced by an inferior specimen, as the call of the munition factories was heard on Manhood's Marsh—had no time to keep the dust off the carpets nor the blinds drawn against the grin of the sun. The house, which Joanna had planned to be so marvellous, began to look neglected and shabby. It was being sacrificed to the more importunate farm.

There was another part of her life which was being sacrificed in those days, and that was little Martin. Sometimes she lamented it, sometimes she resented it, but she could not deny it. He was not neglected—his washing, feeding, and other cares were all a normal part of her day—but she had no time to play with him, no time to discipline him, and the little boy needed both play and punishment. He was four years old now, and trotted with her round the farm, putting his hand with hers into the nests, standing beside her while she milked—a new experience even for Joanna—holding a little besom and pretending to help her clear out the sties, for she now kept over a dozen pigs.

There was no harm in all that, indeed it was good that he should get to know the farm so early, and have as toys the animals which in twenty years would be to him mere pounds, shillings, and pence. Joanna encouraged him to hold the little April chickens and scratch the backs of the young pigs. "Mumma will give you a puppy dog," she said a few days before Jennie the spaniel-retriever was due to have her litter. In that way all was good, but there were other aspects that were more disquieting. Sometimes Joanna said to herself, "He's growing like his father." He was not a bad

little boy, but he had a strong will and a fierce temper, and she owned that she could not manage him. She told herself that she could have managed him if she had had time, but she had not time, and there was nothing to be done about it.

She had not much time to think about it either, but when she did think she was disturbed. There was so much against poor little Martin. First of all there was his father—Joanna believed implicitly in heredity, and expected to find Bertie Hill's rather pathetic selfishness in his child as a matter of course. She also believed in pre-natal impressions, and sometimes grieved to think that the whole time he had been "coming" she had been at issue with the world, all conflicts and alarms. Besides, Martin was very nearly a war-baby—only a few months of his life had been lived out of the sound of the great guns at Portsmouth, thundering in the west, shaking the doors and windows of Crown Dips, shaking the very air. . . . It was only natural that the child should be restless and excitable. But it was bad. If she thought about it much she would get like what she had been in her first winter on the Marsh, frantic and miserable. Just as well she had no time to think. . . .

XIII

Early in July the Sidlesham Flower Show took place. It had been in abeyance for two years, but now it was considered expedient to revive it for the encouragement of local effort. Just as the farmers were being driven to break up their grass for grain, the cottagers were being urged into growing vegetables in their flower gardens. The Roots' front door was buried in a jungle of giant rhubarb, cauliflower run to seed, peas bearing one pod to every coiling yard of stalk, and other fruits of goodwill. They had sown their seed, but had been unable to do more in the pressure of their day, and now Mrs. Root privately considered the results inferior to the

rows of many-colored asters, clumps of phlox, and bee-humming sunflowers that had preceded what she called her War Vegetables.

Certain efforts had been made to turn the Show into a carnival. There would be fancy dress, and prizes, a band, and dancing after tea. Joanna was inclined to regard all this as degradation—on Romney Marsh people didn't have to be invited to make exhibitions of themselves before they would do the same for their fruit and vegetables. But of course she would go to the function—she had one or two exhibits in the poultry class, and besides must give her countenance to all agricultural effort. She decided to bring the boy. It would be a change for him and the first real treat he had ever had.

This was Joanna's first public appearance since leaving Ansdore. For five years she had stood resolutely by her rule to go softly, and not to enlarge the scope of her lying by seeking many acquaintances or social occasions. But this revival of Sidlesham Flower and Vegetable Show in the interests of her country definitely seemed to require her presence. She must come forward, since without her all would be flattish. Crown Dips was far from being the largest farm in the district, but it was in many ways the most important, and had a pioneer glamour about its new-sown wheat. Joanna Godden in her black was a towering figure among the tents, an intended rebuke of fancy dress, and a lure to the eye of the gallant colonel who rather incoherently opened the Show.

When he had finished talking about "doing our bit" and "backing up the boys," Joanna escorted him round the stalls. In reality they were accompanied by the Committee, but somehow that collection of war-rejected males was lost in the glow of the one woman. The colonel noticed that Joanna's clothes were odd—rather startling even if they were black, and a bit old-fashioned too—but he also noticed that her eye was bright and her cheek was warm and her step was full of life. He began to won-

der who she was and how old she was, and why was she in mourning? A widow, he supposed—maybe a War widow. He'd like to know something about her—what was she doing on a farm in this one-horse place? Did she ever come to Brighton?

When they had been the round of the tents and stalls they came back to where little Martin waited in the charge of Martha Relph and Mrs. Root.

"Mumma!" shouted Martin.

"Hullo, my duckie."

"I wan'er dress up, I wan'er dress up as an ash-heap."

"He's just seen little George Sell, Ma'am," said Mrs. Root, "all done up as an ash-heap, wud a pail over his head and bits of muck hung around him. You never saw the like. He'll be first prize, I reckon."

"He should ought to be spanked. I never heard of such things."

"I wan'er dress up as an ash-heap."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the colonel—"that's a fine idea he's got."

"It's a shocking idea. I can't think how people can do such things. No, you've got your new suit on, dearie, the nice new suit that Martha made you. You look unaccountable smart. You be satisfied with that."

"I wan'er dress up as an ash-heap"—and Martin took a flying kick at the black folds of Joanna's skirt.

"Now, now, young man!" said the colonel severely.

Martin quailed at once, and the incident abruptly ended. Joanna, who had prepared for a long battle, looked surprised.

"He's a bit of a handful, that little chap of yours," said the soldier.

"Yes, a bit . . . sometimes. Not always."

"A boy's sometimes too much for his mother. I expect my two are running pretty wild now I'm away. Ever come over to Brighton?"

The question startled her, and she looked into the man's eyes. In them she saw his honest, rather inquisitive ad-

miration. Her color mounted. She suddenly felt angry and, seizing Martin by the hand, pulled him away.

"No, never—and if you'll excuse me, I must go and look at my fowls."

The Committee came to life around him, told him that nobody knew Mrs. Godden very well—she was standoffish and went her own way. No, her husband had not been killed in the War—no one knew anything about him—he had died before Mrs. Godden came to the Marsh . . . and some queer things were being said.

Meanwhile Joanna went into the enclosure where the poultry and dairy produce were on view. She herself had several exhibits in this class, and had only expected that her brood of chickens and her brood of ducklings, as well as her milk and her butter should take prizes. To keep him quiet, Martin was allowed to play with the little ducks. There were ten of them in a basket, yellow, fluffy, funny things, their faces full of intelligence and good-humor. Martin loved them and fed them delicately with little bits of corn.

Relieved to have him quietly occupied, Joanna went about her business, then when the shadows of the tents were lengthening upon the grass, and the thought of dancing was invading less well-ordered minds, she turned peacefully to the idea of going home.

"Time to go home, darling. Baby must have his tea."

"I don' wan'er go home. I want my tea here."

"Better have it at home, duckie. It's such a squash in that tent, and no nice milk for you. Come on, and we'll all have tea with Martha."

Martin was fond of Martha and his countenance lifted. Then Joanna spoke the words that opened hell.

"Say good-by to the little ducks."

"They're coming home with us."

"Not to-day, darling, they're sold."

Martin clutched the handle of the basket which stood at the edge of the stall.

"I won't go home without my ducks."

"They never were your ducks—they

were mother's, and now she's sold them. They belong to Mr. Gain."

"They don't. They belong to me. I want my ducks."

Joanna grew heated. Their voices had by now attracted a small ring of spectators.

"Be a good boy, Martin," said Martha, "and go home. You'll have plenty more ducks to play with there."

"I won't. I won't. I won't. I stay here for ever and ever. I want my ducks."

"How dare you be so naughty!" cried Joanna. "Come along at once."

She seized him by the arm, and his anger blazed at her. One vigorous tug and the basket of life was on the ground, one vigorous stamp and at least one life was death.

"No one shall have my ducks, I'll—"

Joanna was nearly sick. She snatched Martin up bodily in her arms and held him there, kicking and screaming, while Martha and Mrs. Root picked up the basket, to discover that one other duckling was dead besides the one Martin had stamped on.

"For shame—shame," murmured the crowd. "What a naughty little boy—so cruel—and prize ducklings too."

"I don' care! I don' care!" screamed Martin.

He kicked and struggled so that Joanna was forced to put him down. She noticed that his face was no longer red, but white. Nevertheless, he went on shrieking:

"I don't care."

"Then you should ought to care. Look at the poor little things."

A hand was extended on which the two little bodies lay limply. Martin still shrieked:

"I don' care. I don' care. They don' mind. They've gone to heaven."

"Oh, hush!" cried Joanna, horrified that her offspring should add blasphemy to his misdeeds.

She was nearly weeping herself. She was overwhelmed with shame, and a shame which was not only for Martin,

but for herself and her powerlessness to cope with him. The spectators were predominately female—they whispered and nudged and clucked—four male years were able to hold them at bay.

Then suddenly old Tom Addis the plowman came pushing his way through the little crowd. He did not speak, merely picked up the yelling Martin and carried him off under his arm.

"I don't care. They've gone to heaven. They've gone to heaven," shrieked Martin.

But old Addis took no notice of him at all. He merely walked off with him homewards at his usual stolid gait, while the three women followed, trotting helplessly.

XIV

When they came to Crown Dips Addis delivered young Martin to his mother.

"You're a bad, naughty boy, Martin. You shan't have any tea to-night."

"He should ought to have a good spanking," said Martha, "and what queers me is why you don't give it to him, mum."

Joanna shook her head.

"Why, when I remember you and Miss Ellen," continued Martha—"and Fuller, your looker, that you sacked before all the world in Romney Market—"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," cried Joanna.

She felt humiliated by her own want of spirit. How was it that she who had dealt so drastically with her sister and her shepherd had no power to deal with her son?

"I don't care! I don't care!" shrieked Martin. "They're in heaven. They're with the Lord."

"You'll end up somewhere else, you young devil," said Martha grimly. "You're getting ruined, you are. It's all true, what I told you, mum. You can't bring up a boy without a man."

Between them they managed to undress him and put him to bed. His own struggles exhausted him in time and his screams died into whimpering.

"There, you naughty boy," finished Martha, "there you are and there you stay. It's less than you deserve after what you've done."

"They've gone to heaven," wept Martin—"they're around-the-throne."

His wailings had all latterly been concerned with the ducklings' eternal state. Joanna's first feelings of horror at a heaven which included animals had been purged by the sudden realization that Martin was saying all this not to vindicate but to comfort himself. She had begun to see his rage not only as a thing which hurt her but as a thing which hurt him. He was trying to comfort himself as grown-up people try to comfort themselves—by imagining the poor corpses revived in glory. She became convinced of this when, as she and Martha went downstairs they heard him singing in a voice choked by tears:

"Around the throne of God a band
Of glori'us angels ever stand—

Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,

And on their heads are crowns of gold."

"He's sorry," she said to Martha.

"Imphs," said Martha.

Joanna went wearily through her evening's work; in spite of her prize-winning she felt overpowered by a sense of failure and pity. It was all being brought home to her again—the necessity of Man. Man was made for woman's suffering—that was of experience—but he was also made for women's need, and for her need in those circumstances in which one would think she stood most triumphantly alone. Mother and child—surely that was enough. No, it was not—without a man. Ellen had spoken truly when she said that you did better with a man and no child than you did with a child and no man. Perhaps if she'd had a girl . . . but she hadn't, and poor little Martin was suffering for want of a father. Perhaps after all it would have been better if she'd married Bertie . . . Oh, no! no!

She went up to bed with her heart full

of pity for the child who had made her so angry. Poor little fellow—he was his own victim—and her victim too. She had been unable to mother him as she ought because she had been busy with the man's business of working for him. She had been weak with him, too, because to be strong for her meant effort—temper—tears . . . so different from the strength of that old soldier at the Show, who with a sharp word or two had brought him to obedience, or from the strength of Tom Addis, who had just used muscle and silence. . . . Yes, it was through his mother that he was suffering now—and would suffer again.

She leaned over the little bed beside her big one, her heart swollen with pity and anger—the pity for him, the anger for herself. Poor little fellow! What a life lay before him if she could not save him from his own passions. He lay on his side, his face flushed and the tears still wet. She suddenly knew that he was not asleep, and fiercely gathered him to her.

“Oh, mumma,” he mourned against her breast—“oh, mumma—the poor little ducks.”

XV

Towards the end of the night, just as day was beginning to break, a horn sounded in Joanna's dreams, and she woke suddenly, in the midst of a stillness. The stillness seemed to wait, as if for a sound to break it. She leaned up on her elbow and waited too, her body tense with dread, expecting once more the note of that horn under the sea. Then suddenly the breaking came—as the breaking of the whole world. The room seemed to crash about her, the earth to rise at her through the floor, the sky to rush in through the window. Automatically, her arm shot out over the child's bed, and in the shock she fell forward gasping. Then another stillness came, more dreadful than the first.

It ended less impressively, seeming to fray out into screams—whimpering screams from the baby's bed, loud shrieks

from the servant girl's room, and far-off screams on the marsh. Joanna straightened herself, gathered the terrified child into her arms, and gazed wildly round the room, feeling that if she did not look now to see what had happened, she would not ever dare to look at all. It was not so bad as she had feared. The remains of the window-pane hung in a row of ragged teeth from the frame, the ornaments and pictures were on the floor, and broken glass seemed to be everywhere, but the walls stood firm, contrary to first impressions. The next moment there was a battering at her locked door.

“Oh, ma'am, let me in! Let me in!”

Joanna had the sense to put on her slippers before she set her feet on the carpet. Then she stepped gingerly over the broken glass and opened the door. Outside stood her servant, Rosie Pont, in a pink cotton nightdress, clutching a bundle of mixed possessions, her hair in the discipline of curlers, the rest of her abandoned to fear.

“The Germans have come. Oh, ma'am, where shall we go?—Whatsoever shall we do?—Oh save me!”

“Keep off the broken glass, you foolish girl. It ain't the Germans—they'd never make a noise like that.”

She went across to the window and looked out. The dawn was leaden, gray and black, and dullish white, with a steely gleam on the sea and on the water of the dips. Nothing was to be seen, and nobody. It was dreadful, this loneliness of Crown Dips. Here she was, alone with a baby and a girl who was little better than an idiot. Her house felt devastated, and she found herself almost weeping.

Then she caught sight of a man below the window, and her heart beat less wildly. Once again Tom Addis had met her need.

“That you, ma'am?” came the comfort of his steady drawl—“that was a mine went up—off the Bill.”

“Anyone hurt?”

“I dunno. There must have bin

something hit to make it go off, I reckon. But you can't see nothing now."

A few dark shapes were beginning to assemble on the beach.

Joanna shuddered.

"I'm coming down," she said. "Rosie, you stay here with Martin. He'll be quite good if you don't take on. There ain't no Germans here, and if there was they wouldn't waste any time on *you*."

She soothed and kissed the child, hastily put on a few clothes, and ran down into the growing light.

Nearly a dozen people had assembled on the ridge of sandhills between the dips and the sea. Owledge, the Falcon, and the Roots' cottage had given forth their population to greet the night's adventure.

"I can see spars floating," said Mr. Boorman of Owledge. "Some poor blighters of fishermen must have struck a mine and gone down. Didn't nobody see it happen?"

Nobody had.

"I wur dreaming as I wur out rabbiting, and just as I wur going to put up my gun I saw old Mus' Pokehill of Weddersham a-putting up hisn—at me. I throwed myself down on the ground just as it wur a-going off—bang! And there I was laying in bed wud the house shaking and bits o' glass all over me."

Thus Hickman, their stockman at Owledge, gave his version of the disaster.

"There's my poor boy home on leave before he goes out again," said Mrs. Light of the Falcon—"him that was wounded at Poppering. And would

you believe it, he's under the bed now, screaming and crying like a baby, and saying he'll never come out, or go out—I can't make sure which."

"Look!" shouted Joanna.

The gray light was whitening on the sea, and flat far-away coasts were coming out of western fogs. On the near waters tossed a black object, shaped like a log, or spar, or perhaps an over-turned boat, and from it shot up suddenly—again—a human arm.

"Lord! Lord! There's a poor chap in the water."

"Quick! Somebody get a boat."

"There's one at Sharps', before you come to Wittering."

"It us take an hour to get it."

"Can't anybody swim?"

"Oh, somebody help the poor creature!"

And like an echo a voice came over the water—"Help!"

All, men and women, ran down to the beach. Nobody, apparently, could swim. Mrs. Light said her son could and offered to fetch him from under the bed, but her husband told her not to be a fool. Then Hickman of Owledge rushed in and stood up to his chest in water. He shouted to them words that they could not hear. Then they saw him struggling. He was holding something in his arms, and the next minute Light ran into the sea, followed by Addis. Everything happened so quickly that Joanna had not time to think before she found herself looking down at a man who lay limp and unconscious at her feet.

TO BE CONCLUDED



IN PRAISE OF MUDDLING THROUGH

A STUDY OF ENGLISH POLICY

BY J. A. HOBSON

IN A recent address to the listening nations at Geneva, England's Foreign Minister expounded the thesis that his country owed such successes as it had achieved, not to profound statecraft or clever preconcerted policies, but to our happy way of "muddling through." Several organs of public opinion rebuked him for disparaging the political intelligence of his countrymen, one or two for giving away our most valuable secret. But the blame was undeserved, for few, if any, of his foreign hearers believed him. To continental statesmen, whether of the Latin or Teutonic breed, it seems incredible that our far-flung empire, our immense world-commerce, and unrivalled sea-power should have come into being without clear, conscious design. Can it be true that such greatness has "just come to us"? Or do such statements as those of Sir Austen Chamberlain belong to a humorous habit of self-disparagement that is endowed with a protective value? Most typical English humor is in a minor key. Our highest form of commendation has worn down to the phrase "Not half!" while our warmest acceptance finds expression in "I don't mind if I do." Quite evidently it belongs to a dislike of "giving ourselves away" by any obtrusive display of feeling. Most sorts of conscious self-assertion are "bad form." This does not mean that we are less selfish than others, or less insistent on getting our way, but that pride and a half-feigned, half-real indifference to the opinion of

others count heavily. Most schoolboys would rather have it believed that they won a prize by some lucky accident than by careful preparation of their lessons. Is then our claim to "muddle through" in large affairs a feigned indifference? Foreigners generally believe it and include it in their general charge of British hypocrisy. The Quai d'Orsay cannot possibly believe how little contact actually exists between our Consulate at Bukharest and our Consulate at Belgrade, or that the British Empire was built up, as Sir John Seeley said, "in a fit of absence of mind." German statesmen imputed to Sir Edward Grey far-reaching and intricate plans of *Welt-politik* that were simply ludicrous to anyone who knew his mind and methods. But any such disclaimers on our part are taken for new strokes of cunning.

Nor are our foreign critics entirely in the wrong. There is a sort of cunning, or even wisdom, in our policy of "muddling through." The best example of this unconscious cunning is in our presentment of the familiar portrait of John Bull, whose fatuous, good-natured, bucolic face suggests that anyone can "best" him in a bargain or lead him along any road he chooses. So foolish a creature is an easy prey for sharp practitioners! Put off their guard by such stupidity, they try it on—with consequences that surprise them. Such innocence and indolence are found to have a defensive—perhaps even an offensive—value. Yet this portrait was not made as a mask intended to mislead

and disarm foreigners. Painted in earlier times, it genuinely expressed a sort of national ideal of which stupidity, or shall I say unintellectuality, was a factor. We thought we were like that and were even proud to think so. We do not think so now, so there may be a bit of useful deceit in not displacing it by a more up-to-date presentment. We know, of course, that such a John Bull could not have possibly survived in the modern struggle—he would have disappeared long ago in a beef extract. But we still feel there may be some remnant of protective use in hanging out the old sign.

II

This brings us back to the economy of "muddling through." How far is it a sound economy and a true account of our ways of going on? The first point to be noted is that we are not mere muddlers for muddling's sake. We muddle *through*. Not only do we escape with our lives, but frequently we "come out with the goods." This seems to imply some method in our muddling, and leads some of our critics to maintain that it is a conscious artifice intended to throw dust in the spectator's eyes and to conceal our studied movements. But such imputations of hypocrisy and clear intentions are quite as wide of the truth as is the attribution of our successful emergences to mere luck. The fact is that we believe we get on better by trusting to some instinct of general direction and tackling each situation as it arises by some *ad hoc* expedient than by plotting beforehand the whole line of march and following it to some logical conclusion. It seems to theorists and philosophers a rash, a foolish, and a wasteful way of going on, but as a practical people we judge by results, and by comparison with the ways of other peoples, and are satisfied.

Take our Empire in its building. Seeley's epigram tells only half the truth. In none of our statesmen's minds was the crazy-work pattern of this Empire

ever present as a plan to be worked out, an ideal to be achieved. Its actual making took shape in hundreds of separately conceived and undertaken acts of pushful enterprise on the part of adventurous pirates, soldiers of fortune, gainseeking traders, ambitious pro-consuls, explorers, and missionaries contributing each his share. The processes by which numbers of trading contacts grew into colonies, by which loose early frontiers were consolidated and extended piecemeal for alleged purposes of better defense, by which the colonial possessions of Spain, Holland, France in various corners of the earth fell into our hands as fruits of victory, by which humanitarianism conspired with trade and political ambitions in West Africa or Burmah—the whole tangled story was the invention of thousands of restless brains, big or little, each fashioning his bit with no conscious regard to any general whole, but fitting it on to some neighboring bit in the pattern that subsequently emerges.

There is, no doubt, an immanent logic in the sliding scale of imperialist terminology by which "hinterland" becomes a "sphere of legitimate aspiration," and thence passes into a "veiled protectorate," "protectorate," Crown Colony or Dominion—or Mandate, to add the latest term. But no long pre-concerted plan of policy ever entered the portals of our Colonial Office, much less engaged the heart and understanding of the numberless "men upon the spot" who were the actual empire-makers. There are, indeed, those who would find in the inflated rhetoric of our "Rule Britannia" with its

And thine shall be the subject main
And every shore it washes thine

a plain declaration of our illimitable acquisitive intentions. Others point to the new sentiment and policy of imperial unity, political and economic, which have played so considerable a part in our recent political and emotional life. But this imperial sentiment is of quite

modern date. The product of the imagination of the later Beaconsfield, Kipling, and the elder Chamberlain, Imperial Conferences, the South African and World Wars, it has contributed very little to the actual work of the expansion and consolidation of the Empire. Even those few statesmen who, like Sir George Grey, Lord Carnarvon, Joseph Chamberlain, and Rhodes, entertained some wider vision of the glory and greatness of our Empire, confined their actual making to the utilization of particular opportunities in imperial expansion. "Muddling through" is thus but a picturesque exaggeration of this opportunism.

History gives little support to any such reading of conscious purpose into our empirical gropings after Empire, Foreign Policy, or representative government. Looking back, we sometimes seem to discover signs of some such purpose, but closer inspection shows them to be no more than drifts of tendency. This belongs to our preference for doing to thinking, upon which Matthew Arnold discoursed so pungently in *Culture and Anarchy*. We not only don't think, but we disbelieve in thinking. Arnold quotes from the *Times* a characteristic utterance as applicable now as then: "For the most part we settle things first and understand them afterwards. Let us have as few theories as possible; what is wanted is not the light of speculation. If nothing worked well of which the theory was not perfectly understood, we should be in sad confusion."

So we have fumbled about through the centuries, producing an amorphous constitution which no foreigner can understand, which has worked well with us, but suits no other nation that has tried to copy it. Learned historians have sometimes affected to discover determinate principles, such as Balance of Power, forming a conscious continuity in our Foreign Policy. But no two are agreed on the meaning of this principle which, as it always brought us down on

the side where our immediate interests seemed to lie, was little more than a decorative expression of our short-range opportunism.

III

The same holds with the principle of laissez-faire in our domestic policy. Even in its palmy days the doctrine never stopped us from state intervention wherever it seemed good to intervene, each case being determined on its own merits. I am inclined to think that the gist of the whole matter lies in these last words, "on its own merits." The philosopher, the academic thinker, the theorist, insists upon the application of his principle to all cases falling under what he calls the same category. Now this scientific view of life is felt, if not understood, to be perilously deceptive. The rigor of the rules it would apply rests upon the assumption that "history repeats itself," *i.e.* that two cases are identical and should be handled in the same way. Now this assumption—the basis of all science—is no more than a half-truth. There is continuity, but there is also difference. Two cases, or in history two situations, are never quite the same. The difference, the novelty, may seem small, but almost all the interest and importance, or value, may lie in that uniqueness. This is where the scientist fails, for he cannot get beyond the similarities that are the substance of his general thinking. It takes an artist to recognize, value, and handle the novelties which the creative urge of life produces. Science can make important contributions to the arts, but cannot make the artist, or do the work he is required to do. You might study the technic of Shakespeare until you were blue in the face, but you could not write one of his sonnets.

It is the free, skilled, successful handling of the unexpected opportunity that marks the statesman or any other adept in the arts of conduct. But why then does he appear as a "muddler through" rather than as a skilled craftsman? Is

it because the nature of his material is too novel, too mobile and refractory for any other than a hazardous empiric treatment? The history of the past decade should suffice to convince us that the great general, the great Statesman, the great businessman, alike, owe their greatness less to accumulated knowledge or accurate forms of calculation than to some quality nearer to instinct than to reason, the faculty of guessing right, of tackling a new set of circumstances with a confidence that turns out to be warranted.

This does not, however, present life as a mere game of chance. Genius is no more luck than it is "the infinite capacity of taking pains." The faculty of guessing right is fed with knowledge and experience, it works from this rich background: it is informed, not blind guesswork, but it proceeds not by conscious calculations but by "hunches." You may call them inspirations if you like. It is commonly admitted that genius works in this way. But how, it may be said, do you relate this exceptional quality to the British aptitude for "muddling through"? For it is not a few gifted statesmen, inventors, or pioneers of business enterprise that are in question, but a large heterogeneous mass of energetic men and women who help to form and carry out policies. These are the folk to whom close thinking and slow action are intolerable, who do not plan out their own success but believe in seizing opportunities that come along, and in their capacity of citizens impress this way of going on upon their government. Are they entirely in the wrong? Is this contempt for lofty principles, long-laid concerted policies, and the paraphernalia of social science a mere cover for intellectual laziness that shirks the intolerable toil of thinking? There is an element of truth in this view that we disparage thought because we are aware we are not good at thinking. The niceties of the intellectual life have never been taken by any considerable section of our people as a

pleasurable art or sport. We *can* think, when close circumstances or plain self-interest require it, but we avoid it when possible. It may even be said that we disbelieve in thinking as well as dislike it. If science had its way, and everything was safe and predictable, if law and order prevailed in all spheres of conduct, we feel that all the savor would have gone out of life. Besides, we add (and this comes nearest to the heart of our convictions), the chances and changes of this mortal life are so numerous that such thinking as we are capable of would only breed anxiety and would not do us any good. If "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," why worry? In a world of chances we had better chance it.

This distrust of closely preconceived arrangements is peculiarly strong in Britons. We dislike all committals. The famous episcopal remark, "Better England free than England sober," has a wider application. We prefer personal liberty (the right to do wrong if you will) not only to sobriety, but to efficiency. Though we are willing to dabble in socialism, as in other isms, any complete rule of life repels us. That makes it a gratuitous absurdity for us to prosecute Bolshevism, or any other absolutist doctrine. We are quite immune against any serious infection of this sort. Revolution might come in England as elsewhere on a sufficient *ad hoc* provocation: it would never come in order to realize the Marxist or any other cut and dried design. This restiveness under rules and regulations is, however, only the negative aspect of a sporting spirit which takes a positive delight in risk-taking, tackling new and awkward situations, and wriggling out of tight places.

The stress and stir and hazard of the past decade have brought for Englishmen a vital enjoyment that has been no negligible compensation for the griefs, pains, and losses we have endured. In our light-hearted moods all of us are gamblers; and thinking spoils sport.

But among more serious people mental laziness masquerades as piety. Though dogmatic religion may be upon the wane, much of the old feeling about Providence still clings to us. It passed over to America, partly as "manifest destiny," partly as the Power that "takes care of children, drunkards, and the United States." This combination of sport and piety is, indeed, a chief ingredient of Anglo-Saxon civilization in every part of the world. Among definitely religious folk there is a handing over to Divine Guidance of all personal or wider issues which they do not feel competent to tackle. It takes the tone of submission to a higher will and wisdom—and incidentally relieves them of the obligation to look ahead upon their own account.

I do not ask to see

The distant scene: one step enough for me.

Relief from anxiety over matters that we cannot control is manifestly an economy that leaves our mind more free and more efficient for thoughtful planning in matters that we can control. This is, of course, one of the benefits of most religions, though not of all. A religion that keeps you all the time worrying about your soul may be as damaging as one whose Kismet leaves no sphere of free conduct to the worshipper. But when the decision of all major matters, mundane or supra-mundane, is taken out of our hands, we are left free to devote ourselves to life's really interesting details. So in the British Christianity of our middle classes the main business of life has been the life of business, tempered by congenial recreations.

But even in our business world careful thinking has usually been confined within very narrow limits. Students of our economic history see the rise of modern industry, not as a process of orderly application of the fruits of science, but as a loose scramble of ignorant, hard-headed, pushful profiteers with the wit and courage to seize new opportunities

and work them energetically. Even the better equipped modern capitalist employers are usually single-track minds with short haulage. Here and there you find a man of vision and a scientific planner. But almost always within the circumscribed area of his business. For business as a national concern we still believe in "muddling through." Our present situation is by common admission exceedingly precarious. With growing difficulty and by a narrowing margin we purchase from the world our daily bread and other subsistence. We carry on our backs an immovable burden of some ten per cent idle surplus population. Taxation has risen fourfold, some of our staple trades lie in a desperate plight. Coal, the basis of our national economy, threatens to collapse. And what is the attitude of our public mind? Simply fuddled. Committees sit, Commissions are appointed, Congresses of Bankers, Chambers of Commerce, Manufacturers Associations meet and ladle out their conflicting panaceas. Protection, Free Trade, Empire Development, Inflation and Deflation, Revival of Agriculture, International Controls, Credit Schemes, Nationalization of Essential Industries jostle one another for attention. But, urgent as the situation is, and specious as these cures can be dressed to look, there is no firm belief in any of them, no wide enthusiastic acclamation. Even Governments, formally committed to one or more of these panaceas, have no clear intention of applying them in any large consistent way. Bits of inflation followed by deflation, a few derisory protective measures, fixed prices to stimulate agriculture—afterwards withdrawn—little dabs of exports credit, doles for the unemployed to buy off revolution, a subsidy for mines to postpone the day of judgment!

Nor is this vacillating piecemeal policy attributable to quick changes of government. For each government in turn practices the same short-range, quick-change process. Not only is there no

settled principle or set of principles for application to our emergency: there is no firm belief in the desirability of applying them. Is this refusal to commit ourselves to any single or few general lines of reform sheer folly, or cowardice? Or is it founded on some instinctive cunning of behavior that makes us mistrust all general principles and prefer a policy of patchwork improvisations—what from the standpoint of logic is sheer inconsistency?

The real clue lies in our belief in "common sense" as the guide of conduct. Now common sense is compact partly of instinct, partly of reason, with a little moral aid from conscience. It forbids us to go to extremes either in thought, emotion, or action; it keeps us supple and easy-going in all our arrangements, not looking too far ahead, ready to give and take, not over-insistent on having our own way, keeping our temper, looking "bogeys" in the face and discounting "miracles." Under its promptings we eschew over-nice analysis of character or situation: we have a hunch or feel it "in our bones," yielding to prejudices rather than considered judgments because of some fount of secret wisdom on which we seem to draw. Not that common sense permits us to reflect upon its source or hidden value—that would be mysticism and taboo. Perhaps the ordinary Englishman would claim as its greatest benefit that it prevents him from making a fool of himself—though perhaps he ought to add it also prevents him seeing when he is making a fool of himself. For there is a certain dullness of perception involved in giving common sense full play. If, as we think, it is peculiarly our British genius, it is genius at its lowest level. Being, as its name implies, a common property, we should expect to find the sort of wisdom it bears enshrined in our proverbial philosophy. And so we do.

"Never cross a stream until you get to it." "Let sleeping dogs lie." "Live and let live." "Let bygones be by-

gones." "The proof of a pudding is in the eating of it." "Fine feathers make fine birds." "All is not gold that glitters."

In a hundred such sayings you have our "Common Sense" with its pragmatism, its toleration, skepticism, compromise. But with all its caution it is far from being a philosophy of quietism. "Make hay while the sun shines," "Strike while the iron's hot," "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" are just as insistent in their calls for action. But the whole trend of this popular wisdom is towards short-range expediency. "Birds in the hand" are what we are after. For "Life is so uncertain," and "So many accidents happen even in the best-regulated families."

This easy-going philosophy of hunches and inhibitions directing our politics, our business, even our religion (for British Christianity has adapted itself fairly well to our compromising temper), has seemed to satisfy our needs up to the present. But those are not wanting who question this self-satisfaction, who insist that our preference of doing to thinking, our contempt for consistency, our hand-to-mouth improvisation, have brought us to a plight for which "muddling through" can furnish no escape. Wherever we look, our future is beset with difficulties due to this habit of not thinking, and eschewing consistency. Because we have refused to give clear meaning to "the harmony of capital and labor" and "the relation of the State to industry," in any ordered system of economic arrangements, we live in constant peril of a stoppage of our vital services. Our neglect of the physical sciences and of the fine art of finance in their application to our business life has suddenly compelled us to face the possibility that we may be unable, by selling abroad enough of our manufactured goods, to pay for the food and raw materials needed to support our still growing population.

The balance of a two-party system,

upon which government by majority has depended in the past, has been upset, and our constitution is quite unfitted for the operation of a three-party or a *bloc* system, which should take its place. Under the pressure of the new demands on government, aggravated by post-war burdens, our loose-jointed Constitution itself is straining and cracking. Collective responsibility in our overgrown Cabinet, saddled with a host of new expert departmental tasks, is no longer a reality, and we drift towards secret dictatorship on the one hand, bureaucratic rule upon the other. The House of Lords and the Crown remain untouched, perhaps untouchable, a permanent encumbrance on Democracy. As M. Siegfried, the acutest of our recent foreign commentators, says, "the British do not destroy institutions. They prefer to put them on the shelf and let the dust accumulate." * Indeed, the possibility of Democracy itself, a product of piecemeal emergencies and *ad hoc* compromises, is now seriously questioned by many to whom such questioning would have seemed blasphemy at the beginning of this century. Psychology, even in England, is opening many closed questions. The most amazing instances of our national proclivity, and the crop of insolubilities it presents to us lie in the domain of the new Imperialism. There, if anywhere, our "absence of mind" is coming home to roost. Our pride in the hugger-mugger framing of our Empire, with its variegated pattern, has always had a core of undisclosed humor. The absence of any defined relations between Dominions and Mother Country, between the Colonial Office or India Office and the Government of colony or protectorate, the rich diversity of types of government with their representative elements and official checks, has commonly been taken as a striking testimony to our genius for governing men. Sometimes tight, sometimes slack, we deal out powers and liberties not in accordance with cut and dried

theories of the right relations of imperial to colonial bodies, but by a process of free adjustments, which well illustrate Mr. J. A. Spender's saying, "It is alien to the British spirit to push the logic of its governing system to extremes."

Indeed, is there any logic at all in our system? The reasons why this is a test question just now are various. Though many motives, as we know, co-operated in our empire-building, some selfish, some generous and altruistic, we have in recent times committed ourselves, if not consistently, at any rate with tolerable frequency, to the view that our Empire was a great world-school for self-government, and that as the child-nations grew up, we would clear out. Our white children have already taken us at our word, reducing the parental control to a thin and evanescent formula. The more precocious of our colored children are following suit, with clamorous demands for the closure of our "mission." John Bull, however, feels aggrieved at his fine professions being taken *au pied de la lettre*. He would like to keep the family together, and the property in the family. "Consequently," to quote again our French commentator, "a new imperial order is being evolved under our eyes without any apparent logic and almost without written texts." This task primarily consists in a loosening of political, and a tightening of economic relations between the constituent parts of the Empire. But it also involves some straightening out of the imperial foreign policy, so as to make it intelligible and acceptable to outsiders. And this calls for a super-Athanasius who shall explain how an Empire can be at the same time one and six, reconciling its substantial unity with the separate claims of the Dominions and India to regulate their external relations, as attested by their signature to the Peace Treaties and their membership of the League of Nations. It will seem to some a master-stroke of humorous ef-

* Post-war Britain, p. 206.

frontery that Britain, with this record of muddledom, should have asserted her leadership in the great attempt to construct an international system. But it does not seem to us a matter for surprise. For have we not, in our disorderly fashion, done more than any other nation for the orderly development of the world both in the sphere of politics and industry? May we, therefore, not be competent to conduct an even larger experiment in "muddling through" to a pacific world-order that will work all right, if Latin logic is not allowed to confine it in the bonds of strict definition and to impose an impossible equalitarianism upon its representative organs.

IV

It may, however, be admitted that, confronting our new tasks and entanglements, we are smitten with doubts about the efficacy of our ways of going on. May not the needs of the new age call upon us to replace the low-grade thinking that has served us hitherto by a more highly organized intelligence, with a longer and more accurate range of conscious activity? For some time past able men among us, such as Lord Balfour, Lord Haldane, and Mr. Sidney Webb, have been preaching this urgent need of organized thinking, and little groups have set themselves to the work of research and educational propaganda. But the fruits of this endeavor have hitherto been small and slow. To break up the mental inertia of the masses, so that culture and light may flow freely through the general mind, and a keen desire may arise for harmony and order in all the arrangements of life, is manifestly impossible. If we are to win in "the race between education and catastrophe," it must be by a stimulation of order and co-operative thinking, not

so much among the populace, or among the small cultivated minority whom Matthew Arnold spoke of as "the remnant," but among that considerable middle-class in economic and social status whose activities have always been absorbed by over-zeal in doing. For these middle-classes have remained substantially Philistine, emitting here and there a family of intellectual vigor and attainments, and tempering their life of pushful business with some superficial interest in literature and art, and with some very real addiction to sports. But among these classes there is a great deal of rude untrained ability, capable under due pressure of being put to intellectual service.

Here has been the great repository of muddled thinking, or that common sense which no longer suffices for success, or safety. From these classes still are mainly drawn the business men, the professionals, the local politicians, and the officials. It is their brains that most need stimulation. For a handful of expert supermen cannot do what is wanted. They may furnish seminal thoughts and plot out new lines of organized activity. But the conversion of a substantial portion of the middle-class is needed to reform our institutions and apply the long-range thinking. A hard-set intellectual caste? By no means. Through the open channels of popular education will flow a constant supply of new brains and energy from the main stream of national life. Democracy, or the people's part in government, will remain, as ever, a mainly instinctive process of the general mind, that common sense always needed to hold in check the forces of intellectualism and expertism. It will continue to operate as consent, or dissent, of the people, with such measure of intelligence and rectitude as the organs of public opinion enable or permit it to attain.



THE TWO SAPPHIRES

A STORY

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by Virginia Watson

FOLLOWING her usual prudent custom, Yvonne Mantel told her taxi to stop at the corner, and then, shivering in the raw and snowy March afternoon, walked up the street on foot. The faint sensation of timidity—not unpleasant—which she felt every time she came, contracted her throat. Yet her adventure with Jacques had lasted for more than a year. . . . It is true that it was Yvonne's first adventure. Before meeting Jacques Andry in the social world she had never dreamed that she could be untrue to her husband. But this husband, lacking in charm and much older than she, had never inspired her with love, and Jacques was so attractive; he had known how to tell her with such delicacy and passion that he loved her.

Yvonne disappeared under the arch and knocked at the door of the little ground-floor apartment, which was opened immediately.

"My darling, how good of you to come so early!"

Jacques kissed her and led her into the large handsome, cozy room, fragrant and warm. Yvonne gave a little contented sigh: how delightful after the hostile cold of outdoors was this blazing fire, this soft light, those drooping roses slowly shedding their leaves, the tea on the low table.

"How pretty you are, Yvonne."

She had taken off her hat and coat. He looked at her—blond and slender,

her beauty delicate and refined—she possessed a fresh and individual charm.

"My dear," he said, "to-morrow is your birthday. And . . . and . . . look what I have for you. No, I beg you, don't object, since it was understood that you would allow me. . . . Only tell me if it is what you wished—that I have not made a mistake."

He handed her a little box which she opened.

"Oh, Jacques, Jacques. But it is lovely, how good you are. I am delighted. I wanted it so much. And I love it all the more because you give it to me."

A ring, a sapphire surrounded by diamonds sparkled in her slender fingers. She tried it on; it fitted perfectly. Overwhelmed with joy, Yvonne thanked Jacques again with a tenderness in which was mingled a sincere scruple—one she had already expressed to him vehemently, but which he had succeeded in overcoming: could she accept from him a present of this value? It was sheer madness. . . . She did not dare.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Darling, don't let us dispute any longer. It hurts me. Am I nothing to you any more, that you can't accept a little piece of jewelry from me? You can tell your husband that your old country cousin, with whom he has quarreled, gave it to you. . . . Come, Yvonne, I am too happy to be able to give you something that pleases you for

a birthday present. This is the ring you wanted, isn't it? At least, I told the jeweller he must give me the exact one you had pointed out to me in his shop window a fortnight ago."

"Yes, yes, it is the very one. It is too lovely and I am too happy. Nothing has ever given me so much pleasure. I will put it on to-morrow for my birthday, when I come to see you. . . . I have never had such a birthday as that will be."

She laughed like a child, then her charming face grew grave and she pouted.

"My birthday . . . I remember my childhood festivals. . . . Jacques, how old I am getting—twenty-eight. You don't think I look too old?"

He laughed, and indeed the question was ridiculous—Yvonne radiated such glowing youth and childlike beauty in spite of her age—which, however, was not twenty-eight years, as she said, but thirty-three.

"Jacques," she said at last, "I must not be late in leaving. I am going out to dine with my husband."

Despite this resolve, Yvonne did not get home that evening until half-past seven, tired, happy, but a little irritated at the idea of having to dress in too great a hurry.

"Monsieur is ready; he is in his study," the maid told her.

Yvonne ran to the study. Monsieur Mantel, a large bearded man with heavy cheeks and a bald forehead, was there, having already changed into his dinner clothes, which did not help in giving him the slightest air of distinction. He was reading an evening paper.

"I will be ready in ten minutes; I was detained," Yvonne said hastily.

He made an evasive gesture: she wasn't later than usual. She was always late; he couldn't prevent it. However, he didn't let her get away from the study.

"Don't rush away just yet. I want a word with you. Come here."

He had a surly air. She felt suddenly uneasy and her heart was pounding as she went to him.

"Guess what this is," he went on, holding some invisible object in his big closed fist.

"But . . . I can't imagine."

"It is your birthday present. Ah, I didn't forget. It is to-morrow."

He burst out laughing and handed her a box exactly like the one which Jacques had given her a few hours before. In the box lay a ring, sapphire and diamonds, also identical with the ring Jacques had given her.

"That's the one, isn't it?" continued Monsieur Mantel. "I bought the exact one you showed me in the jeweller's window. Since you longed for a piece of jewelry this year for your birthday, I wanted to get the one you wished."

"Thank you so very much," said Yvonne warmly. "You are really too good. I am delighted. See how well it looks on me. I am delighted. I won't wear it this evening. I will put it on to-morrow. I don't want to christen it before my birthday."

She turned her face up to him, and he pressed his beard against it.

"So, my dear child I too am delighted that I was successful. And now hurry and dress, or it will be nine o'clock before we get there."

Yvonne hurried to her room. She opened her desk with a little key. She put the box her husband had given her at the back of a drawer and, by its side, the box which Jacques had given her, that she had brought back in her bag. Then she locked the desk and began rapidly to make her toilet.

She was completely satisfied. For a long time she had had an insane desire for a sapphire and diamond ring; but on account of her husband she could not wear a jewel of obvious value whose origin he did not know. And because of her lover she did not wish to wear a new jewel given by her husband, for Jacques was horribly jealous and would

have suffered at this thought of such conjugal intimacy. . . . What could be done? Yvonne actually longed for this ring and was amazed to find life so complicated.

Suddenly about a month before her birthday she found the way out of the difficulty. When she saw Jacques that day he had asked the date of her birthday. She told him, and he had begged her to let him know what sort of gift would give her the greatest pleasure. She had refused at first with sincere indignation to accept anything of real value. He had insisted, growing hurt himself: was he then nothing to her? So then she looked on him only as a stranger? Didn't she love him? Finally Yvonne had sacrificed her scruples, not wishing to oppose him any longer, saying to herself that, after all, he was rich and that it was perfectly natural he should wish to give her a present. . . . It was then that she had a flash of inspiration: she would have him give her the ring she so much wanted, and she would not only let her lover give it to her, but her husband as well. Each of them, seeing this ring on her finger, would recognize his gift. To each of them she would show at the same jeweller's the exact model she wanted, the same design. . . . She would have two rings absolutely alike; she would wear one and sell the other. She was fond of pretty things and sometimes found herself in difficulties when she had spent more money on her clothes than she ought to have done.

This was the plan which the two identical boxes containing identical rings that Yvonne had just locked in her desk had crowned with complete success.

Joyful and frankly congratulating herself for having shown such diplomacy, she started off for dinner with her husband.

When she returned later in the evening she admired the rings for a few moments, and the next day, shut in her room, she examined them at leisure, first by daylight, then by electric light, in order

to decide which of the two she would keep. How could she choose? They were just alike. . . . Look, wasn't that sapphire a little paler? . . . Yes, surely, the other was darker. Which should she choose? She finally made a decision, put the chosen ring on her finger, and replaced the other in the box which she returned to her desk. She would sell it soon. Her dressmaker was dunning her, and then she had a great longing for a new piece of fur. . . . No matter, since she was soon to have a nice little sum . . .

Two days later Yvonne left the house early. She went to pick out her fur, and ordered it sent home. Then she made her way to the shop of a jeweller of whom one of her friends who had had some jewels to sell had told her.

Yvonne took out from her bag the ring she planned to sell.

"I wish to get rid of this ring," she said a little timidly to the jeweller.

"What will you give me for it?"

The jeweller examined the ring carefully.

"Oh! . . . it has no value, and we do not buy that sort of thing," he said.

Yvonne gave a start.

"But, monsieur, you must be mistaken. This ring is valuable!"

The man smiled.

"Oh! madame, imitation stones, no matter how well done . . ."

Yvonne trembled.

"Imitation stones!"

"Yes, madame, this sapphire and these diamonds are not genuine stones; when it is one's business, one can't be fooled."

There was a moment of silence. Yvonne, thunderstruck, completely upset, struggled to preserve some appearance of calm. At last, angrily replacing the imitation ring in her bag, she took from her finger the other sapphire and diamond ring and handed it to the jeweller.

"And this ring?" she stammered.

The jeweller examined this second ring as minutely as he had done the first.

"This one . . . the stones are fine . . . you must have paid around five thousand for it. This is genuine."

Yvonne thanked him and left, the prey to a violent emotion. Once in the street, she walked rapidly, without knowing exactly where she was going. Agitated, indignant, furious, she felt like weeping with humiliation and disgust. She tried to think: one of the rings was false; therefore, one of the two givers, be it her husband or her lover, had played her a despicable trick with his pseudo-generosity, had treated her so contemptuously that he had passed off on her a fraud for a reality, thinking her too stupid ever to find it out. But which of the two had tricked her so basely?

She did not know, and that was the worst of it. She could not know since the boxes were identical, since the rings were alike (or had been in her eyes), and since it was absolutely impossible to know whether she had decided to keep the ring that was given her by her husband or the ring given by her lover. Vainly she tried to remember. How was it? The evening before her birthday when she locked the two boxes in her desk, did she put her husband's box on the right . . . or did she . . . ? She struggled to remember. She had not made any distinction between the two boxes; she had changed them around a dozen times—it was impossible to know. . . . Now she tried to reason it out, to study each of the two men. Take her husband, was he miserly, tricky, selfish? She had not loved

him, but she had respected him up to now. In their six years of married life what had she to reproach him with? . . . What were his feelings toward her? . . . And then, what was it he had said when she had asked him to give her for her birthday the ring, the price of which certainly exceeded what he had spent for her in other years on this occasion?

And Jacques? Jacques so tender, so fine, whom she loved so, who seemed to love her so . . . was it possible that he? . . . Would he have insisted so upon giving her a present if . . . ? Yes, but perhaps he expected her to ask him for something costing a few hundred francs instead of several thousand. . . .

Yvonne felt she was going mad, her head was in a whirl. She didn't know—she would never know. . . . These two men between whom she shared her life—she now realized when she tried to judge them, that she did not know them. How could she find out? How? . . . There was no way. She could not question them—that would have been to reveal all to the one who was not guilty. She could not with safety question the jeweller; she would never know.

She suddenly noticed that she was near her home. She went in. She would see her husband in a few minutes; she was going to see Jacques to-morrow. . . . She shrugged her shoulders. She perceived now that she hated them both. . . . Yes, not being able to find out which one had tricked her, in the future, mistrustful and hostile, she would hate them both.



THE WIFE, THE HOME, AND THE JOB

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

IT WAS a job very much in my line, and when I had expounded as persuasively as possible my qualifications I saw that the man behind the shiny desk found them adequate. Angling for a good job is a really thrilling sport, full of dramatic moments, calling upon all one's watchfulness and dexterity and steadiness. This one, I felt, was properly "landed."

"Very well, Miss Mavity," said the man in a tone of pleasant finality.

"Mrs. Mavity," I corrected.

I need not have said that. I might have argued that a man's name has no marital handle and that my married state had nothing to do with the case—as indeed it hadn't. I might have taken the opportunist position that I stood a better chance of getting the job without the damaging admission of matrimony. But I am not particularly ashamed of being married, and I don't care about getting things under false pretenses. This particular misapprehension should not matter; but the fact remains that it does.

"O—oh!" All the finality was gone from the man's voice. Then he asked three questions which, if they had been addressed to a man (which they wouldn't be) would have been resented as intolerable impertinence.

"Are you living with your husband?" he asked.

"Oh, quite," I answered; and refrained from adding, "And you?"

"Is he able to support you?"

"I prefer to be self-supporting. My husband's income isn't quite relevant to my fitness for this job, do you think?"

"But is your husband willing for you to work?"

"Yes." I gave it up.

So did he.

"I don't understand you young people," he said. "In my day a man who let his wife go out to work if he was able to support her would have been called a hound."

And yet he obviously had no impulse to call my husband a hound. Instead, I am quite sure he felt sorry for him. It was so much simpler, as well as more comfortable, when the home was universally accepted as woman's job. One half of the race, whatever their minor variations, could be lumped together as having one natural vocation, determined for them by their sex. For the other half nothing but sex was determined by sex, and with this the choice of a vocation had nothing to do.

The trouble arose when women began to question whether sex was a vocation for them either. To be sure, motherhood, long sanctified as woman's highest career, is woman's unique contribution to the race. But fatherhood is man's unique contribution to the race. On that score, which is precisely as far as biology goes, honors are even. Biology does not imply that wifehood and motherhood, either as physical or as spiritual experiences, carry with them a natural appointment to wash the dishes, cook the meals, darn the clothes, or train the young of the world. In short, a vocation for housewifery is not to be counted on as a sex attribute.

This discovery, of course, was made empirically. The average woman is a

better housekeeper and a less able financier than the average man. The average woman has been trained to a single occupation determined for her, not as an individual, but as a sex being. But when women began to seek general education and in consequence discovered in themselves various and individual aptitudes—even though these were used only as a stop-gap before marriage or as a resource in case they had no husbands to provide for them—they discovered also that these varied aptitudes were not transformed by marriage into the single aptitude for housewifery. To act fully on that discovery is to undertake nothing less than a revision of our established economic, social, and even emotional relations. Nothing is to be gained by underestimating the difficulties of such an undertaking.

I am not a genius, nor a fanatic, nor even a rebel. The development of a certain natural interest to the point where it would give me the means of subsistence did not carry with it any leaning towards celibacy. Must I choose between "marriage and a career"? The choice has no meaning unless marriage implies of necessity the bargain of financial support on the part of the husband for domestic services on the part of the wife. That is the economic side of marriage. All its other sides have to do with a personal relation and not with a specified job. I wanted the personal relation, but not that particular job. In this I was not unwomanly, but simply human—a person with an individual stamp of temperament and interest and ability, as well as a sexual being.

If I had married differently I might have resigned myself to the "woman's job" in the interests of domestic peace or in sheer defeat, as many women have done. I am absolutely certain that if I had done so I should have had a permanent sense of maladjustment which the most satisfactory emotional relation could not obliterate, precisely as the man who is forced into an occupation against his bent is dissatisfied no matter how

much he may love his wife. That sense of frustration is the root of the unrest, the discontent of which modern women are often accused. There is nothing modern about the frustration. But the awareness of it has become acute enough to seek a change in the conditions that cause it.

Many men are unwilling to accept marriage on terms different from the economic exchange mentioned above. The wife who must oppose not only the whole social system but her own husband as well will either give up her husband or give up the struggle. And neither of these choices will give satisfaction, if the choice has presented itself as a real dilemma. The question does not concern simply "the wife and the job," but the husband, the wife, and their jobs. There is not a sex question in the world that can be solved without the active co-operation of both sexes. This is partially the record of one such co-operation, with its difficulties, its compromises, and its suggestions for solution.

II

From the beginning we regarded the home as a part of our joint enterprise. Neither one of us had any taboos about "man's work" and "woman's work." We had the initial advantage of simple tastes and an aversion to being owned by our possessions or to holding any given routine sacred through habit. We got breakfast, washed the dishes, and "tidied" the apartment together in the morning. Then we went up town together, met for the lunch hour, and marketed on the way home in the evening. The exhaustion which is supposed to be the fate of the woman who carries out such a program did not follow, because I did not carry a double responsibility—merely a half share of certain simple tasks.

Before my baby was born I took a leave of absence from my job, intending to return to it. But at the same time came another typical and acutely per-

sonal problem. My husband's firm transferred him to California. And thereupon theory met fact in a head-on collision.

In most families, of course, there would be no recognition of a "problem" at all. The law recognizes the right of the husband to fix the family domicile where he sees fit. Refusal to accompany him is desertion on the wife's part and is in most states ground for divorce. But we were not concerned with laws and refusals, and we had no desire for divorce. The conflict of those weeks brought us the deepest suffering of our married life. Our wills, without a trace of bitterness, were in direct opposition.

I have always been of a temperament to accept risks as challenges. I urged my husband to resign from his firm and seek another position even at a lower salary, rather than to ask me to leave the one city in America where my particular kind of job is readily found. His argument ran as follows: I was about to bear my first child; that in itself is a physical experiment—there was no guaranty that I should be able to work again in the near future. His earning capacity, both because men in general have higher posts and larger salaries than women and because of his greater personal experience, was larger than mine. He could not renounce his direct responsibility to provide for his child to the best of his ability.

I do not know what would have happened if I had refused point-blank to leave New York. It was not a question of right, but of facts; and the preponderance of facts, which have a way of ignoring abstract justice, was on his side. I capitulated.

This geographical problem is a crucial one. If a woman's job is the care of husband, house, and children, it naturally can be transplanted with the family. If her job, like her husband's, is individual, there is always a chance that their occupational interests will conflict. The logic of facts, however, is not always on one side. I know one couple who were

separated, except for vacations, for thirteen years, but whose marriage has remained a vital and precious relation. However, most of us desire to share our lives with the persons we marry. And long separation undoubtedly involves, not only an actual and inevitable loss of closeness in the relationship, but the danger of destroying it altogether.

A woman scientist of rare and brilliant ability has been separated from her husband for several years because she was offered a post of great distinction in a distant city. If she subordinated her profession to his, not only would she limit the development of her great ability, but the world would lose a contribution objectively greater than it is within the husband's power to make. There is personal tragedy in that man's struggle to keep faith with his distant wife in defiance of a natural need of sex companionship. This man, and many other men and women, cannot work out marriage on these terms—terms which do violence to the very conditions which make it reasonable for us to demand personal sex loyalty.

No, the logic of facts is not always on one side. And yet in most instances the man who is willing to subordinate his occupation to his wife's is regarded with pity or contempt, even though her work is objectively the more important. And the wife who accepts such a sacrifice—instead of making it—is condemned as selfish and unreasonable. To meet that social judgment requires more courage than most people who have neither an all-compelling genius nor a taste for martyrdom can muster. Meanwhile, since social judgments change very slowly, most wives will compromise, as I compromised.

III

This confession, if it were typical, should now go on to relate how, after moving to California, I found supreme contentment in the care of my home and baby. But that isn't the tale. I did regain my physical strength very quickly

and then I spent a year looking for a job which would use my specialized ability and training in a city where such jobs are very few. In the meantime I was thrown back on the various substitutes which the women about me were trying.

I soon discovered that my state of mind was far too general to be put down to an unusually egoistic, ambitious, misdirected, or "masculine" personality. I was out of a job, but I had professional training and experience. And one by one the women whom I had thought content with marriage as an occupation told me how they envied me. Strange as it sounds, not one of them found in wifehood, motherhood, and housekeeping a completely satisfying "mission." They were not women of leisure. They had children and they kept house either single-handed or with the aid of one servant. But their husbands were not manual laborers, and the wives were not domestic drudges. They had a margin of time and energy.

Many of them spent most of that margin in exchanging entertainment with their women friends. These entertainments were in the nature of friendly competition as well as hospitality. The hostess always tried to serve some dish which, for complete success, must be both delicious and novel. And it usually was both. I discovered also (what I had never guessed before) that the styles in tea napkins, in bridge-table covers, in sofa cushions, in window draperies changed frequently. When everything embroiderable had been embroidered in cross-stitch, the lot was discarded, and everything embroiderable was embroidered in Bulgarian-peasant style. They did these things, not because they were either frivolous or fickle, but because of a deep human need to give meaning and focus and interest to a routine. They were not trying to create beauty so much as they were trying to find work.

When we did not play bridge at these afternoon parties, we were asked to "bring our work." Pick-up work they

called it. Not for one moment did I feel superior or contemptuous of these women; but no compulsion short of an amendment to the federal constitution (and probably not that) would induce me to embroider.

"I have n't any 'work' to bring," I said apologetically. "If I had, it would require a typewriter, and all sorts of things you can't lug to afternoon tea. You see, I don't sew."

If I had said, "I don't breathe," the announcement could not have seemed more strange. And then one of the women jerked her thread so that it snapped.

"You're lucky," she said. "Do you suppose a single one of us in this room would be doing this stuff if we had anything else to do?"

The time that was not spent in entertaining one another, most of us spent in club activities. Housework is a desperately lonely occupation, each woman in her solitary kitchen doing her task and meeting her problems in complete isolation. Women do not associate with one another in their work. When the work is done they are inevitably hungry for social intercourse. Their husbands, on the contrary, usually have worked all day among other people and want rest and solitude. The division of labor according to sex tends to prevent husband and wife from sharing not only their work interests but their play interests as well. In this separation the woman's club arose to meet a real need for social recreation.

But the women I knew were not inwardly convinced that they had done a full job by caring for the household and that they were ready only for play when that job was done. Even when woman's direct responsibility is limited to the home, her interest has ranged afield. She wants to know the larger world—to look upon it even though she does not enter it. Hence the "study sections" of the women's clubs devoted to current events, music, art, literature, or social service. Through them the woman's

club provides the illusion of individual work related to individual aptitudes.

It is an illusion, because the purpose of these sections, like the "pick-up work" of the afternoon sewing circle, is not to get something done but to give the members something to do. They are unwilling to go to the hard work of delving into any subject because there is no incentive for the digging. No wonder the mood of these study sections is consummate dilettantism! There is no reason why it should be anything else. The professional in one field may be frankly dilettante in another field for the sheer fun of it. But his acquaintance with strict professional standards keeps the distinction clear in his mind. Women who have the professional attitude toward any subject will not be confused as to the value of amateur culture. But then, in that day they will no longer take it seriously.

I speak by the book, because I joined the social-service section. I am not trained in sociology, and neither were any of the others. It seemed obvious, therefore, that we should have to begin by accepting the most competent authorities on the causes of poverty and casting a critical eye on the various measures advocated to abolish it or to mitigate the cruelty of its consequences. Otherwise, we were only adding to the already large body of those who want to mix chemicals in the social laboratory without understanding the meaning of a chemical formula.

But these women did not say, "We do not have to earn our bread. We are free to perform another service, no less valuable because it is not paid in cash. We have time to question, time to investigate and to learn—and then we shall have the time to act. To us the paid workers can turn for counsel, for the knowledge which they have not had the leisure and detachment to acquire."

The most astute Freudian could not have dug out anything like that from the subconscious of the members of the

social-service section. They wanted to do something tangible and immediate, something to give them a sense of participation in affairs outside their own homes. What they did was to sew for one charitable organization and to give a waffle fête for the benefit of another. These, of course, are harmless achievements in themselves. But they did not convert me to the idea that women are released from economic service in order to perform no less valuable social services. They gave me the conviction that when women are permitted to play at work but not to work at work the result is futility. What we need is a clear idea of the requirements for competence in any given undertaking. And the only way to maintain a standard of competence is to be judged, not by our willingness to "do something," but by our knowledge of what should be done and how to do it. The job from which we can be fired for incompetence is the only job we are likely to do competently. But that is not the kind of job which admits "volunteer workers."

Women's clubs have further served as a substitute-outlet for the organizing and executive ability of women. Those who, in recent years, have been allowed to use this ability in business or politics are either uninterested in women's clubs, or use them as training-stations, or work upon them to promote certain desired ends, precisely as men do. But the women who have this particular ability and are obliged to confine it to "club work" are not to be blamed for losing their sense of relative importance. They have perfected a group machine and have learned to make it work. But what is the machine to do? Its complex organization is not a means of direct participation in the outside world, but an imitation of that world. The machine was not perfected to get certain things done. The machine itself is its own reason for existence. It exists to give women "something to do."

The result, at its worst, is the ignominious absurdity of the reforming "cru-

sade." There were three such crusades in our city last winter. The first was an attempt to restrain merchants from displaying flasks whose shape suggested alcoholic contents. No previous inquiry was made as to whether such flasks were illegal. Of course they weren't; the police declined to take the requested action, and the merchants naturally did nothing whatever. The second was a protest against the sophistication of certain French dolls. The attendant publicity was its own reward; it affected neither the merchants who sold the dolls nor the persons who chose to buy them. The third was a mass meeting to decide just what reforms must be made in the style of dress, particularly the length of skirt, favored by young women. No human being, it is safe to say, has ever modified his or her costume in accordance with a vote; whatever mysterious forces govern fashion, club resolutions are negligible factors.

These were silly and perhaps extreme manifestations. But they happened. They happened because those women were looking for something to do. Club activity is not a substitute for professional activity, because it lacks the professional safeguard—the serious consequences of failure. The failure of a "crusade" carries no penalty; it is perfectly easy to start another.

IV

One of my first friends in California was a woman with pronounced ability for management. When I first knew her she was active in the two principal women's organizations of our town, and in numerous social-charitable committees. "Club politics" gave her the pleasure of using her talents and the reward of being an acknowledged leader. She had married, directly after receiving her college degree, a man firmly rooted in the established tradition of husbands. He drew all the checks for their specified purposes. Even in the kitchen she did

not order her own "office equipment." She wanted a dish-washing machine, which her husband considered not so much extravagant as unnecessary. That she hated washing dishes and would rather retrench in some other department in order to have this piece of machinery was an argument that moved him not at all. She had no right—and absolutely no means—to be foolish in her own way; he was the sole arbiter of folly. Yet it was during this period that her husband drove up to the house in a new car. He had not consulted her about buying the car. It did not enter his head that there was any logical relation between the car which he wanted and the washing machine which she wanted. He was not an unkind or an ungenerous man. He simply took it for granted that all decisions regarding expenditure belonged to him and that her labor-contribution gave her no voice in the distribution of income.

Then Mary went back to the university.

"I've got to do this absolutely on my own," she told me. "I've matriculated for a two-year vocational course. It means carrying two full jobs. You call me a good housekeeper, but there hasn't been one day in all these fifteen years when I haven't hated housework. Now I'm going to learn to do something else. We make it a point to see that our boy has uninterrupted time for study; we release him from all other demands for that because we believe that it's worth while. But my meals must be on time, the cakes my family like must be baked, the fruit must be canned because they prefer home-canned fruit. If I can't carry both jobs, it's the university work that will be called 'too much' for me. I'm the only person who looks on this course as an investment; I can't hire extra service in the house to release me for it. I have no choice. The home job is the one that must be kept up to standard, with no chance of resigning. But in two years I'll have professional training. I'm going to carry through."

And she did. At the end of the two years she had a good position in the kind of work she loved. But the real revolution in that household was not in Mary but in her husband. Mary hired and paid for household help out of her own salary. A bad investment brought them into temporary financial straits. Jim was profoundly touched and surprised that she contributed from her earnings to meet the crisis. For he could not help regarding her salary, not as a part of the family income, but as a glorified personal "pin money." It was as hard for him to think of his wife as a partner in a common enterprise when she contributed a share in money as when she contributed labor.

And yet, curiously enough, when her ability was recognized in the world of men's work he did not protest her reorganization of home life to meet the new conditions.

"Mary has to leave the house at eight o'clock," he remarked casually, "so I get the breakfast. I'd rather do that than dress little Jim for school." That home was becoming a shared undertaking. And the merits of a dish-washing machine were appreciated, now that he had a direct connection with the dish-washing job.

"Do you know," he said to me one day, "I'm mighty glad that Mary has a profession of her own. If anything should happen to me, I know that she could get along. It's a great relief." And this was the man who three years before had argued with my husband that woman's place was in the home, and had meant it!

Mary had waited fifteen years to make her "break." Would I, I wondered, be wise to do the same: hold the home job while the children were young, finding what substitutes I could, and then go back? This is a solution often advanced and sometimes carried out. But it has some serious disadvantages. For one thing, during those years the husband becomes used to having the home job carried on without him. His

long-established habits, as well as the wife's, must be broken in making the change.

Moreover, experience becomes almost valueless if it is long unused. The person in the world of jobs knows where jobs are, knows that so-and-so is moving on, knows that this or that organization is expanding. That person is naturally thought of when there is an opening. His work is known, and is in the field of attention. The maps of each job-world are constantly changing. To drop out of it for a period of years and then re-enter it is to find oneself a stranger in a strange land. The woman of forty who has spent fifteen years keeping house must start over again at the beginning, with a beginner's ignorance of conditions and little more than a beginner's opportunities. If a man who had just begun to make his way as a banker or a physician or a professor turned farmer for fifteen years, he would meet exactly the same difficulties in taking up his abandoned occupation. This situation must be faced by every woman who says, "I will drop out now while the children are young. Then I will go back."

The other handicap is even more serious, because it is internal. The woman who "goes back" has not only limited her opportunities but has lost in real competence. She may start with the high resolve to "keep her hand in" with her music or mathematics or medicine. But these are relegated to the fringe of her time and attention. Her hands and brain are engaged in another and altogether different technic. Again, this difficulty is not sexual but human. We can keep on doing well only what we actually keep on doing better.

Part-time work offers a further compromise, but again with obstacles. The first problem is to catch your part-time job. From the employer's point of view a break in continuity means a real loss of efficiency. One whole-time worker accomplishes more than two part-time workers, who must catch up each other's

threads and go over each other's traces. If the business world were eager to solve the problem for married women workers, this disadvantage might be accepted. But it must be remembered that the business and a large part of the professional world is trying to exclude, not to admit married women. When marriage itself is a disqualification for women in many banks, schools, public services and business houses, we can hardly expect employers in general to accept the disadvantages of part-time appointments in order to give us an opening. We are again face to face with the central fact that the opportunities of women will not be greatly enlarged without the co-operation of men.

The same difficulty applies to outside work done at home. Such work is, in the nature of things, available in only a few occupations. Most jobs require the presence of the job holder; for most work is not isolated but is closely related to the work of others. Moreover, if the work must be done at home because the woman's time and attention are needed for home duties, that time and attention are not free to devote to the outside work. Competence in any pursuit is not achieved by the divided mind, at the mercy of constant interruption.

For all these reasons, I decided against dividing my time—either by years or by hours—between two occupations. My first baby was a year old when I found a job in California. I hired a housekeeper with a little girl of her own—her own motherhood was a severe handicap in her search for employment. She was not the "specialist" of the feminist Utopia. She was a limited cook and not an immaculate housekeeper. But she would keep my small daughter clean, fed, and out of mischief; she was kindly, and she could be trusted with the domestic purse.

V

My husband and I deliberately lowered our standards of household living. His suggestions were invaluable, be-

cause he came to the problem without preconceptions. It was he, for instance, who ordained that it was illogical to cut holes in the walls to let in light and then to cut off part of the light with curtains—curtains, moreover, which must be kept clean. We eliminated curtains.

A woman said to me not long ago, "I believe that conscientious, concentrated 'home making' on the part of women is responsible for more marital unhappiness than any other general cause. The husband asks that the home should be his wife's world, a world distinct from his. She spends the afternoon in concocting a new dessert. It is a labor of love and, for her, a labor of art. But he is not interested in food with all these emotional connotations. He puts that food into his stomach, where it belongs, and ignores the appeal to his heart and his æsthetic sense. If she weeps tears of disappointment he says she is unreasonable. And so she is. She in turn feels that he does not understand her—and he doesn't. Women fill their houses with decorative knickknacks—their approach to creative activity and to success in the one form of competition open to them. To the man these achievements are simply 'clutter.' I shall never forget the day when I came home from a hard day's work in the city and suddenly recognized them as clutter too. I kicked a pillow across the room, I remember—a pillow I had worked on for weeks. The next day I cleared out the lot. I wanted emptiness, not 'filling.' From that day on I understood my husband as I had never understood him before. I knew what he wanted in the home, because I wanted the same things myself."

It is not easy to turn our backs on the social standards surrounding us. But the non-domestic wife must resolutely withdraw from competitive hospitality. That competition has always been between women and for women. The insulting aphorism that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach must have been made first by a woman,

for her own justification. It is true to the extent that no ill-nourished person of either sex is comfortable. But it is to women that women look for real appreciation of their elaborate culinary efforts. One has only to contrast the menu which a woman will prepare when entertaining a group of women friends to luncheon with the orders given by men lunching together in a restaurant to realize that men regard food precisely as the gentleman so severely criticised by Wordsworth regarded the primrose. It is the women who are the Wordsworths.

But the problem of simplification goes far beyond mere elimination. It requires organizing intelligence, the breaking down of habits and their revaluation. It requires the invention of new ways to perform old tasks. It involves the paradox of concentrating attention on the technic of housekeeping in order to free attention for another occupation. This in itself is a specific aptitude which the professional woman may not have. Yet it is the problem which she is required to solve.

At present new equipment, new technic, and the socialization of domestic processes belong in the realm of hope and not of accessibility for most of us. Co-operative kitchens, nursery schools, the care of children by experts—all these are familiar as projects. The difficulty is to find them in existence. We must prove our ability to work with the imperfect tools we have before we can obtain more adequate ones. There is waste and fatigue and heartache and disappointment in doing things that way. But that is the way things are done. Nothing is made easy until it has first been accomplished when it was difficult.

In our own case, there were crises, of course. Our housekeeper was obliged to leave for a week. Some one had to stay at home with the baby. We took turns, keeping house on alternate days. This was a fair and obvious arrangement. And yet when a neighbor coming in on an early morning errand found my husband, pipe in mouth, attacking the

baby's washing while I waved the morning paper in farewell and called, "Good-by, dear, I'm off to the office," she regarded it as an astonishing procedure.

If we had both been clerks in a big organization we could not have alternated so easily—though we still should have found a way. If a man asked for time off in such an emergency the request would be taken as proof that his wife ought to be at home instead of interfering with the demands of her husband's business. If a woman made the same request it would be used by many employers as evidence that she could not be relied on to stick to her job, and therefore should not hold the job at all.

VI

When my second baby came I took no leave of absence. During that winter, the three men who had desks in the same room with me had all been out for several weeks with influenza, and on these occasions I had helped to carry their work. Nevertheless, I had reason to fear that if I took time out the interpretation would be drawn that a married woman should not hold my position. I went regularly to the office until one night (a bit of bravado, this!) I drove my own car to the hospital. I had left two weeks' work prepared in advance. But when the baby was three days old I set up a typewriter on my hospital tray, and was keeping in touch with the office through my husband as daily intermediary. Oh, yes, I am a healthy woman! But there is no more reason for surprise at a healthy woman than at a healthy man. If women were as ashamed of being called "weaklings" as men are, there would be fewer of them. I speak as one who began as a weakling. But I needed physical fitness badly enough to work hard for it. And my chances for establishing good health were precisely the same as a man's.

In the physical care and in the training of our children my husband accepts the position of co-parent. Parenthood

is a personal relation among other personal relations. But it is a personal relation with high responsibilities and important social and emotional aspects. So far most fathers accept it in this light, and expect mothers in addition to accept it as a job—usually called a "vocation." And it is a job. There are noses to be wiped, quarrels to be settled, habits to be formed and eradicated. These things must be done: there is a job-side to parenthood which cannot be shirked. But it can be shared. Part of it is purely physical and can be delegated. Even in families where the mother is the specified person who looks after the children, the father is often the more potent influence in their lives. The imponderables which matter most are not the contribution of the person who spends the most time with the children, but of the person who uses time to the best effect.

In families where the father accepts an equal share in the job of parenthood the mother does not carry a double burden when she works as an individual as well as a parent. And the children have the immense advantage of sex co-operation and individual co-operation in their upbringing. The child with two wise parents on the job will have a double blessing. The child with one wise and one foolish parent will have at least a fifty-fifty chance, instead of being possibly almost wholly at the mercy of a foolish mother. Even the child with two foolish parents will be better off—for they are likely to be foolish not all-of-a-piece, but in streaks which partly cancel one another and improve his chances.

Our children are both in school now. They have never had a trained nurse to wipe their noses while both parents were away from home, but they have been adequately cared for at a cost which still leaves us financially the gainers by my addition to the family income. Even if the expense of their care during my absence had been so great that we did no more than break even, we should still

be the gainers. I say "we" and not merely "I." I do the work for which I am personally fitted, and I am therefore infinitely easier to get along with than if I worked as a misfit in the domestic job, with the inevitable kicking against the pricks and the wistful backward look on what I might have done if I had not married. By doing away with the sex division of labor my husband and I have kept our shared interests. Our children are intimate companions to both of us.

At one time my profession took me abroad for more than six months. Contrary to fiction, the circumstance that it was I, instead of my husband, who made this business trip did not result in the children's breaking their necks or going to the dogs, nor did my husband consider himself ill-used and succumb to the nearest blonde. It was an opportunity which he would have accepted and which he expected me to accept as a matter of course. When we were married it was he who laid down a simple rule: "In matters primarily affecting me, I must make my own decisions. In matters primarily affecting you, you must make your own decisions. In matters which affect us jointly, we will consult."

VII

I have been so personal in order to show that there are no inherent sex-attributes, either in men or in women, which make such co-operation impossible, even in a world organized on a different plan. The social machinery still assumes that wives are by sex ordained to be home workers and that family authority as well as financial control belongs in the hands of the husbands. When a sufficient number of individuals have proved that another arrangement will work the machinery will be modified.

Is the game worth the candle? That, of course, is the supreme question. Is the chance to choose one's work as a person instead of a sex-being worth the

long and complex struggle to amend our entire social and economic constitution? The author of "The Fetish of the Job," in the November *Harper's*, believed that it was not. She had been successful; but she was glad to retire to her garden and the beating of yellow eggs in a blue bowl. Are we trying to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage—with the added complication that the holders of the pottage are reluctant to make the sale?

The answer depends largely on which is the birthright and which the pottage. The sense of fatigue and futility from which the author of "The Fetish of the Job" suffered is a human and not a sex feeling. Almost every man will recognize the longing to escape the grind and retire to a simple life with a sufficient income assured to him. The difference is, that the woman may now yield to that feeling without loss of social respect or of economic support; and she will inevitably lose that privilege if she insists on putting the domestic job on a par with other possible jobs offered for her personal choice. She may still choose domestic life if she prefers; but its special advantages of indefinite support and release from economic responsibility will be lost. "Wages for wives" will not be a feminist slogan but the demand of men who will refuse to accept the burden of supporting dependent wives when they are no longer compensated by special privileges in economic competition. We cannot eat our cake and have it too.

It is a long, hard game, and I have dwelt upon its handicaps. We must find the candle very bright indeed if we are willing to play it. The acknowledged right to earn money instead of receiving it as a gift or an allowance—is this really worth so much? We give in loving service, we receive in generosity; is this not enough? Even if there is a certain amount of social and personal waste in our unused aptitudes and our

abandoned training, our own lives are enriched by these attributes, we are better off for having them, and we can salvage them at least partly for ourselves, our families, and society.

That is the case as fairly as I know how to put it. And I say that it is not enough.

I was discussing the subject of this paper with the husband I know best.

"I agree with you that women should have the right to choose their work," he said, "But I'm not so dead keen on a job as you are. I'd give up mine in a minute if I could afford to."

"Well," I asked, "would you be willing to accept an allowance from me—I, of course, to decide how much the allowance should be? Or I would pay the bills, and you could ask me for what you needed. I shouldn't be niggardly; but I should decide for you whether you really needed it or not. And you could not change your mind and go back to work without my permission. Even *with* my permission, you might be told that you were restless and career-mad and belonged at home, or that you had no right to keep some unmarried man or some woman out of your job. By law you wouldn't be entitled to control a penny of our income; on the other hand, the law would compel me to provide you with food, clothing, and shelter. The rest would depend on what kind of character your wife happened to have—and some have characters that don't take kindly to independence for husbands. If I made enough money, you might gain in ease and luxury of living by the change. You would lose only the burden of self-responsibility. You would be subject to my final authority instead of your own. You have confidence in my affection and intelligence and magnanimity. Would you accept such a relation to me?"

"No," he said, "I wouldn't."

Neither would I.



NOTES OF AN EMIGRÉ

BY ALBERT J. NOCK

MUNICH, BAVARIA—One's first few days in this quiet city give one the curious sense of being a fugitive. The dread hangs over me that at any moment I may feel the touch of magic on my shoulder and find myself plumped back into the reeking turbulence of New York. At this time of day there is hardly any one on the Promenadeplatz and, as I hear a few sounds of traffic on a busier thoroughfare ahead, I have a great fear lest the turn of a corner may bring me into Fourth Avenue.

There is a certain irony in the evidence here that the foundations of German "efficiency," "militarism," and all the rest of it, were laid so largely by a Massachusetts Yankee. With so much popular interest in the great Americans of our early days, I wonder that it has not occurred to some facile biographer to drop in a bean for one of the greatest of them—Count Rumford. True, he was no patriot. He fought on the King's side in the Revolution, went afterwards to England for a time, and then to Bavaria, where he led a busy life reorganizing the army, experimenting with artillery and explosives, and making a great name for himself in the way of applied chemistry and physics. He had his weak points. For instance, at one time he devoted his leisure to the depraved pursuit of figuring out cheap living for the poorer classes. Curiously, this exercise has fascinated a number of men more or less prominent in our history, such as Edward Atkinson, Horace Greeley, and Benjamin Franklin. Count Rumford compounded a soup, made out

of bones, potato-skins, and various other offal which he analyzed and found in some degree nutritious; and the fact that it bears his name suggests that he may have thought well of his achievement. In spite of this infamy, however, the true patriot is proud of his country and its starry flag as he passes the fine statue on the Maximilianstrasse, in front of the Government Offices, and reads the inscription, *Benjamin Thompson, Graf von Rumford, geboren zu Woburn in Massachusetts.*

Count Rumford did not live his life out in Bavaria, but went over to France to spend his last years. His conscience may have driven him there, or he may have gone over to reorganize and improve the great national institution of the *pot-au-feu*—who can tell? Some years ago an American lady who has a large house in the country mentioned a circumstance that gives color to this latter theory. She told me that she once had a French cook who kept a *pot-au-feu* going and from the moment he took charge the daily average exports of garbage from the household fell off to nearly nothing and never rose again during his entire incumbency.

The Bavarians seem to have got more good out of their royalty than any other people I know of. Perhaps it is because their royal line (according to report) is touched with madness. There seems no doubt that the only kings ever good for anything, here as elsewhere, were the mad ones. Ludwig I used to stroll about Munich unattended, speaking to every woman who had children with her, as they almost all have. "*Guten Morgen,*

guten Morgen," he would say. "*Schöne Kinder, schöne Kinder!*" When a monarch thus voluntarily reduces the distance between himself and his subjects his official circle begins to think there must be a screw loose with him, as in the case of old Frederick, for instance, who ambled around Berlin on horseback, reining up when he saw a group of people talking together, and getting in on the discussion. William II was nearer the official type of a sane king; nobody saw him except on dress-parade. Still, William is now in Doorn, and the folks back home do not regard his memory as they do Frederick's.

The public memorials in Munich show another twist in the royal mind. Count Rumford's statue is one of a group of four. Beside him is General Duroy, and opposite are the philosopher Schelling and the physicist Fraunhofer. On the Promenadeplatz is a heroic figure of Max Emmanuel, the conqueror of Belgrade, with the musician Gluck on one side of him and the Belgian composer Orlando de Lasso, who died here in 1549, on the other. The inscriptions *Armis et Litteris* on the Armeemuseum would strike one as incongruous if one saw it elsewhere, but here it seems quite in the general tone of the city's civilization. No doubt these Bavarian kings had a sane ruler's full share of interest in fighting and gain-grabbing, but they had a saving streak of craziness that came out in their reverence for the things of the mind and spirit, and in their personal efforts to do something with them.

One notices, too, that the Bavarians are still pretty solid monarchists. After all the ups and downs of the late unpleasantness, they are not republicans to hurt. This may be a coincidence, but again it may not. At any rate, the fact remains that few rulers but the crazy ones, whether royal or republican, ever knew the direction in which real power and permanence lie. How many Presidents of the United States have had any idea of it? Possibly two, certainly one—and he died just one hundred years ago.

It was a touch of the same madness in old Clemenceau which made him incontestably the one figure worth remembering amid the ruck of those assembled at Versailles. When he told Paderewski grimly that he felt honored at meeting the mighty genius of the piano, Paderewski replied with offended dignity that he was not there as a musician, but as Prime Minister of Poland. "*Quelle dégringolade!*" muttered Clemenceau, drawing down his heavy brows.

II

Life here in Munich keeps an elderly person ruminating on the power of what Prince Bismarck called the imponderabilia. When I was first here, years ago, I used to wonder why every American who had any kind of independent income did not pull up stakes and come here to live. Life seemed so much better organized and more agreeable. It still seems so, but I no longer feel the impulse to be a missionary for it among my countrymen. Reason and logic are on my side, but the imponderabilia are against me. There is about ninety-eight per cent of human experience in the Frenchman's reply to some one who told him that Béranger was not really a great poet. "True," he said, "but he is *for us*." I am not so sure as I once was that so very many of my countrymen would be happy here for long—yet I could not give a single reason why not, nor could they. On the contrary, I could give every reason why they should be, but the stubborn probability remains that they would not. Reason and logic go such a little way in the domain of nature, and the imponderabilia go so far.

Why, for instance, will Rhode Island corn promptly lose its flavor if grown outside the Narragansett district? It will grow well almost anywhere, but after the first year it will no longer taste like Rhode Island corn. Why can not the same bakers with the same materials (even the same water, brought down in barrels for the experiment) make the

same *grissini* in Turin that they make in Genoa, only a few miles distant? Today is the last of March, and hereabouts I see that the snowdrop, crocus, and hyacinth are out, as they might be at home—but blooming along with them are English daisies, columbine, sweet-william, and iris, with peonies just showing! These concurrences of growth are evidently possible and natural here, for here they are. Why not with us?

Again, two nights ago at a symphony concert in the Tonhalle, I noticed that the orchestra was by no means as good as the Philharmonic, for example, and the young guest-conductor was no international figure—I had never even heard of him. Yet they managed to send the seventh concerto of Bruckner up among the high points of my musical experience. It set my imagination working on the problem whether, if that concert were precisely reproduced in Boston, New York, or Chicago, just *that* effect could be reproduced upon the more or less cultivated listener. Utterly impossible, I should say. Transport audience, orchestra, conductor, and program by magic and instantaneously, Aladdin-fashion, to Carnegie Hall! The performance would be very fine, the effect would be very good, but it would not be *that* effect, for the imponderabilia cannot be transported, even in imagination.

When Mr. Jefferson succeeded Franklin as minister to France in 1784, he made it his principal business to look up everything that he thought would be useful in America, and send it over. The record of his industry in these directions is simply amazing; no historian or biographer has done justice to it. Reckoned even in terms of actual physical labor, it is almost incredible. If any modern American wants to learn what hard work means, let him take Mr. Jefferson's journal of a three month's tour of France and Italy and follow it through, doing everything he did and, as far as possible, reproducing the circumstances he encountered—means of travel, facilities, conveniences, or the lack of them,

accommodations, and so forth. In four years he may be said to have examined every useful tree and plant in Europe, every animal, vegetable, and mineral, every habit and custom, every idea, invention, process, and device, and made arrangements to send over all of them that he thought would be of use. The sum total of this enterprise constitutes one of the greatest achievements, I think, in our history, and the most astonishing thing about it is that so few of his inoculations ever "took." Little came of any of them, relatively, and for no particular reason that any one can assign; one simply charges them off against the imponderabilia.

I am continually reminded of this by even the smallest matters of routine life here. These Germans thrive mostly on veal and pork. They sleep in air-tight bedrooms, though they are great hands for airing out after the rooms are vacated—a streetful of Turkey-red bed-slips half out of window in the morning gives an extremely "gallus" tone to the city landscape. Out of curiosity I tried this regimen myself awhile and got along swimmingly on it, which I could not do in America. Could they? I doubt it. They bring their children up on beer, quite successfully as far as I can see, from the moment the youngsters are able to drink. Transport parents, babies, beer, and all to America—would it work? Again I doubt it.

There might be some support in all this for the determinist or Calvinist school of philosophical historians who say that society is an organism, and that its motion (which in our modesty we call progress) is merely along the line of least resistance and effected by forces beyond its control. I remember also an ingenious theory of my friend Richard Buhlig, the musician, that culture is an affair of the soil, like peaches or potatoes, and that America would never develop culture, because the soil is not right for it. But "that haint my bizness," as Artemus Ward said of politics. "I'm in the show bizness." Such considerations,

however, disincline me to worry much over an impending Americanization of Europe. Some of my friends, both here and at home, keep themselves in a great sweat about this calamity, but I do not sweat about it. Furthermore, these observations make me think that a great deal of the evangelizing spirit which is forever stewing out of our internationalism should be allowed to evaporate. This spirit is so much our specialty that it almost seems we should have copyright on it. Hardly a week passes over here without an irruption of American missionary zeal for the economic, political, moral, or cultural salvation of the peoples who are sitting in darkness. Our crater continually belches out a lava of junketing delegations more or less reminiscent of the curious miscellany that Henry Ford brought over on the Christmas ship to stop the war. These phenomena are extremely odd. Germany sees her share of them and accepts them resignedly, meanwhile showing no symptoms of Americanization that I can discover. When the infliction is over, she tidies up, counts the spoons, and things go on much as ever.

No, Americanization cannot take place but on American soil, and at that it is a much longer job than my anxious friends suspect. I have myself seen it at work on two generations of German stock, and I feel sure that it will need at least three more. When I was a lad of fourteen I spent two years in a mid-Western town of some ten thousand population, that had been settled by German refugee 'forty-eighters. These superb people brought their native culture with them and created a really delightful civilization, to which I am at this day no end in debt. Passing through that town thirty years later, I dropped off to see what it was like. I found it in the hands of the third generation, who seemed to me the very worst and most worthless people I had ever laid eyes on in my life—mere human sculch. They had abandoned all the characteristic virtues of their ancestry, and had taken

on no characteristic American virtues in replacement. They were ignorant, vulgar, arrogant, and venal, with neither mind nor spirit above the most inveterate and ruthless go-getting. The fourth generation, however, were by way of taking a different turn, and I judged that the Americanization of that stock would be complete in about the sixth or seventh.

III

When I said a moment ago that life in Europe is better organized and more agreeable, it must be understood that I had in my eye the independent American who need accept only such of its sanctions as suit him, no matter how long he remains here. If I were a native and had to take the fat with the lean, no Zeppelin could carry me to America fast enough. I speak not of economic disadvantages, which are obvious, but of a whole ghastly series of social expectations which the native can not escape and from which the visitor is exempt. Whoever thinks, for instance, that the organization of American family life is bungling and oppressive—which it no doubt is—ought to see it here. In a week's time he would take his Bible oath that the family is the most pernicious institution on the face of the earth. By and large the world over, he would be right, I suppose, but it is the European organization of the family that brings up its average of balefulness, and the American that brings it down.

The Continental family system is disabling enough to men, but if I were a Continental woman, *himmelherrgott-donnerwetter!*—I would gather acorns and rob henroosts for my living and dwell in dens and caves of the earth until I could get to the United States; and the younger I was, and the higher my social grade, the more promptly would I take to this Robin Hood existence. The iron force of dehumanization upon a subject sex seems like an old story, no doubt, but it is not, for eight long years have passed since the war of liberation ended.

Think of all the fustian we have read and heard in those eight years about the war having put European women so gloriously on their own at last. Think too of the threnetic complaints that her new-found independence is disrupting the whole social order and raising the old Harry with its most cherished institutions! Men here still talk like that—I hear it on every hand—and they do it with a straight face, too, at which I can but marvel. But I assure all American women interested in the emancipation of their sex that there is nothing in it. All this is no more than the anticipatory yoop of pain that you hear from a good lively corporation head when somebody suggests cutting down the working day from fourteen hours to thirteen-forty-five. The subject sex might perhaps have liberated themselves through the war, or gone a long way towards it, if they had had any desire to do so—any effective desire, I mean, not a merely sentimental desire. Apparently, however, they did not have it, nor, if I am any judge of evidence, do they have it now.

Speaking as a good American, an anarchist, individualist, and libertarian of the most profound conviction, with a rooted faith in human perfectability, I can cordially say, *Gott weiss* I wish they did. The American woman is born into ten thousand times greater freedom—accepting it like the air she breathes, without ever thinking about it—than there is any discernible prospect that these women's great-great-grandchildren will enjoy. It is a good thing that she has it. Not that she has enough freedom and should have no more, or that she makes much more than a fumbling bad use of what she has; but that she has what she has is an unqualified good thing.

But just here one again runs aground on the confounded imponderabilia. It is good *for us*, as the Frenchman said about Béranger, but would it be good, say, for the Bavarian women to be railroaded into a like liberty, were such a

thing possible? The American woman got what freedom she has, first by wanting it, and then by going out after it. When the European woman does likewise, I shall be sure that her liberty will be a good thing for Europe, no matter how badly she botches her use of it. Emancipation, in short, is an affair of the spirit, like Americanization, and takes as much time—probably more. I personally am so far committed to the doctrine of freedom that when some timid casuist tries to tangle me up in pettifogging distinctions between liberty and license, I cut him short, rather than bandy words about it, by telling him that I am all for license. Yet I cannot help seeing that liberty is conditioned by effective desire, or at least by acceptance, and that in the absence of these the emancipator is merely crowding the mourners and making a mess of things. Those who have ever had the privilege of trying to wean a calf will perceive at once that it is so. I have myself done more or less of this kind of thing in my time, both literally and figuratively, but it was when I was younger and greener, *consule Planco*—never again!

I have been acting as *Reisemarschall* for three American friends who are taking this way to Vienna and the South of France. Mrs. X is a capable woman of middle age, quite accustomed to hoeing her own row and to being regarded as a vertebrated animal. For days she has been seething and simmering like a stalled freight engine at the quiet, polite, patient, cussed pertinacity with which she is here viewed as a mere appanage of her husband. Hotel men, clerks, waiters, dressmakers, and milliners go calmly over her head with all matters of money, responsibility, opinion, or even of taste, and refer them to him. I have rarely heard a more vivid extemporaneous use of my native tongue than from her yesterday, when she paid for some small purchase out of her own purse, and the cashier dutifully handed Mr. X the change. Mr. X enjoys all this hugely and abets it, thereby I think laying up

for himself the kind of trouble with which no stranger intermeddleth.

Perhaps a few more avenues—no, a few more lanes and alleys—of individual self-expression are open to women here nowadays. No doubt, too, a few women have a little more interest in seeking them out. But to use the august term liberty in connection with anything they have got is a monstrous exaggeration, and to get up any tootle over it pro or con is ludicrous. The pathetic incompetence of such solicitude always puts me in mind of May Irwin's old song

You may tempt the upper classes
With your odious demi-tasses,
But Heaven will protect the working girl.

For example, to show me how far the process of volatilization has gone with the modern Bavarian woman, a Munich barber said yesterday that the better-paid wage-earning girl is no longer happy unless she can have a glass of beer and a raw egg beaten up in it with cream and a pinch of sugar, for breakfast! It is a sad subject—let us change cars.

IV

What chiefly strikes one in doing business with Germans is their apparently endless knowledge of their goods. If a German sells you a lead pencil it is ten to one he knows the whole history of such implements all the way back to the Roman stylus and the Assyrian cold-chisel, or whatever it was. In this they beat us to a standstill. How often do you find an American retail salesman who knows anything except his price-list? Another shining quality here is exactness. There is a complete and restful absence of the Gallic talent for urbane approximation which one learns to curse so fervently in France. When I remember the weary *kilomètres* I have trudged to find something that I was assured lay "*tout près—tout près d'ici*," I am strong for collecting the French debt. Shylock was a fine open-handed fellow compared with me. On my sec-

ond day here I asked a young woman in a cigar-store where the nearest post office was. She pointed out the direction and described the building, and then looking me over with an appraising air which at the time seemed rather odd, she added, "It is three—or five—minutes walk from here." My regular gait is rather brisk, and when I reached the post office I happened to see a clock there, and discovered that I had made the trip in exactly three minutes. Going back, I slowed down to about the average Munich road-gait and timed myself. I passed the cigar-store just as five minutes were up. One cannot too much admire this clairvoyant precision.

I gladly toss up my hat for *Deutschland über Alles* in everything but form, line, and color, and in these I am pro-American against the modern world. Munich has one of the most exquisite little public parks in Europe—Count Rumford laid it out. In fact, when you see a particularly good exhibit of taste and style down here, you are pretty safe in guessing that Count Rumford had a hand in it, unless it is something that bears an obvious Latin design "smouched" from Italy in the old days by some beauty-seeking king. In spite of the appalling general hideousness of American cities, I must say that we do far better with what is called the new architecture than any country I know in Europe. The new German industrial museum here is a dreadful eyesore, and we have all seen newspaper-pictures of the hideosities that the French and Italians are putting up to the greater glory of Art. The largest architectural work of our time, the Palais de Justice at Brussels, may possibly carry a hang-over of the irony that the medieval architects expressed so well whenever they took the notion. It exactly represents the prevailing theory of justice; it is confused, heavy, unimaginative, unlovely. Modern decoration in Germany, too, and indeed in all Europe, seems far inferior to ours. The hotel where the X's are stopping, however, is arranged and decorated in delightfully

good taste. It is not a new one; perhaps it was done from designs by Count Rumford.

My humble but unshakable opinion is that there is a vast deal of good sentiment wasted annually by my countrymen on the natural scenery of Europe. For all there is in natural beauty I would cheerfully put up the county of Sussex in New Jersey against anything I ever saw in Bavaria. What does the natural beauty of the Rhine valley amount to beside the Kennebec, Penobscot, Connecticut, Housatonic, Hudson? What are the Bavarian, Austrian, or Italian lakes when put beside Lake George? It is what men have done with these that counts. The whole story is that the opulent jewels of America were cast before utter swine, the lesser pearls of Europe before people who had respect for them and knew what to do with them. The Rhine at Basel, the Elbe at Dresden, and the Iser at Munich are an unfailing source of pure delight, and practically every bit of it is man-made. Man here has tried almost as faithfully to improve the Lord's gifts as he has in America to disparage and defile them. These people make their rivers work hard for them, too; it is precious seldom that you see a European railway carrying an ounce of low-grade freight, while practically all ours is carried by rail. We disfigure our waterways, and get nothing out of them.

V

Hearing a recital by one of the best baritones in Germany set me wondering why so musical a people has lost the art of training male voices. Just before I left New York I heard a German baritone in the "Pfungstcantata," and he was almost as helpless before the intricacy of its intervals as I should have been. Yet Bach wrote them to be sung,

and it is a fair inference that he had in mind someone who could sing them; so the art of proper vocalization must at some time have been in force here. The present generation, however, gets precious little chance at it, not only in Germany but elsewhere. The Italians still do better with it than any, but only relatively.

I remember a friend in New York lately saying that in the "Meister-singer" "they ought to put in a substitute wop tenor in the third act to do the melody of the Prize Song wherever it recurs, and let the German tenor sing the rest." I thought of this the other night when I heard a German tenor in "Martha." He had a fine voice and no idea what to do with it.

There has always been an interesting peculiarity in French and Belgian training, instrumental or vocal. Now and then an artist turns up whom nature seems to have fitted expressly for it, and who is at the same time exceptional in intelligence, diligence, temperament, and preliminary training. Such artists are scarcer than hen's teeth, but when you find one and pass him through the French or Belgian school, his work will bear a hard oil-finish of distinction and a style that nothing else can give him, and you have a Clément, Renaud, Ysaye, Plançon. One may not care for this style or one may prefer some other, but one can not deny that it is a very great style and purely idiomatic. Two artists now before our American public have it—Thibaud and Barrère. For my part I wish there were more. When I think what Gilibert would have done with those intervals in the "Pfungstcantata," I pluck up courage to believe that the quality of distinction might still be profitably cultivated by my countrymen—and not only in music, but in the other arts as well, especially perhaps in the art of social life and manners.



MAUDIE

BY ADA JACK CARVER

IT chanced to be at Phyllis's house, after ten or twelve years, that once again I encountered poor Maudie Turner.

There had always been something persistent, unquenchable about Maudie Turner. I mean, she was, under stress of any situation, so terribly as God (or was it her frail, erring mother?) had made her, without thought of change or betterment. She had been a classmate of mine in high school, a girl whom people used to remember vaguely as the daughter of that silly Alice Winters, who, in turn, was related to the Old River Winters, a fine and proud old family back in steamboat days. . . . People were wont to speak of Maudie distrustfully. "Maudie Turner? . . . let me see. Didn't her mother run away with another woman's husband and join a show?"

Throughout high school the shadow, the frail fragrance of this pretty, erring mother clung to Maudie, poor solid old Maudie, who was a plump and ineffectual creature, her every movement comic and futile, her cheeks habitually puffed with caramel candy. And yet among us in school she enjoyed distinction of a sort, for Maudie "took orders" for a certain popular though questionable line of cosmetics, from the sale of which it was understood she was putting herself through school. From Maudie's book-satchel order blanks and beauty ads were constantly dropping; and there was always about her the acrid scent of pink soap.

Maudie, ignored on the campus, was driven to solicit trade in the classroom, possessing a number of grimy placards

issued her by her firm. Most often it would be in English literature, under Miss Vance's nose—Miss Vance, who, engrossed in Shelley or Keats, was unseeing, entirely oblivious: "We look before and after . . . and pine for what is not—" I can see old Maudie now, her round pale eyes very solemn and furtive over the rim of her desk, as she lifted before a "prospect" this arresting slogan: "*How Would You Like To Be Beautiful?*" . . . Always, I am sure, I shall think of Shelley and Maudie Turner in the very same breath, and with laughter. . . . Miss Vance's voice droned on, and Maudie's victim would stare, entranced, and nod in glad affirmation. (Who would not like to be beautiful, if it be the Spring o' the year?) Whereupon Maudie, adroit in her methods, would advance what in the trade was called a "follow-up" card, arranged in her own round scrawl: "Then Meet Me Behind the Hedge at Recess, and I'll Show You How."

Those trysts behind the hedge at recess! "The Magnolia Bloom is for pimply skins," Maudie would state, importantly, inwardly scornful. "You put it on like this" (dab, dab) "on top of the Pink Petal Cream."

In spite of her bleaching creams and her lotions, I seem to remember Maudie forever ablush—a dark, unbecoming stain that seeped through her skin, as if from some inner despair. "Pudd'n'," the boys used to call her, down in the grades; and often, with cruel implication, "Georgie, Porgie, Pudd'n' Pie, kissed the boys and made them cry!"

It came as a sort of shock, I recall, when in writing the Junior class prophecy

I stumbled upon the astounding fact that Maudie was "boystruck." There was something—indecent about it. (What a silly, insensate practical joker old Mother Nature is!) Blandly enough, in the class prophecy, I had meted out fame and fortune for the rest of the class; but lacking inventiveness, imagination, where Maudie was concerned, I had disposed of her something like this: "As for our deserving classmate, Maudie Turner, in but a few brief years she will be a happy housewife, with a nice devoted husband and two children."

The morning this prophecy was read Maudie waylaid me. She had a broad, worried face, a nubby nose, and yellowish, limp-looking hair. Her hands clutched and tore at each other. "Say . . . wait a minute—" Maudie, gurgling, thrust into my hands a sticky mass, done up in tinfoil. "Say, have some caramels, won't you?" And into her cheeks, as if she had pressed a button somewhere, flooded the dark, troubled color. There was, however, one very lovely thing about Maudie Turner, even then: her voice when she was on the verge of tears. I have never known another voice quite like it. I stared at Maudie in astonishment. There was something desperate in her face; and yet she seemed to me, in some way, neater, more compact—as if for the moment, at least, she had reached out and caught at the ends of herself and assembled them all into one complete whole. Her eyes glowed, and she stood upon her ankles square, alert. "Say, did you mean what you said?" She lurched at me and grabbed at my arm; and I saw that all over her tablet were scrawled innumerable hearts and darts and entwined initials. "I mean do you really think someone will fall in love with me . . . some day . . . and marry me?"

At that time, as now, we had a name for girls like Maudie. We called them "pills" and "sticks." Now they are "flat-tires," "dumb-bells." I backed away, choking over her atrocious candy, offended by I knew not what.

She was too earnest, too eager. Her big breasts shook, and the tears came. . . . Pudd'n' Pie! ("Suppose one of the boys should pass, and hear her!" I thought, in a panic.)

"That was nice, what you said about me," Maudie hurried on, "about having a home, and children. . . and a nice, devoted husband." Her eyes were lost to me in tears; she was sobbing.

"Why, Maudie—" I pleaded, embarrassed, "everyone gets married." I thought of Phyllis Cadwalleder, for whom in the Junior prophecy I had predicted a blithe career on the stage; Phyllis, slender, vivid, with her lazy laugh and her fringed blue eyes. Phyllis, who had implored me in mock horror not to let her go and get married until she had "lived." . . . Somehow, for some reason, all of us took marriage for granted like that. It was all well and good, as a last resort. But first we must live. I am sure I don't know what we meant by "living." With me, I think, it meant going abroad, tasting the earth in fresh places.

Standing there in the corridor with Maudie, I stared out at the campus. The sun, climbing, fell into splendor, taking a bank of warm clouds, gilding the furry tasseled tops of the oak trees. Hyacinths were still in bloom, and there were early roses on all the teachers' desks. . . . It was so easy to love, and be loved! Maudie stared out of the window too, and great yellow tears splashed on her middie-blouse. ("She ought to wear the tail of her middie inside," I was thinking.) They were happy tears. What cared Maudie for faraway places?

"Say—woman's place is in the home, don't you think?" Maudie continued breathlessly, a little resentfully.

"Why, of course, Maudie," I answered without conviction, even with malice. She grabbed my arm, hung on it. . . . Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, as I stared at her, I decided that I liked Maudie Turner. There was something about her, something carried over, no

doubt, from her once proud and fine old family.

If ever a creature yearned for safety, affection, that creature was Maudie. Would life vouchsafe her these? . . . We shall see.

The following autumn, our Senior year, Maudie did not return to school, and her name was automatically dropped from the class roll. Her mother had died, we learned vaguely, and Maudie, somewhere on the frayed edges of town, was to care for a six-year-old sister. For a few weeks that autumn, I recall, a forlorn Latin text-book with Maudie's name on the title-page, and the verb "*amo*" significantly conjugated, lay around as if begging a home. Then it too disappeared, and Maudie, with her cold-creams and powders, was forgotten.

In the next eight or ten years many things happened. A few of us went on to college, a few married and moved away. Phyllis, of course, danced rapturously, straight into comic opera. I went abroad. At intervals, once in Nice at Christmas time, and once in the moon-tortured hills near Genoa, wistful picture-postcards caught up with me: "Just to remind you of old times—Maudie Turner"; "From your old devoted classmate, Maudie Turner"; "From You Know Who—Maudie Turner."

Maudie Turner, Maudie Turner—always Maudie Turner. So Maudie, after all, had never married. Not that I gave it a moment's concern. I was, I think, faintly amused, annoyed, by Maudie's insistent friendship. "The collars of her middie-blouses were always soiled," I kept thinking. "Poor old Maudie."

And then, one June morning three years ago when I was at home again, I ran into Maudie Turner at Phyllis's house. Phyllis, who was also at home for a few lazy weeks, had been, back in the days when Maudie trafficked in lipsticks, one of Maudie's best customers. Not that Phyllis wanted to be beautiful

(she was already that, heaven knows!); but even then the art of make-up bewitched her. . . . I was to lunch with Phyllis that day, and we had lounged away the morning on Phyllis's wide south gallery. It was very warm, with fragrance like a steam from all the garden.

The town from Phyllis's south gallery spread east to the river, under high-vaulted trees. From the river the blown, drowsy wind moved over the garden, over bright tubs of petunia and beds of lantana and hot spicy pinks. Suddenly Phyllis laughed, the laugh she had learned on the stage. "My dear, who is that odd-looking creature coming up the drive?"

I looked out and saw through the shrubbery a thick-set, toiling woman in a white blouse and an orange felt hat. We watched her in silence. . . . "Her shoes hurt," Phyllis said, yawning, having already dismissed her. The woman was, indeed, limping, her face screwed tight with pain; she was wearing high-heeled "champagne" pumps, with involved and extraordinary straps and buckles. These shoes dragged terribly up the long drive, up the long flight of steps to Phyllis's terrace. The woman held against the sun a rose-silk parasol and carried a black-leather satchel. Before she rang the bell she set this satchel down upon the terrace and deliberately becalmed her wet and agonized face, dabbing at it with a soiled cotton handkerchief. The blue day waved about her, beat in at her; the glittering sunshine stabbed like a million needles.

"Phyllis," I said, "that's some one we used to go to school with."

Phyllis protested drowsily. "Don't tell me we ever went to school with a woman as old as that!"

"I'm sorry, but we did, my dear. . . . That's Maudie Turner, as sure as you're sitting there. With something to sell."

Phyllis laughed. "Of course, Maudie Turner! She used to peddle those greasy cosmetics. Good Lord!"

The bell on Phyllis's front-door rang.

("The maid is probably asleep," Phyllis murmured. The incompetence of our servants always amuses Phyllis when she returns to us from the East, gives her a quiet satisfaction. "It's so . . . *Southern*", she says with her laugh.) Phyllis settled back against the cushions. "Go and buy something from her for the cook, darling—please. She used to be a sort of friend of yours, was she not?"

I went through the French windows into Phyllis's drawing-room, across the hall to the front door. When I opened the door I thought for an instant Maudie had gone; and then I saw that she had slumped down in one of the chairs on the terrace. Also, I saw, with compassion, that she had taken off her abominable pumps. . . . "I . . . I thought no one was at home. These shoes—" Maudie without looking up, indicated the pumps with her old out-thrown gesture. Then, from the white folds of her cheeks, her little solemn eyes looked up at me. For an instant I thought Maudie was going to kiss me. "Oh!" she said, in her old lovely voice. "I . . . I didn't know you were back. Don't you remember me? I'm Maudie Turner."

"Why, of course I remember you, Maudie."

She sat there in her stocking-feet and blushed, the old black, embarrassed stain. She sat there and wriggled her toes. Her feet were curiously misshapen; they were fat, and little bulbous things stuck out on them. There was a gaping hole in the heel of one stocking; and Maudie, seeing my eyes upon it, stuck her feet under her chair. "I walked right through it this morning," she explained. "Seems like you can't get decent stockings these days, for love or money. And, you see—" She began to giggle, and the color deepened, disappeared under her collar. "I—I'm sort of saving up right now. I—my, my!" Maudie flung out her arms. "It's hot to-day. You could fry eggs in that sun out there."

I sat down in the other wicker chair. "I was just thinking how pretty your

blouse is, Maudie," I said. "It's the most elaborate one I've ever seen."

Maudie looked pleased. She plucked and pulled at the blouse with her slow heavy fingers. "It's a Filipino waist," she explained. "The Philippines embroidered it. You see, I got it with coupons, selling my stuff. It's sort of getting old now, of course, and I don't trust it to suds any more. It's just back from the cleaner's. They charge two dollars, but it's worth it."

"Well, what are you selling now, Maudie?" I asked.

Maudie laughed and threw out her arms. "The same old seventy-six," she replied, stooping over the straps of her satchel. "I thought, when I heard *she* was back—" Maudie nodded toward Phyllis's impeccable, solid old doorway—"I thought she might like to see me."

Out came the old brazen placard, out came the salves and the creams, the pomades and rouges and lip-sticks. ("Ye gods!" I was thinking. "Is it possible we used to smear *that* on our faces?")

I selected some powder and sachet for Phyllis's cook. Maudie's voice was sing-songey, the warm air languid with June. . . . Had I been asleep? For suddenly I realized that some quality in Maudie had changed. She was vibrant, excited. "I just *have* to tell you. . . . You see, you . . . do you remember the prophecy you wrote about me in school?" A little gold tube with a crimson tip rolled out of her lap, fell to the bricks. A talcum-powder box sprayed over her knees. "Say—" the old voice again—"Oh, say, now—of course you remember. Think *hard*! It—it made a lot of difference to me, all through the years."

Scornfully Maudie pitched the can of talcum into her satchel. She mopped at her face. "Gee! It's hot . . . I, well you see, I've been putting my little sister through school. She finished this May, so now of course . . . Say, don't you remember, what you said?—that I'd go and get married, and have a devoted husband?"

"Of course I remember, Maudie."

"Well—" she drew a long breath, and her eyes popped out. "What do you think? It—it looks as if it were coming true! Funny, isn't it, the way things turn out? He—we've been engaged a long time, you know. But of course, as I told him, I had to put Vera through school first. Adam's got a boat on the river. He hauls things and fishes. I guess we'll be married this fall."

Maudie wriggled her toes, and her eyes filled with tears. I stared at her throat, her pulsing throat where she kept her strange haunting voice. The wind dropped out of the trees, moved across the grass. . . . "He loves me," Maudie whispered. "He—he's in love with me. He says when we're married, I'll have to stop peddling things around like this. . . . Say, I think woman's place is in the home, don't you?"

Maudie reached for the lip-stick at her feet, and her blouse split under the arms. "That's what I've tried to teach Vera. I tell her sometimes: Vera, you like running round now, but you'll get tired of all that some day. Vera'll be married herself, before very long. She's going out with a swell boy. Sid isn't steady, devoted like Adam. But he's handsome, and makes good money too. And Vera's crazy about him." Maudie, with practiced hand, began to sweep her boxes and bottles into her satchel. "I wish you could know Adam. . . ." Her hands clutched at each other, and the deep, sudden red stained her cheek. "It—it seems so queer, somehow—your writing about us, like that. And it all coming true."

She reached under her chair for her shoes, her eyes shining with tears. But when she tried, she found to her horror that she could not get her shoes on again. Even with our united efforts her poor swollen feet refused to be encased again in those champagne pumps. "Now you push while I pull," I directed. "Does it hurt very much?"

Maudie groaned. Two great yellow tears splashed on her cherished waist. "Oh, my God!" she moaned.

In a little rush then she confided to me certain little family secrets. The shoes were really Vera's. They belonged to Vera, as did the orange hat and the rose parasol. She always bought her hats and shoes, things like that, to suit Vera; and then they used them together. Vera was so particular, so finicky about the things she wore. And it didn't matter so much about *her*, so fat and ugly that way. But a pretty girl has to have pretty things. Vera was pretty and talented too. Yes, Vera was pretty. She could dance like a thistledown.

All this time, while Maudie talked, we were trying to get her shoes on. But we had to give it up at last. "You sit here, Maudie," I said, "and I'll go and see what I can do."

I found Phyllis asleep. She lay back against the bright soft chair, her hands in her lap. I shook her, laughing. "Phyllis, dear, I'm sorry. But you'll have to come and lend Maudie some shoes. She can't get hers on again."

Phyllis looked at me out of a dream. "Lend Maudie some shoes? Dear heart, what do you mean?"

I explained.

"Oh—Maudie Turner. I thought she had gone. How extremely absurd you are, child."

Nevertheless, graciously enough, Phyllis trailed into the house and up the stairs. And in a little while her maid came out with an armful of shoes, a dancer's shoes, gay and pointed. But of course Maudie could not get them on. . . . Once I caught a glimpse of Phyllis in the darkened hallway, staring out at us and looking negligent and pained, as if she had toothache. Then she disappeared, and in a few minutes the maid emerged, bearing Phyllis's house slippers. They are special things, Phyllis's house slippers, for she has them made to order, to wear after dancing. Maudie's outraged feet slid into them. She dragged up from her chair, relieved, and gave the gay orange hat a brisk little punch. It was a young gesture, acquired no doubt from Vera.

"If you'll let me have your address," I told Maudie, "I'll call for the slippers to-morrow."

Maudie told me: a house out in the Westgate district. She grasped her parasol and her black leather satchel. On the bottom step of the terrace she turned and waved. Her voice was husky, slightly hysterical. "Imagine!" she said. "*Me* in Phyllis Cadwalleder's shoes!"

The next afternoon I drove out to the address Maudie had given me. Somehow I felt responsible for Maudie, and for Adam. As I drove I thought of the things I liked about Maudie: her voice, the color of her throat, her loyalty to her mother and her little sister, her ideas of love and marriage. "Woman's place is in the home"—poor old Maudie! I wondered if her Adam saw these lovely things in Maudie, and loved her for them.

Westgate was a sprawling, overcrowded, treeless community within sight and sound of the river. Along the river, with its terrible odor of fish, were rows of little colorless houses on stilts. In one of these, in the shadow of a filling station, Maudie and Vera lived. There was a square of front yard where no grass grew, and a little row of sick-looking flowers against the fence. On either side of the steps an ancient-looking dusty abelia threw out a sullen tracery of shade; and in one of the front windows a red geranium seemed to be waving desperately, as if it yearned to be rescued.

Of Maudie's four little rooms one was an authentic "parlor." "We must have some place to receive in," Maudie explained happily. In Maudie's parlor was a rose-shaded polychrome lamp, a sofa, and a boxy Victrola on a rickety golden-oak table. Perched atop the Victrola was a goggle-eyed doll, with her skirt tilted up in the back. . . . Vera, Maudie told me, had gone to a picture show. "Please have a seat," Maudie said, incoherent with eagerness. I sat down on the sofa, which gave in two places, as if with the impress of lovers.

(Was it Vera's or Maudie's courtship, I wondered, going on in that parlor?) I was soon to know. "I—I wish you could meet Adam," Maudie blurted. "He comes to supper three times a week. Vera, she and her beau are always on the go. You know how young girls are these days. But I always tell Adam that woman's place is in the home. I may be old-fashioned, but that's the way I'm made."

She talked on, wistful and eager. It was faintly irritating, and my thoughts wandered. There was a photograph on the mantel, in a polychrome frame. "That's mother," Maudie said. "Vera looks like her". . . Maudie's mother in the picture was pretty, and rather silly looking, wearing a Merry Widow hat with innumerable plumes.

When I finally got away Maudie went with me out to my car, looking at me with the worried eyes she used to bend over algebra. "I wonder if you'd come out, and have supper with us—say, Friday night, and meet Adam. You see, I feel sort of close to you, on account of all that has happened. I mean, that prophecy you wrote about me getting married. It's funny the way you hit it. . . . Could you, would you come out Friday night and meet Adam?"

I don't believe there was ever a creature with such troubled eyes. They seemed to say, "You saw it, foretold it—long ago. Do you think it will really come true?" I looked at Maudie's throat, exquisite in hue. . . . "Why, of course, I'll come."

Maudie's little four-room house was bedecked for the supper. The geranium, rather droopy looking, had been removed from the window, and placed on the parlor table; and disposed about the room, on the table and chairs, were innumerable pieces of "fancy-work," in intricate patterns. Maudie greeted me with effusiveness but with an air of detached absorption. "Just sit down," she said, "and make yourself at home till Adam comes. Vera, she's out with

friends. You see"—Maudie laughed, threw out her arms—"my mind's on the supper. I just can't let go and enjoy myself till supper's out of the way." She lingered a moment, wiping her hands on her bungalow-apron (she had not as yet "dressed for the evening"). "Say," Maudie exploded, "you mustn't expect the Prince of Wales when Adam comes. Adam's just human. Vera says I carry on something awful when I talk about Adam. He—he's not good-looking, like Vera's beau. But Adam's steady. He's true as bread." She laughed and pushed back her heavy wet hair. "We've been going together nine years. I call that pretty faithful."

I sat down on Maudie's sofa, in Maudie's parlor, and stared at the picture of Maudie's mother. The little house was full of hot rich odors. "I daresay Maudie looks like her father," I thought. "I can see him, in her: a large soft man, who used to bring caramels home in a brown-paper bag."

When Adam arrived Maudie introduced us through a crack in the door. "Meet my fiancé," Maudie said; and then, in the very same breath, "You two will have to excuse me till the biscuits are done."

Adam was a tall, shy, swarthy young man who smelled of rancid fish. His eyes looked about and he coughed and sat down. "When he isn't looking," I thought, "I shall study him. I shall see what Adam is made of." Somehow, in view of the Junior class prophecy, I felt that I had created Adam, conjured him up out of nothing, for poor lonely old Maudie. . . . What sort of a man was Adam?

We talked of fish and fishing, and the way Westgate was spreading. "We'll have sewerage soon," Adam said. Adam had feverish, seeking eyes and groping hands. Groping for what, I wondered? There was something, aside from the fishiness—something repulsive, shrunk-en, about him. He began to sniff, to look expectantly toward the door of the wee dining room. "He likes to eat," I

thought. "And he too believes that woman's place is in the home."

It seemed to me that hours passed before Maudie finally stuck her head in and, by means of significant gestures and mysterious winks and whispers, made it known to me that I was to come and button her up in the back. In the bedroom she threw off her house-dress, daubed talcum powder under her arms. The Filipino waist, I saw, lay on the bed, stretched out as if for a nap, its arms up over its head. There were other things on the bed, a sort of shower of pink and blue silk, frilled out in lace and cheap ribbon. "Vera's," Maudie explained. "She *will* leave 'em around."

Maudie, with vague interest, stared at herself in a little cracked mirror and screwed up her hair. In the back it swept up in a long silver streak, with a few straggly hairs on her neck. "Vera wants me to cut it," she stated. "Now for my waist." Reverently Maudie reached for the poor, exhausted thing and slid her plump arms into it. As I buttoned it up (there were three buttons off) she sniffed and observed that it would soon have to go to the cleaner's again. . . . It was amazing the effect that waist had on Maudie's morale (or was it the thought of Adam, now that supper was done which caused her to glow so and shine?). She emerged into the hot little parlor a creature of airs and graces and simply silly with love, like a cheap valentine. She seemed to be actually blooming, putting forth frail petals and little green leaves.

Maudie's supper dragged through a heavy half-hour, with Adam eating enormously. There were moments of haphazard formality, followed on Maudie's part by bursts of hysterical gayety. And then the street door opened, and someone came in. "Vera," Maudie explained.

The instant Vera appeared on the threshold I knew what Adam had been groping for. His eyes flew to her, with a dumb delight. She was a pretty thing to look at, slim, exquisitely made, with

thick curls and pansy-blue eyes. She slouched into the room and sort of shrugged around in it, while Maudie reached out and pulled and pecked at her as one does at a baby. "This is my little sister," Maudie said. And Vera said, "Pleased to meet you."

The rest of the meal was gayer, although Vera for her part contributed nothing. She was there to be looked at, that was all; and we looked, as cats may look at a queen. Maudie, I remember, served coffee in some odd and vicious little cups that were hard to manage, so that Adam dropped one and broke it. At the sound of it, shattering delicately, Vera shrank back in her chair, and her eyelids quivered. She ate almost nothing. She had a little cameo face, rather white and sick-looking, with the rouge daubed on in splotches. Her hands, blue veined, lay twisted and wistful in her lap, hands that had come down to Vera unlost from the blood of the North River Winters. I was frankly interested in Vera. "She doesn't know the rest of us are here," I was thinking. "Her life is outside the life of this house."

The meal over, Maudie arose from her chair with a sigh. "Now, go into the parlor," she said, "all three of you, while I wash and clean up a little."

I drove away from Maudie's house, from Westgate, taking the long, river road, where the willows were cool and gray with summer. . . . What was Maudie Turner to me, and Adam and Vera? Maudie, and her frail, silly mother; Maudie and Vera, her frail little sister.

It must have been three months later, one warm day in late September, when Maudie telephoned me. Could I, would I come out that afternoon, about four? It was very important, urgent. Something had happened. . . . If I could come out, about four? Maudie's voice suddenly choked, grew lovely, and there was some quality in it—what was it?—a sort of triumph, or pride. "Vera's going to be married," Maudie told me.

"This afternoon. A very quiet wedding." Would I come?

I left the telephone with Maudie's voice to haunt me. During the last three months I had had frequent glimpses of Maudie, traversing the streets in those champagne pumps, amazingly run-down at heel, her shadow forever tagging along, sometimes in front, sometimes in the rear, sometimes under her feet like a tired little dog. At any time of day you might look out and behold Maudie's flaming, astute little hat, up one street and down another, like a bright blown leaf, until she became a reproach to us who take life easy in summer.

"I'll feel greatly relieved when she's married," I thought, "and my part in this comedy ends. I shall wash my hands of Maudie then."

But, now, here was Vera. With Vera's daintiness in mind, I went into the garden and gathered some roses for her, some tight little buds, exquisitely tinted, and some great blowsy ones for Maudie. Poor old Maudie . . . perhaps now, with Vera out of the way, Maudie could hasten her wedding. "I shall give her a wedding-gift," I thought. "The prettiest blouse I can find."

Westgate was dusty, mud-colored, with a hot wind off of the river. . . . It was disconcerting the way old Maudie had clung to me through the years. It was funny, really annoying. Sometimes I found myself thinking of Maudie at parties, perhaps in the midst of a dinner. . . . As I drove, looking for Maudie's house, the little colorless bungalows leered at me with an expectant, gossipy look; and from every window red geraniums beckoned, all their little heads together like ladies at a party.

Maudie, when I knocked at the door, opened it for me and took the roses I had brought and stuck them in some waterless vases up on the mantle. From the adjoining bedroom I could hear someone sobbing, tonelessly, as a child sobs when worn out with grief. "I—I'm so glad you've come," Maudie said. "I don't believe I . . . could go

through with it, without you. I—I don't suppose you've heard, of course, but . . . people here in Westgate know. Vera . . . Vera's going to have a baby." Maudie's voice thickened, and the old black stain crept out on her cheeks.

I stared at her. And Maudie stared at me, a little wonderingly, as if I belonged far back in her faraway childhood. I sat down on the sofa, and Maudie slumped into one of the chairs.

"It seems so kind of funny, doesn't it?—Adam and Vera getting married. Why, Adam helped me to raise her. Many's the time he used to play with Vera, down there on the floor. Sometimes I used to pretend that Adam and me were married and she was our child. Vera was just six, you know, when I took charge of her."

I wanted to laugh. Maudie looked so wretched, and so *amazed*. And yet there was that *something* in her voice.

She continued, "I wanted to tell you, so you'd understand. Everybody knows about Vera out here in Westgate. They . . . they've been horrid about it. And I, when I learned about Vera, I said I'd make him marry her, whoever he was. What else could I do? And that night, that very night, they told me, Adam and Vera. I didn't dream it was Adam. I . . . maybe I made a mistake, putting Adam off like that—it ain't right to keep a man waiting."

Suddenly, as we sat there, with Maudie twisting her handkerchief and sniffing, I understood, understood the pride, the hint of triumph in her voice. She had, for nine long years, been both loved and desired; and now through her pain she was clinging to this; at least she had this to remember. She was holding Adam's love for her aloft like a banner. In her heart she made herself think of Adam as tragic, tortured with love. And now pushed to the wall. "Of course, there was nothing else . . . for poor Adam to do."

I remained for the wedding, and the people who lived next door came in. Vera and Adam were married by the minister of the First Baptist Church of

Westgate. Just before the minister came (Adam, it seemed, was going to take Vera away for a week or so) Adam sneaked into the bedroom where we were waiting with Vera. He carried a yellow-straw suitcase; and Vera out of cold tear-drained eyes looked at the thing. The girl had a few dramatic gestures, and she used them now. "What is that, please?" she asked him wearily, and with scorn. . . . I remember how Adam cringed, his haggard eyes seeking the floor. "They're . . . they're my clothes," Adam said. There was the sleeve of a shirt or something hanging out, which Maudie hurriedly stuffed inside.

Grief, disillusion is a dull thing, a tiresome thing, an unlovely thing.

After the very brief ceremony Maudie, with a sick look, went out to the little kitchen and took an aspirin tablet. Then she brought out from somewhere a gallant little white, encrusted cake, and made some coffee. The cake, once you bit into it, was stale, abominable; and Vera choked over it.

"Vera, Vera, honey—" Maudie said, stooping to pick up the crumbs from the floor. She had to hold on to the table to keep herself from falling, and from where I stood above her I saw that the top of her head was white.

This, of course, should be the end of Maudie's story, for I should like to remember Maudie as she looked the day Vera married: her eyes stricken, and yet with something like pride in her voice. But our paths were to cross yet again. (And they may cross again, and again, and again, for all I know!)

I was walking down State Street not long ago when I noticed a woman standing in front of a shop-window, looking at baby clothes. The woman was Maudie Turner. She stood, pensively, placidly, eating caramels from a brown-paper bag. She was fatter, grayer, frowzier than ever. But she still clung to her Filipino waist, incredibly mended; and she carried a black leather satchel.

"Why, Maudie!" I cried.

Maudie turned and looked at me, and her face twitched as if she were going to cry. But instead she offered me a caramel. "Maudie," I suggested, "let's go in here, and have a cup of tea for old time's sake."

We went into a little shop and sought a table far in the rear, I leading the way. Behind me Maudie walked heavily, her thick, black, spread-out shoes creaking. "I can't be gone very long," Maudie said. "The baby'll be waking."

The baby! Vera's baby? . . . I looked the question.

"Yes, we had the baby," Maudie said. She spoke in a flat heavy voice.

"A boy or a girl?" I inquired. Perhaps, I thought, a little boy—

"It's a girl," Maudie said. "Just like Vera. A colored woman comes in and stays with the baby while I'm out taking orders. . . . Vera, you see, Vera died . . . when the baby came. She lived just three days."

Maudie sat and sipped at her tea and looked at me as if I were part of a dream, lost in some other life. So Vera was dead! I had a sudden, forlorn little hope. Perhaps, with Vera out of the way, Maudie and Adam . . . "And Adam," I asked, "how is Adam?"

Maudie gave me a look that should have been hopeless, but was merely dull. Gone was the pride, the fire, from her voice, the exquisite lilt that I had remembered and cherished. "Adam?" Maudie looked at me. "You didn't see it in the paper? I don't suppose you did, of course. It was just a line or two. Well, Adam was drowned. His boat caught on fire, and Adam was drowned. Down the river. It happened a week after Vera died. He did it on purpose, of course; he was crazy about her. Adam could swim like a fish."

I stared at Maudie. Was this really Maudie talking, talking like this about Adam? She reached for a sandwich. "I—I reckon I ought to tell you," Maudie continued. "Adam . . . he wasn't the father of Vera's child. Vera

told me about it the day she died. She said she wanted to set things right, to tell me it wasn't Adam. It . . . never was Adam. She thought she was making me happy, poor child, to tell me about it."

For just an instant Maudie's voice held me, with all its forgotten magic. If only life could have kept Maudie just on the verge of tears, without slopping over! . . . I drew a long breath. "Well, Maudie," I broke in, briskly, "what are you selling now? I'm sure it's something I ought to possess."

Maudie reached for her satchel, opened it. "The same old seventy-six," she said, her eyes solemn and round, unconcerned. She reached for a placard—a new one this time—and propped it before me: *Would You Like To Be Successful In Love?* I wanted to laugh; I felt ashamed and humble, and I hid my engagement ring. I stared at Maudie, and stammered, "Why, Maudie, old thing, is one *ever* successful in love? Well, let's see what you have."

Maudie fumbled about in her satchel, and out came the salves and the ointments, the lip-sticks and pomades and powders. Maudie looked worried, harassed. "Now, what did I do with my order-blanks? I hope I didn't lose 'em, or leave 'em somewhere. They're pink. The new ones are pink. Oh, here's a pink one!"

Suddenly somewhere a clock struck, and Maudie stared at me, stricken. "I must catch the noon bus." She thrust a folded slip of paper into my hand, and began to rake her things into her satchel. "Just make out your order," she said, "and mail it to me." Maudie smiled, an absent, twisted smile, and bustled away.

I went out into the street, clutching the folded pink slip. It was not, I had found, an order blank; it was a statement from the local dry-cleaner's: One Filipino Waist—\$2.00. And even as I stared at it, the wind whisked it out of my hand, and blew it down the long street.



THE WHITE HORSE OF SAM PARKS

BY ELMER DAVIS

ON September 7, 1903, a man on a white horse rode down Fifth Avenue. For fear the white horse might fail to attract sufficient attention, he wore a white hat and a red shirt, and over the shirt a white-and-gold sash which marked him as Grand Marshal of the Labor Day parade. Behind him marched some ten thousand men, no very large Labor Day parade for New York, even in 1903; but its numbers appear more respectable if you consider that every man of the ten thousand was marching, despite much abuse and opposition, to show his esteem for the leader on the white horse.

Who was this Man on Horseback, that ten thousand of his fellows should tread the hot asphalt under the September sun to do him honor? He was Sam Parks, business agent of the House-smiths' and Bridgemen's Union, and he was six days out of Sing Sing—released, five days after he had been incarcerated, on a certificate of reasonable doubt. Till a few weeks before this parade Sam Parks had been master of the building trades unions of New York; he had ruled the whole field of building so thoroughly that nobody could build anything without "seeing" Sam Parks. He had been convicted of extortion and sent up the river; but in five days he was out (for the time being), and ten thousand laboring men marched down Fifth Avenue behind him by way of "vindication."

As vindication, it was not altogether successful; two months later Parks was sent back to Sing Sing, and died there in the following year. But he had set an example that a greater man was to

follow, and that, not inconceivably, may be followed again. Sam Parks's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his white horse goes marching on. This undying and untiring steed, as immortal as Pegasus or the Pale Horse of Death, a better money-maker than Zev or Epinard in their best days, was presently bestridden by one Robert P. Brindell, who put it through curvets and caracoles that the simple-minded Parks had never imagined. Brindell, too, got his come-uppance in due time, and the white horse was turned out to pasture; but lately he has been thrusting his head over the fence and whickering for a new rider. He may find one yet.

A horse of some consequence, this symbolic mount of Sam Parks; for you and I and all of us help pay for his fodder. Directly, if we own our own homes, through inflated cost of building; indirectly, if we are tenants, through rents that pay for inflated building costs (and doubtless a little over for safety's sake) we all contribute his oats and hay.

II

The merry sport which has become known, from Sam Parks's great successor, as Brindellism, is only one of the kinds of graft that boost costs in the building trade. There is a capital graft and a labor graft; and of each there is a type that is relatively honest, or at least sanctioned by long custom, and another kind that rouses the indignation of the outraged citizenry (for a week, or sometimes as long as a month) whenever it is periodically rediscovered.

Capital's honest graft is in the high price of materials fixed by trade associations. During the exposure of the scandals in the New York building industry in 1920 some two hundred individuals or corporations dealing in building materials pleaded guilty or were convicted of conspiracies in restraint of trade. They paid fines, and presumably went away, chastened, to lead better lives; none the less the price of building materials to-day (say men who ought to know) is higher than any visible economic laws seem to justify; and if the tariff can again be revised by its friends the price will go higher still.

This, however, is a delicate matter; every producer, according to the generally accepted theory, has on the whole a right to as high a price for his product as he can get. A less defensible type of capitalistic graft is collusive bidding, which was brought to a peak of artistic perfection in New York in 1920 by one John T. Hettrick. Hettrick went to jail and various of his accomplices were duly punished, and collusive bidding as he organized it has not reappeared. But its rudiments exist and no doubt always will.

Labor's honest graft is in high wages. If a producer of material has a right to as much as he can get, a laborer has the right to as high a wage as he can wring from his employer; and if producers can boost their prices by trade associations, labor can boost its price by unions. The equity of this would seem self-evident, though it is not always evident to the material men whose trade associations function so efficiently. Some experts will tell you that the price of materials is the chief factor in the high cost of building, others say it is high wages. The ultimate consumer, who pays both, will be willing to believe anything about either. No right-thinking man will object to high wages; but when bricklayers get \$14 a day while workmen at least equally skilled, in other trades, get only \$8 or \$10, the justice of this arrangement may not be

so apparent to all as it is to bricklayers; especially if the average bricklayer, for \$14 a day, lays only about half as many bricks as he did for \$4.50 a day twenty years ago.

But this also is a controverted matter. There is another kind of labor graft which nobody defends but the man who gets it, though that man may be defended by the members of his union for quite other reasons—the sort of thing which Sam Parks made famous and Robert P. Brindell made a fine art.

III

Sam Parks came from Chicago—imported originally, says tradition, as a scab. He was an iron worker, and another tradition says he could drive more rivets in an hour than anybody else in his trade, until presently he discovered a better business than driving rivets. He got himself elected business agent of the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union and he held that job against all efforts on the part of more far-sighted union leaders to dethrone him; he was even reelected after he had been sentenced to Sing Sing. When necessary, he held on by force; once a man who began to speak against Parks at a union meeting was silenced by a table which Parks threw at him with deadly aim. He had a cohort of followers who imitated his methods, and in his palmy days a man who opposed him in open meeting did so at immediate personal peril.

But that was not all of Sam Parks's hold on labor, nor the larger part of it. Men in the building trades who were getting a dollar and seventy-five cents a day when he first came to the top, were getting four dollars and a half before he went up the river. That excused a multitude of sins; and if capitalists object to such self-centered callousness on the part of labor, let them search their own hearts and ask themselves if they have never excused rough methods in a man who gets results.

In Parks's heyday he used to tell builders whose workmen had been called out, "You can go to work if you pay Sam Parks." But he was a man of little imagination; he would call off a strike for two or three hundred dollars; so far as known, the highest amount he ever received for a single job was two thousand. This appeared outrageous (to a generation which swallowed watered-stock flotations by the tens of millions), and in due time, as recorded, Parks was indicted, tried, and convicted of extortion.

His political friends set to work in his behalf; his lawyers succeeded in getting him out of jail for the time being; and he organized this great parade as a "vindication." The vindication, however, was something of a failure; by this time most union men felt that Parks had gone too far. The lift in wages that he had obtained was destined, with minor modifications, to be permanent, and possibly this made it easier to take a dispassionate and civically virtuous view of his speculations.

At any rate, the vindication parade contained only a third as many men as had marched behind him the year before, when he was still free from public accusation; two thirds of the building trades unions held utterly aloof. Moreover, Parks was unfortunate in his political connections; he had hitched his wagon to the falling star of William S. Devery. He went back to Sing Sing and died there, and men who enjoyed the wage increases which he had won may reasonably have felt that the good that he had done lived after him, while the evil was interred with his bones.

IV

As the writer of the Book of Judges would put it, the land had rest for a time; or what passes for rest in the building industry. A couple of years after Parks's passing there came to town, from Providence, one Robert P. Brindell; but it took him years to rise to eminence

and it was not till after the war that he got the building situation in his hands.

This Brindell was a man of immense abilities; a more scientific civilization which had mastered the secret (whatever it may be) of moral education might have made him as useful as Cromer or Goethals. As it was, he took the career which opened up before his talents. Like Parks, he was able, when necessary, to fall back on the ultimate argument—a sock on the chin; like Parks, he had a gang of strong-arm men who made public opposition extremely unsafe; but like Parks, also, he could win constant wage increases that reconciled many good union men who had to meet the high cost of living to whatever rumors they heard about what Brindell was getting on the side.

But he was unlike Parks in that he did big things in a big way. Whereas two thousand dollars was Parks's maximum of extortion on a single job, Brindell's minimum, toward the last, seems to have been twenty-five thousand. In the first ten months of 1920 (before the exposure that sent him to jail) Brindell personally cleaned up eleven hundred thousand dollars. He was getting thirty thousand dollars a year as president of the Dock Builders Union; the rest, in one form or another, was graft.

Toward the end, workers on jobs under his domination were contributing twenty-five cents a day apiece to his personal income; specially favored workers got a special card (price thirty to fifty dollars according to what the traffic would bear) according them preference on jobs. But this was, after all, a trifle to the direct graft that Brindell collected.

It was, perhaps, a case of the time bringing forth the man, or at least bringing him to light. If the man was exceptional, so was the time, the great post-war boom of 1919-20, when economic pre-millennialism was the all but universally accepted faith. During the war next to no private building had been done. The building trades had been

kept busy (at unheard-of wages) on vast governmental works (built on the cost-plus plan); private construction naturally had to wait. But at the beginning of 1919 the war was over, the world was full of easy money and easy credit, and learned and authoritative economists solemnly declared, expert and capable business men were profoundly convinced, that this boom was going to last forever.

Naturally, the building industry rushed into activity to make up for lost time; and then came troubles. Nineteen hundred nineteen was a year of labor unrest the world over; labor had obtained fantastically high wages during the war and intended to keep them after the war was over. Business men were outraged at this unwarranted inflation of construction costs; their objections appear reasonable until you reflect that capital, too, had obtained high wages during the war, on the cost-plus plan, and was still getting them in 1919.

In effect, both labor and capital had got everything they asked for, during the war, because the cost of everything was being met, directly or indirectly, from war bonds; the bill was to be sent to Posterity, which would not be on hand in time to object to the size of the items. After the war capital objected to paying war-time wages; labor struck, and it took capital some little time to perceive that once again the wages could be passed on to the consumer. Moreover, in that period of restlessness when there was much talk of Bolshevism—talk that was apt to be equally wild and ill-informed among its friends and its opponents—strikes were common enough in almost any industry. If the building business had more than its share, it was because the immense number of crafts involved in building led to constant jurisdictional disputes which offered a ready excuse for a “vacation” to workmen who had pockets full of money and no overpowering lust for work.

Here Brindell came in. He had risen to the presidency of the Dock Builders' Union; he had become chairman (without salary) of the Building Trades Council; about the end of 1918 the news that the dock builders paid him the then unprecedented salary of eighteen thousand dollars a year evoked a number of laudatory newspaper articles in which Brindell was presented as a specimen of the new type of far-sighted labor statesman (which indeed he was, though not precisely as the feature writers intended). Moderation and reasonableness, one reads, were his dominant traits; as one writer put it, “Brindell is as willing to order a strike as any labor leader, but he regards it as a last resort.” The ironically profound truth of that statement was presently to appear.

Meanwhile, as chairman of the Building Trades Council, Brindell set to work to eliminate so far as possible the jurisdictional strike. Builders who failed to realize just what he was about gave a shout of relief; the millennium was at hand. Notably Otto Eidlitz, the biggest figure in the New York building industry, made an impassioned speech to his fellow-employers declaring that Brindell was “doing a wonderful work” and deserved their whole-hearted support. Once again the remark was truer than its author knew. Whatever else might be said of Brindell's work, it was wonderful; whether or not he deserved the support of the builders, he had already made sure that he was going to get it.

For Brindell, by this time, was the Building Trades Council. This worthy body had no constitution and no by-laws; its executive committee was appointed by Brindell; he gradually gathered into his hands the appointment of the business agents of virtually all of the building trades unions till these gentlemen were not agents or delegates of their unions, but of Robert P. Brindell. And it presently became apparent that the diminution of jurisdictional strikes meant only that now every man of every

craft could be called off a job if Brindell so desired. Occasionally he did so desire, and carried out his threat; more often a simple notice to the builder was sufficient; he knew that all could be arranged if somebody were seen. But seeing Brindell was a different matter from seeing Sam Parks. As one builder later testified, Sam Parks was only a hundred-dollar grafter; Brindell, the man of vision, saw things large.

One man paid twenty-five thousand dollars to have his laborers come back to work on an urgent job, having by tearful entreaties cut down an original asking price of sixty thousand to this more modest figure. Another agreed to pay fifty thousand, and had actually paid thirty-two thousand when the public exposure of what was going on emboldened him to refuse further payments. Sam Parks had been reckless enough to take checks; but this gentleman paid Brindell by the simpler process of dropping a roll of bills on an automobile seat by his side.

What happened to those who refused? A wrecker who had balked at a demand for twenty-five thousand dollars found that he could get no more contracts from the big construction companies; his business was forced to the wall; he had to go to Brindell's office and beg for permission to go back to work, on a far smaller scale, to support his family. This was no isolated case; when exposure finally came witnesses testified with the utmost reluctance; one builder of prominence actually perjured himself on the stand, because they had learned from what happened to others that Brindell could drive a man out of business at will.

Nor was it only employers whom he could drive out of business. A wreckers' union refused to join Brindell's Building Trades Council; employers on whose jobs its members were working were notified that, unless these men were laid off, all the rest of their workmen on all the jobs would walk out. Naturally they laid off the offending wreckers, who

were compelled to go to Brindell and beg his gracious permission to come back on the reservation.

By way of encouraging their repentance Brindell had already organized his own wreckers' union; it was, technically, an outlaw organization, for its rival was recognized by the American Federation of Labor; but the Federation made no trouble for Brindell. Why it did not was later explained at great length, if not with impressive clarity, by Mr. Gompers and his aids; the Federation was a loose alliance, it was devoted to the principle of local self-government, it had no power of coercion, etc. Certainly it made no effort to exercise any powers it may have had till Brindell was in Sing Sing; in the days of his glory Mr. Gompers, on his visits to New York, used to go around in one of Brindell's cars.

V

Why did the local unions stand for this sort of thing? There were two excellent reasons. For one thing, Brindell's absolute control of the building trades was used to get wage increases which made builders the best-paid group in labor. For another, any man who opposed Brindell in a union meeting was apt to be met by the *ultima ratio*, the closed fist. Why did the employers stand for it? Because they were in Brindell's power; at his word every man on their jobs would go out, and stay out till Brindell told them to go back. But also a good many employers, in that golden age, were getting a neat little graft of their own.

For under the leadership of John T. Hettrick, ostensibly the counsel for certain contractors' organizations, the art of bidding for contracts had been brought to perfection. Hettrick drew up what was known as a "builders' code of practise." Every man who bid on a certain job sent his bid to Hettrick on a green card; if any man's bid was too low he was notified and promptly brought it up to the established figure. Work was

then parcelled out, apparently on the principle of fair division among those who participated in the enterprise; and the fortunate bidder paid four per cent of the gross into an "insurance fund." One per cent went to Hettrick; what became of the other three per cent was never precisely shown in court, though from the fact that "wrong" bidders rarely got a contract, and met with all sorts of troubles when they did, the uncharitable were inclined to draw certain suspicions.

There was one notable case of bids for cut stone on a city job. Nine men who theoretically were supposed to compete for the contract met in Hettrick's office and presented their several ideas of the fair percentage to which each thought he was entitled, and which each would get when the contract was finally awarded to one or more of the lot. When added up, their demands totaled one hundred and fifty per cent of the sum which had been provisionally settled on as the proper bid. But that was easy enough; the proper bid was merely increased by fifty per cent, and the nine contractors, like a band of brothers joined, went home in perfect confidence that justice would be done to every man. (P. S.—They got the job.)

Naturally, gentlemen doing business on such a grand scale need friends in high place. Brindell saw that he was solid with persons in authority, persons more firmly established than the declining Devery in whom Sam Parks had misplaced his hopes. Hettrick had friends, too; and he had his own wits—which was more than could be said for some of the persons who were then governing New York. Sixteen school-houses were about to be erected. The plans called for a limestone trim. But the limestone dealers were outside New York City; they were not clients of Counselor Hettrick. Terra cotta men, resident voters in New York, were his clients; so Hettrick presented a memorandum on the superior merit of terra cotta over limestone, and of residents of

New York over residents of New Jersey, to Honest John Hyman, then Mayor; and that fearless champion of the people copied Hettrick's memorandum and sent it out as a letter over his own signature to members of the Board of Education and Board of Estimate. Later, on the witness stand, the Mayor had great difficulty in recalling this affair; but when the letter was put before him he did admit that it might have been wiser to send it out as an *ex parte* plea from an interested party rather than as a virtual command from the Mayor's office. This belated qualm did not interfere with the terra cotta men getting the contracts; though they lost them when the nature of Mr. Hettrick's law practise was exposed.

VI

Who paid for all this—the extra fifty per cent of Mr. Hettrick's clients; Brindell's twenty-five thousand dollar fees for allowing work to go on? Why, you and I and all of us paid for it—everyone who lives under a roof. Indeed, many of the minor beneficiaries paid for it; since all the various kinds of graft were added to the cost of building, and the present cost of building is reflected in the rentals, not only of new buildings but of old ones, the laborers whose wages Brindell had raised, the contractors who had profited so much by sending their bids in to Hettrick's office, all gave back part of the proceeds in the increased rent of the apartments they lived in. Part, but not all; so long as a large part of the community was excluded from the plunder the plunderers stayed ahead of the game.

However, the appalling cost of building, the terrific rise of rents, were facts apparent to every one. At the beginning of 1920 a committee of the New York Legislature, under the chairmanship of Senator Lockwood, was appointed to look into the housing situation. It took eight thousand pages of testimony and got nowhere until October when, by

the joint efforts of the New York *World* and Samuel Untermyer, enough of the doings of Hettrick and Brindell were exposed to turn the committee's attention that way. Mr. Untermyer was appointed counsel for the committee with the powers of the Attorney General of the state, and he promptly got to work against all the grafters, despite a private warning that if he got too close to Brindell his corpse would be found in the streets within thirty days.

It took time to elicit the facts from builders who knew that Brindell could have put them out of business last week and were not confident that he could not do it next week as well; as above noted, one of them had to be indicted for perjury before the others discovered that they had to talk. But when they all began to talk things began to happen. Hettrick was convicted of conspiracy in restraint of trade and served nine months on the Island; and certain bids, already entered but not accepted, were immediately withdrawn and reduced by twenty-five per cent. Brindell was indicted for extortion, and that day the Building Trades Employers Association was emboldened to refuse his demand for an extra dollar a day for building workers. What Brindell thought of his own plight was made clear enough by his employment of the lawyer who had got Harry Thaw out of Matteawan; but this gentleman's great talents were not enough to save Brindell. He was convicted, and sentenced to Sing Sing for a term of five to ten years.

Once again the people had won a great victory, and once again this victory had its boundaries. Various lesser men, subordinates of Brindell and Hettrick, were sent away for short terms. But, though it was obvious that these extensive operations could not have been conducted without strong political support, the evidence sufficed for the indictment of only one politician of prominence, and he never came to trial. One witness recanted, another disappeared, and the indictment was presently quashed.

Moreover, while Mr. Untermyer was attacking Brindell and labor graft he had the righteous indignation of the whole business community behind him; when he turned to the trade associations and their capitalist graft, this widespread passion for justice suddenly cooled and shrank. Local contractors by the hundred pleaded guilty of conspiracy to lift prices, and escaped with fines; but much of the evidence pointed to nation-wide conspiracy which called for Federal prosecution, and the industrious fervor of Attorney General Harry Daugherty was inadequate to obtain convictions. Brindell was the boldest and most picturesque villain; and most men, especially those in sympathy with capital rather than labor, were inclined to accept the imprisonment of Brindell as sufficiently impressive vindication of eternal justice.

Among those who were otherwise minded, naturally, was Robert P. Brindell. While he was in the Tombs awaiting trial he had sent out orders that controlled the building trades; when he went to Sing Sing one of his aids was elected to succeed him as head of the Building Trades Council. Moreover, his political friends had not forgotten him. Within two months of his incarceration in Sing Sing he was caught receiving delicacies that varied the monotonous prison fare. Presently, having behaved himself well, he was allowed to work outside the prison, on the grounds, and here he was caught in an unauthorized meeting with his family, while people in the vicinity alleged that he had been steadily receiving old labor followers as well. In punishment for this he was sent to a more severe prison; but a few months of good behavior earned his transfer to the easiest of the state penitentiaries, where his imprisonment was lightened by a radio in his cell.

Meanwhile a special bill, which was believed to be directed toward permitting his immediate parole, had been beaten in the legislature; but help was at

hand. Five to ten years, in New York, means, thanks to commutation and compensation provisions, anywhere from three years, eight months, and twenty-three days up. Exactly three years, eight months, and twenty-three days after he had been sent to prison Brindell was released on parole. There was a general shout of protest; the Parole Board was reminded that its powers were optional, that it was under no compulsion to release Brindell. The Parole Board, with dignity, made no effort to explain; but eventually it had to take note of the protests. By that time the Federation of Labor, very slowly, had cleaned house in the New York building trades; most of Brindell's old henchmen had been replaced; graft, for the time being, had been reduced to a mere trace. But if Brindell came back to New York he might be expected to set about reestablishing his supremacy.

The Parole Board had been prepared to release him without conditions, but this unexpected outburst changed the situation. To save the face of the Board, Brindell graciously made a voluntary promise to that body that he would indulge no further in union politics; although it was understood that he might be permitted to join a union as an ordinary laborer, in order that this man who had made eleven hundred thousand dollars in ten months might be able to earn his daily bread. By that time he was under indictment for falsifying a Federal income-tax return; it looked as if he would be released from a State prison only to be arraigned before a Federal Commissioner. But this distasteful publicity was avoided by an arrangement permitting him to give bail to a Commissioner who came into the State prison to let him do it. Neither State nor Federal officials left anything undone to spare the sensitive feelings of Mr. Brindell.

Three months after he was let out of jail there came a clamor that he was trying to regain control of the Dock Workers' Union. Chiefly on account of

Mr. Untermeyer's persistence, the Parole Board was compelled to take note of the complaint and it summoned Brindell to an inquiry as to whether he had violated the conditions of his parole. Other paroled prisoners are returned to jail during such investigations; but not, of course, Brindell. After protracted argument a decision was put off and Brindell was ordered to stay out of New York for three months; as punishment for his misdeeds, in other words, he was directed to spend a summer in the Adirondacks. Eventually the Board whitewashed him by the solemn declaration that he had not violated "any material provision" of his parole. It is hard to see how he could have done so since his parole contained no provisions except his own voluntary promise not to engage in union politics. He had certainly violated that, but the board contented itself with warning him not to do it hereafter.

As it happened, the warning was superfluous; Brindell had suffered a breakdown in health which apparently will keep him out of further mischief. So, apparently, ends a distinguished career, from study of which one arises with a reluctant admiration for great capacity and incredible boldness. A society which is unable to turn such gifts to a useful purpose seems to deserve the contempt with which Brindell always treated it.

VII

Meanwhile, the white horse lacks a rider; but certain recent developments suggest that he has only been retired to stud.

An employer witness in the Lockwood investigation refused at first to testify on the ground that if he did Brindell would close his doors. "I think," said Mr. Untermeyer, "it is Brindell's doors that are going to be closed." "What of it?" asked the gloomy witness. "We'll get somebody else in Brindell's place, as we got him in Sam Parks's."

This new Messiah has not appeared—

yet. Building prices are still high, but that is due to the honest graft of both labor and capital. Wages went down in the general business depression of 1920-21 but they have risen again, till to-day they are higher even than in the golden time of Brindell. Material prices manage to keep up at inexplicable heights; and however great the cost of materials, however high the wages, it is all passed on to us, the consumers. But the last five years have seen no more Brindells, no more Hettricks.

However, competing bidders on New York building contracts to-day usually know what is in one another's bids as soon as they have gone in. They may not know beforehand but they at least have information that will guide them on the next bid. The system, obviously, can be developed; its next developer, doubtless, will be more cautious than the lately jailed Mr. Hettrick but, given caution and smoothness, there is no reason why he should not do as well.

There is no Brindell now; but the way is being paved for a smoother and more moderate Brindell, if current experiences of some New York builders mean anything. On a building of semi-public character, not meant for profit, the ceilings were to be lightly coated with plaster. Plasterers were brought in and after one look announced that this was a cement finishers' job. So the subcontractor brought in cement finishers; but by some unhappy mischance he employed members of that one of the two competing organizations of cement finishers—the Green Card Union—which is affiliated with the bricklayers, who did the work, some \$7000 worth of it.

Thereupon the Pink Card Cement Finishers' Union, attached to the plasterers, complained to their great and good friends, and the matter immediately became a part of the great jurisdictional dispute between bricklayers and plasterers which for a time tied up much building all over the country. The plasterers bided their time; then, when the work was done, their business agent

put in a claim for an equivalent amount of work, seven thousand dollars' worth of work, as compensation for plasterers' work given to allies of the bricklayers.

But the ceilings had all been plastered; the plasterers' agent suggested that they could be plastered again, as the first coat had been light; but it happened that the owner of the building wanted only a lightly plastered ceiling for his special purposes. The owner offered to pay the \$7000 to the plasterers' union, rather than have the completion of the building delayed; but with virtuous indignation this proposal was refused. The dispute was finally settled, curiously enough, by the extension of the subcontractor's contract to provide for an extra \$7000 worth of work in his line. The money was paid to the subcontractor, but the work has never been done. Nobody wants it done; all is well as it is, the building is going ahead, and the \$7000 has been paid as ordered—to the subcontractor. What he did with it is his business, into which no prying person has inquired.

Elsewhere in New York a builder was called upon by a subcontractor who announced that he was going to do a certain part of the work. "How do you know?" the builder asked. "I haven't even asked for bids." The subcontractor merely observed that he was going to do the work if the work was done at all. By quiet inquiry the builder presently learned that if that man did not do the work, the work on the building would stop. Need it be added that the confident volunteer got the job?

In another city, not so far from New York, a cruder and more old-fashioned form of labor graft has appeared. A building (for charity, at that) had reached the stage where it needed for the first time men of a certain craft. A business agent of their union appeared and informed the builder that they would be provided, if the business agent got \$5000. The builder, being a man of experience, suspected that this was a mere asking price (labor graft being still

addicted to Oriental haggling) and cut it down to \$2500; but that was as far as the business agent would go, and there appeared no way out except by paying him—even though that meant that word would be passed around that this was “a sweet job” and other business agents might be expected to appear, like applicants for the Salvation Army’s Christmas dinner.

This sort of thing has always existed and doubtless in some small degree always will exist—the holdup, pure and simple; it is, however, a crude business, a dangerous business, and the members of the unions can usually be relied on to keep it from going too far. But, as pointed out just now, there are signs that the beginnings of that situation which Brindell developed are already reappearing: the collusion between contractors and labor leaders, or coercion of contractors by labor leaders, which opens the way to real money.

Perhaps Brindell’s fate will act as a deterrent, for, whatever amazing favors were shown him, after all he spent nearly four years in jail. But this will in all likelihood deter the next Napoleon of building trades politics from nothing much but the obvious and careless crudities of Brindell’s methods. Already one hears of other American cities in which a single great figure dominates the building trades through some such arrangement as a bonding company. No builder is compelled to bond himself through that company, but builders who neglect this elementary precaution have a ruinous amount of labor trouble with their jobs. The bonding company as a method of honest graft has appeared in politics as well. Labor politics is very much like other kinds of politics; the downright stealings of the Tweed ring would hardly be possible in any American city to-day, nor would any self-respecting municipal politician try them in an age when almost as much money can be made with very little opprobrium and next to no danger. So the mere stickup business agent who asks for five thousand

dollars before he lets his men go to work is passing; but labor graft will probably endure as long as political graft, or capital graft.

Meanwhile, let us be thankful for the refinements which time is introducing; most of us, if we must be robbed, would rather be robbed with a degree of suavity. Our age may not be more virtuous than its predecessors but at least it is more refined; the difference between the labor leader who runs a bonding company and the business agent who says, “Pay me or you don’t work” is the difference—a salutary difference, so far as it goes—between “The Green Hat” and “Only a Girl.”

VIII

But how does it happen that the building trade, not only in New York but all over the country, is particularly exposed to these allied and associated extortions? Because it requires a wide assortment of materials and some fifty different crafts. Failure to obtain one kind of material, whatever the price, delays the whole building; the strike of a single craft holds up the work of dozens of other crafts, though it have no better ground than a dispute as to whether certain work properly belongs to plasterers or bricklayers, to iron workers or carpenters.

In thousands of cases builders or owners of buildings have bought their way around jurisdictional disputes by paying two unions for work done by only one, or paying both in full for work done in equal shares by members of both. That, however, is expensive; less so than delay in completion of a building, but more so, as a rule, than buying off an inconvenient business agent. In many cases bribing the business agent is the easiest way, a fact as clearly and promptly visible to the builder as to the business agent himself.

How does it happen that unions composed in overwhelming majority of ordinary decent citizens (and if you say ordinary citizens are none too decent, why, that is another matter and beside

the present point) tolerate the rule of grafters, and even defend them after indictment and often after conviction? Well, for one thing the unions have derived benefits from the grafters; lesser benefits than those reserved by the grafters for themselves, but benefits none the less. The rule of the business agent has been a good thing for the average union man; on the whole, it has probably been a good thing for society at large. And the ordinary workman, knowing this, is ready to drop his tools when the business agent tells him to drop them; his not to reason why; he only knows that in the long run he will derive a direct personal advantage from following orders. If the business agent, or somebody above him—a Brindell who organizes and absorbs the graft that once belonged to scores of business agents—gets a still greater advantage, that is apt to be a matter of mere rumor. The average workman knows nothing about it; and if he asks about it, at a meeting of the union, somebody may break a chair over his head. Besides, on meeting night he probably has a date with his girl.

You recognize the parallel? Yes, it is precisely the way most of us behave with regard to those larger unions to which almost all of us belong, the Democratic and Republican parties. Back in the days of Sam Parks the likeness between general politics and union politics was pointed out by Ray Stannard Baker. Honest men vote for grafters because the grafters, in honest or at least customary ways, take care of the honest men; they let the grafters run the organization because the grafters and their henchmen are always on the job and the honest men usually have something more exciting to do on primary day or convention night.

After the exposure of corruption, civic interest is more general for a time. So in Brindell's day the average meeting of a building trades union brought out two or three per cent of its members, practically all of them wheelhorses of the inner organization; to-day the same

meeting will bring out twenty-five or thirty per cent, and most of them will want to know what is going on. But how long will this interest last? History does not encourage optimism on that point. And what of the public interest? The disclosure of Brindell's extortions aroused general attention for the moment, and quite properly, since it touched every taxpayer and rentpayer in New York. Yet the prosecution presently took on the aspect of a duel between two strong men, Brindell and Untermyer, which the rest of us watched at varying distances from the ringside as we watched the duel between Dempsey and Firpo. The champion of virtue having triumphed, we gave three cheers and went home; but if Brindell had triumphed a good many of the spectators would have given three cheers, and all of them would have gone home just the same, reflecting that at any rate they had seen a good fight for their money.

Jurisdictional disputes are the great opportunity for labor graft in the building trades; and a jurisdictional board is now slowly trying to adjudicate the disputed boundaries between one craft's field and another's. It will probably succeed in eliminating the jurisdictional strike about the time the frontiers of Europe are finally settled to the satisfaction of all the nationalities concerned.

Meanwhile capital has an honest graft in inflated material costs, labor has an honest graft in inflated wages, and the consumer pays both. This again has its parallel in politics, in the municipal organization which exists to give some profit or privilege to all of its members, with special profits or privileges to the men at the top. Every good political organization is essentially a conspiracy of its members for their own benefit at the expense of the public at large. Some of them, as for instance the Tammany Hall of the moment, give a sufficiently good government to make it doubtful if a random selection from the public at large could do any better or as well; to that extent they earn their special

profit, as do many trade associations, and many labor unions. But the principle is the same whether Tammany Hall is giving good government under Olvany or bad government under Croker; it applies to good unions and trade associations as well as bad ones. They are all conspiracies of a large number of people to use their collective power for their own profit at the expense of all the people.

This, you may say, is a terrible thing; there ought to be a law about it. But there have already been dozens of laws about it. Political organizations have been beaten in elections only to bob up again; trusts have been dissolved only to demonstrate that the more they change, the more they stay the same. This tendency to combination, to the formation of more or less extensive and more or less predatory oligarchies, begins to seem an irresistible natural law, the cardinal principle of American life, if not indeed of organized society. Consider any one oligarchic conspiracy by itself, and it looks iniquitous to those who do not share in the profit. But fortunately the principle is so widely practised that most of us share in its advantages as producers, even though it inflates our expenses as consumers; if I suffer from the extortions of the Co-operative Plasterers' Union I benefit from those of the Authors' League; and if the League's extortions are more modest, that is not my fault nor that of my fellow authors, who, like the plasterers, take all they can get.

How, then, is justice to be attained? Not by futile efforts to abolish trade associations or labor unions or political machines, but by the extension of the

principle so that all of us will belong to some political or business or labor oligarchy. Then all of us as producers can profiteer (as most of us do now) on all of us as consumers, and America will be the Perfect State. And as the Perfect State, by definition, will be so organized that every man gets his honest graft automatically and without the aid of some overlord, there will be no room for dishonest graft; the Brindells and Het-tricks will be recognized as what they are, the enemies of all, and they will speedily disappear.

There is a simple prescription for the perfection of human society; and if you say it means that all of us would live by taking in one another's washing, why, taking in one another's washing is about as good a definition as has yet been given of the division of labor in organized economic society. The only reasonable objection might come from efficiency engineers, who could object that if every member of society is compelled to pay out as consumer all that he receives in honest graft as producer there is a great deal of lost motion. Eliminate all profiteering and extortion, and the balance of income and outgo would remain the same and the business of the world could be done with about half as much work.

But efficiency is flying in the face of nature; the elimination of honest graft would do violence to basic human instincts. And if the world's business could be done with half as much work, the question arises of what the human race would do with its spare time. From that appalling speculation the boldest of social philosophers may ask to be excused.

Religion and Life

HOW SHALL WE THINK OF GOD?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THAT people should believe that God exists has been a consuming concern of religion, but an astonishing amount of religious propaganda has been carried on with apparent carelessness about what people have meant by God when they have believed in him. A few years ago one of our leading psychologists conducted an investigation into the ways his students thought about God, and some of the answers he received were startling. "I think of God as real, actual skin and blood and bones, something we shall see with our eyes some day, no matter what lives we live on earth"; "I have always pictured him according to a description in *Paradise Lost* as seated upon a throne, while around are angels playing on harps and singing hymns"; "I think of God as having bodily form and being much larger than the average man. He has a radiant countenance beaming with love and compassion. He is erect and upright, fearless and brave." As one considers such images of God in the minds of educated youths, presumably brought up in our Sunday schools and churches, one must acknowledge that believing in God without considering how one shall picture him is deplorably unsatisfactory. Moreover, this endeavor to have faith in God without knowing what you mean by him is a played-out procedure for increasing numbers of people. They are not atheists or even agnostics; they have always supposed that they believe in God, but they are facing now a bewilder-

ing question: what does the word mean? what is God like? how can he be imagined? Many such inquirers come to a minister's confessional wondering what picture he has in his mind when on Sunday he preaches about "God."

The pressure of this difficulty is in part explained by the collapse of the old imaginative frameworks in which our fathers commonly thought of God. What a cozy stage was furnished by the old cosmology, with its flat earth and its close, convenient heaven, on which the religious imagination could picture its gods, their entrances and exits! Centuries will probably pass before religious symbolism fully is transferred to the setting of the new astronomy. The premillennialists, for example, by hundreds of thousands in the United States, are awaiting the physical return of Jesus from the sky to set up his kingdom on the earth. To enforce that belief and expectation as an integral part of Christian orthodoxy is one objective of a large section of the fundamentalists, and nothing can exceed the zeal with which they hold that the world will grow continually worse until at last upon the clouds the Lord himself will appear to begin his millennial reign.

That entire belief depends for its picturableness upon the old astronomy. Granted a flat earth with heaven a little way above, granted Jesus' resurrection conceived in terms of flesh and his ascension conceived as physical levitation through the clouds to the divine dwelling

in the sky, granted the picture of him there "at the right hand of God," and his return on the clouds by the same route he went is as easily imaginable as the return of a friend from San Francisco. That was the cosmological picture in which the expectation first arose; that is the cosmological picture which sustained it for centuries; and the marvel is not that it should have existed from the days of the first disciples on, but that now, when there is no longer any up or down, or heaven beyond the clouds, men on this whirling planet in the sky should still be preserving in religious imagination what they have discarded everywhere else.

Similarly, our conceptions of God have been shaped by picture-thinking set in the framework of the old world-view. God as a king on high—how our fathers, living under monarchy, rejoiced in that image and found it meaningful! His throne, his crown, his scepter, his seraphic retinue, his laws, rewards, and punishments—how dominant that picture was and how persistent the continuance of it in our hymns and prayers! It always was partly poetry, but it had a prose background: there really had been at first a celestial land above the clouds where God reigned and where "his throne was in the heavens."

Go to hear a preacher to-day, however, and while the congregation may sing "O worship the King all glorious above," and while the minister may "fall before the throne" when he prays, yet when in personal helpfulness he tries to explain to his people the meaning of communion with God, the chances are that he will leave the imagery of monarchy utterly behind and take up radio. The living voice out of the unseen, the mystery of fellowship with the invisible, the necessity of being rightly tuned, the interferences that break receptivity—I suspect that the invention of radio has increased the quantity of praying in America. It has given men a congenial picture in which to image their dealings with God.

THIS obvious fact that religion habitually pictures God in terms of some dominant element in the generation's life, that it makes imaginative idols and worships them even when visible idols are denied, is, of course, meat and drink to the atheists. Religion, they say, is fancy, poetry, mirage, picture-thinking pathetically mistaken for substantial truth. This scorn of theirs, however, ought to be short lived. It cannot easily survive *tu quoque*. The man who subscribes to the current mechanistic materialism is in the same boat with the theist so far as picture-thinking is concerned.

The very latest style in materialistic philosophy is to believe that everything is a physicochemical mechanism—that the whole universe and every living organism in it from a protozoon to a Plato can be adequately described in mechanistic terms. A few weeks ago a letter came from one of America's leading lawyers, announcing that he felt sure that man was merely a mechanism. That is our latest, up-to-the-minute philosophy, but obviously it is picture-thinking.

The machine is the dominant builder of our civilization. It is the newest and most tremendous power with which our society deals. Anybody acquainted with the history of human thought could have predicted that, just as absolute monarchy, feudalism, humanitarianism, democracy, and all other dominant factors which have captured the imagination of successive generations have had their counterparts in contemporary philosophy, so a machine age would produce a mechanistic theory of life. It has done so. Never was there a clearer illustration of the inevitable urge which causes a generation to picture the cosmos in terms of a dominant factor in common experience.

Nevertheless, this particular bit of picture-thinking is obviously inadequate to describe even a crab, much less a cosmos. Nobody doubts that there is a profoundly important mechanistic as-

pect to a crab but, after all, a crab is hardly a machine: he grows from the conceptual egg to maturity, and a machine does not; from inward energies he can reproduce amputated members, and a machine cannot; he can spontaneously adjust himself from within to new situations, and a machine cannot; he propagates his kind through the mystery of generation, and a machine does not. None of the most characteristic functions of a living organism does a machine perform, so that what it means to call even a crab a mechanism is not clear—much less what it means so to describe a man. Can a mechanism remember, think, distinguish between right and wrong, fight for ideals, fall in love, and worship God? All this, however, will not stop our prominent lawyer from calling man a mechanism. There is to-day an almost irresistible urge to crowd all life back into the simple, familiar, easily visualized picture of a mechanical process. And that will go on for a long while, despite the truth of Professor Thomson's protest from the viewpoint of biology: "Mechanical formulæ do not begin to answer the distinctively biological questions."

This recognition of our inveterate imaginativeness, whether we are religious or not, should be chastening. It ought to send us somewhat humbled to consider how we do picture the God whom we either believe in or deny.

OF COURSE, the plain truth is that we cannot picture God at all, or, at any rate, when we try, we may be sure of our utter inadequacy. This admitted partialness, not to say falseness, in all our attempted imaginations of God should disturb no one. "Now we see in a mirror, darkly" is still true. The interesting fact is that, not only can we not imagine God, but science has brought us to the place where we cannot imagine the physical universe. As Einstein, for example, knows it, it is utterly unpicturable. A four-dimensional, curved cosmos, with time and space commingled so that no one can tell at what point when-

ness leaves off, and whereness begins—that may be set down in mathematical formulæ but it cannot be pictured. Even a helium atom, going eighteen thousand miles a second through a glass wall without leaving a trace of its transit, may be thought but it cannot be imaged.

I have a friend, an engineer, who, while he does not suppose himself to be one of the half dozen or so folk on earth who understand Einstein, does think that he sees what Einstein is driving at and he is ambitious to make me see it too. His ingenuity at illustration is amazing. He resorts to extraordinary devices of imagery to help me visualize this physical universe as it really is. I supposed that all this was a friendly concession to my stupidity, but in a recent scientific book I find the same childlike resort to illustration in the endeavor to make relativity clear. The learned writer pictures a man on a moving ship, poised for a stroke at a game of shuffleboard, his seeming rest instantaneous only and relative to the ship's motion, and that, relative to the movements of winds and currents, and those to the rotation of the earth on its axis and its revolution round its orbit, and those to the whole solar system's speed through space. How like preachers in their methods these scientists have become! How they hanker after illustrations, seek for them high and low, are blissful when they find one! They are facing at last the same problem which we face—they are trying to picture the unpicturable!

WHAT, then, shall the religious man do? He cannot take in earnest the man-sized representations of God on which, it may be, he was brought up—a god walking in a garden in the cool of the day, making a woman from man's rib, confounding men's speech lest they build a tower too high, decreeing a flood to drown humanity, trying to slay a man at a wayside inn because his child was not circumcised, showing his back but not his face to a man upon a mountain-top, or ordering the massacre of his chosen

people's enemies, men, women, and children, without mercy. He is in revolt against all that, as Euripides, over four centuries before Christ, rebelled against the gods of Olympus:

"Say not there be adulterers in Heaven
Nor prisoner gods and gaoler. Long ago
My heart has known it false and will not
alter.
God, if he be God, lacketh naught. All
these
Are dead unhappy tales of minstrelsy."

Nevertheless, the religious man must have imaginations of God, if God is to be real. Watch the European peasant at his wayside shrine before the image of the Madonna, or the Moslem, with his theoretical monotheism, worshipping nevertheless at the tomb of his local saint, or the Buddhist, with his impersonal deity, bowing still before the placid image of Amida, or the Protestant, refusing outward images but making verbal ones by the hundred, and the impression is irresistible: the vividness and availability of man's religion depend largely on his imaginations of God.

Moreover, if religion is to be vital—fellowship with God sustaining life and responsibility to God quickening conscience—these imaginations must picture our dealing with the Divine in terms of personal relationship. God must have in him, in ways however far beyond our capacity to think, qualities kindred to those which in ourselves we meet as intelligence, purposefulness, goodwill. This is the gist of the whole matter in the religious problem of thinking about God. We may start, if we will, with this vast, unpicturable universe, and try to imagine God adequate to its size and its complexity, its order and beauty, its terror and prodigality. Creative Reality, conceived in spiritual rather than physical terms—that undoubtedly is God. But that cold, bare statement will not satisfy the religious man's imagination or his life. The real question is: can God be thought of in terms of personal relationship, so that we can com-

mune with him, be inspired by him, depend on him, be responsible to him, and, like our fathers before us, love him so deeply that we will love nothing else too much and fear him so reverently that we will fear nothing else at all?

Now, all philosophies divide on this one issue: whether the subhuman world of physics and chemistry or the human world with its spiritual values and possibilities shall supply the dominant pictures of what reality is like. Some philosophies split the world in two, the subhuman world on one side, the human on the other and, treating the latter as a mere echo of the former, they get their controlling ideas from the physical world alone. That is the source of all materialism. It starts by forgetting man in the higher ranges of his life, treating man as though he were not a substantial part of the universe to be explained, thinking of man and his spiritual values as an accidental appendage to creation, and then basing its theories on an analysis of the subhuman remainder. It chops the real universe into two portions and takes all its dominant ideas from the lower half.

But all idealistic philosophies and all high religion refuse that false division and that insane choice, and are sure that wherever else Creative Reality may have displayed his quality and revealed his meaning, he has done so in the spiritual life of man. Whatever else may be true of man, he certainly is part and parcel of this universe, bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh, the climactic expression of its life, and the universe cannot be interpreted apart from him. In the Yerkes Observatory I watched, one night, an astronomer studying the nebula of Lyra. In one unilluminated spot of it, which through the telescope seemed negligible, thousands of our solar systems could be lost. Yet which was more marvelous, the nebula of Lyra or the astronomer? The nebula is only gaseous matter, but the man who was apprehending it, measuring it, computing its distance, analyzing its substance, and stating its laws, the man who

with his thought was conquering Lyra, besetting it behind and before and laying his hand upon it, was far more marvelous than the thing that was merely being apprehended. Any philosophy which in trying to explain creation takes in the constellations but leaves out the mind which grasps them cannot be true.

In man at his best, then, Reality receives its clearest revelation—that is the faith of all high religion. The place where man vitally finds God, deals with God, discovers the qualities of God and learns to think religiously about God is not primarily among the stars but within his own experience of goodness, truth, and beauty, and the truest images of God are therefore to be found in man's spiritual life. Partial they are, inadequate, not "without omission, disproportion and aberration," as Martineau said; nevertheless, the old figures—fatherhood, friendship, love, justice—by which the seers and saints have tried to make the Eternal real to their imaginations, are the true clue to the understanding of him. That was Plato's meaning when he said, "God is never in any way unrighteous; he is perfect righteousness. And there is nothing more like him than one of us who is himself most righteous." That was Jesus' meaning when he said, "When ye pray, say, Father." That has been the experience of countless folk who for them-

selves have discovered Tolstoi's truth: "Where Love is, God is." And that has been the historic church's meaning when it has exalted the Incarnation as the center of its doctrine—"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Indeed, I would go farther. Protestantism has been too bare of symbolism, too afraid of warmth and color, too reluctant to serve the spiritual life by the beautiful uses of the imagination. The shrines and images, the crucifixes and pictures before which some other Christians worship have seemed to Protestants idolatrous. But to many a supposed idolater they mean something else altogether—aids to the imagination, as a trinket or a photograph, perhaps a very poor one, may help to recreate the image of a friend and vivify the consciousness of his felt presence. By tradition and temperament I am a thoroughgoing Protestant, but I wish that in our services we knew better how to quicken the imagination of our people and make the Divine Presence mystically real. Perhaps, some day, like the scientist using his shuffleboard game to illustrate the universe, we shall employ more generously the aid of symbolism, knowing alike how true it all is and yet how far from true of him whose judgments are unsearchable and whose ways past tracing out.



CRAMPED STYLE

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THE trouble with vital statistics is that they stop just before they get interesting. They tell you that the death rate of married men is less than that of widowers—which is fair enough if they only went on to show that the widowers die of grief instead of as a result of sudden stepping out. They reveal that the effect of marriage on women is not clearly beneficial—which is always a good point to have in mind in case you need to use it, except for the additional fact that wives who stick it out seem to last better in the long run than the unclaimed blessings do. So where does that get you unless you know why? And what good is it to know that there are forty-three million people in the country who are over fifteen years of age and married, when you don't know how many of them are cramping each other's style?

Toby Glaspell said that they all were. He made no exceptions, having reached the mellow, post-midnight mood when the broader the generalization the sweeter it tastes. He was the kind of man who got steadily better and better all day but was really a philosopher only after one o'clock in the morning. It was not liquor-philosophy, either. Toby had never allowed Mr. Volstead to get him excited. But there was a quality in the early morning spent in company, in that uncertain hour when a party may live or die, that loosened Toby's tongue and wits.

Anyway he grinned from the depths

of Cora's brick-colored velvet chair and generalized.

"They all do."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Cora, "lots of people don't. I know a girl in Kentucky who never really found herself till she married."

"Let's play it on the home court," Toby objected. "Look around you. Is there anyone here whose style isn't cramped by a husband or wife? Except me and Zelda? And most of you are conscious of it. That's why you married birds razz each other so. Talk in that married way, full of hidden javelins."

"I haven't been razzing Lee," said Mary Carroll, getting in on it, "have I, Lee?"

"Sure you have," said Lee.

"Certainly you have," agreed Toby. "Who was it stepped on Lee a little while ago when he burst into song about what made a woman good looking? He had a lot of great truths in his mind then, until you told him not to make a fool of himself."

"I don't want him to make a fool of himself," Mary said defensively, "and who's he to talk about what makes a woman good looking? All he knows I've taught him. That boy didn't know the difference between wet and dry rouge till I married him."

"You assume that," Toby told her darkly. "All wives, all husbands do exactly the same thing. No woman knows her husband. I didn't get that last remark up myself. It came out of

the world's best quotations or snappy after-dinner speeches. But it's got some wear in it yet."

"You're jealous of us, Toby. You're a jealous, hard-drinking, unhappy bachelor."

"Maybe so," said Toby, "But I'll bet I'm the only man in the room who hasn't ever secretly breathed the unconubial sigh."

"The which?" asked Cora.

"Any girl who's been put out of as many good schools as you were ought to be able to drive your way through that simple phrase. It was born, I believe, of Gilbert and Sullivan. But I've adopted it. I'm giving it a good home. And if you can't figure out what it means, ask Andrew what an unconubial sigh is."

"Ask him what an asinine line of talk is," said Andrew, "and he'll tell you and show you motion pictures too."

He wandered about the room again, looking after his guests. They had been to the theater, they had been to supper, and they were now polishing off the evening. Eight of them: Mary and Lee Carroll, Elizabeth and Roger Kinkead, Cora and himself, and Toby, who had brought along Zelda Shepard. Andrew hadn't quite got the Shepard girl yet, hadn't quite placed her. He'd never read any of her stuff, so he had been giving her a pretty wide berth for fear he might have to talk about it. But he liked the way she did her hair. Until he saw her hair he hadn't realized how tired he was of clipped necks. He wondered, as he lighted her cigarette and looked down at the parting from which Zelda Shepard's thick blond hair fell away with a kind of secret curve, if there wasn't an editorial on hair that hadn't been written yet. Something light and yet not purely funny.

That was what Andrew did. He wrote editorials but was not literary. He played the kind of golf which made Cora curse when she saw another silver loving cup come home and the kind of

bridge out of which a poor man may dress his wife. He was a good shot and had taken brave and splendid pictures of a bull moose last year just as the animal was getting ugly and had about commenced to charge. In three years he had doubled the circulation of his paper and he wrote all the editorials. But by his own claim, he was not literary. It often bothered him that he might be considered so, and when he was really worried he wrote an editorial in which he was exceedingly comic about modern literature. As he often said, what he wanted to offer a prize for was a novel about a man over thirty who was perfectly faithful to his wife. That was Andrew's line, just as Cora's was the more sophisticated one. Cora read everything and absorbed a lot and knew perfectly who should be asked to dinner and called Andrew magnificently heavy but a good provider. And Cora might say what she pleased without consequence, for Andrew's feet were very firmly on the ground and he knew exactly where he was going. Forward, and to the right at every turning.

He was still thinking of that editorial on hair. It wasn't to be reactionary. It had something to do with the beauty of line, or the natural development of beauty. The contrast between the effect which the lawn mower gets and—

"Want to sit down?" asked Zelda Shepard, indicating a movement on the sleek black-satin sofa which would give him room.

He took the place and waited for her to say something. But she did not. It seemed to him that he had never seen a more relaxed person. The hand which held her cigarette was the only portion of her that made the least effort. Pose, thought Andrew. New York stuff.

"I've been telling Cora that I wanted to get hold of some of your stories," he said, "She's read a lot of them, of course. I don't read very much fiction, myself."

"It's all right with me," Zelda told him, "I get paid when they buy my stuff, not when you read it, you know."

Her voice was like her manner, released and at ease and a low little chuckle trailed the words along. As she finished she lifted her eyes to him and he was aware that they were wise eyes. They'd salted away a lot of knowledge somewhere in her mind, and yet apparently her mind had not functioned with it, for she had no attack, no mannerisms, no cynicism.

"Don't worry about me," she added after a moment. "I'm safe. I'm not literary."

"You write."

"So do you," she countered, "and much more steadily. I only write a little piece now and then. They aren't very good, usually."

"You aren't the best judge of that from what I hear."

"Go on—" said Zelda Shepard and blew an unprovocative smoke ring.

She wasn't making the least effort with him. He liked it and at the same time he wondered if it was just because she thought he was terribly dull. She had white hands with a look of muscular strength in the long, tapered fingers, white hands, and a maiden's neck with firm flesh on it. Andrew wondered what she was thinking about as she sat on the black-satin kidney couch in his living room and watched two birch sticks in the fireplace which were idly trying to stir each other into flame. He knew about the rest of his guests. Toby, under all his clatter, was probably figuring shrewdly on the first person he would see about that bond issue to-morrow. Roger Kinhead was wishing the party would break up, but Elizabeth, his wife, would never leave until the end of any party for fear of being thought dumb. Roger had been born into permanent wealth and had the kind of insolence that sometimes goes with that security. Lee Carroll had been wanting to dance all evening. He always liked to dance but particularly

lately with the Shepard girl. And while Lee hadn't been at all flagrant, that was why he wasn't over here now. Mary had probably stopped it. Mary distrusted Lee's susceptibilities and was always trying to camouflage it with a theory that she was the fluttery one.

"Do you like to write?" Andrew asked.

"Sometimes. When I've something to say. It must be ghastly to have to do it the way you do—every day of your life."

"Life changes every day and there's always the passing comment," he told her sententiously.

"Oh, come," she said, "it doesn't. Besides I've read your editorials. You don't really believe that stuff do you?"

He stiffened. On attack, he always believed in them very thoroughly.

"What do you mean?"

"Things can't be as right and wrong as you say they are. Life just bums along, trying to pay its bills and have a good time and keep out of jail. We all know that. You don't actually expect me to believe that you think this cheery, striding, always-right man of business you're always writing about really exists, do you?"

"I certainly do," he told her sharply, "if there is one thing that gets under my skin it's the perennial novel about the tired business man with the soul struggle. I know hundreds of business men. They get their sleep. They like their game, and they take life as it comes."

"What else can they do?"

"I mean they like life as it comes."

"Stop there," she said, "I'm out of step."

"Don't you agree with me that they like it?"

"It's so editorial to agree or disagree," she said, "I despise opinions. They clutter facts up."

"You have to have opinions. It's necessary."

"Only for the blind. The rest of us can see," said Zelda Shepard.

Her voice let him go after every statement, as if she really didn't care whether he answered or not. There was none of the nervous argument in it which he was accustomed to associate with clever women who had what he called good minds. It occurred to him that this girl would probably completely discount any statement that she had a good mind.

Her dress, which lay along the black-satin couch, was the color of early daffodils, white-yellow, a fine, fresh color. From what the rest of the women said and the way the men acted, Andrew knew that she was beautifully dressed and that the pallid gold of her slippers was rare. She did not discount beauty. That was clear enough.

"What do you see?" he asked and his voice had lost its challenge and was only curious.

"That's no matter. Isn't it what you yourself see—if you look?"

Andrew looked. He saw Lee Carroll turning restlessly to look at Zelda, and Mary Carroll pretending not to be watching them but keeping such a wifely, possessive hand on Lee's sleeve. It was always like that between them. How those two struggled with what must have been an ill-adjusted relationship at the very beginning! Lee had been very careful since Mary's nervous collapse. He had to be careful of his children's mother. But he liked women and beauty. Andrew had been in his party at musical comedies.

He saw Roger Kinkead. How utterly cruel Roger could be in business deals Andrew knew well enough. But he did not see the usurer in Roger's face now. It was another picture—the funeral of that only child of his who had been hit by an automobile. That terrible funeral from which Roger had come away with his passionate delight in fatherhood eternally buried and a silly, frightened, suffering woman on his arm, whose comeback had been the effort to make her life into a clever epigram.

He saw the wonderful flare of Cora's Titian head as she was bantering with

Toby. Cora was a clever woman. She was always getting together parties like this and carelessly saying sudden things that came into her mind, so that she had a reputation for it. But that was only part of Cora's effect. She did everything well. She ran her house on a budget, chose the boys' school so as to get them a maximum of education at a minimum expense, knew all about blends of coffee and tea, and where to get a certain kind of Trappist cheese, and she always planned her clothes for the accenting of her red hair. Cora was in a very large measure responsible for his success. He started to tell that to the girl beside him and found himself checked by a sense of its irrelevance.

"Cora," he said, and got no farther.

"Decorative, isn't she? Such a splash of human coloring!" said Zelda.

Her silence washed over her again, but it had ceased to bother Andrew. The shock was gone now. He liked to feel silence wash up over him too. To sit there just touching the daffodil dress, thinking of the white hand that lay along its folds, was comfortable, or was it comforting? He wasn't even admiring it. It was pleasant to have it there. For the moment he thought no farther than that. He didn't even have an opinion as to whether he ought to think about a strange woman's hand or not. It was there. That was all.

Cora broke in.

"You two don't look as if you were having a highly exciting time," she said. "What are you frowning down now, Andy? Don't you be superior to my Andy, Zelda. If he's heavy it's because he's like fruitcake full of raisins, citron, and orange peel. Delicious, expensive, and indigestible."

Everybody laughed and Zelda stood up and moved over to the others. Andrew did not go after her. He shook himself well mentally and went out to the dining room with Elizabeth Kinkead. When he saw Zelda again she was dancing with Lee Carroll. Someone had started the player piano in the

music room and put on a record of some provocative, half-unhappy, luring, dragging blues. Lee Carroll's face was almost white. It was as if the perfect rhythm of the girl's dancing hurt him.

"I hate to break up the party but we have to go," interrupted Mary. "Lee, we've got to go."

"What was that remark you made about not cramping your husband's style?" Toby reminded her.

"I'll cramp anybody's style at this hour. Come, Lee. The baby had a cold, you know, and we ought to be getting home."

Zelda stopped. The music went on, mocking at the restraints of wives on husbands and husbands on wives; sad, easy, rhythmic, natural, doing as it pleased.

When he woke the next morning Andrew had a blurred memory of having dreamed of Zelda Shepard. It annoyed him because he could not quite remember what the dream was and, coupled with a vague feeling that he had not held up his end very well last night, he decided that she was a subtly reprehensible type of woman to have that effect on him. He didn't make a practice of dreaming about women.

"What does the Shepard girl write?" he asked Cora. "Blah, I suppose."

"She had a story in *Waterman's* this month," said Cora, "it's clever. But you wouldn't like it."

Andrew did not argue that. He went down to the newspaper office and had a consultation with the advertising manager and talked turkey to the sporting-page editor who had let the morning paper get a scoop on him and did a number of other things, for Andrew was chief owner in the newspaper as well as its editorial writer. He intended to drop the editorial stuff as soon as he could and buy a chain of papers through the Northwest, good, live independent papers with the best syndicated features he could afford and a stabilizing editorial policy. But things were not that far

along yet, so after other things were in order he lighted his pipe and drew his typewriter toward him. Andrew always knocked off his editorials that way. He couldn't use a dictaphone.

He dealt with them shortly and came to a scrawled note on his memorandum pad which reminded him that yesterday he had decided to make some comment on the Wesley scandal. Even in such a newspaper as Andrew's, which prided itself on not being sensational, the Wesleys had been given a generous share of the headlines for the past few weeks. What Andrew intended to write, with some sharpness, was a short editorial dwelling on the remoteness of these erotic tangles from the life of the man on the street, the decent ordinary man who worked all day and played with the children in the evenings, who stoked the furnace, and led a straightforward life.

He sought for the point of view, the good, humorous, horse-sense point of view with which he usually dealt with such matters and fumbled through a beginning.

"The opinion of the man on the street doesn't matter to the Wesleys," he wrote, "but still less do people like the Wesleys matter to the man on the street."

It was strange luck that sent Bill Cutler into the office just then. He was in his usual state, not quite drunk, not quite sober, a little more shabby than when Andrew had last seen him. Bill was an old friend, even though an incipient bum, and couldn't be shoved out. He wasted a half hour of Andrew's time in the preliminaries of talk before he came to the point of touching him for a loan. Andrew knew by this time that there wasn't much use in trying to brace Bill up, but he gave him the money and rather savagely reflected on the kind of man Bill Cutler used to be before he got so mixed up with that woman. Of course if Bill had been a stronger man—how could one tell, though? The things women did to men! Bill used to be sailing along with

the best of the boys before he married.

He turned back to the Wesley editorial as Bill went and made another false start.

"The opinion of the man in the street."

What was it that the Shepard girl had said about opinions? Some smart crack about the fact that they belonged only to the blind. She wasn't so far wrong, when you looked at Bill Cutler. What possible good—or harm—had opinions ever done him? Living had been too swift for him—that was all.

Nice hair, the Shepard girl had. There was that editorial on hair. No—he wouldn't do that one. What did that girl do in New York anyhow? How did she live? Of course dancing like that took practice, and Cora would probably say that choosing such clothes took practice too. Andrew crumpled up the Wesley editorial and threw it in the wastebasket.

After lunch at the club he picked up *Waterman's* magazine—the current number—as casually as if he had not hurried through his lunch and passed up a rubber of bridge to do it. Good place they gave her. He wondered what she got paid for a story like that anyhow? He disliked the sophisticated, sketchy drawings which accompanied it.

It did not take long to read it. In its own way it was an inconsequent story, a wisp of narrative binding flippancy and pathos together. Possibly she hadn't meant to be flippant. Possibly she hadn't meant to be pathetic. Andrew put the magazine down and sank himself deep in a mining review. But the story stuck in his mind, with its respect for romance, its simple acceptance of other circumstances, unfortunate though they might be. She knows a lot, thought Andrew, and the picture of Bill Cutler came back to him. She's probably hard-boiled too.

That was what plenty of people said of her, he found. She was visiting an aunt who said she had brought Zelda on from New York because she was tired

and needed a rest, an aunt with a flair for putting Zelda's pictures in the paper and starting conversations about Zelda's work. Zelda did not help her aunt out much with publicity. She was far too apt to admit that she had just had a story turned down and was flat broke. And always the little chuckle trailed her words along and never did she make any effort to gain popularity. If she had not been so good looking she might have been neglected. As it was, she was admitted and labelled a picnic egg.

Andrew saw Zelda next at a lobster dinner the Shevlins were giving. They were at MacIntyres in the dining room hung with red cloth, the old private dining room with the fake hunting prints on the walls which many lobster dinners had seasoned with merriment. Everything, said Cora, was wrong about that dining room except the atmosphere. But it somehow served to set off Zelda Shepard.

She was sitting between Guy Shevlin and Andrew and she wore a black dress of satin. Her hair was like a schoolgirl's and like an artist's dream, and she gave the impression of having been at many, many parties when men and women had made eating and drinking an occasion for one another's company. One could see her experience in the way she handled Guy Shevlin, who was apt to carry his liquor mawkishly.

"I read your story in *Waterman's*," said Andrew, breaking in.

"Did you?" she asked. "Did you like it?"

"I didn't want to like it," he grinned. "I believe in virtue being its own reward and in the wages of sin being death and all that. I didn't want to like your story. But I did."

"I liked that little piece," she admitted. "I was sorry I couldn't do it better."

"You did it very successfully."

"We get along pretty well, don't we?" said Zelda, straightly, "I've thought of you quite a lot since the other night."

"Why?"

"I don't know—must there be a reason?"

She left him with the question and turned to Shevlin, with just the lovely curve where her hair swept up from her neck visible to Andrew. And with a curious lightening of something in him Andrew knew it didn't matter. They did get on well. That was as far as one needed to think. All his life Andrew had never taken things as they came to him. He had been carefully entering even his gambling on the credit or debit side of his advance. But it occurred to him that it would be rather a glorious holiday to swing along with chance for once and keep no score.

"Writing now?" he asked, trying to get her away from Shevlin again.

"I must pretty soon."

"Why?"

"I owe a lot of money. Must pay for this dress before they take it off me. My bank account always looks as if it had been counting its calories far too long."

"You find money important, too, then?"

"Why, of course," she agreed; "money is almost the realest thing in the world. You're always touching it after you've gone through the dressy top layers, and pulled off the tissue paper. Money—or the lack of it. Personally I represent the lack of it."

"There's a way out of that easily enough, isn't there? The way the other women here to-night found? A girl can marry."

"Oh, I suppose so," she said unevasively. "But I'm sort of particular about who handles my bills. They're almost the only things that belong to me. Besides, as your friend the other night said, it's apt to cramp your style pretty badly."

"How do you mean?" he asked, rather coldly.

"I leave it to you," Zelda told him, "only I wonder if our friend on the left would be quite so pie-eyed if his wife wasn't trying to stop him."

"And how about me?" asked Andrew again. "Shoot."

She shook her head.

"I like your wife. She has brains and looks. But still, if you weren't married, you wouldn't be quite so nervous about me, would you?"

"I'm not nervous about you. What's all that about?"

She had turned. You couldn't argue with her, couldn't get up even an intellectual fight with her, thought Andrew. He was very stiff and angry as he sat there and mentally denied what she said and knew she was right. For if he were not married he would not be so loath to admit the queer sweet attraction this girl had for him, the twist of his heart at the thought that he was going to dance with her, the sense of her pathos and preciousness. That wasn't cramped style, he told himself hotly. That was common decency. But they wouldn't be fought down by that dictum, those crowding feelings.

Cora told him, an hour later as they danced together in the hotel ballroom, that Mary Carroll was simply furious.

"What about?"

"Lee, of course. He's so very obviously gone on the Shepard girl. Mary gets so worked up that she's funny. Still, I suppose with a girl like that you do have to watch your step, and Lee's in no mood to mind his."

"Why a girl like that?"

"This isn't her first party," said Cora briefly.

"It's just Mary's Saturday-night nigger jealousy," said Andrew. "I hate possessive women. That girl doesn't care a rip about Lee. Why should she?"

"It's out of your field, Andy," Cora told him. "That girl's just a natural man-hunter. Of course, she prefers Toby because he's unmarried, but Toby's awfully gun shy. He'll take her out but she can't borrow money from him probably."

"That's a rotten thing to say."

"Well, I've only said it in the conjugal ear. No chance for libel."

"I think it's very unfair."

Cora looked at him comically.

"You, too, Brutus?" she asked. "Well, go along and dance with her."

"Going to," said Andrew.

He went. Andrew danced well. He danced well because Cora had insisted that he should, but his partners were usually the wives of the men Cora wanted to dance with, regardless of weight or complexions. The assumption was that it didn't matter to Andrew so long as Cora had a good time. Sometimes he went through a long evening of dances in a blur of dullness. This feeling he had now, of seeking out someone, of being faintly excited about it, was new.

Zelda Shepard was with Toby, for Lee had been reclaimed by a militant Mary and she caught Andrew's eye and stopped.

"Do you mind?" she asked Toby. "I haven't danced with him yet."

Toby didn't mind. Nothing much could disturb Toby. His interest in Zelda was purely pictorial and he handed her over to Andrew, turning himself to seek out either some good-looking girl or very useful matron. There was no waste space at all in Toby's social life.

"That's the way Andrew takes money away from me in a bridge game," he said to Zelda.

Andrew wished he hadn't mentioned money. He didn't want to think about money when he was dancing with Zelda Shepard. But he forgot it soon enough. The music played tweedle dum and tweedle dee in accented measures, and she relaxed and let him dance with her. It was as simple as that, perfectly musical, perfectly sympathetic.

"Nice dance," she smiled as the music stopped the first time.

They took up the encore and under his eyes lay the wave of her hair, fine as life itself. He knew then that she was precious and that he would have liked to put his lips upon her hair and

dance on. And he felt somehow that she knew that too.

Perhaps she did, for as he released her again she looked at him curiously. Andrew was always handsome and young looking for thirty-nine and at his best in evening clothes. But she must have seen that the first time she met him. It was something else that held them both silent now as they walked out into the little hotel balcony.

"Strange things happen between people, don't they?" he said at length.

"Oh, all the time," she answered, with more life in her voice than he had heard before. "All the time! It's my quarrel with life that we shut our eyes to it, go to such lengths to prevent things happening, and ignore them when they do. Or whisper about them. Why don't we shout with joy that life has still magic left in it after the years we've been trying to burn it at the stake?"

"I'm ready to shout," said Andrew. "When am I going to see you again?"

He was irritated with Cora. Whether she did it consciously or not he did not know, but she kept booking them both up for all sorts of dull engagements. They were legitimate engagements in the best business-social style, dinners with people of consequence digested afterwards by bridge games. Ordinarily he would have approved of them. But they did not include Zelda Shepard, and every time he suggested her to Cora, Cora looked vague and seemed to forget about it. He discovered at once that there were not many ways in which a man could see a girl he wanted to see unless his wife made or agreed to the opportunity. If he took her to lunch at a hotel or at a club, they would be like goldfish in a bowl, for Andrew knew too many people to be obscure in any public place. However, he tried that.

"I'm taking Zelda Shepard to lunch to-day," he told Cora one morning, as he went into her room for the customary good-by.

Cora's bright head was against a faintly mauve pillow, a memorandum in her hand. She looked up sharply.

"What did you say?"

He repeated it with less casualness.

"What's the idea?"

"Why I like her. I wanted to see her. I asked you to have her here for dinner and you wouldn't."

"My dear Andrew, she didn't fit," said Cora, "and she's been here. So you're taking her to lunch?"

"Any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Not in the least," said Cora. "By the way, I'll be downtown this noon. Is there any reason why I shouldn't come along?"

"Why, of course not," he said politely.

So Cora talked to Zelda and they were both very witty and Andrew paid the bill. Cora treated him in a way that annoyed him immensely, as if that was all he was there for. She had a way of laughing at any remark he made which wasn't exactly the one she expected. He felt that Zelda Shepard knew infinitely more about him, and he didn't want to be misunderstood because of Cora's flippancies. But Cora held him down.

For the first time in his life Andrew knew and understood why men resented their wives. Not for anything they were or were not in themselves but because they could be so frustrating, so restricting with their assumption that they knew all about their husbands. He was unaware, after some of her light repressions of him, as he sat there half sulking, that Cora's eyes rested on him somberly. Possibly Zelda Shepard saw that. She at least stayed out of it as far as effort was concerned. She did not help Andrew but neither did she help Cora. Andrew found himself looking forward to foolish things like helping her on with her coat.

"Where are you girls going?" Andrew asked. "Can't I drive you somewhere?"

"I'll drive," said Cora, "you'll have

to be getting back to the office. I'll drop Zelda wherever she's going."

Things like that were annoying but there wasn't any way of getting past them. Andrew stewed around his office. The worst part was that he hardly knew what he was missing. Sometimes it seemed that it was just a reasonable opportunity to see people he wanted; sometimes just another dance with Zelda Shepard; and sometimes his mind stalked along rather grimly, farther than that, through everything. After all, a man had only one life. One life and that more than half gone. Other men went after what they wanted, sweet things, soft things, the things wives never knew you wanted. Or if they knew, they kept them from you deliberately.

That night he had a bit of luck. He was restless and Cora suggested a movie. He went reluctantly, but they met Toby and Zelda at the ticket office and quite naturally the parties merged. He sat beside her and felt absurdly happy, grateful for the darkness, the sense of her being near him, the chance contact of arm with arm which she took so humanly. He had always disliked necking parties at movies, but to-night the sight of a girl's head on a man's shoulder in front of them merely made him sympathetic. It would have been perfect if Cora had not kept leaning across to make humorous comments on the picture.

"When are you going back to New York?" Cora asked Zelda as they parted outside the movie house, for Cora said she was far too tired to go on anywhere.

"When the lean years pass," answered Zelda. "I'd have to ride the rails just now."

She meant it as humorous, but that wasn't the way it struck Andrew. That night he lay awake wondering how one gave money to a girl and why it wasn't all right to do it. He didn't want her to go away. But it did seem to him unfair for a girl who worked for

her living, a girl with such brains and charm to be hounded by bills while other women simply said, "Charge it" and called it a day. The thing about Andrew's mind was that it had nothing of the dilettante about it. It was an editorial mind, which was used to reaching conclusions and giving advice. And where this passage between him and life was to conclude he did not know.

Cora was watching him. She kept on crowding his day, the part of it at least which was not claimed by the office. Occasionally she took a jaunty little crack at what she called his "belated passion" for Zelda Shepard. It was spring, too, all the time—that season which has done a good deal of harm in its day in spite of all the polite and fatuous things which have been said about it. Days lengthened and parks grew attractive and they made Andrew's conclusion more difficult. For twice when he walked home, as he had fallen into the habit of doing, he met Zelda Shepard in the park which overlooked the river. It was not exactly by appointment. He was never quite sure that she would be there. But twice at least she was and the second time they sat on a bench and watched the swollen river and Andrew talked and looked at the lovely, unaggressive profile under her unshading hat.

"I wish there were something I could do for you," he told her.

"Why?"

"Because you've done so much for me. Because you mean so much to me," he finished, growing bolder.

Any other woman he knew would have grown coquettish at that. But she did not stir, only let her eyes drift away somewhere.

"You know how I feel about you, don't you?"

"I suppose so—more or less," she said.

"It doesn't bother you?"

She slowly shook her head.

"No. It's a thing that happens as I see it, this caring for people. I imagine

it was rather a pleasant thing for everybody, or would have been if they hadn't started worrying over it and haggling over it and making a lot of rules. I hate rules. I always have. A little love now and then would do a lot for men like you. But the trouble is, Andrew, that the wives would never see it."

"Let's not bother about that," said Andrew, "suppose I threw over the rules?"

"Could you?"

He leaned over and took her hand and lifted it against his cheek. For days he could feel it there.

"I'm very tired of rules," said Andrew.

That is all there is to the story except for the letter that came to Andrew the day after that magic afternoon in the park and the troubled night that followed. It was sent directly to his house in a carelessly sealed envelope, and Cora looked at it with violent dislike. But she did not open it. She only gave it to him when he came in and pretended not to watch him as he read it.

"Dear Andrew," it read, "I have sold a couple of pieces unexpectedly and so I am going away at once. I think probably I should have gone anyway. For after all the best of this is over for us. What might follow would only cramp your style again—the new style which is kinder and more generous than the old. And as for me I never did have any style, so it doesn't matter."

"Who's that from?" asked Cora, who could not help that much at least.

Andrew's voice was rigid but not unkind.

"Zelda Shepard," he said, "she's going away to-day."

"This age," remarked Cora trying to be nonchalant above the ache and the relief, "is developing a lot of those foot-loose women."

But it seemed to Andrew, as he put the letter in his pocket, as if it were very precious, and left the house, that the age was possibly developing gallant women.



MEMORY AS THE BEHAVIORIST SEES IT

BY JOHN B. WATSON, A.M., PH.D., LL.D.

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MEMORY according to popular opinion is a most inaccessible psychological process—one of nature's most closely guarded secrets. It is a hidden faculty of the mind. How can the behaviorist give any objective account of memory, or even study it objectively?

Yet if the behaviorist cannot give an account of memory, behaviorism breaks down as a general system of psychology.

What are the facts about memory? All subjective psychologists, from Aristotle on, have wrestled with it, but their efforts have availed them little. Even William James, brilliant thinker that he was, defined memory in terms of consciousness, then defined consciousness in terms of memory (and other psychological processes such as sensations, perceptions, desires, etc.). If so great a thinker as James gives up the problem and argues in a circle, what strength then is there in the claim of the subjectivists that they can give a treatment of memory which is adequate?

The real trouble, according to the behaviorist, is that the problem has been wrongly stated. It has been stated in such a way that no experimental attack can be made upon it. The behaviorists now affirm that *there is no faculty or process of memory*—there is only *learning*, and *loss* in skill which comes from lack of practice. Is this denial of the existence of memory based upon observation or is it just a way of dismissing something that troubles and vexes the behaviorist?

To justify our claim that there is no problem of memory, let us go back and

study the child for a time, a favorite methodological procedure of the behaviorist. I have a boy before me one and a half years old. I give him a small kiddie car. At first he can do nothing with it, but he is muscularly well-formed and he soon begins to learn to handle it. In a month he is flying along everywhere, pushing his car up hill, mounting it, and then flying down hill. I then take his car away from him and let him go six weeks without riding it. Six weeks later I raise the question, "Does this child have any memory of how to ride his kiddie car?" Let us ask him. "Do you remember how to ride your kiddie car?" He says, "Ride kiddie car?" Ask him a similar question, "Do you remember how to drive an automobile?" He says, "Drive automobile?" You do not get much help here. In other words, you can never find out by questioning him whether he remembers how to ride or not. But haven't we under the influence of our old philosophical slants wrongly envisaged our problem? What we want to know is can he ride the kiddie car now after two months of no practice just as well as the day we took the car away from him? If not so well, then how well? The moment we phrase our problem in this way it becomes an objective one. I can answer it by experiment. I put him on the car and say, "Go!" If he dashes off the bystander says, "He does remember it, doesn't he? —Isn't memory a marvelous thing!" In everyday life we do not need to keep accurate records of learning or of the loss in efficiency through lack of practice.

But the behaviorists when they turn to their laboratory must do just this. They need not have asked any questions of the infant. They would have planned their experiment scientifically. Before taking the car away from the child, they would have obtained an accurate record of the number of seconds it took the child on its last ride to pedal the car one hundred feet on a level stretch of smooth cement pavement. They would have taken also a record of the number of errors (for example, deviation of the car from a straight line) on this last trip. After the car had been returned to the child the behaviorists would have timed the child's first trip over the same course and made a record of the errors. Instead of finding performance perfect, they find that the infant rode only 80% as speedily and 70% as accurately as he did on the last trip made before the car was taken from him.

If there is any mystery in all this, it is a mystery of our own making. As the behaviorist views the problem there are three things to consider: (1) A study of acquisition of skill in riding the kiddie car, (2) The disuse of the function with the attendant *loss in speed and accuracy of performance*, and (3) the process of *relearning*—that is, the length of time and the amount of effort it takes to regain the original accuracy of performance. Every stage here can be measured just as accurately as temperature or rainfall. Every step is an experimental one.

But surely this isn't the whole story. Let us take an older child. I taught my child of eight to ride an ordinary bicycle. At the end of two months he could ride up hill and down hill anywhere in the village. I take his bicycle away. At the end of two months I say to him, "James, do you remember how to ride your bicycle?" He says, "Of course I do, father. I can ride it just as well as the day you took it away from me." Now the layman and, alas, the introspective psychologist say, "I told you so. There is a process of memory. The eight-year-old child has developed it more

highly than the one-and-a-half-year-old. How are you behaviorists going to account for this?" But let us see. The behaviorist in his careful way had timed the eight-year-old's last quarter-of-a-mile ride before the bicycle was taken away and had made a record of the errors on that trip. At the end of two months he gives the lad his wheel again. He times his first quarter-mile trip and records the errors. Again he finds that there has been an appreciable loss in both speed and accuracy. The child's verbal report was thus no index of the loss through disuse.

What is the chief difference between the one-and-a-half-year-old and the eight-year-old—a difference in some memory faculty? Not at all. The eight-year-old when he learned how to ride the bicycle—that is, learned how to use his hands and legs and trunk—*learned also how to talk about it*—that is, he learned to ride both manually and verbally. At any age past the three-year-old stage we put on verbal habits almost universally when and as we put on our manual habits. But we put on very few verbal habits before the three-year-old period. This is the reason we never "remember" anything earlier than the third year of our life. We cannot verbalize our early habits—verbal conditioning has not proceeded far enough. For this reason we should look with some reserve upon the claims of psychoanalysts who assert that by analysis they can revive infant memories of events taking place too early for verbalization to have occurred. The only way we can test whether an infant, too young to verbalize, has any memory is to put him back in the old situation and see if he performs the old trick.

II

What the introspective psychologists usually mean by memory is that the verbal part of most of our habits is always on tap. Consider our sports. We all play golf; put on the necessary arm, leg, and hand adjustments to drive

the ball around the course. But as we are putting on this arm, leg, and hand adjustment we are putting on verbal adjustments as well. A stranger comes up and asks us on a snowy day in winter, "Can you play golf?" We immediately enter into an animated but one-sided conversation. We talk drives, brassies, and lies, niblick shots, putts, water hazards, bogie, and par. As a matter of fact, most of us play verbally in the winter time a much better game of golf than we can play with our clubs out on the links in summer time. The only way to check whether our actual game squares with our conversation is to take us to the links. Socially, it is not polite to do this. In real life we all accept the unwinding of the verbal habit at its face (manual) value. But where there is no verbal habit established there is no way of testing "memory" without putting even the adult in the old situation where the habit was formed. Suppose I teach a deaf-mute who can neither read nor write to play golf well. Suppose you ask him whether he can play golf. The deaf-mute, of course, cannot tell you about his game. He has no verbal habits. The only way he can demonstrate that he can play golf is to go to the links, take his club, and begin to play.

One may argue that such cases are not typical. Let us look for a moment at an everyday occurrence. In crossing Fifth Avenue one day you suddenly meet a man. Without hesitation you hasten toward him and say, "Hello, Bill, I haven't seen you for twenty-four years—not since we used to play football at the University of Chicago. Do you remember the Thanksgiving game we won from Michigan on a touchback?"

Isn't this a marvelous feat of memory—something different from the case we have just examined? The answer is, not at all. Years ago you learned about Bill Jones just as you learned about everything else. You established habits of reacting to him and habits of speech with him. You put on these verbal habits with and about him at the same

time you put on your football habits. At the end of twenty-four years your football career is over—but your verbal organization about football still remains—not perfect, but intact enough to come to the surface the moment Bill's face appears. The chances are good that your verbal organization for this period of your life has been impaired, too, more than you may be inclined to admit, for on the very next corner you may meet George, who also belongs to your football days. You may even rush up to him and start to shake hands. You may then begin to stammer, and hem and haw. His name won't come. You fall back upon the old alibi, "Your face is familiar—I never forget a face—but I can't quite get back your name." As long as you were in the University with him daily your verbal reactions to him were perfect. After twenty-four years of disuse, the speed and accuracy of your verbal responses have decreased. The fact that the sight of Bill called out his name from you and that George's face did not call out his name would lead the Freudians to say that there were certain elements in your old association with George which brought about "suppression." We will not argue now how much there is of truth in this view. The behaviorists do wish to go on record, however, that their experiments prove that the mere *disuse of a function*—any function—will normally bring about a loss in the speed and accuracy of that function. Their experiments in comparative psychology convince them that even animals (as low in the scale as the rat) show that disuse of a function brings the same kind of loss in speed and accuracy of performance in their reactions as it does in that of man—and there can be no real question of suppression in the animal world.

The so-called memory loss (I speak here of normal cases) comes apparently from the gradual breaking up of certain motor systems (integrations) which were built up during the *learning process*. Even the pyramids disintegrate with

time. Try to think of a tennis player who gradually through practice has built up marvelous skill in tennis playing. He does nothing but play tennis. His whole body gets organized for it. Think of the intricacy of the muscular systems of his right arm developed just for this form of action. Now suppose at twenty-eight years of age he has to earn his living by plying the trade of a blacksmith. The pounding of the iron on the anvil with the heavy sledge hammer calls for the use of other combinations, to be sure, of those same muscles used in playing tennis. Blacksmithing thickens the muscles and sets and stiffens them. It hardens the tendons. They lose their flexibility and suppleness. Age helps in the hardening process. Is it any wonder that two years of blacksmithing totally unfit him for playing the delicate game of tennis? His whole body organization has become different.

Often champions in skillful acts seem to go to pieces quickly in spite of practice. This is especially true in this country where champions are pampered and petted. Usually, late hours, dissipation, over-eating are the factors which even practice cannot successfully combat. Several of the British golf players have almost defied the stiffening hand of time.

Nor is the situation where the original learning was almost wholly verbal any different. The silver-tongued university professor whose range of information was almost limitless can easily lose his organization through disuse. Suppose, for example, that, due to one exigency or another, the lecturer has to become a traveling salesman or an insurance man for three years. He tries to lecture on his subject once more. He lectures with effort. He is a failure. Either he must read more of the work of others and continue with fresh experiments of his own, or give up lecturing in the field in which he was once an authority. The (neuro) muscular systems of our body are limited; unless we can keep them exercised in our specialties they must

break down and the individual muscles be gathered into new systems.

Of course, this process of disintegration of muscular systems is a godsend too. It saves us from carrying around for long a host of useless verbal and motor organizations. If we had to remain organized to do everything we ever learned from infancy to adulthood, each one's life would be a burden both to himself and to his friends. But at four years of age we put away many of our three-year-old habits; at eight, many of the habits which we put on at seven. Unfortunately, we all carry along too many of these infantile and childish organizations until the adult stage is reached. This is especially true of our infantile emotional organization. We weep when our feelings are hurt just the way we wept when our mothers scolded us. We sulk or weep when someone fails to greet us cordially and say "nice fellow," just as we sulked or wept when our fathers failed to say "nice boy" when we performed for him. The mass of organization we are allowed to carry over from our home life is one of the most tragic things in our makeup.

This is the behaviorists' view of memory.

III

But those who were trained under the old system where memory was made a kind of god from the machine may find this view very incomplete. You may think of it as having to do only with so-called motor memories and verbal memories. You miss the talk here of "visual memories," "auditory memories," and the like, so prominently discussed in psychology and educational circles years ago before behaviorism came on the scene to disturb the fundamentalists. You question the behaviorist, "Is not my 'mind' often flooded with 'mental pictures' (visual images) of scenes from my past life? Can I not close my eyes and picture to myself almost with photographic accuracy persons, places, things that I have met with in my past? And

cannot I go into a quiet room and have my mind filled again with the melody that I heard at the concert last night (auditory images)?"

This certainly was the older view of psychologists—it is believed in by hundreds of psychological professors in our universities to-day. For them there is not only perception of things when objects are present to the senses but also a world of mental images of these same things which come into the mind when the objects are no longer there to stimulate our sense organs. We get these images, according to them, when one brain system excites another brain system (*centrally* excited "sensations" or "images"). In other words, they believe that when the sense organ and brain are active together we have the perception of things, but when the sense organs are out of commission (no object present to excite them) then the brain itself can become independently active. Then we have in consciousness only *memory images* which may be auditory, visual, or kinæsthetic in type. All this is orthodoxy.

But the behaviorist, having made a clean sweep of all the rubbish called consciousness, comes back at you: "Prove to me," he says, "that you have auditory images, visual images, or any other kinds of disembodied processes. So far I have only your unverified and unsupported word that you have them." Science must have objective evidence to base its theories upon. The behaviorist, on the contrary, founds his systems upon the belief supported at every point by the known facts of physiology that *the brain is stimulated always and only from the outside by a sense organ process*. The nervous system works only in arcs—first the sense organ is stimulated by an object from the *outside* or through the *movement* of our muscles and glands on the *inside*. The impulse travels to the brain and from the brain to the muscles or glands. Always when there is activity on the part of the organism one or several of these complete arcs are func-

tioning. In other words, there is always an object stimulating us—if not a chair or table, then some organic or muscular process such as the muscular process in the throat that we use in whispering to ourselves (thought).

What then becomes of images? Why, they remain unproven—mythological, the figment of the psychologist's terminology. If our everyday vocabulary and the whole of literature had not become so enmeshed in this terminology we would hear nothing of imagery. What have we in their place? What does a person mean when he closes his eyes or ears (figuratively speaking) and says, "I see the house where I was born, the trundle bed in my mother's room where I used to sleep—I can even see my mother as she comes to tuck me in and I can even hear her voice as she softly says good-night"? Touching, of course, but sheer bunk. We are merely dramatizing. The behaviorist finds no proof of imagery at all in this. *We have put all these things in words long, long ago* and we constantly rehearse those scenes verbally whenever the occasion arises. An educated deaf-mute can tell just as dramatic a story. Miss Helen Keller, when she writes, pictures the colors of the autumn sunset just as beautifully as if she had viewed sunsets every day of her life. She can describe, when she writes, the beauties of the autumn woods far more dramatically than I can. The whole point is that when we are in the presence of landscapes we verbalize—when we are at concerts we verbalize. The next day we may start out and say to ourselves or someone else, "Didn't Kreisler play that passage from the Bach Chaconne marvelously!" And first thing you know we are actually humming it either aloud or at least muscularly phrasing it subvocally. We do not need visual images—we do not need auditory images, we do not need any kind of images to account for any part of our so-called inward "mental" life. Verbalization which can go on aloud, at a whispered level or at a still lower level (that of thought), takes

the place of all so-called memory images. What we mean by being conscious of events which happened in our past is that we can carry on a conversation about them either to ourselves (thought) or with some one else (talk).

We are back again where we started—all "memories" are at bottom motor memories and obey the laws of learning, disuse, and relearning.

IV

Some very interesting facts and speculations come out of the view that much of our organized behavior built up in our past is never verbalized. It has considerable bearing upon Freudian doctrines. (1) As we have seen, all of the early habits of infants three years of age and under remain un verbalized. Infants learn to do thousands of things with hands, fingers, arms, legs, and trunk, but there is no verbal parallel to all this activity. They cannot talk about these activities or even *think* about them. (2) There is another equally enormous field of habit never verbalized either in the child or the adult. All of our recent work shows that many of our glands form habits—become conditioned. Even at a very early age our unstriped smooth muscle tissue—our viscera—form habits, become conditioned. And let us include under the term viscera such structures as lungs, heart, stomach, circulatory system, elimination system, and glands. Let us call the habits set up in these structures emotional habits for lack of a better term. We cannot go farther into visceral habits now, but it may be safely asserted that we can condition habits of fear, rage, and love in young children just as we set up in them habits of block-building and sewing. Now these emotional habits are formed very early indeed, often long before the three-year-old period is reached. *Such habits are never verbalized.* What child before three has verbalized his ("incestuous") attachment for his mother, or the negative reactions he displays towards his father.

By the time we are three we are shot through and permeated with fears, attachments, sensitiveness, shyness, overboldness, display, and thousands of other such organizations—but not one bit of verbal organization goes along with it. There is no way to tap it in any individual apart from putting him in the actual situation where the reactions were learned. (3) Again, even as adults our viscera are constantly putting on new habits—our avoidances, repugnancies, our attachments to people, places, things—these are not verbalized. There are almost no words in the dictionary relating to our visceral happenings. *Hence we cannot talk about these things.*

All of this gives a reasonable common-sense explanation of what the Freudians have called the *unconscious*. They would have us believe that we have a submerged "mind" that is teeming with "unconscious wishes"—mostly about sexual things since society frowns upon them. These tabooed wishes are "repressed"—held back by "censorship." They reveal themselves fleetingly in dreams. Occasionally, according to the analyst, the individual becomes dominated by the reaction tendencies of those "wishes" to such an extent that he becomes psychopathic. If the wishes can be brought to full light and faced, the psychopathic symptoms (sometimes) disappear. From the standpoint of science, what rot all this is! It is a substitution of demonology for science. It is a theory based upon the most archaic of religions. I say this in the face of some wonderful and valuable work now being done by a limited group of analysts. How simple and reasonable it is to think of all this material buried in the Freudians' "unconscious memories" as habits—put on in infancy or in the adult life and *never verbalized*. Let me illustrate this point specifically and from the laboratory. The dyed in the wool Freudian must find the explanation of all psychopathological phenomena, *fear*, for example, in terms of some sex situation. Here is a case in point. An adult shows

a marked phobia—fear of hairy objects. The individual undergoes analysis. He finally says he recalls under analysis that as an infant he once followed his mother to her bath and that on one such occasion he reached out and touched the hair on her body. The mother indignantly, severely punished him. Here was “painful repression into the unconscious.” The subject forgot the painful situation, but still showed fear at hairy objects. Here is the behaviorists’ point of view. They have pointed out repeatedly to the Freudians that fear reactions are as fundamental as sex—that both sex responses and fear responses can be elicited at birth. Neither is dependent upon the other although both sets of responses may naturally get connected later on in life. The behaviorist then shows by experiment that no well-brought-up infant is at first afraid of a hairy object, but that he can be conditioned to react negatively to them almost from birth on. If you show the nine-month-old infant a piece of fur, he handles it and plays with it. Next, strike a steel bar (which will bring out the fear response at birth) behind him two or three times just as you show him the fur—he becomes conditioned at once. And the conditioning lasts. He cries when he sees the fur and crawls away from it. But ask him about it—why he is afraid of it—two or three years

later. He can’t tell you. *Fear was built in before he could verbalize about it.* He developed no verbal memory of it—he can’t talk about it but he reacts negatively to it just the same. If certain analysts get hold of him at twenty I haven’t a doubt but that they could create conviction in him that his fear was the result of some infantile sex “wish” connected with his mother.

The behaviorists’ view causes the whole complex terminology of the Freudians to tumble down like a house of cards. Such terms as the unconscious, censorship, repression, unconscious memories, unconscious wishes can be returned to the cave from which they were taken. But this does not destroy the usefulness of analysis. It should give the analysts some concern, however—possibly make them question whether they have faced that reality with which they so often confront their patients. The reënvigoration of psychoanalytic problems, methods, and terminology in terms of behaviorism will, in my opinion, be the only way to rescue a valuable branch of medical technic from the hands of a rapidly enlarging group of charlatans. The analyst of the future will be first of all a scientist, secondly a physician, and thirdly a widely trained student of human nature—not one trained merely in terms of the malady for which he himself sought analysis.



The Lion's Mouth



THE WINDMILL ADDRESSES DON QUIXOTE

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

MY honored sir, before you pick yourself
Up from the ground to mount that
curious horse,
Let us speak calmly. There was no ill-
feeling

On my part in this whole affair:

I but pursued my course.

Your fault is always to see personalities
In everything, even a cosmic force.

And could you not have looked behind ap-
pearances

And seen that brandished arms might lead
to bread?

This obstinate rushing at surface characteris-
tics

Does credit to your heart:

Not to your head.

Notice how, properly taken, my fan moves
as lightly

As any lady's fan of which you've read.



WOMEN AS NEWS

BY ROSE MACAULAY

EARNEST students of the con-
temporary press and of con-
temporary literature will not fail
to have noticed that there is one topic
which curiously, and above other topics,

obtrudes itself into both. I allude, need I say, to the great topic of woman, of femininity, of the female human creature upon this earth. I have often thought that the historian of the future, rummaging among the chronicles of our time for light on the life led in England in the early twentieth century, will receive the impression that there was at that period a strange new kind of animal going about called Woman, receiving great attention from writers and investigators. Turning over the files of the daily press, he will find this creature mentioned, not as an ordinary part of humankind, in the way in which men are mentioned, but as some queer separate species. "Many women were among the crowds that lined Oxford Street to watch the procession." "Several well-dressed women were observed in the queue which waited outside the police court to see the trial of Mr. Smith." And how often will the historian come on such headlines as "Bus accident. Women passengers involved," while very possibly there had been more men passengers involved. How seldom will he see "Several men were observed in the crowd," or "Men passengers involved." And if some public speaker, in the course of a speech about something else, should chance to refer to these beings, it is likely that in much of the press this reference will be the only item selected for report—as in the case of one of the speakers at the last meeting of the British Association, who, talking about the relation of weight to force, mentioned in passing that women were not so strong as men—a remark that might, one would think, be allowed to pass without comment as a truism. But was it? By no means. The press

next day burgeoned with headings: "Women less strong than men," etc. And I read not long since of some judge (judges are notoriously foolish in many ways) who remarked, in sentencing a drunken woman motorist, that he must treat her in the same way as if she had been a man, implying that she was a separate species, to whom some other mode of treatment might be appropriate, instead of merely a human being breaking a human law.

As to much of the press, it cannot succeed in keeping women, as a topic, out of its columns for a week together. As a topic, woman is a hardy annual—or rather a hardy monthly, weekly, daily. Should women shingle? (Does the press ever inquire how men should do their hair?) Women's clothes—are they too few, too scanty, too short, too long? (Who thus publicly discusses the garments of men?) Mateless maidens, surplus women, the modern girl, have women a sense of humor, can they think? As to surplus women, it is possible, even probable, that there are also many surplus men, but newspapers do not point it out in the rather rude manner they use where women are concerned. Woman is a topic; it is even interesting, therefore, though unfortunate, that there should be too many examples of her. And how often is one rung up or written to by some newspaper that wants one's opinion on some remark which someone has made on the female sex—does one agree that women are incapable of understanding art, that they have no sense of humor, that clever women should not marry, and what not. I have even received telegrams about it, with prepaid replies.

And as to the books written to illuminate this sex, their name is legion. Novels, of course, are about both sexes. But there never lack critics who will say of a novel, "Here at last is the truth about woman." (Perhaps I should apologize for quoting that particular phrase, for I heard that its perpetrator was indignant at seeing it quoted in

print as an advertisement of the book in question, as he had only used it in a private letter of thanks for the book to the author, and on these difficult occasions we must, as we all know, say something foolish.) But any number of novels about men may be written, and no one says, "Here at last is the truth about man." (Or do they perhaps say it in letters of thanks to the authors?) Why do people make these remarks about one sex and not about the other? It is no use asking them; they cannot tell you.

Besides novels, large semi-scientific volumes pour from the press, mainly by masculine authors, called *Woman: What Is She?*, *The Story of Woman*, *Woman, a Vindication*, *Our Women*, *An Inquiry into Woman*, *Pandora's Hope*, *A Study of Women*, and so on and so forth. This last-named work is by Mr. Austin Harrison, and should be a great standby to our future historian. He has read a hundred and six learned books, which he lists at the end, in order to arrive at his conclusions. Here are some of his dicta. Woman has no sense of humor and no imagination. Woman lacks wit. Woman's notorious inability to laugh at herself. Woman is near the earth, while man seeks the stars. Woman is untruthful, because, though boys are taught that it is wrong to lie, girls are not. Woman cannot have a mentality. She is wholly absorbed in sex life, and knows no other. She jumps on a chair at the word mouse. A man thinks a thing out, a woman jumps it. Woman has for interests only her sex (Mr. Harrison probably means the other sex) and her church. Woman has been educated as an inferior, on a definite code which has studiously refrained from cultivating the male virtues of truth, honor, and loyalty. Her whole philosophy is sex. Men must work, women must weep—on this idea she is reared from the cradle. (For my part I never met the nurse or mother who endeavored to imbue her female infants with this troublesome idea, but

presumably Mr. Harrison has.) From infancy she is trained to think sexually. She is trained as an inferior and non-intellectual being. She has a specific sex education. Philosophy, science, logic, history, have not been taught her. She has been instructed that only one truth exists—religion. She has never been taught the meaning of reason.

Well, I do not know if Mr. Harrison has any daughters, or to what school he sent them, but it must have been a very odd one. Neither at my school nor at any other of which I have heard was sex (whatever that may mean as a subject) substituted in the curriculum for history and science. And as to the "male" virtues of truth, honor, and loyalty, nowhere, I should say, are they more inculcated and admired, or, on the whole, more practiced, than at a girls' school.

Anyhow, here you have this creature, woman, fully described, and very unpleasant she would be to meet. One can imagine the future historian's comments. "Man," he will say, "seems at this time to have been pursuing a normal path of moderate progress, and to have been not wholly uncivilized, but woman appears to have been exceedingly low in the scale, though at the same time of absorbing interest to her commentators."

Setting aside the curious imaginings of Mr. Austin Harrison, Mr. Anthony Ludovici, and others, the generalizations made about women as a sex are in general very odd. Women, one reads, are fickle. Women are faithful. Women are hard, tender, spiteful, cruel, kind. Women dislike other women for their beauty. Women are incapable of friendship. (These two last discoveries could only have been made by a man who has never observed women in community at all.) Women have somehow more frustrated nature's object for them if they do not marry and have children than men who make the same omission, which seems a curious statement about what is, after all, a wholly co-operative business. Love is woman's whole ex-

istence. Women are selfish. Women are unselfish. Women cannot keep secrets. Women like the mastery of a strong man. Women have intuition, men reason.

Of course, the root fallacy behind all these remarks is the fallacy that all women are exactly like one another, so that you can say, "Women are like this. Women do that." Instead of seeing many million individuals, each with her separate outfit of personality, tastes, habits, mind, and soul, these generalizers appear to see one conglomerate being called Woman. Hear them before elections. "How will the women vote?" they ask. "What will the woman's vote be?" They do not ask what the man's vote will be, but only which way most men will vote. When woman's suffrage was introduced into the British constitution, a peer opposed to the bill remarked in the place where he belonged that he dreaded the prospect of some million new voters all voting on the wrong side—presumably of every question. The implication is that women are, for some reason, more likely all to vote the same way than men are. After the first British election at which women voted, people talked of having now discovered how women voted, as if women were many minds with but a single thought, and that thought Tory Coalition. Temperament, according to these thinkers, counts for little, so do heredity, environment, and economic position. The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins. Well, of course there is no reason why a colonel's wife and a sergeant's should not have very similar dispositions; it is no less and no more likely than that the colonel and the sergeant should. But, supposing the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady both to have brothers, they are more likely to resemble these in character and outlook than each other, for blood is a stronger link than sex.

Of course, there are some rough generalizations which one may make about the two sexes; personally I should

make a good many, though I should always qualify them by saying, not "women and men," but "on the whole, most women," and "on the whole, most men." And, when one has made one's generalizations, all sorts of exceptions crowd into one's mind to disprove them, and one discovers that one cannot generalize at all. And yet people will do it, will go on playing this old, old game.

Is it not more than time that this balance was redressed, and that more attention was paid to man who is, we are told, the proper study of mankind? He is, after all, as worthy of study as woman. Let us begin writing books and articles on man, his temper and habits. Let us call him the mysterious sex and try to pierce with our investigations the mystery which surrounds him. Let him figure in newspaper headlines whenever he performs simple human actions. Give man his turn, I say. And, in the name of sanity, give woman a rest. Further, if we must write about her, let us write about actual women as we meet them, and abandon that strange, imagined creature, Woman with a large W. She is a detestable creature, and I am always afraid that, if she is sufficiently talked about, she may one day come to life, like Frankenstein's monster, and that we may meet her about—which would be a very saddening encounter.



FORECAST OF SUMMER FASHIONS

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

PERSUANT to our policy of providing for our readers not only the most reckless sort of pleasure but up-to-the-minute information on the more cosmic problems of the day, we offer them herewith what we venture to call a guide to chic in summer fashions.

The preparation of this compendium of the mode, or *la mode* as they say at Biarritz, has been an arduous task, necessitating the painful study of innumerable fashion magazines and women's pages in the newspapers; but we have undertaken it willingly, with no thought but to dispense the sort of facts that readers of fashion articles appear to demand, and to couch them in the approved language of the *grands couturiers*, or, to translate for a moment, the big dressmakers. Are you ready? We're off:

Comes summer! July, fairest of all the daughters of the year, waits a-tiptoe round the corner, and the smart matrons and demure misses of the world of chic hie themselves merrily away to Deauville, Newport, Bar Harbor, Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, and other playtime haunts of *le haut monde*, with who knows what girl-dreams flitting through their pretty heads and what dazzling arrays of finery streaming from their wardrobes. Quoth the poet, "What is so rare as a day in June?" and certainly none but the captious would quarrel with the *bon mot* vouchsafed in reply by a waggish one whom we overheard the other day on the pier at Southampton, "A July day, forsooth." The veriest skylark, trolling blithe nothings to his sweetheart of the cloudlands, knows that never was such a time for *amour*, and old Sol himself looks down with a roguish eye on those who loll along the exclusive beaches where gather the initiated. (And what, you ask, has all this to do with fashions? Nothing that we can see, but that's the way fashion articles begin, and we refuse to be outdone.)

The Mode for the Foreign Tour

London, Venice, Valladolid, Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Eau-de-Cologne! What names are these to conjure with! Does milady, now that summer is nigh, perchance contemplate the grand tour? If so, she should look well to her costumes, for nothing is more essential than to

possess the right garment (or even garments) for the right place. Glorious are the wonders of the Forum Romanum, and "dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty," as the poet hath it, but what can add so much to the happiness of that romantic hour as the serene sense that one's hat is impeccable? We saw La Duchesse de Turpitude the other day in a turban by Danburye that was perfectly adapted to the Forum, or perhaps the Catacombs, or possibly even the Oubliette of storied Chillon. (Yes, on second thought the Oubliette is just the place for that woman.) Many hats like hers may be found in the more fastidious shops.

Or would milady venture the always popular railway journey up the Jungfrau? Then indeed she must choose with care. From her wardrobe she should be equipped to ask her maid to select, not her golf shoes or her tennis shoes or her country shoes or her beach shoes or even any of her innumerable street shoes, but her smartest hiking shoes; for this is mountaineering, *mesdames*, and should she step aboard the train incorrectly shod, and know as she faces the battery of lorgnettes that she has committed a *faux-pas*, we for one would care little to be "in her shoes," as la Comtesse de Rigueur wittily remarked to us on such an occasion not long since. A very modish hiking shoe perfectly adapted to mountaineering by rail may be found in the shops (and just wait till you see the price).

The shops, in fact, as you may have guessed, have everything which milady may desire for her tour—*robes de chambre*, *costumes de sport*, *robes de style*, *robes de nuit*, and others for which we can't think of the French names at the moment. There is, for instance, an enticing *costume de sport* which is just the thing for the rollicking, carefree trip to the French battlefields. There is even a *robe de bain* with horizontal stripes in orange and black for the Venetian holiday, should milady be in the

mood for a plunge from her palazzo into the historic Grand Canal—and between ourselves, we hope she sinks.

The Mode for the Railway Journey

There are, mayhap, those who aver that the selection of the correct equipment for travel is a matter of slight import. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Listen to Miss Valerie de Pesthouse, a member of New York's brilliant younger set, who is always running over to Paris with her mother, the ever-fascinating Mrs. Vincent de Pesthouse, who will be recalled as the daughter of the distinguished Casper le Snotty, well-known drunkard and dead-beat of Palm Beach and New York. On every trip Valerie returns with trunkloads of new frocks (yes, girls, trunkloads). Said she the other day, discussing the hectic travel that is the lot of the modern debutante who is forced to flit from Newport to the Adirondacks, from Tuxedo to the Riviera, and from Park Avenue to Park Lane, and must needs endure *en route* the wearing discomforts of the railway drawing-room compartment, "It is all, I find, a matter of being properly prepared. The shops contain plenty of aids to travel for those who have the means and the taste to take advantage of them. There are quilted comforters and silk pillows to take the place of the distressing bed-covers supplied by the railroad, and black moiré cases to pack them in which can conveniently be carried by one's maid. There are taffeta cushions and silk couch-covers, monogrammed silk cases containing silk traveling-pajamas edged with lace, and charming filigreed bags in which one's copy of the latest fashion magazine may be slipped if one expects to beguile the time in anything so arduous as reading; and all these are cleverly designed so that they may be slipped into other bags to be carried by one's maid. One's fleece-lined traveling slippers with diamond buckles may be tucked daintily away in one of the bags that contain

one's sport clothes, street frocks, evening gowns, and the innumerable shoes and other effects which are an essential part of the equipment for the week-end trip. Sometimes," concluded Valerie with a gay laugh, "my maid is quite laden down. (The other day she fainted on the railway platform, and had to be escorted home by four attendants—one to look out for her and three to follow with the baggage.) But what a comfort to know that every detail is in the most flawless taste!"

Chic for the Tricycle

Now that summer is nigh, madame faces the critical problem of smart togs for the young idea; and if she be really wise, she will realize that in this as in other matters of modishness one cannot begin too early, for as the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined, as the poet saith. Among the season's Parisian models is a very effective romper by Gollye with Louis Seize ruffles, which will do equally well for the kiddy-car or for an impromptu but exclusive mud-pie party, and is sure to arouse envy, hatred, and malice among the less fortunate. We saw tiny Eva le Rocque in one of these creations at Bailey's Beach not long since, surrounded by three French maids (or *bonnes*, as the delightful Gallicism would have it), with a magnificent chauffeur in livery dancing attendance in the background, and we must say she looked entrancing. She was throwing sand in the face of one of the *bonnes* as we glimpsed her, and one could hardly help admiring the stylishness of a romper that retained its chic even under such trying conditions. Exquisite silken

underthings similar to those selected by Mrs. Le Rocque for Eva may be found in the shops, along with modish hats designed to protect youthful skins from the hideous menace of freckles; and we make no secret of the fact that the child who starts her career with these advantages will grow up just about as you would expect under the circumstances.

Chic, Chic, Chic!

And now magical summer is at milady's very elbow, and opportunity waits (in the shops, of course, and especially in the more expensive ones with large advertising budgets) for her who dreams of luxuries such as only a fairy godmother would bestow upon her favorite princess. Already the mode crystallizes. A thousand and one designs there are to tempt the knowing one, but discretion was never so essential to those who would obey wisely the decree of *la belle dame* fashion. Discretion, yes, and money too—that's important; in fact, to drop the lingo and say what we really mean, the most important thing of all to us who write this drivel is that a lot of suckers go right out and spend Herbert's hard-earned dollars trying to make themselves look as if they had more cash and even fewer ideas of their own than the next climber. If they will only pattern themselves on the attenuated morons in our fashion-cuts, and spend, spend, spend on the stuff to which we attract their aspiring attention, we shall be satisfied, and people may think they're richer and more socially desirable than they are . . . and after all, what could be more (you've guessed it) chic than that?



Editor's Easy Chair



REVOLT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

YOUNG Publius says the times are full of revolt. He says that people who do not see it should have their eyes tested; that people who do not feel it should see if their knee action is all right; for he considers that it is something one cannot afford not to see, not to feel, not to consider as to its causes, the power of it, and its destination. All along the line he sees the same kind of commotion, a revolt against the same general enemy with all sorts of differences in particulars. As he sees it, it is a revolt against usurpation of authority, against old rules that have lost their reasonableness, against new rules that never had reasonableness, against exaction of fidelity to creeds or customs in details in which they have ceased to express to modern minds what once they did express. It is a revolt against outworn forms and against the ambitions of new regulators; in a way a revolt against authority, but not all authority; rather against tyranny; against authority that has not due warrant—authority that does not keep order but instigates disorder. The real strength of the current revolt against Prohibition lies back, so Publius says, of all questions about the good or bad of alcohol. The strength of it is in the deep sentiment of people who are not unduly concerned about what they shall drink or not drink, but who are more afraid of excessive regulation than they are of rum. They see that some abridgment of the right to go one's own way is necessary, is reasonable.

They do not object to that. They object to what is not necessary, what is unreasonable, what is impertinent, what is fanatic; and they object for a reason no less deep than that resistance in such a case is the price of liberty, and that liberty, misuse the word as you will, is necessary to human progress. Young Publius assures us that all the old slogans are coming out in these days from their places of deposit and re-establishing themselves in the voices of men; that one hears again: Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow; that it is remarkably a revolt against compulsion, running up and down through society, crossing the seas, skipping all barriers, compassing the world.

So big as that! Well, what is it? What does it make for? For war? For revolution? For world peace?

Provided that the revolt is real and not merely imagined, it might make for all three—for war, for revolution, for world peace, each in its turn. But we have had plenty of war and much prefer not to expect any more; and confidence in war and revolution as precursors to world peace has been seriously impaired by the record of the last six years. At least we like to think that, if war and revolution are necessary steps to world peace, they are steps which have been taken, and that we have not got to go through them all again. Let us think then of revolt, as above reported, as a finishing process and not as part of an

original smash that is necessary before the properties of civilization can be re-assembled. They are being re-assembled now. One can pretty well see that, even though he sees revolt a-plenty at the same time.

Is the world safe as it stands? Not by a jugful, and that one may say without any thought of Prohibition. Does it look to be safe as it is? Do we think it can go on as it is? It does not look safe, and most of us think it can hardly go on as it is, but we think it is bound to improve and is improving now; but it improves or at least changes with such curious differences. Some of the nations run off towards concentrated authority, Italy and Spain especially, and one may say Russia as well, but in England and here the propensity is the other way.

The disturbance considerably concerns religion. Why is the Mexican government turning out foreign-born priests? Is it because it favors authority, or opposes it? Doubtless it favors authority for itself but not for a rival. A number of governments now look askance at priests and ministers of religion. The Soviets do. So do many observers in these States look askance at the embattled clergy of the Methodists.

Is it part of the revolt in the world to scrutinize the clergy and speculate as to whether or not they are useful? It is proper enough to scrutinize them, to observe, to measure, and reflect about them. It is done a great deal just now in this country, not with fear, not with anger, but merely in a spirit of inquiry. The churches are doing very well so far as their incomes and their memberships go. They never raised more money or had any better increase of membership than last year, but it is true enough that they are being carefully inspected.

A clergyman, Doctor Empringham, the Secretary of a Church Temperance Society, told a group of New Jersey Republicans the other day that the churches had forsaken the fundamental principle of Christianity in forcing sumptuary laws on the American people and were no

longer entitled to exemption from taxation. He said they were relieved of taxation because it was thought that they helped to keep order, and so to save money for police. Nowadays, Doctor Empringham said, they are promoting disorder, and putting the courts and the police to expense. That is a novel idea and is worth considering, and likely to be considered by many people who want the Church to be worth its keep and if it isn't, want to know it.

CONSIDER, for example, divorce. The Churches have had charge of divorce for about fourteen hundred years. Have they done well by it? We learn of the opinion of a person very interested in the Church, very well affected to it, who has read deeply the authorities on marriage, that the Christian Church has made an amazingly bad job of regulating marriage, but that marriage has got along because it was in itself a good institution and agreeable to human nature, and not because the Church did much to help it. There won't be a revolt against marriage, because it is a highly acceptable thing; but what will be done about divorce as the present process of improving the world goes on, and whether the Church will do it, is quite a different question. The Church idea is and always has been to make a rule about it. That is all very well for government. Government makes rules with more or less success—just now considerably less. But is that a proper process for a Church to follow? Is it useful, necessary, inevitable that the Church—which means all the churches—shall regulate conduct by rules? The great asset of the Church is the mind of Christ, and it is the Protestant habit when pressed by doubts about the efficacy of Church rulings to go back, as well as one may, to that mind, and try to trace its attitude to the problem at issue. The Protestant mind nowadays is not particularly in awe of the ecclesiastical authority, not thrilled to have Christ come down to it filtered through fifteen

centuries of saints and church politicians. The Protestant mind had rather dip, if it can, out of the original spring. So it says—did Christ make any rule about divorce? Did He make any rule about anything? Was He a law giver? Did He prescribe ordinances about conduct, or did He rather aim to stir in the souls of men a spirit that would take care of conduct, rules or no rules, laws or no laws? This last is what He seems to have done, but it does not solve the question entirely even though it is very generally recognized. One can perhaps deduce as much as this—that it is much more the province of political government than of the Church to make rules for the regulation of deportment, and that the true office of the Church is to diffuse in the world such a spirit that the rules made by government shall be just and enforceable.

Law is not the Church's job; not nowadays. Those ministers who are so urgent just now for a federal divorce law, the same for all the states, are they right about it? No! They are not right about it. The existing variety of divorce laws gives individual preferences a chance to operate, and sometimes with benefit. The clergy seem inclined to want perfect laws, and plenty of them. They won't get them; they don't come; but in this country it is possible to have a variety of imperfection which gives liberty of choice. That offends the legalists and they see immense benefits from amendments of the Constitution which will override legislation of the states. Well, are the benefits forthcoming? Has the Prohibition Amendment produced them in the expected measure? Perhaps our descendants will look back to that Amendment and find that its greatest value lay in its usefulness as a course of instruction in law-making. Until the Prohibition Amendment has been digested, or perhaps thrown up, there will not be a national divorce law.

Prohibition has made whiskey-drinking fashionable. It is possible that

the struggle to employ compulsion against divorce has helped to make divorce fashionable. Prohibition has made a good many people feel that their reasonable rights were being assailed and impaired. Strict divorce laws have a good deal the same effect. All that belongs to psychology. A lady who had been divorced very conspicuously with the aid of all the newspapers in the country, who had stayed divorced for seven years, rejoined her husband the other day and gave out to the newspapers in due time her opinion based on experience that divorce was a futility and there was a mystical something about marriage, when it really was marriage, that divorce could not break. That was an interesting opinion and coincides with what most people think on that subject, to wit:—that divorce is a wretched business at best, an announcement of failure, but that sometimes it is better than the continuance by compulsion of a marriage that is a failure. If force is falling down as a means of regulating human conduct, rum may be more accessible in this country than it is at present and divorce may be freer; but it does not follow that there will be more divorces or a greater consumption of rum, since elimination of the issue of human rights from both cases would tend to leave them to be decided on their merits, and when that comes about neither rum nor divorce should have anything more than a precarious market.

THROUGH all the current unrest seems to run this idea that many things now regulated by laws and rules would take better care of themselves if let alone. That is not, to be sure, a new idea. A poet who had understanding of spiritual things was conscious of it when he wrote:

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

Wordsworth's times were not so very

different from ours. They included great wars just as ours do; great changes in society; questionings of everything. Wordsworth approved of love and joy as guides to life, but he did not trust them implicitly. Clinging to both, the rock he found necessary as the basis of conduct was Duty.

In the *Hibbert Journal* for April there is a story, appropriate to these times, of the efforts of a philosopher to reform a state. The story has been extracted by Mr. Post, of Haverford College, from the Letters of Plato, for Plato was the reformatory philosopher. He had ideas about the Ideal State, and expected in his youth to go into politics to try to realize them. But two revolutions happened in Athens and upset things so, and made them so much worse than they were before, that Plato saw no chance there for his political ideas to gain headway. So he turned back to philosophy and stayed on the pursuit of it until in due course of time, acquiring great reputation, he was invited to come to Syracuse and give instruction to Dionysius, the young despot of Sicily and Italy, who seemed in need of expert advice. So along went Plato to Syracuse and as to what he found there his words are:

"I found myself utterly at odds with the sort of life that is there termed a happy one, a life taken up with Italian and Syracusan banquets, an existence that consists in filling oneself up twice a day, never sleeping alone at night, and indulging in all the practices attendant on that way of living. In such an environment no man under heaven, brought up in self-indulgence, could ever grow to be wise. So marvellous a temperament as that is not in nature."

Dionysius liked the life so described. Plato lectured to him until the despot got tired and shipped him off to Ægina to be sold as a slave. The main result of his visit was the conversion of one pupil, Dion, who, being an able young man and thoroughly penetrated with Plato's puri-

tan principles, stayed sober, lived continually, and came to high place in the government under Dionysius. When that tyrant died and his young son succeeded him, Dion came to be for a while the real power in government in Sicily. Forthwith he sent for Plato to come and help make good his early ideals. Plato was received with great enthusiasm in Syracuse. For a while his mission went admirably. The gin palaces were closed and the addiction to philosophy and mathematics went very strong. But it did not last. The old life was more popular. Presently Dion was set adrift in a boat, and though there is more to this story, the upshot of it all was that Plato fell down hard as a political reformer and Dion with him.

Always the Puritans fall down when they try to make Puritanism compulsory. Always the Christians fall down when they try to make Christianity compulsory. Rules about belief enforced by penalties—what good are they? What good have they ever been? "Creeds," says a writer in the *May Atlantic*, "are the prison of faith and the symbols of death," and the same writer quotes Charles Buller (friend of Thackeray) as crying "For heaven's sake do not destroy the Established Church. It is the only thing that stands between us and Christianity."

Some things can be done by rules, some things by laws, but not much more than may be the expression of such knowledge of life as the mass of the people affected have arrived at. The Common Law was such an expression. It always stood for the civilization of its day, and as civilization advanced, it advanced with it. But statutes or word-made laws of any kind that at most express the opinion of part of the people as to what is good for all of the people, are of limited benefit. If they last long enough and show benefits enough to establish their standing by common consent, they help matters; otherwise they go to the scrap heap.



Personal and Otherwise



THERE is no more penetrating critic of American manners than *Katharine Fullerton Gerould*. One of the pleasures of reading her essays is that she so often treats us to the unexpected. Those who enjoyed the arraignment of our social conditions in her most recent *HARPER* article, "The Plight of the Genteel," which we published five months ago, might expect her to answer the question, "Are Americans Vulgar?" with an unqualified affirmative. Instead, she takes issue with those who bewail our national vulgarity, and makes it plain that this is a subject not for invective, but for discriminating and friendly analysis. Mrs. Gerould, who is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton University, has written not only some of the best American essays of our day but also several distinguished novels and volumes of short stories. Her most recent book is *The Aristocratic West*, published last fall by Harper & Brothers.

Percy Marks has had first-hand acquaintance as student or instructor with the University of California, Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dartmouth, and Brown, and since the publication of his successful novel of college life, *The Plastic Age*, has lectured at numerous other American colleges and universities and thus has had an opportunity to study them and their problems. His uncomplimentary observations upon college graduates, therefore, are based on widely gathered information. "The Pestiferous Alumni" will form a chapter of a book to appear next fall, in which Mr. Marks will survey the whole scene of American college education.

Sheila Kaye-Smith (who is now Mrs. T. P. Fry, and lives in London) has written many novels, including *Green-Apple Harvest*, *The End of the House of Alard*, and *The George and The Crown*, but her reputation

rests above all on *Joanna Godden*—a great book. We are privileged to present this month the first installment of a new story, "Joanna Godden Married," in which her most famous heroine appears again.

The veteran English economist, *J. A. Hobson*, author of more than a score of books dealing with the political, social, and industrial problems of modern civilization, is well equipped to answer the question which to-day is in everybody's mind: will the historic English policy of muddling through continue to work in the future? For a thumbnail sketch of Mr. Hobson as he appeared in the editorial councils of the London *Nation* some twenty years ago, we quote a passage from H. W. Nevinson's recent volume of memoirs, *More Changes, More Chances*:

Among many who were witty, I think Chesterton's place as jester-in-chief was taken by J. A. Hobson, known so widely in both hemispheres for his original and humane theories in economics, but so little known for his wit. Yet his sudden witticisms were irresistible, and always had the further power of true revelation. . . . Having known the man since he was an undergrad in Oxford, quite undistinguished except as a high jumper, I could tell when the wit was coming, anticipating it by his habit of raising the right eyebrow far above the level of the left just before it came. And I knew when the witticism was complete by the enjoyment shining through his ghostly countenance—an enjoyment that all could share. I suppose that for forty years at least the stupefying sword of death has been hanging over him by a cobweb. Is it that unmovable peril which has driven him to produce more work and finer work than almost any healthy man I have known?

Frédéric Boutet, one of the best-known French story writers of the day, writes regularly for *Le Journal*. He has also published several novels. "Two Sapphires," which introduces him to the *HARPER* audi-

ence, was translated from the French by Virginia Watson.

Feminism is easy to preach, but rather more difficult to practice. *Nancy Barr Mavity* shows us how difficult is the combination of a husband, children, and a job; the astonishing thing, in fact, is that she has succeeded in it. She tells her own story fully, but one or two further items of information may be added. Mrs. Mavity graduated from Western College at Oxford, Ohio, took a Ph.D. at Cornell, and has been engaged in newspaper work in San Francisco and Oakland since 1920; she is also the author of a volume of verse and a novel (*Hazard*, 1924).

Albert Jay Nock, formerly of the editorial staff of the *Freeman* and more recently the author of a life of Thomas Jefferson, made his first appearance in our Magazine with a much-discussed paper on "The Decline of Conversation" in the May issue. Further articles by Mr. Nock are promised us during the year.

The second story of the month, "Maudie," is by *Ada Jack Carver* (Mrs. J. B. Snell), of Minden, Louisiana. Her work first attracted nation-wide attention when her beautiful story, "Redbone," captured first prize in one of our Short Story Contests a year and a half ago; previous to that time she had won two prizes in literary contests, but had not appeared in a magazine of national circulation. We published a second story of hers, "Treeshy," last February. Since then she has continued her prize-winning habit by writing the play with which the Shreveport Players took second prize in the 1926 Belasco Cup competition in New York.

Elmer Davis, whose portrait of Bishop Manning appeared last month, now tells the astonishing story of systematic graft in the building trades as practiced in recent years. Mr. Davis, a Rhodes Scholar from Indiana some fourteen years ago, is a former *New York Times* correspondent whose dialogues with Godfrey Gloom, the "unterrified Democrat" of Amityville, Indiana, have been for many years an amusing feature of the *Times's* reports of national political conventions. Recently Mr. Davis left the *Times* to write as a free-lance; he has pro-

duced three entertaining novels: *Times Have Changed*, *I'll Show You the Town*, and *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*.

Our regular monthly contribution from *Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick*, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York, is followed by a story by *Margaret Culkin Banning* of Duluth, a Vassar graduate and author of several novels, who frequently writes for HARPER'S. The final article of the month is the third and last in the series by *John B. Watson*, formerly of the Johns Hopkins University, one of the leading behaviorists among the psychologists of the world, who sets forth in untechnical terms the point of view of his increasingly important school of psychological thought.

The only poet of the month is *Agnes Kendrick Gray* of Daytona Beach, Florida, whose Gettysburg sonnets appear in the sixty-third anniversary month of the great battle.

The Lion's Mouth brings together this month *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*, of Hingham, Massachusetts, author of two volumes of verse, *Fox Footprints* and *Atlas and Beyond*; *Rose Macaulay*, the accomplished English satirist who wrote *Potterism*, *Told By An Idiot*, and *Orphan Island*; and *Frederick L. Allen*, of the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine.



Lopez Mezquita, whose portrait of Guido Caprotty, the Italian painter, is reproduced as the frontispiece this month, is a native of Granada. When still a mere boy, he won the highest medal at a National Exhibition in Spain by unanimous vote of the jury of artists. He is now recognized as one of the foremost painters of Spain. The portrait of Caprotty is one of a large collection of Mezquita's paintings recently shown in this country.



Through a regrettable oversight we omitted to mention in the May issue the fact that Chauncey F. Ryder's painting, "The Wet Road," which we reproduced as the frontispiece that month, came from the collection of William J. Johnson of Uniontown, Penn-

sylvania, and was loaned to us for reproduction through Mr. Johnson's kindness.



By the time this issue appears the judges will probably have made public the names of the prize-winners in the HARPER INTER-COLLEGIATE LITERARY CONTEST, which closed on May 1st. As we go to press, however, the decision has not yet been made. Readers of the Magazine may be interested to know how general has been the interest in the Contest. According to its terms, each college and university on the approved list of the Association of American Universities (excluding the technological institutions) was given an opportunity to enter not more than five prose manuscripts written by undergraduates, the selection at each college to be made by the head of the English department or his deputy. In the great majority of the colleges the manuscripts picked out by the English department were chosen from among a large number submitted by students in a preliminary contest. No less than eighty-four colleges and universities entered manuscripts under these conditions. We hope to be able to announce the results in the next issue of the Magazine and to publish the prize-winning manuscript at an early date.



Bishop Fiske's article protesting against the entrance of the churches into politics, appearing at the moment when the Congressional investigation of prohibition was occupying public attention, has been discussed throughout the country. It was extensively quoted and commented on in the press, mostly with approval. The Bishop received several hundred letters about it, again mostly of approval. There has been, however, some adverse criticism of his argument. We have selected for quotation two letters which may perhaps be taken as expressing the points of view of two important Protestant organizations, active in political affairs. The first is from Deets Pickett, Research Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals:

With a great deal that Bishop Fiske says I heartily agree. The Church should not concern itself with matters which are essentially and entirely political. It should not seek favors from the Government nor should it accept appropriations made for sectarian purposes.

I can never, however, accept Bishop Fiske's contention that the Church should not concern itself with matters of public morals as they may be affected by law and administration. He leaves no one in doubt that his reflections are prompted by the general discussion of prohibition. The drink traffic, formerly licensed by state and nation, caused insanity, crime and poverty. It enslaved scores of thousands of citizens, ruining them in body and soul; it deprived millions of innocent citizens of proper diet and clothing, home comforts, cultural recreation. It was the greatest social and economic waste. It tore down what the Church erected, and its political recognition denied the worth of man, making him, for the sake of revenue and private profit, the plaything of an organized traffic dealing in deadly temptation.

It is an error to say that the Church is concerned only with individuals. It is no less concerned with the redemption of society and has the right to interest itself in the legal prohibition of those things which have an evil effect upon society as a whole, even though they may not be inherently evil themselves.

It was not a question of the man who got drunk: it was a question of an institution that existed for the purpose of inducing men to drink in order that profits might be made,—existed under the protection, indeed by the specific permission of law. The Church gives medicine to the sick, but it righteously insists that the State shall clean up the cesspools that spread pestilence.

Bishop Fiske assumes that the prohibition "experiment" has failed. This is purely an assumption. I believe that it has succeeded, not to the extent which all honest men have desired, but nevertheless it has succeeded. Its success has been limited only by the vicious propaganda which has incited to violation, in the hope that the United States Government might be induced to bestow upon the brewing trade a monopoly of the alcoholic liquor business.

But, as I said above, with much that Bishop Fiske writes I heartily agree. The Church should refrain from participation in secular matters, except when and where it is called to such participation by the imperative demands of the Christian conscience. Christian sentiment, acting through political bodies, destroyed the African slave trade, abolished dueling, drove polygamy to the fringes of society, there to be joined in due time by the

trade which through countless centuries fattened on the blood of children, the tears of women and the wealth of nations.

The second reply from which we quote is from the Reverend Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America:

First of all, I am a good deal in doubt as to whether or not this is really an article on the general subject which constitutes its title or one for the purpose of expressing the writer's views on the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution. I will, however, construe it as dealing with the main question.

As is so often the case, I think that Bishop Fiske is right in his affirmations but wrong in his negations.

It is to be borne in mind that, after all, when we take into account the many hundreds or thousands of legislative enactments more or less on moral questions, those on which church bodies, as such, render judgments, are rather occasional.

Bishop Fiske seems to assume that the principle of separation between Church and State implies a limitation on the Church to express its judgment on matters with which the state is concerned. I have always felt just the opposite,—namely that the freedom of the Church from the State left the Church entirely free to express a general or majority judgment on any question of legislation, and especially on those which concern moral and spiritual life.

I think every one would agree that the primary business of the Church is to state its judgments in the form of fundamental principles, and yet, as one of Dickens' characters used to say, "the bearing of a remark lies in the application of it." While, therefore, as a rule the Church should concern itself with these fundamental principles, it is pretty difficult to do so in an abstract way without reference to particular and pressing problems. Bishop Fiske says that after expressing these principles the people should be left to take their own action. The trouble is that the people do not take any action unless the proposal has pretty definite and concrete form and is pretty definitely directed towards some actual measure at issue. Moreover, all good rules are validated by their

exceptions. For example, what on earth would have been the use of the church bodies contenting themselves with uttering the pious principle that the United States should join in legal and arbitral measures for world justice, without mentioning the World Court? Why utter a pious platitude on purity when what you want is a law to suppress white slavery? In other words, do not frankness and honesty in such cases, as well as effectiveness, call for definiteness?

I heartily agree with Bishop Fiske's deprecation of what is known as lobbying so far as church agencies are concerned.

Of course, it is obvious that "moral reform if it is to be permanent and effective must come from within." Bishop Fiske, however, surely cannot mean that the community is to rest its destinies at this point without any directing or controlling laws. All evolution is an unfolding from within and an infolding from without.

His emphasis on the importance of keeping the people informed is of the highest importance. And yet people certainly need to be inspired and pretty concretely directed and led in addition to being informed.

I have always felt that there was a *via media* between the extreme attitude of Bishop Fiske and the other extreme of professional, religious reformers; and, for the most part, church bodies have reserved their influence for those major legislative issues on which Christian sentiment was fairly unanimous.

On the other side of the argument, we select for quotation from among numerous comments the following letter written us by the Reverend Joseph Fort Newton of Overbrook, Philadelphia:

Please let me be one of many who must have congratulated you on the publication of the article by Bishop Fiske in the last HARPER'S. It was high time that some one stated that point of view, that seems well nigh to have been lost in the midst of the feverish semi-political activities of the Church.

Everywhere I heard the most cordial approval and appreciation of the article, both of its point of view and the finely balanced and sweet-spirited manner in which it was written.

This is just a line to add a note to what must be a chorus.



GOLDEN WEDDING

By Valentin de Zubiaurre

Courtesy of the Dudensing Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

HOW DID WE GET THAT WAY?

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "The Mind in the Making"

WE ARE pretty well accustomed to the idea that a great deal is being found out of late about the world and even about human beings. Physicists have discovered dead matter to be electrical charges in an amazing state of agitation; biologists reveal every day something astonishing about the ways of life; psychologists, about the play of the emotions. Knowledge certainly comes in rapidly enough, but Wisdom tarries. Life seems to be rather more of a mess now than ever before. At least, our poets and best story writers and dramatists present it full of bewilderment and frustration. Still, there is usually the implication that a great many of our disappointments and woes are gratuitous and unnecessary, the result of tragic stupidity and want of insight, rather than the fatal dictates of the gods. We ask pitifully, "What keeps us back, when so many undreamed-of possibilities are opening before us?" The older longing to be "good," with the hope of making all things right, is giving way to the

suspicion that intelligence is what we most need.

This suspicion is reflected in a great number of books which have been coming out since that most imposing stupidity—the World War—to show how badly we think. Formerly only a few philosophers wondered about thinking; now all of us are invited to consider why we manage our growing resources of information and insight so ineffectively as regards reducing friction with our fellows and maintaining peace in our own bosoms.

It is evident enough that our thinking and feelings do not change so readily as our circumstances, and cannot as yet keep pace with our knowledge at its present rate of increase. We continue to think of new things in old ways. Our sentiments teem with embarrassing anachronisms of which we are usually quite unconscious. Both old and new elements enter into all life's perplexities. The old, as we shall see, always enjoys the right of way. It is as yet rarely

summoned to prove its case. The old is at bottom a habit; the new an adventure. And habit is so much more safe and comfortable to most of us most of the time than adventure! The new attracts attention and comment by reason of its freshness. The old, by reason of its familiarity, is commonly merely taken for granted. Nevertheless, since almost all things are as they are because they have been as they have been, their secret lies in the past. Our present problems cannot be understood by just looking them in the face. We have to ask how they arose—in trenchant slang, “How did we get that way?”

Notwithstanding our sprightly criticisms, we are far more old-fashioned than we realize. Old habits of thought yield very reluctantly to new. This is not astonishing when we consider that it has taken perhaps a half million years to inch along as far as we have gone. Ancient ways of thought and action become terrible nuisances long before they can be discarded. Goethe says gloomily:

*Es erben sich Gesetz' und Rechte
Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort.*

The old drags us down like a chronic disease—and its nature has hitherto been badly diagnosed.

This is obviously but one aspect of man's fate. The old is the indispensable foundation of the new. Without it no advance in knowledge and human improvement would be possible. Father Time is the benefactor to whom we literally owe everything, but he is exceedingly jealous of his established scheme of things. Wisdom will come as we learn to recognize vividly our abject dependence upon him and at the same time invent more ingenious ways than those hitherto discovered for exposing and overcoming his inveterate prejudices.

How instructive is our annual symbolism as we reach December 31. The old year makes his bow to the newborn and totters off to the grave. Within a twelvemonth the baby goes the way of

his hoary predecessor. We cannot start anew on January 1 or any other day. This truth historians dignify by the term “Continuity of History.” We are sadly familiar with this disagreeable fact but rarely appreciate its essentiality in all profitable thinking about human troubles.

It is easy enough to illustrate our unconscious debts to the past. Our knowledge and various dexterities, our prejudices and conceits, our scruples and obligations are very seldom of our own making. They are historical products handed down to us, frequently from remote periods and alien peoples.

Let us consider the historical implications of this magazine. It is printed on paper invented by the Chinese early in the Christian era and introduced into Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The letters were devised by the Phoenicians, adopted by the previously illiterate Greeks, modified by the Romans, and altered, so far as the “lower case” is concerned, by the medieval scribes. The capital letters are still the same that we find in ancient Roman inscriptions. The language is based upon a western German tongue used by the Teutonic invaders of England in the fifth century. It was later given added range and sophistication by the admixture of Latin and Norman-French words. English colonists brought it to this country, and it remains almost the same as when Jamestown and Plymouth were founded. Shakespeare and Francis Bacon could have understood *Harper's* as it appears to-day, just as we can read the authorized version of the Bible prepared under their dread monarch, James I. Printing was a Dutch and German innovation made nearly five hundred years ago. This “August” issue is so-called after the Emperor Augustus, who added a day taken from February to make his month as long as the preceding one dedicated to Julius Cæsar. The year of Our Lord 1926 represents a method of reckoning time initiated by the ancient Egyptians, improved by Julius Cæsar,

connected with the birth of Christ by Dionysius Exiguus in the sixth century, and readjusted by Pope Gregory XIII. These are but a few of the ways we unconsciously perpetuate the past. But they are enough to depreciate the stock of the hundred per cent American to a point where it would have to be reckoned in thirty-seconds of one per cent.

II

All advancement in intelligence and insight depends upon our ability to call in question and reconsider what we have hitherto taken for granted. The young Arab chants the Koran in a Cairo mosque; the Japanese mother trips through the red gate of a Shinto temple to rub her ailing baby on a stone fox; the old-fashioned Chinese student conned Confucius' *Analects*; and Mr. Bryan read his Bible. Their ways were different, but to the critical onlooker each had exactly the same reason for his particular confidence. Each took for granted the habits of the group in which he happened to be reared. This is Truth for the multitude and for the conspicuously good and respectable of all ages and climes.

During the two or three thousand years of man's immediate past a certain number of thinkers have, as a result of curiosity, contrariness, or an awakened sense of the prevailing stupidity, set to work to reëxamine, in this detail or that, what was taken for granted by their fellows. The Hebrew prophets, beginning with Amos and Isaiah, denounced the prevailing ideas about God and re-explained the service he demanded. Gautama, the Buddha, two or three centuries later, showed up the vanity of worldly ambitions and recommended new paths to philosophic calm and peace of mind. Socrates overdid questioning and was put out of the way by the respectable citizens of Athens. Euripides also had more doubts than his generation cared to listen to. The expedients of those who have quarreled with Father Time's "wise saws and

modern instances" have been various. The Hebrew prophets listened to the still, small voice of God, and said thus "saith the Lord"; in India holy men sought truth in silence and meditation; in Athens chattering in the market place was quite as highly esteemed. In the late Middle Ages the habit grew up of defending lists of carefully formulated theses about God and his angels, sin and salvation.

By the opening of the seventeenth century Bacon, Descartes, Galileo, and others lost all interest in the discussions of the scholastic professors and proposed a new way of learning how things are—namely, by trying to see how they work. The incredible results of experimental science are too obvious to require rehearsing here. This method of seeking truth stands approved among all those qualified to have an opinion on the matter.

But in the nineteenth century still another device for increasing understanding was developed. The biologists began to realize that their insight into the peculiarities of a plant or animal could be vastly increased by taking account of how the organism had come about, that is, by studying its history and that of its ancestors. The human body, for instance, is far more explicable in many respects when viewed historically than "as is." The atrophied muscles for moving our ears and those which once wagged an ancestral tail, together with certain maladjustments which came from getting on our hind legs become plain enough if we look back far enough. Anatomy to-day tends to run off into embryology and even into protozoölogy, for our life is dependent upon the amœbalike white blood corpuscles which swim through our arteries and veins and cluster by hundreds of millions in our tissues.

The Fundamentalists refuse to accept man's pedigree as traced by biological genealogists. But the history of their own bodies offers a sort of recapitulation of the history of their race. If they

would only give some attention to God's works as well as his "word," they might make less trouble for teachers of zoölogy. If they could once grasp the fact that the most stalwart of them not many years ago was a single fertilized cell too tiny for the human eye to discern, this historical consideration could hardly fail to modify their contentions.

It turns out, then, that it was, curiously enough, the biologist rather than the "historian" who first appreciated the tremendous advantage of finding out how things had come about in order to comprehend the more fully how they are. But the students of nature did more. They furnished a new setting for human history. They have shown that man is part and parcel of the vast realm of living creatures and shares with them the exquisite responsibility of being alive. They also suggested the starting point from which we may reckon the beginnings of the unique human experiment which we call civilization. Its advance is to be measured by the degree in which it transcends the possibilities of our animal progenitors and all our animal relatives. An individual chimpanzee can be taught by patient trainers to do many humanlike things—such as drinking out of a cup, riding a bicycle, and smoking a cigarette. But if he returned to the jungle and his own folk he would not be able to interest them in these innovations. Man alone, owing to certain unique physical peculiarities into which we cannot go here, has been able to take up, apply, and gradually accumulate the inventions and ideas of those rare fumbler who came from time to time upon some new notion.

III

But what about the historians? They have for two thousand years and more been pretending to tell us about man's past; but their works until very recently have been pretty dull and unilluminating. I, at least, find them so, and infer that what bores me is likely to bore others.

They tell me so much that I do not care about and fail to answer the questions which I am most eager to have answered. Voltaire long ago heaped reproaches on the historians. He tried his hand on a new history which he prepared for a friend with the expressed hope that it might interest her. For the old chronicles of dynastic wars and religious controversies he substituted the tale of human customs as they had changed through the ages. From a modern standpoint he was ill qualified for the job, but the idea was significant. During the French Revolution the high-spirited Condorcet, a fugitive from the terrorists, hastily wrote out his "sketch" of human progress, which left out almost all that had been hitherto included in general accounts of history, and substituted highly exciting reflections on the past, and on the future prospects of that prime autodidact, Man. Herbert Spencer pronounced history, as commonly presented, worthless. Buckle believed it to be an imposing mass of meaningless reminiscences and tried to substitute something better. But he was just a trifle too early to be affected by the evolutionary and revolutionary teachings of Darwin. Greene in his famous *History of the English People* endeavored to escape from the routine account of monarchs, courts, and wars and to give a fuller recognition to the conditions, preoccupations, and achievements of the nation as a whole.

Just as the World War was coming to a close in 1918 a German writer of no special academic standing, Oswald Spengler, issued a stately work in two volumes under the startling title, *Downfall of the West*. This opens with the most pertinent indictment of historical writers with which I am familiar. One does not have to share Spengler's rather mystic and Hegelian notion of the essence (*Seelenthum*) of history, nor his conclusion that we are now in the last stage of a cycle which is bound to end with our age. We do seem compelled, however, to accept his contention that the methods

and results of studying *man's world*—his achievements and perplexities, his morals and manners, his fears and aspirations, his religions and arts—must be quite different from those appropriate to an investigation of the so-called world of nature. The art of inquiring into the past of man himself is, in short, so far very ill developed. No one has shown up its imperfections better than Spengler.

He complains that historians have been narrow and provincial and have mistaken their particular part of the world for the whole human experiment. This is true enough. "World" history, written by Westerners, is an affront to a Chinaman or an East Indian or even an Arab. But the gist of Spengler's argument is far more profound—and it is the gist of this article. Historians have usually confined themselves to reporting events or describing institutions of a particular part of the world during a particular period. They have told how things *have been* rather than how they *came about*. They have made contributions to human history, but have so far failed to give it its most precious significance. We can ask two quite different questions in regard to the past: "What has happened here and there from time to time?" To answer this was the aim of former historians. Although Gibbon regarded the task of the historian as "an indispensable duty," he declared that "diligence and accuracy" were the only merits to which the historical writer could lay claim. The second question is, "How is it that we now do as we do, feel as we feel, and know what we know? This is a novel inquiry which fills the orthodox with consternation. It is to them nothing less, in the strong words of Scripture, than a whoring after strange gods, a disreputable kind of "philosophy of history" which should be left to mystic philosophers and poets. While I share their distrust of the various kinds of philosophy of history, including Spengler's, I am confident that the answering of the second

question must be the aim of historians if they are to exercise their full effect in the development of human enlightenment. Of course the first question is a necessary preliminary; but the hewers of wood and drawers of water have been busy with it so long that we can begin on the second.

When Lloyd George submitted his budget of 1909 in his "war on poverty" it was defended by Winston Churchill with a fresh argument. "Formerly the question of the tax-gatherer was, 'How much have you got?' . . . Now a new question has arisen. We do not only ask to-day, 'How much have you got?' we ask, 'How did you get it?'"

When historians become expert in answering the question as to how we and our troubles have come about, history will deal mainly with what Mr. Marvin so penetratingly calls "the living past," and this will radiate a light in which all our achievements and difficulties will stand out far more distinctly than ever before.

The present writer cannot explain very well even to himself how he has happened to devote a great part of his professional life to working out a different conception of history and its import from that handed down to him. He has hewn wood and drawn water enough to be in the historians' guild, but he has always felt a certain qualm when he was forced to explain that he taught history. He feared that it might be assumed that he was really interested in what has hitherto passed for history. He can recollect his first meeting up with that august subject in school. There was a text book in which something was said of Pocahontas, the evacuation of Boston, the embargoes, and Fort Pillow. All these matters seemed irrelevant to an eleven-year-old youngster, but fortunately it was the era of decalcomania, a now-forgotten amusement,—to-day a device confined to the decoration of cheap china. For a few cents one could get a set of brightly colored heads of just the size to fit neatly on the American heroes whose portraits appeared in the text book. There was

nothing unpatriotic in the process of transfer, for the faces were hidden until they were irrevocably attached to the hero. Washington warning the pig-headed Braddock turned out to be a ducky; President Jackson was transformed into Pontiac; General Burnside, into a Barbary pirate. Some heroes had bottle noses and exhibited unmistakable signs of dissipation.

It took me some years however to realize that what most people think of as the study of history consists in getting the right head on the right body, the right date on the right battle, the right territorial transfer associated with the right treaty. I have, God forgive me, participated in a great number of examinations for the doctor's degree. On these occasions timid and over-wrought young men and women are summoned to exhibit their proficiency in this pasting madness (which seems to be what "decalcomania" means). How easy to say the battle of the Boyne when you should have said that of Bouvines; the treaty of Rhyswick when you were expected to say Nimwegen; Urban V when your inquisitor, who had once struggled through Theodoric of Niem's *De Scismate, Libri tres*, had in mind Urban VI and his jocose atrocities.

Even intelligent people often explain that they do not care for history because they cannot remember dates. But who can, except the pedant or one that is using the dates to give precision to a fairly thorough knowledge of a period? We know our own history better than that of Charles V or Napoleon, but most of us could hardly do more, without a good deal of recollecting, than give the alleged date of our birth, and those of graduation and marriage, and the sequence of children, if we happen to have graduated, been married, and had children.

Bergson has pointed out that the brain is an organ of forgetfulness. It certainly has to forget almost everything in order to remember anything. Its usefulness consists in recalling the right

thing at the right moment. The historian usually has had a feeble power of discrimination. He humbly reported what his sources happened to include, with little attention to whether his readers or even he himself had any obvious reason for being interested in what he selected. What onlookers call "impartial" history and professionals call "objective," is merely history without an object. This is no implied excuse on my part for slipshod work. History may be both true and useful, since nothing is more scientific than showing how things as they are have come about.

IV

One who undertook half a million of years ago to guess how man would turn out when he got civilization well under way might be puzzled by the outcome. He would have been a very shrewd prophet indeed to have foreseen that, being a sort of ex-animal, man would tend to sanctify the habits he happened to acquire. The other animals presumably just obey their habits without attempting to justify them or give them a fine name. One of the great obstacles to a free reconsideration of the details of our human plight is our tendency to regard familiar notions as "sacred": that is, too assured to be questioned except by the perverse and wicked. This word to the student of human sentiment is redolent of ancient, musty misapprehensions. It recalls a primitive and savage setting-off of purity and impurity, cleanness and uncleanness. The French retain the double meaning of the word in their *sacré*, which means at once "blessed" and "damned." Blessed is he who agrees with me and let others be damned. When we realize that this and that notion of ours is "sacred," we may be sure that, as Mr. William Trotter has emphasized in his *Instinct of the Herd, in Peace and War*, it is a childish impression which we have never carefully scrutinized. A woman once warned me that she was "religious"

and that I had better be careful what I said to her. I replied that she seemed to suspect me of irreligion from her standpoint, and that she should also be considerate of my feelings. The claim to immunity on the ground of sacredness is by no means confined to religious controversy: it now includes the current system of business, governmental organization, and the family. It is one of the important obstacles in the way of free discussion and readapting our habits so as to bring them into accord with increasing knowledge and new conditions.

Simple prejudices or unconsidered convictions are so numerous that the urgency and shortness of life hardly permit any of us, even the most alert, to summon all of them before the judgment seat. Then there are the sacred prejudices of which it seems to me we might become aware and beware, if we are sufficiently honest and energetic. History might be so re-written that it would at least eliminate the feeling that any of our ideas or habits should be exempt from prosecution when grounds for indictment were suggested by experience.

We need a new kind of historian who will utilize the information painfully amassed by the older ones in order to bring it to bear on the quandaries of our life to-day. Our problems are oftentimes inherited, and can best be met by fuller knowledge of their origin and development. The State, as we now know it, is a sort of reincarnation of the ancient chieftain and his entourage. Our religious beliefs are ostensibly Semitic, derived from a pastoral people and dwellers in Syrian villages and small towns. Our education still perpetuates medieval or classical conceptions. Our standards in the relations of men and women still smack of the ascetic theories of virtue of the days of Saint Augustine, and our theories of business, as Veblen points out, hark back to the eighteenth century. In the discussion of a relatively new issue—the teaching of evolutionary hypotheses—and of a very recent question—the entrance of the United States into the

League of Nations—we find the sacredness of Biblical anthropology and the authoritative utterances of Washington invoked. A proper understanding of the past would show the irrelevance of this type of argument. Precedent, however venerable, must be reinspected before it is accepted. Indeed, the more venerable it is the more suspicious should we become that it is an anachronism, originating in times and under conditions far removed from our own. When reverence for the past encroaches upon our meditations and decisions we are admitting an ancient but highly dangerous mischief-maker, so far as honest analysis and planning are concerned.

Now history might be so written as to undermine prejudice—which means that of which we can be quite sure without giving it any proper attention—and especially the savage survival of “sacredness.”

History, in the sense here recommended, is the sovereign solvent of prejudice and the necessary preliminary to readjustments and reforms. It is a sort of *aqua regia* which loosens up things and gives our thinking its necessary freedom. Nowadays all expert physicians in dealing with physical and mental dislocations always ask, “How did he get that way?” They are not content to take what they can see without wondering how it came about. Our social, political, economic, and educational diseases must be dealt with in the same way.

It is a fundamental and hopeful discovery, to be ranked among the great inventions of mankind, that we do not necessarily learn much about a situation from what is sometimes called a scientific method of dealing with it. We can fill a big book with statistical tables and imposing graphs, but so long as we do not ask how we got into the fix we miss the main point. When in the seventeenth century almost all educated men, doctors, theologians, jurists, professors, believed in witchcraft one might have prepared questionnaires and surveys to

seek out and record the incidence of witchcraft, the frequency of the devil's "sabbaths," the technic of getting up a chimney on a broom or three-legged stool; the per cent of witches who sank when they were cast into the water, the average location of the devil's mark. But all this would hardly have forwarded the disappearance of the delusion. Witchcraft was, it is true, supported by history, but by history in the old sense. One might cite the terrible command "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"; the instance of the witch of Endor, and the tales in Apuleius. But none of these had anything to do with the manner in which the superstition had come about.

What a chastening effect it might have on an ardent Marxian socialist to realize that Marx's theories were a mid-Victorian product, the counterpart of the classical, Manchester, school of defenders of things as they were! What effect would it have on the worshipers of our Federal Constitution, who would have every schoolchild believe it a sacred and inspired document, to read the Madison Papers, realize the groping, the compromises, the British and French influences that went into the patching together of that important state paper? For an opponent of the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations it might not be a bad thing to see how exactly his arguments resemble those of the opponents of our Federal Constitution when it was submitted to the various States for ratification.

Those who "believe in" the Bible might believe in it in so much less intolerant and hampering a fashion if they but knew the history of the Hebrew religious anthology comprising contributions extending through a thousand years. The late Professor Morris Jastrow has in his *Gentle Cynic* given a gracious account of the origin of the book of Ecclesiastes and illustrated the methods of sacred writers

of yore. The basis of the little treatise as we have it was a description of the vanity of human life. All things are full of weariness unutterable, the "eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." Man hath no preëminence above the beasts. They all go speedily to the same place. Get what you can but remember that "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." This gloomy picture was later toned down by the interpolations of a more hopeful editor. Then, since the little book (written perhaps in the time of Alexander the Great or later) had been ascribed to Solomon (who had died some five hundred years before it was composed), a third writer adds a few proverbs to which it was supposed that wise king had been addicted. If one is reluctant to accept the conclusions reported by Professor Jastrow he may consult a little book by George Foot Moore on *The Literature of the Old Testament*, which is a sketch of the various ways the books of the Bible were built up. The history of the New Testament is equally enlightening.

These few instances must suffice as illustrations of the way in which fuller knowledge of how a thing came about may alter our attitude toward it.

We are all endowed with defense mechanisms which operate automatically. It is a poor technic when attempting to convert one's neighbor to attack his beliefs directly, especially those of the sacred variety. We may flatter ourselves that we are undermining them by our potent reasoning only to find that we have shored them up so that they are firmer than ever. Often history will work where nothing else will. It very gently modifies one's attitude. Refutations are weak compared with its mild but potent operation. To become historically-minded is to be grown-up.



BUBBLES

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

CAROL lived in hotels, and her governess was always being mistaken for her mamma. Or it might be her trained nurse or it might be daddy's secretary who was mistaken for her mamma. Most often it was governess. Miss Flower, Miss Runkle, Madame Dunaye, respectively in Nice, on the Isle of Man, and in Deauville, were governesses. But Miss Tolley, in Florida, was daddy's secretary. And Mrs. Kenyon (with long silky legs and an amount of pale-gold hair) was Carol's trained nurse for nearly three months at Capri, though fortunately Carol was not ill a day of the time.

It was a little confusing at first, each time, for in a way they all seemed much alike. One had to remember arbitrarily, that was all, just as one had to remember that whereas two "f's" hitched together make "double-f," two "v's" hitched together make a "double-u." Moreover, Coddie helped her. "Do mind now, child; if anyone's to ask you, Miss Runkle is your governess. *Not* daddy's secretary, this time, but Carol's *governess*." Coddie was severe about this, unnecessarily so it seemed to Carol, upon whom would be lost the glitter of an ironical amusement in the nurse's sea-gray eyes.

Coddie was middle-aged, and broad, and ate with Carol and not with Daddy. No matter who was governess, Coddie did the governing; no matter who was trained nurse, Coddie did the nursing; and even if it happened to be a secretary, it was Coddie who got the letters from

the concierge, the commissionaire, or the desk-clerk, and arranged them on the table in daddy's room. And beyond all, Coddie was permanent.

It had never occurred to Carol to wonder what would have happened to the world had Coddie not been permanent. Perhaps it had to Mr. Bonaparte. Perhaps that was why he was always so polite to her, poor man, walking lightly among his words with her, as a man (and a little ashamed of it) walking on tiptoe past a sleeping dog.

Mr. Bonaparte was of medium height, well set up, with fair hair and mustache waxed at the points, and blue eyes which had a way of widening abruptly sometimes, like the eyes of some people who suffer from the pangs of unadmitted maladies. At forty-one he had habitually a deep line which, springing from between his eyes, divided into dozens of creases all over his forehead, as fine as threads and as tangled as the hunting of the Wandering Jew. This wasn't always, to be sure. Sometimes his brow was as smooth as a boy's. Such were the times when Carol admired him most, and Coddie, knowing by the signs what was in the air, admired him least of all.

Coddie admired him most when she was seeing him most, that is, when there were but the three of them, and Mr. Bonaparte cleaved grimly to the apartment, and grew white of conscience and rumpled of soul and clothing, alternately tender and sharp with Carol, and (for once) defiantly spleenish with Coddie herself, till he was like a lean wolf

prowling the windows by day, and by night, in his slippers, the bedroom floor.

Carol admired him most when she was seeing him least. Not for more than scattered minutes in whole days. A "good morning" perhaps, and late in the morning too, after she had been brought back from her walk in Central Park or Kensington Gardens or along the Croisette or the Lido sands, and he still in bed, like all the princes charming of Coddie's tales rolled in one, with his brow smoothed out and an adventurous kindness in his big, blue, far-off eyes. And after that only in chance glimpses—daddy in the distance in High Street helping a lady into a motor car—daddy in a vista of the Casino gardens at tea with a lady under a striped umbrella—or after the lights were lit and Carol in her bed, a blur of daddy in the hallway in shining black and white and tails.

Oh, how splendid he was! It was queer: Carol was proud and jealous all in one. She wished she were dying, so he couldn't go but must stay and be distracted about her. Yet just as fiercely she wanted him to go—out where the clustered lights were and the admiring throngs. "Do look: who *is* that wonderful *man*?" . . . "But don't you know? You know the girl with the red-brown curls and the green jacket and gaiters—well, *that's her father!*" Between the two wants she wept, and often she would be asleep before she could make up her mind which one she was mostly weeping for. . . . And presently, one day, "I shouldn't be surprised," she would confide to Coddie, "if daddy were looking out for somebody for me—like a governess."

Why did Coddie make it sound so odd when she echoed, "I shouldn't be surprised."

So they weren't surprised when the trunks appeared in the rooms, and when daddy, as if he had been on the point of forgetting to mention it, called back from the door on his way to luncheon, "By the way, might just pack things up, you know; we're leaving for

the south to-morrow" (or "for Scotland" or "for America"). Nor were they surprised when, arriving at the station, they found one seat in their compartment occupied by a lady, and the lady was Carol's governess.

Or in America, of course, it would be in the Pullman. That was where Miss Tolley was, in the bright low cave of the two seats and the berth made up above, and porters and other passengers stepping on one's heels, and Daddy with his face pressed to the window as if trying to think what he might have forgotten, while he said in the back of his mouth, "This is Miss Tolley, Carol. Miss Tolley is going to do some secretarial work for daddy down in Florida."

Miss Tolley was small and dark and quick and she had enthusiasms. She adored things. She adored the sea. She spent lots of time at Miami on the beach in an old-rose bathing costume, but she never went into the water. Coddie had funny ways of saying things to herself aloud. Later on she said to herself that daddy had "let the Tolley go" for just that—that she "never went into the water." . . . Miss Tolley liked perfumes.

Mrs. Kenyon did not like perfumes. She liked black coffee, black cigarettes, black Italian shawls, which was interesting, since she was so distinctly un-black herself, but all creamy and pale gold in the hot white Capri sun.

They were all different in little ways. Madame Dunaye disliked anything flavored with pistachio and wore a ribbon across her forehead to make it look wide and low, and she and Daddy went to the races.

Miss Flower was an English girl. Sometimes she grew red and at other times she cried. At the Manx Arms, where she was with them, she asked Coddie to let her have one of Carol's lesson books, and sometimes when people looked at her she would come and get Carol, and they would sit in the gardens and read together, much to Coddie's amusement later on. Miss Flower

wouldn't go near the water (though it wasn't like Miss Tolley—it was sadder). On the steamer all the way across to New York she would hardly look at the waves, and unless she was tramping the deck with daddy she was always hidden away somewhere inside, alone. Carol asked her why. Then she told Carol. "My father and my two brothers were fishermen. They were all lost at sea."

One night Miss Flower stole into the stateroom while Coddie was out. She got on her knees by Carol's berth and put her face in the blankets and sobbed. "Is it because you are frightened of being drowned?" Carol asked her.

Miss Flower was a slow, big, hale person, and there was a silk of down on the arms she flung around Carol suddenly, without a word.

"Or why then?" Carol persisted, feeling puzzled and responsible.

"Nothing! Nothing! Except that I—I—I wish you were mine!"

That's an odd kind of a governess.

Miss Flower wept too at the High Ridge House in the White Mountains. One night she wept nearly all night long. It must have been over something she and daddy were discussing late, for she was in daddy's room, where Carol could hear her sobbing. She could hear daddy too. Once she heard distinctly what he said. "You've got to be quieter, I beg of you, Clare! Good God! this isn't the Continent, remember—this is America." And once he too sobbed.

He took Carol for a long tramp next day. When they got back home to the High Ridge House Miss Flower was gone.

Times like that—just when someone was gone, and before daddy had begun to grow fidgetty—were the times above all that Carol loved. It didn't mean just the one tramp. There were dozens. Up hill and down dale, hand in hand, woods like Persian rugs where autumn was commencing, little clouds in the clear, and blue shadow-splashes; boot-nails ringing on the rocks, Daddy in

rough tweeds, a big brown pipe going, instead of so many cigarettes.

There was a hillside facing the sun, a field running down to a pine forest that, in its turn, ran down into a shining river. There was the ruin of a house, and on an outer corner of the old foundation they sat and let their legs hang over. And Carol began to feel queer.

"Old Girl," daddy was saying, "what are you going to remember about your dad? Whatever do you suppose you think you really think of him?"

Think? Oh, she couldn't *think*. Somehow, the way she loved him—the way she was thrilled by his bigness and kindness and handsome strength, so that sometimes she was almost scared to know that he was there with her, undivided, monopolized—somehow or other, it was more than she cared to tackle in words. There are times in the heart of woman when lightness is the only way out.

"I like," she said (though she was feeling queerer all the while) "the way your mustache does at the ends, like the lances knights level at dastard cravens." She squeezed his hand to make him understand this was whimsicality. "And I like the way this suit smells."

Daddy burst out laughing, twisting still tighter the mustache ends. "Ah, woman, woman!"

But then he stopped and his face grew red. After that it turned a greeny white, like the faces one sees in deck chairs. For a while he sat and hugged his knees. So he hadn't understood after all.

He said, "Old Girl, daddy needs something. Daddy needs people. Daddy's not much good in this world without—somebody."

Oh, but couldn't he *see*? Idiot! there were tear-drops in his eyes.

But now Carol was feeling queerer than ever.

"Daddy," she said before she knew it, "have we ever been here before?"

"Here?" He stared at her, blinking.

"No!" Then he looked down the pasture to the woods and river, and gave a sort of start. "I see what you mean."

If he saw what she meant, certainly Carol didn't.

"Daddy, listen to me. Was I ever—did I ever have a mamma?"

Daddy kept on looking steadily at the river. "By George, I see what you mean," he repeated to himself. He slid from the wall and put his hands up. "Come, jump." But *her* face was the funny color now. "Lord!" he said, "what's wrong? Tummy?"

That was it. Presently she was ill—and-up-with-it in a corner of the wall.

They laughed over it as they tramped back across the world. "What a silly thing to do!" . . . "What a perfectly!" Yet it was a little because they felt they had to. There was a change. That was the last of their walks just then.

Daddy went under again. Anyone could see how vilely he hated to. The looks he gave Carol sometimes! It was as if he were a wolf in a forest, but the forest was enchanted, and even while he prowled and growled his horriest he was all the while trying to tell one with his dumb eyes that he wasn't really a wolf at all but a prince under the spell of an evil sorcerer.

It was growing late in the season and the hotel was nearly empty, and there was nothing but the hotel in miles. Carol and Coddie discussed governesses.

"He'll hardly find one *here*," Carol decided, and Coddie concurred.

Bored! How bored daddy was! Not just yawning bored. It was a more positive thing; more like a disease he had to fight, and tried to fight, sometimes angrily and sometimes in dull despair. His trousers bagged at the knees and the ends of his mustache came undone. The hotel followed his mood; servants were laid off; the wooden corridors sounded hollower and hollower.

Then one morning Coddie, bringing up the mail, said to Carol, "Here they are." She meant the folders. Cunard,

White Star, United Fruit, Royal Mail. Carol looked them over superficially, then turned to the letters, which it was her privilege to sort, Mr. Bonaparte's from Miss Eliza Codd's.

"Here's one for daddy from someone who's a doctor and who's at home. 'Doctor Kamp's Home!' Now isn't that too silly to put on the outside?"

Coddie was surprisingly impressed. Snatching the letter from Carol's hand and hiding it behind her, she hardened her eyes at the girl as though it were a crime she had been caught in. And within two minutes after she had taken the mail into daddy's room, here was daddy out in his pajamas.

"Codd, I want you to get the trunks packed immediately. I've this letter from—" He hesitated, more and more distracted. "Carol, Old Girl, will you run along down and play on the veranda for a while? Dash!"

Carol played on the veranda for a while, but she had nothing to play with and a while is rather indefinite. Returning to the rooms she heard Coddie saying, "Yes, Mr. Bonaparte, we're both right: *I would hardly do.*"

And daddy, at his wit's end, "Well, how to manage? I suppose my best plan would be to wire the agency to send somebody down direct to 'The Pasture.'"

Carol felt things a good deal more than she knew things. She could feel a shadow coming before she could see it. All the way to the station in the hotel car that afternoon—she didn't know why—but it was dreadful. What made her cling so hard to Coddie's hand? And why was Coddie, who hadn't a cold, forever blowing her nose on the sly?

Why was it so queer when they got into the parlor car? There was no new governess there, but that wasn't the half, nor the hundredth. It happened just before the train started to move. Coddie bent of a sudden, dabbed a kiss on Carol's temple, cried, "Be a good girl, now, always," and in another wink there she was outside on the platform, waving, and the landscape was sliding, and daddy

and Carol were awkwardly all alone. . . .

It was late at night and it was a strange house, a strange room and a strange bed. Strangest of all was the getting to bed. The only one there was to preside over it was daddy (there were servants of sorts in the strange downstairs, but of course *they* wouldn't do), and daddy was bungling and distraught, and Carol was inept and distraught, and the whole affair was getting to be a dream which she wished she didn't have to have.

How could she ask where such a thing as her nighty was, when she couldn't ask where Coddie was? In ways it was quite as hard for daddy. With him it took the form of an embarrassment which grew with the child's numbness and dumbness, till it seemed he would have to yell and shake her if she persisted in it ten minutes more. This going on as if nothing had happened!

He did shake her presently, and gave her a fumbling kiss on top of her head, so that she couldn't see his face.

"Don't know what it's all about, do you, Old Girl? You'll be so happy, though, when you know the surprise."

"When is the surprise?" Her voice was as dead as dead.

"To-morrow."

"Is it Coddie?"

Daddy looked worse than exasperated; he looked hurt. Painstakingly, like one counting twenty before he spoke, he turned down the bed. Then he stared at the farther wall and said, "You're getting too old for simply a nurse now, Carol. To-morrow your regular governess will be here."

"Oh-h-h-h!"

Carol got in, pulled the covers to her chin, and lay quiet, studying him as he bent in circles picking up things that didn't need picking up.

"Oh-h-h-h! So-o-o-o! I see-e-e-e!"

Daddy jerked up, his face flaming.

"No, you *don't* see. And it's a *real* surprise—and can't you take daddy's word for it—and not look like that—and—go to sleep like a good girl?"

He rushed around. "Want a drink of water on your table? No?"

He vanished, and presently he was back again in triumph, bearing a kitten captured somewhere, a gray little creature with fluffy cheeks and pert eyes.

"Look! Isn't it cunning? Want to pet?"

"No, thank you."

Unfortunately the kitten had taken matters into its own paws. No sooner had daddy put it beside the pillow than it was gone under the covers, and no sooner was it curled in a lump on Carol's chest than it began to purr.

Carol would do nothing about it. Daddy stood and scratched his head.

"Well, I don't suppose it's at all the right thing. However—just to-night—" He sighed, opened the window, put out the light, and fled.

Carol lay and stared into the dark. "So-o-o-o. I see-e-e-e."

The first sob was hard to get up, the second was easier, and then the wild tears came. The ball in her arms wriggled in protest, not liking to be hugged so joltingly. . . . There, that was better.

Not since she could remember had Carol been in one place long enough to be allowed to have a pet. Kittens were amazingly soft and warm. As little by little the sobbing wore itself out, so did the purring. Neither kittens nor kids can stay awake forever.

Carol had a start when she awoke in the morning. It came back with a thump: "*Coddie isn't here.*" Then, hearing someone in the room, she turned her head, and for a wink she thought it was Coddie. The same square figure, a broad back, a head with a top-knot. But when the person turned it was a stranger.

Her name, she said, was Mrs. Lephant and, although it wasn't her fault Carol had mistaken her for Coddie, Carol hated her. It didn't help that Coddie would have cried "*A kitten in bed!*" and flung up her hands in just as holy a horror; no, somehow or other it wouldn't

have been the same. Nor would her "Up you get now, Carol: don't be a lazy thing!"

The thing that was hardest to bear, as Carol went about her dressing with averted eyes and heavy hands, was that daddy had told her a deliberate fib. "Too old for simply a nurse now." If that wasn't to say she wasn't to have a new nurse in poor Coddie's place, she didn't know what it was. Of course it never occurred to her that Mrs. Lephant might be the governess he had spoken of. Governesses don't have red wrists and grizzling hair; if Carol knew anything in the world at going-on-seven, she knew *governesses*.

When Carol looked out of her window she had another start. Last night, whirling up in the car, it had all been dark. Now the sunshine of the clear morning discovered to her eyes an oblique and rocky pastureland falling away to a pine wood, and at the foot of the wood the broad Connecticut.

"Come along to your breakfast, child; don't be lagging there."

Carol had felt queer once before. Was she going to have a "tummy" again?

Mrs. Lephant came treading back. There would need to be some discipline.

"Did you hear me, Carol, when I—Why, what ails the child?"

"Mrs. Lephant, I've been here before."

"Been here before? Gracious! It's your home, isn't it?"

"My—home?"

"I thought your papa told me you were born here. . . . Now whatever the game is, please leave it till after breakfast, my dear, and take my hand and come."

At breakfast, after a long time, Carol asked, "Where is my daddy?"

"He has gone out for a while. He didn't say when he would be back."

"Oh-h-h!" (It was true about the governess' coming then.) "I see-e-e."

That day of waiting was long and it was short. It was long on account of Coddie, who wasn't there, and of Mrs.

Lephant, who was. It was short on account of the diverting way in which each new thing about the place was at very first glance familiar, and then, as soon as Carol had time to think about it, strange. And also on account of the kitten, whose name, the cook said, was Bubble.

Bubble was an irresponsible creature. It's the way of the world. Impetuously loved, profoundly depended upon, she seemed to take a perverse delight in maintaining her own poise and doing as she sweetly pleased. Here one moment, rubbing an arched back, cleaving softly, purring like incipient volcanoes and brightening the sun—another moment and Bubble was no more. Run here and call there as Carol might, with panic growing in her, Bubble was gone. Gone like Coddie and, perhaps, like Coddie, never to come again.

It wasn't until after lunch (still no daddy) that Carol discovered the wile of triumph. It might be a twig, but better it was a string with a crumple of paper tied at the end. Bubble was gone, was she? Forever? Well, then, forget Bubble! Go about your business doing as *you* sweetly please. Prowl, explore. Craning at the eaves high overhead, where, in and out of the gingerbread frettings, birds wheeled with tiny whistling sounds, wonder what it can be that makes the heart stop, trying to remember—what? Or all of a sudden, scouting along a path between high barberry walls, *know* that there is a gravelly circle and a bird-bath at the farther end of it, and begin to run—and plop! Tug!—there's Bubble, dropped from heaven, battling at the crumple of paper dragging quite forgotten in the rear, as if Bubble had never been away.

Once it was nearly disastrous. On the side toward the valley the garden was built up, the stone wall of the terrace falling away ten feet at least to the pasture's rocky ground. It was just here that the kitten exploded from a clump of rhododendrons, and Carol, turning her eyes at the tug, saw the gray

fluff teetering after the paper along the giddy edge, at a perilous balance and apt at any breath to lose it and go tumbling away to break her neck.

Carol stopped, her heart stopped, her hand froze. Prickles climbed her spine. She was afraid to breathe, but she had to breathe to whisper:

"Mrs. Lephant—where are you?"

"I'm right here, child. Why?"

"Call Bubble a-a-way fr-from there. G-g-get another string and dr-dr-drag it—Oh, she *will* fall off!"

Mrs. Lephant dared disaster by laughing out loud. "Why, my dear child, *cats* don't fall. They never do. And even if they did—See!"

With a swoop almost as quick as a cat's Mrs. Lephant caught Bubble by the scruff and held her at arm's length, squirming in terror of the abyss. Then leaning down and out over it, before Carol could so much as gasp, she had opened her fingers and let the kitten fall.

"There, you see? It doesn't matter how a cat is dropped, it *always* lands right side up. See, though! Why, Carol! don't look at me so!"

Carol hazarded one eye over. When she saw that Bubble wasn't dead, but bouncing off along the foot of the wall with a tail as big as indignation, she stopped being faint. She sprang up. She towered, pink with fury.

"Mrs. Lephant, I want you to know right square now I think you're a—a—"

But she was a well-brought-up girl, and it does tell. Appalled, she wheeled and ran as fast as she could run away. Mrs. Lephant called after her, but Carol would have cut off her ears before they would have heard. Tears blinded her, she crashed into plantings, scratched her legs on thorns, and hid in a deep hedge of lilacs, cowering down in the leaf-shadow, so that that woman should never find her till the world's end.

Bubble found her though. Together they thought their thoughts of hate.

Someone was walking on the drive outside the hiding-place. When Carol

had decided it couldn't be the Lephant she dared one peep. It was a lady.

Something turned over with a flop in the middle of the child's insides. "But I—I *know* her!" But then, as with all the other things, "Do I?" How could she, when she couldn't remember ever having seen her till this day.

The lady's eyes were fixed on the house and she walked like a laggard, perhaps because there were others coming behind. She had slightly wavy chestnut hair, laid back as smoothly as it would go from her temples and over her ears. Her face was pale but it was handsome. By that, and by her slender, prettily clad figure and her silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, Carol knew her of a sudden for what she was. She was the new governess.

Slowly, still intent on the house before her, she passed out of the spy-gap in the leaves. Daddy moved into it, conversing with a gentleman with black whiskers and a gold-rimmed pince-nez. Coming to a halt just there, daddy's voice dropped to almost nothing. "Doctor," he said, "I want—God knows how deeply I want to thank you. And I hope to Heaven it's going to be—"

The other coughed, like people who are embarrassed by being thanked.

"I hope so, too. And, Bonaparte, I believe so. I shouldn't have written you unless, by every test I know, I'd been convinced."

"Well?" Daddy's eyes went after the vanished governess. He now seemed the embarrassed one. "Well, Doctor—you won't stay, eh? Overnight?"

"I don't think it's best. I'll call you up first thing in the morning—or better—I'll drop around. Yes, I'll do that. Good-by, Bonaparte. And good luck!"

There was the sound of a motor near at hand getting up its appetite. Both men blew their noses. Carol slid out the other way, quiet as an Indian, and made for the farthest corner, where was the house that held the garden tools.

Governesses were always bad enough.

But *this* one! And Daddy blowing his nose with strangers! And Mrs. Lepphant! "Bubble!" she wailed, "where, oh where is Coddie gone?"

But before Bubble could even begin to answer, a shadow around the tool-house corner was followed by the hurrying Lepphant in the flesh.

"Where *have* you been, child? Come along directly and see your mamma."

Carol was so flustered that she did go along, suffering tugs at her frock here and dabs at her hair there, and had got almost to the steps of the veranda before her reason came back. Then she balked. Escaping Mrs. Lepphant's hand, she stood off and looked at her from beneath wise brows, precisely as Coddie might have done it, with a nipped-in, faintly alkaline smile.

"But you see, Mrs. Lepphant, it *isn't* my mamma. People are *always* making just exactly mistakes like that."

When even daddy assured Carol that it was her mamma, and when the lady herself, waiting near the mantle in the big double-bayed living room, stretched out her arms a little stiffly, as if it hurt her, and was nothing of a sudden but hands and two huge dark eyes, it was more than Carol could deal with on such short notice. She felt like a stick and she acted like a stick.

It was an idea to be gone at slowly. It's doubtful if even Atlas could lift a new world without working up to it. Perhaps the lady didn't realize.

If only Coddie could have been there. Thank Heaven! Bubble was . . .

It would have been easier if they could all have settled down to it quietly; simply have taken three big easy chairs there in the living room, and sat, and sat, and looked one another over, as much as to say, "Well, now, let's see." But they couldn't. None of them seemed to be able to stay still. First it was outdoors to look at the plantings; then it was upstairs, going through the chambers; then out again to look at the sunset beyond the hills.

Daddy was the worst in a way. When

he wasn't breathing very hard, he wasn't breathing at all; when he wasn't going red he was just getting over being red. It was worse than governesses had ever been—he was so anxious that everything should be precisely right for mamma—now a footstool for her feet; now a hand to help her over an inch-high culvert in the garden walk; again a, "Sha'n't I run bring you out a scarf, Stacia?" or a "Come, dear, sit down for a moment and rest." His blue eyes, always a little helpless, seemed permanently dilated, as one's eyes will be when there's a gun that may go off any minute or a bubble that may burst. And he talked a lot.

Mamma was quite different. Her quietude (even though she was forever on the move) was extraordinary. It was almost like sleep-walking, it seemed to Carol, and so it startled her, every time mamma took her hand, to find the fingers that closed on hers were as tight as twisted wires and trembling with a slight but very rapid pulse. Carol wished they wouldn't. She wished that the dark brown eyes, whenever they came roving after her, wouldn't turn so abruptly and so inkily black. It made her shy, and the thing she was trying most to do was to get over being shy.

Oh, if only she could act like herself, like the Carol she and daddy and Coddie knew! If only she could charge, arms wide, engulf this mamma in a great hug, and cry passionately as the wonder rushed up from her heart, "I love you, and you're so beautiful, and you're my mamma, and my own, forever and ever—promise me you are!"

But because she was shy she had always to hang back. She had to make believe to be interested in nothing on earth but the kitten that tumbled across the garden at the end of her string. She had to pretend it was secrets, when it was only "She's my own, my really mamma!" that she whispered over and over into Bubble's ear till the creature was nearly frantic with the tickle, and the lovely lady smiled.

It was when they were out for the sunset that mamma smiled. She stopped dead still and flashed a look at the child, knee-deep with Bubble in a thicket of old snapdragon stalks. She started to speak, then closed her lips tight, and wound her fingers into her palms, as people do who are very nervous at hotels in Italy. Then she smiled, and it was a funny, slow, thin smile, and she said in a tone playfully wistful on top and something mysteriously else beneath, "I wish *I* had a string, little daughter. Would you be my little kittie then, and—and—play with me?"

Carol was allowed to stay down to dinner at table that evening, and if there had been any doubts left, that would have settled it. One doesn't stay down to dine with governesses.

It was wonderful. There were candles on the table, tall ones, whose fat flames wavered softly in miniature in silver and crystal and china such as Carol had never seen in all the hotels in the world. They wavered in daddy's eyes too, and in mamma's: they must have been in Carol's own; the three faces and mamma's neck and daddy's shirt-front were bright, and all was gloom behind.

There was a pale wine in glasses. Daddy lifted his and leaned forward.

"Stacia?"

Mamma was like a lady, Carol decided, sitting in a crystal tower. He had to speak again before she heard and lifted her glass to clink on his.

Daddy's trembled a little. "Here's to—God bless all of us, Stacia."

Mamma sipped and said nothing. When one came to think of it, mamma had said nothing all that afternoon, or nearly nothing. It was always daddy.

"Stacia," he went on, musing at his glass, a twisty smile about his lips that was both sad and gay, "I was never built for—for going it alone. I'm not the lone wolf. I feel as if I'd been through—" He shook himself, bright tear drops starting. "Never mind! I feel as if I'd come back to life to-day!"

What mamma felt she didn't say. Dreaming down at the fires in her wine-glass, perhaps she was thinking of nothing at all as she twirled the stem of it idly in the fingers of her left hand, somnambulist still.

Carol couldn't help bouncing (it was a mercy she didn't gasp out loud) when she felt the *other* hand coming through the darkness under the table. She would have liked to get her own two quickly in safe sight above the cloth, but it was so weird somehow, and she was so confused, she didn't know what to do. And then it was too late; the unseen thing that searched had come to her fingers and slid around them, swift as whips and tight as tentacles.

Carol had never been so abashed in her life. It was really more like terror. Of course it wouldn't have been anything at all if the others at table had known about it. But daddy didn't seem to, and no more did mamma, sitting there above the serene white damask (miles and miles away) in her tower of glass. And it wasn't just that it was clandestine, that subterranean grasp: it wasn't even a grasp, but more like a grab, a static violence, gradually tightening.

"I'm going to do lots of things now, Stacia," daddy was musing. "I'm going to buy back into the firm, and I'm going—" From mamma's face his eyes came abruptly to Carol's. "Why, Carol, Old Girl, what's wrong?"

Carol swallowed, and was red. "N-n-nothing. Really and tr-tr-truly."

In a panic she averted her eyes. She peered busily into the shadows in the corners. "Only I—I am a—a little worried about Bub-Bubble. I wonder where Bub-Bub-Bubble is."

There! If only she had thought of that sooner. Under the table the grab had suddenly ungrabbed and flown away, and almost in the same wink of time mamma, come out of her tower, was smoothing with her right hand a wisp of her lovely chestnut hair. She appeared to have rediscovered Carol.

"Bubble is the kitten?" she asked,

smiling the same funny, slow, thin smile she had used once before.

Daddy laughed. "Yes, and kittens aren't allowed in dining rooms, Old Girl."

In the living room, after dinner, with Mrs. Lephant waiting rather sniffily in the doorway (for after all, she was a governess, not a nurse), Carol was allowed to bid her parents good-night. For the first time in her career and for no known reason, she shook hands gravely with her father. Then she turned with a kind of shiver of stage fright to deal with the other one.

On the flare-backed couch before the new fire in the chimney mamma half reclined, obliquely, one knee over the other, one elbow up and a hand supporting her head, which was tilted a little so, like a bird's in half-preoccupied interrogation. There was a perfume about her that Carol had never known or dreamed of—as if it weren't of earthly flowers—exquisitely faint. Scent and sight worked backwards with Carol. A lovely fragrance made her eyes film; to make her nostrils dilate it took an entrancing vision, like the soft flames running and playing in mamma's hair.

The eyes in the face that was more beautiful in its set pallor than all the roses in the world were turning blacker and blacker as the seconds ticked. Carol felt herself being intoxicated. In the "V" of Mamma's gown she saw the hollow of the white bosom beginning, and it came to her that what she wanted fiercely was to lay her head there, her cheek and temple, and press tight. On the hidden side of her, lying on the couch in the shadow her crossed knees threw, mamma's other hand was moving. Carol saw it in a corner of her eye, the long fingers coiling and uncoiling restlessly.

"I hope you sleep very well indeed, mamma," she heard herself saying. "Good-night, mamma."

But then her feet were glued, not knowing how to go. Bubble saved her. When she saw the kitten cleaving to a

table-leg and making her eyes green she managed a gasp of joy and skipped.

"Now, child!" Mrs. Lephant called from the doorway.

But Carol had to catch that kitten first. She had to fall on her knees and hug her, kiss her on the whiskers and blow into her ear a "Don't you think she is beautiful, Bubble; don't you think she's darling; don't we love her almost to *death*?" Otherwise she would have had to burst with a rubbery shriek, like an over-blown balloon.

In the hall Mrs. Lephant said, "Now drop your kitty, that's a good girl."

"Mightn't I have her just a little—just a weency-weency while?"

"Up-stairs! What an idea! Bed-rooms are no place for animals, not at night. Neither are houses. They're much better off outdoors."

"Oh, but Mrs. Lephant—you—wouldn't! You couldn't! She'd *freeze*!"

"Cats? What do you suppose they've fur for? Let her down; that's right. Scat, kitty; I'll tend to you later. Take Mrs. Lephant's hand now, my dear."

Carol couldn't go to sleep. The tighter she closed her eyes the wider she was awake. A procession of "she's" ramped through her mind. With venomous sarcasm: "She seems to know a great deal about cats!" With a surge of the heart: "She *wanted* me to put my head there in her neck; I *know* she did! She loves me. To-morrow—Oh, to-morrow!" With a guilty, almost forgotten hollow feeling: "I wonder if she has gone to be some other girl's nurse, now I've a mamma and she can't be mine." And with a sudden eye on the window, wide open and blue-green-black and chill: "She *hasn't* enough fur; I don't care! If she *doesn't* freeze, she'll catch her death. Oh, dear!"

It was at the same time ironic and tragic. For the first time with so many responsibilities, for the first time there was no one in reach to share them with. The room grew as big as the house, the house grew as empty as the whole black outdoors; the time grew hours.

Then came temptation and the fall.

At first it was creepy, like burglars. No door had been opened, but some one or some thing was in that room. Whether she heard it or simply felt it, she didn't know: she only knew she mustn't stir and mustn't open her eyes.

When she flopped over and popped open her eyes, Bubble said "Prrraouw" from the window-sill, where she was busy tidying herself after her trouble with the woodbine by which she had come. Presently, vanishing in lower darkness, she arrived on the bed with a thump.

Carol was firm. "You wicked! You heard what Mrs. Lephant said as well as I did." Bubble rubbed, filling the lecturer's face with fluff. Carol sat bolt up for authority. As she did so Bubble took advantage of the lifted coverlet, dived beneath, whipped into a fat knot, and began to purr.

Carol sat and thought.

"Mrs. Lephant thinks she knows everything, but she doesn't know as much as daddy. She says Bubble shouldn't be here, but last night daddy said—"

She curled back into the warm place under the covers and got hold of the kitten. Thinking of that window (it's much more dangerous to go down vines than up them—and no matter what Mrs. Lephant thought she knew about cats), she got still better hold, her arms double all the way around.

It was the light that awakened her, falling through an open door. She would have said it must be nearly morning, but it wasn't, for daddy and mamma were just coming up to bed. Daddy was in the doorway and mamma was near the bed.

"Is she sleeping?" Daddy asked in a low voice.

"I don't know." It was hardly above a whisper, in case. "Carol, dear?"

Carol, peering through sleepy lashes at her there, felt all the things she had felt in the whole of the day in one lump now, and the lump was in her throat.

There was something that ravished her in that silhouette of a mother, the shoulders bent a little and the head held still, like hovering. Carol needn't wait till to-morrow after all to fling up and cry, "Mamma! I love you, and I'm glad."

She would have done it that moment, had something dreadful not occurred. She wasn't the only one awakened. Bubble stretched under the bed-clothes and began automatically to purr. It rumbled, nothing less.

There was no time to plan. Carol opened her mouth and snored. She never snored; she didn't even know how to snore; but she snored.

Mamma hadn't moved. Or if she had, it was only her neck and head, by a fraction of an inch, and so swiftly that nobody would have known. Like an Indian in the dark when his brother touches him for "Did you hear?"

Had she heard? Carol snored in despair. Oh, *had* she heard?

Daddy reiterated his question from the door, but with another emphasis, of mirth, "*Is she sleeping?*"

"One would think so, wouldn't one?"

Mamma turned like a shadow, stiffly but without a sound, and moved away toward the bright rectangle where daddy was waiting, one arm crooked out and a smile trembling about his lips and eyes.

The door was closed and it was dark again. Thank Heaven, Bubble Bonaparte! They were both young in crime yet, and it had been a pretty narrow squeak.

It was late when Carol awoke in the morning; it wasn't indeed until Mrs. Lephant came; and it was a clear warm day full of sun. Still blinking, Carol pawed about under the covers. Then she lay suddenly as still as scared mice and studied Mrs. Lephant out of the corners of her eyes.

"Mrs. Lephant," she began in a small voice, when the woman wouldn't stop her bustling and wouldn't end the suspense by opening her mouth (providing, of course, that she *knew*).

"Yes, child, what is it? Why don't you get up as I told you?"

"Mrs. Le-Lephant, you—you didn't—you haven't seen anything of my—of Bubble—this morning?"

"If you're still talking about that cat, no, I haven't. And now if I have to speak again—"

But Carol had to lie one more moment, staring at that open window. "The little monkey!" she thought to herself with what tried to be amusement.

She was wild to get out of doors. Tugging at the monitor's hand on the way down to breakfast she attempted stratagems. "I don't seem to be very hungry this morning, Mrs. Lephant. Must I eat breakfast, please?"

She wouldn't take even the Lephant's look for answer, but appealed from it to daddy, who was just getting up from his coffee and eggs. Daddy laughed. "You sit down there and cram!"

"Where's mamma?" Carol inquired in a smaller tone.

"Not up yet, the lazy. I'm sending her a tray; imagine that!" He was full of animation. All his motions were big, even the way he filled his pipe. "This is the life! eh, Old Girl? Now gobble. It's no day to be inside."

Carol got a piece of string from the maid and a piece of paper from a basket and set forth. She tried the east side of the grounds. "Kittikittikitti—" She combed the cover as far as the tool-house there and cast back along the front hedge toward the drive, bare-headed in the sunshine. Daddy stood talking with the doctor of yesterday.

"A bit nervous and quiet last evening—but she slept like an angel, Doctor, and this morning she looks like one. Doctor—I think it's a go."

Failing in the east, Carol trailed her bait into the south, the back-yard region, where the land began to slope and the outbuildings were. She didn't go to the valley side till the last. She wouldn't, that was all.

She didn't make a sound for a full half-minute after her eyes had found

Bubble in the long grass. But when she did, it brought Daddy around the corner at the double, and the doctor behind.

"What is it, Carol? Oh, I see. Oh, poor kitty! *Isn't* that a shame!"

"The old fool!"

It rasped Carol's throat. It was rage. Grief hadn't had time as yet.

Daddy stared at her. "Who's a fool?"

"Mrs. Lephant. She is! She t-t-told me a k-k-kitten couldn't hurt itself f-f-falling."

"Where'd Bubble fall from?" Daddy craned up. "That your window there?"

Now the sobs began to rack and the tears to roll.

"It wasn't Bu-Bu-Bubble's fault. She came to bed with me—but—bu-but I let her st-stay. And of course she wanted to g-g-get up early—and the doors were sh-shut—and she sl-sl-slipped on the v-v-vine and— Oh, daddy!"

Daddy caught her up in his arms. His attention, though, was curiously divided, more than half of it still fixed on the gray little body in the grass.

"It's odd," he mused, "but I didn't suppose, myself—" He spoke aloud to the doctor, who had bent to prod with a professional finger. "Neck broken, is it?"

"Broken, yes." The doctor snapped his own neck back of a sudden to look up at Carol's window, but nothing was there. "Broken, yes." His lips moved in a funny way. "I'm afraid a little worse than broken, Bonaparte. *Wrung*."

Somewhere aloft someone was laughing. It was low but unmuffled and pure, wandering, softly jubilating, soliloquizing, a little sarabande of mirth.

Carol couldn't help it, she shook her hands at the high windows. "Mamma, no! . . . Oh, daddy, but poor mamma, she won't laugh when we—when we t-t-tell her—that."

Daddy, getting his face in another direction, carried Carol away, while the doctor lingered a moment to break a bit of brush down over the place where Bubble lay. . . .

If yesterday had been upsetting, it was as nothing to to-day. Carol was too prostrate with woe even to try to make it all out. Trunks, bags, boys on bicycles arriving and departing with yellow telegrams, everybody in a hurry, everything in a mess, Mrs. Lephant going about with a flounce and a snuffle, mamma still invisible, still a lazy, Carol guessed.

It wasn't till Carol and daddy were in the station-taxi that afternoon that a suspicion of the possible truth came into the child's head.

"Daddy, it wasn't so, after all. I mean, it was all a—a kind of a joke—or I mean a kind of fooling. She *was* a governess, after all?"

Daddy sat and stared at the driver's back. Something distressing had happened to his shoulders between the morning and now. To his color too. It couldn't have been worse if he had been suffering one of his conscientious bored-spells for weeks and months; no, it couldn't have been so bad. It made Carol uneasy. She got hold of his hand.

"She *was* a governess, daddy, *wasn't* she?"

Daddy's gray-looking mouth moved with difficulty. "I suppose we might as well call it—why, yes, Carol, yes. And now—it wasn't long—we'll just forget."

On the platform at the little station, where the train was coming at them with a rush and roar, Carol got hold of his fingers again and tugged.

"Where are we going—this time?"

Daddy stared at the engine. He seemed distraught. He got the question mixed up with the answer he must have meant to give.

"Where are we going," he echoed, "this time?"

A wild wish was trying to dare to spring in Carol's heart. She quit tugging and began to stroke the wooden fingers she held.

"Daddy, couldn't we—daddy, mightn't we, don't you suppose—"

But she didn't need to finish. As the coaches rocked by to a grinding halt her eyes had caught a flicker of a face.

Carol shrieked.

"Daddy! Coddie is on this train!"





IN TIME OF CONFUSION

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IN THE United States millions of honest and otherwise intelligent people are still living intellectually in the nineteenth century. Their bodies are in the twentieth century, their appetites are satisfied by its devices, but their minds obstinately refuse to admit either the existence or the necessity of a new era.

The advance agents of a new and different twentieth century cried "wolf" too often. Everything novel and naughty and sensational in the eighteen nineties was called "*fin de siècle*," and in nineteen hundred we rubbed our eyes and looked about to see what the new world of the twentieth century was really like. It was just the same. Books were the same. Morals were the same. Again in 1914, when the war began, and on to 1918, every writer with a bent toward philosophy—and all non-combatants were philosophic in these days—said and repeated that the world would never be the same again; yet by 1920 it was unchanged in fundamental ideas, although in customs much the worse.

Nevertheless, the real end of the century had stolen in quietly in the meantime. It is marked sharply enough now to an observer by the emergence in both life and literature of an eager desire to get rid of old conventions and come to a new grip with the reality behind appearance. We remember, as we look back, that Bernard Shaw, who was a major prophet of change for the English-speaking peoples, had warned us of the coming revolution; but the alteration of values which began between 1908 and 1912 swept far beyond his little group of intellectuals.

It had arrived in literature before 1914, as anyone can discover to his satisfaction by reading John Masefield, H. G. Wells, Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Frost, Arnold Bennett, or Amy Lowell. The war, which hastened decay in weak things and development in strong, was a powerful accelerator in the value of the new ideas. But it did not cause the change; it was change.

And now those who have gained or retained in middle age some sharpness of perception must realize that they have been swung round the curve of a century. They are not yet perhaps in the full twentieth century, but they breathe its air. They breathe its air which stirs up strange sensations in the spirit, the nature of which they often mistake. Their minds often lag behind their senses, and the alterations in manners, morals, æsthetics, family relations, religion, and especially the manifestations of all this unrest in literature, which are visible everywhere, are charged to the war, to decadence, to barbarism, to perversity, to Bolshevism, to everything but the real cause, which is that we have entered new times that have brought new minds with them.

Imagine the meeting of an intelligent European of the naïve Middle Ages with a Chinese philosopher who had a thousand years of sophistication behind him. Granted that they could talk together in some intermediate tongue, nevertheless, they would not have used the same language. Ideas, beliefs, customs, hopes would be so different that each would persistently misunderstand the other in everything but the barest elements of

living. The thing happened to Marco Polo, and his famous book of travels, in spite of the accuracy of his observations, proves that in all his years in Cathay he never learned to distinguish between the culture of a parvenu Mongol living in Chinese luxury and the genuine Chinese civilizations. The Chinese liked peace and the Mongols didn't—that was about as far as he discriminated.

The same thing, on a different scale of course, is happening to-day, and it accounts for many unpleasant twinges of human nature. The old and the new are arguing together and they do not speak the same language. The bitterness of Fundamentalism, the split over Prohibition, the reckless libertinism of the current stage and current books, honest men defending what seems to others to be indecency in literature, intelligent readers completely confused by works of art that are declared by their authors to be true pictures of the times—all this indicates a conflict in minds which has got to be understood before we so much as take sides. There is no use in arguing over morality, or art, or literature, or happiness until both parties to the discussion understand what each means by the terms they use. I say a book is moral when my opponent calls it immoral. We may both be right according to the meaning which we severally put upon morality, in which case our argument should not be over the book, which we may both agree is finely written, but over morality. The Scopes case was tragi-comedy from beginning to end. One side argued for faith, the other for science, and neither seemed to have any conception of what his enemy was defending. We need the services of such "straighteners" as Samuel Butler described in his *Erewhon* who straightened the warped minds that were the cause of evil in the state.

II

I propose to stick to literature, which is a good clearing-house for a discussion

of this kind because a book is a book and stands there to be argued about, whereas opinions waver in every wind of doctrine. When the real *fin de siècle* came a different spirit entered into literature, which still remains and still seems modern. It was about this time that what we now call the Fundamentalists' conceptions of life and the universe, upon which English literature of the nineteenth century had largely been based, began visibly to disintegrate in many important places under the impact of applied science. New books that were really new were built upon different—not necessarily upon better—ideas. There is as sharp a contrast between a play of Shaw or a novel of Wells and a story of Kipling or a novel by Trollope, as between *Pilgrim's Progress* and Congreve's "Way of the World," or Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas* and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." Basic assumptions have changed, and the books have changed with them.

I do not mean in style, although that, of course, changed too. I mean in that philosophy of the unphilosophic mind which we call attitude toward life. I mean in conceptions of conduct and duty, in hopes and fears. It was about this time that the new realistic poetry of Masfield, Frost, Amy Lowell began to lavish imagination on themes that seemed shockingly unpoetical to lovers of the nineteenth century. It was about then that Hardy with his pessimistic determinism was accepted as the great English novelist of the period. It was about then that Conrad's unsentimental romance caught our imagination. It was about then that the stage swung from fantasy toward sophisticated, satiric realism; and Disillusion took the place of the Deity as the solution of dramatic conflict. Nothing has happened in English literature since that is really new except an increase of nationalism in America and a slant toward cynical irony in England. At this fateful period success suddenly came to those who sought a new reality.

They got through to the public, and my readers will themselves remember the disturbing quality of Shaw's plays, the crass excitement of H. G. Wells' earlier novels, the remarkable transformation of that grim Scandinavian Ibsen from a joke into a portent. All good readers went through the experience, and readers of every kind have been let down into the new reality in some fashion since. Some of them liked it and more did not. Some of them realized that the books they were reading were based upon premises which differed widely from the Victorian code; others never saw that a different spirit was infusing itself in literature, but thought that the new generation was writing badly and should be scolded.

We who are now middle-aged were brought up on the old, and still love it, yet read the new. We at least should be able to forget controversy and note what actually has happened. Thackeray was dead before we were born, but we, at least, do not call *Vanity Fair* obsolete. Meredith wrote *Diana of the Crossways* in 1885, and was regarded, by us, even in 1900, as a little ahead of his time. Kipling came to fame in the 'nineties, and was the hero of reading youth until the change of taste in the second decade of the twentieth century. I do not propose to discuss the literary qualities or the particular ideas of these excellent fictionists. What is interesting for this discussion are the truths that they in common with their age assumed to be obvious. What they accepted without question may be taken as the fundamentals of their period. If these differ from the bases of modern literature then we cannot complain if modern literature is different.

Thackeray was sure of a moral system in the universe that coincided with the judgment of good men. Those worldlings of his in *Vanity Fair*, who were meant to give his readers a horrid shiver, do not themselves doubt that the wicked will be punished, unless caution and safe incomes enable them

to turn good before it is too late. But an adventuress who tries to beat that game is doomed. Becky Sharp cannot play safe; she has to be predatory because there is an irreconcilable conflict between her personality and the environment which she needs for self-expression. She succeeds by sinning, and Thackeray points out the awful moral of her decay.

We thought in those early days that *Vanity Fair* was cynical because, I suppose, of the too evident fact that a wicked charming woman was the most valuable personality in the drama, and stupid people, like Dobbin and Amelia, summed up all the virtue in the piece. Few modern women would call it, I think, anything but sentimental, and few sociologists would accept its conclusions at all. If Becky was immoral, so the twentieth century would say, the society that suppressed her was guiltier still. Hers was a tragedy, not of morals, but of frustrated brains. Not so Thackeray. For him, God's in his Heaven and, although all is not right with the world, nevertheless, a woman who interferes with the system in order to express her personality will be dealt with before the other sinners. The vast question of social responsibility out of which Galsworthy made his *Forsyte Saga* is no question at all for Thackeray. He does not so much as speculate on what would be the theme of a modern novel.

George Meredith was a modernist in his day, supposed to be beyond and ahead of the earthlings of his time. The once famous preface to *Diana of the Crossways*, regarded in 1900 as an intelligence test for intellectuals, may be remembered by the archæologically minded. He was a feminist almost before feminism:

The position [of a woman under breath of scandal] . . . asks for more than justice from men, for generosity, our civilization not being yet of the purest. That cry of hounds at her disrobing by Law is instinctive. She runs and they give tongue; she is a creature of the chase. Let her escape unmangled,

it will pass in the record that she did once publicly run, and some old dogs will persist in thinking her cunninger than the virtuous which never put themselves in such positions, but ply the distaff at home. Never should the reputation of a woman trail a scent! How true! and true also that the women of wax-work never do; and that the women of happy marriages do not; nor the women of holy nunneries; nor the women lucky in their arts. It is a test of the civilized to see and hear, and add no yapping to the spectacle.

Diana, softer yet even more brilliant than Becky, is a victim of her own fiery spirit which beats and burns against the cage of convention. She is ruined by scandal, saved by one who believes that she is moral whatever the color of her acts. This is, if you please, modern; yet Meredith never questions the law, never questions the intention of God to make fine women virtuous; his tragedy is always of a "*forte et belle*" soul who, wishing well, is tangled in circumstance. If there had been no rigidly moral universe there would have been no drama. Let Diana once say, I have a right to leave my intolerable husband, and let society agree with her, and poof! the whole story is gone. But this society which was so cruel to the woman who arouses the sexual in man, so cruel to the youth of Richard Feverel and the beauty of Diana Warwick seeking expression, is fixed for Meredith, and attractive in its fixity. He accepts its moral code as he accepts its aristocratic social laws as something so comfortably stable that sarcasm for the one and irony for the other are but glosses on an accepted text. A horse or a dog cannot be too finely bred for the fine society that Meredith, the tailor's son, so dearly loved, but let a woman be too witty, too beautiful, too energetic, too ravishing, and she has to pay, can be saved only by finding some honest fellow who will lead her out of the arena. Could any enlightened novelist, writing after 1910, write upon a theme like that?

Kipling was never much interested in

women. Men were his darlings, and particularly one type of the male. This was a "he-man" of the "red-blooded" type, afterward taken over by the American movies, though with much slurring of the original traits. Kipling's man, of course, was one of the by-products of the imperialistic idea, and really lived in the imagination of the English public school. In life, whatever his true psychology, he talked somewhat like Kipling's hero and acted in character often enough to justify the great tradition of the British empire. Realism, however, does not concern us; the question is, what Kipling and Kipling's man thought to be so indisputably true as not to need defense.

This writer, who was at first accused of being brutal and who has never been accepted as their exponent by the governing class of England, was, nevertheless, the last powerful writer of fiction to make his plots turn upon the definition of a gentleman. Indeed, most of those brilliant stories which we read with such excitement a score and more years ago are lessons in the code of what Kipling meant by a gentleman. In *The Jungle Books* he learns how to be stoical, how to be fair, how to be modest, how to be aggressive; in *Kim* he gets the same education, plus a respect for (it is impossible to say a comprehension of) religion. The beauty of holiness in the old lama is to be protected by the strong; but of course a gentleman does not have to be religious. In a hundred short stories Kipling applies the public-school code, which says *noblesse oblige* and *honi soit qui mal y pense* and *Do and Dare* and *The White Man's Burden* and *The Lord helps those who help themselves* and *Self-Knowledge*, *Self-Respect*, and *Self-Control*, and the other precepts which were left out of the Sermon on the Mount, which was not written for this kind of gentleman.

Racial superiority is another item, a very particular kind of superiority based upon organizing power and upon character, by which Kipling means, not

intelligence or spirituality, but the ability to hold fast to duty. And what does he mean by duty? Loyalty to the principles of an orderly life on the orderly English model described above. For these he is willing to have his men fight, to have them crush recalcitrant peoples, to sacrifice themselves. That is being a gentleman. It is the morality of a man's world, specifically of an English public-school world in which a very large section of the universe is entirely unrepresented, and it is just as fixed as Thackeray's moral order for the sexes, or Meredith's conception of a social order in which abnormal personalities like Diana get into trouble. All this Kipling takes for granted as the philosophy by which one lives.

III

I am not, strange as it may seem to the new inverted puritans who think that all their fathers' thoughts are musty, raising a question as to the rightness or wrongness of the fundamental assumptions which underlie these books, as fundamental assumptions underlie all books. Nor am I pretending to do more than hit off in the briefest terms some of the life-philosophy of the last century. It is enough for the purpose of this essay to reveal these convictions—call them prejudices if you wish—unquestioned and indestructible beneath the creative imagination, as firm and fundamental as the ultimate granite beneath a modern office building. Nor does the question of art properly enter. We used to think of Kipling as the prime romanticist, but in some of his stories the top dressing of romance begins to wash off and the Ideals of the British Empire to shoulder through. The Chinese, one supposes, would regard *The Jungle Books* or *Puck of Pook's Hill* as propaganda for the white race, imperialism, and pugnacity. They are, of course, propaganda, but so is *Pilgrim's Progress*, and this does not necessarily affect the

literary value of the work. As for Thackeray and Meredith, if some moderns have come to disbelieve in the psychological soundness of their social system when applied to an industrialized world, they will nevertheless accept their hypotheses when they read their books, as we all accept the Greek idea of fate and the Greek family conventions when we read the great tragedies. It is the confident assumptions that are significant for this study, and the outstanding fact that the serene trust of those who lived and wrote with a planned and plotted world steady beneath their feet has not survived the new century which began just before the war. Or rather the habit of trust in the old regulations has survived with some and the ability to trust them departed from others: hence our present confusion.

What, for example—to turn toward our own age—is John Galsworthy sure of? His *Forsyte Saga* is essentially a story of changing generations. Soames Forsyte is, so far, its chief figure, and what is Soames but the instinctive Englishman, honest but greedy, predatory, realistic to a degree, not troubling about any morality beyond what expediency calls for, but tenacious of his rights which include the right to live in an orderly, well-behaved London. He is, in fact, the elemental essence from which Kipling's gentleman is built, but more genuine and stronger. But even Soames' tenacity cannot solve the younger generation. His daughter's idea of right is not his; his son-in-law envies his stoic consistency but does not know how to imitate it. Old England, indeed, seems to be cracking up in *The White Monkey* and the later stories of the Saga; but it is more than England cracking; it is the assumptions upon which men had lived. Even the old men doubt them, and the young are discontentedly seeking for some meaning in life that will make all the energy spent upon it seem worth while.

What is Sinclair Lewis sure of? Of

nothing, I should say, except that smallness of soul and pettiness of ambition make a pathetically mean type of man. His Martin Arrowsmith lives as little by the spirit and as much by a code as Kipling's gentleman; but what a difference in the code! The American has no sense of superiority to be established and satisfied, and hence no manners. He lives by ambition solely, and his ambition is to find out something, not for humanity or his class, but because his pride demands that he shall make a great discovery. His universe is no longer a moral one; it does not even concern itself with sexual morality. A wife is a wife as long as she is a good wife, and no longer—that is all there is to the sex question. And the world is neither ordered nor haphazard. It is just *there*, a collection of physical facts which has to be handled in the competition to satisfy both your vanity and your instincts, some of which latter, for inscrutable reasons, are nobly altruistic and others mean or gross. Rawdon Crawley would have been shocked by such an idea of the world; Becky would have triumphed in it and no questions asked; Mowgli would have discovered that the jackals and the banderlog were the *intelligentzia* instead of his class-conscious wolves. This is indeed the World Machine functioning quite impersonally, and the duty of man is to keep it oiled and get out of the way of the cogs, unless he becomes a cog himself, which is probable. In short, what Lewis accepts without question is pragmatism in its lowest terms of expediency. We are animals adapting ourselves to environment, and the moral credit which lifts us above the animals is attained only by courageously developing the best that happens to be in our nature. Not conformity to code or moral law, but honest, determined self-expression is morality. Babbitt thwarts his own nature, Arrowsmith pluckily carries out his ambitions. By this they are judged.

Sinclair Lewis did not invent this necessity for self-expression. It came to

him as freely and as naturally as his native air. His fellow-novelists, both in England and America, assume as he does, though in varying degrees, that success or failure comes not from conformity to well-recognized laws (this was George Eliot's theory) but from honest fidelity to one's instincts and to one's ideals, even when they are conflicting. I say in varying degrees, because some novelists, and some very good ones, are still planted in the nineteenth century, and respond confusedly to the newer attitudes, which they follow subconsciously but do not consciously accept. Margaret Kennedy's vagarious musicians had nothing more certain than their instincts to guide them. Sherwood Anderson's rebellious men who pull off the domesticity that incommodes their spirits as a man pulls off a clumsy coat, Christopher Morley's shining women who are hurt and confused by the hungers and denials of the grown-up world, come to no other conclusion whatever their authors may think; Willa Cather's amorous ladies and professors weary of soul are justified in their acts only by the laws of their own nature, which, as well as they can, they obey. In the *Manhattan Transfer* of John Dos Passos, as in Joyce's *Ulysses* and Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, the thing has gone farther, probably farther than we readers will ever go. In these books there are no assumptions at all, except the negative assumption of a vast incoherence; there is no more fixity in the moral world than in the physical world of electrons. Behavior is all that counts; indeed, *Manhattan Transfer* is sheer behaviorism, and the characters are little more than habits buffeted by circumstance. By a long circle we have come back to that utter vagrancy which Dante imagined only for his Hell, where the winds of chance blow hither and thither the pathetic lovers, Paolo and Francesca, who cling only to their habit of love.

The writers of the new century who do more than repeat stale phrases of their grandparents have been forced to take

what can be called a philosophic attitude, but no such compulsion exists for their readers. It is enough for them if their imaginations warm as they read; they are not responsible to reality as it currently exists. They may read (if they can) Sir Walter Scott with complete sympathy, whereas a writer who wrote Sir Walter Scott in 1926 would be done for. In the daily business of believing, acting, loving, denying, they cannot escape the current philosophy of their times, and they do not: the most hard-shell Fundamentalist fails utterly to conform to all that a literal belief in the Bible implies, fails, not from weakness, as happened with the best of the old puritans, but because he cannot live in this modern world, with its extensions of knowledge far beyond the Hebrew philosophy, without violating a dozen times a day the literalism of his creed. We have yet to hear in the present controversy of Fundamentalist economics, sociology, electrodynamics, sanitation, while the challenge to defend Biblical astronomy has been ignored. But in the reading of books, he who *thinks* like the nineteenth century can be as illogical as he chooses in attacking every manifestation of his own period. If his idea of morality is the same as Thackeray's, then Thackeray will be moral to him and Sinclair Lewis immoral, without reference to what goes on in his own town. If his ideal of conduct is the same as Kipling's, Anderson will shock him, and it makes little difference that in practice the public-school code of ethics is as foreign to his own customs as the impulses which keep Anderson's men forever running away either from their wives or their mistresses. Scratch any of us and you will find the beliefs, the principles, the prejudices of youth not far beneath the skin, and if these govern our opinions of the new books, there are sure to be some curious reactions.

And this is the reason why the judgments we form of books in a transitional period like this are so confused and confusing (I know that all periods are

transitional, but the beginning of a new century, with a world war just behind is obviously transitional to the *n*th degree). They are confused because the majority of modern books, like the majority of modern men, are a complex of the old world and a new which has not yet clearly defined itself. That complex is the significant item. Ideas that belong to the nineteenth century are interwoven with practical beliefs which are quite alien to them. Mr. Babbitt would find Thackeray's London rather shocking and a little absurd (we can imagine what Thackeray would think of Mr. Babbitt!). The idleness, the hard drinking, the piety, the snobbish worldliness of people who never shook hands with their inferiors would have upset that little gentleman. And yet Babbitt's ideas of God and of conduct in a moral sense are identical in form at least with Dobbin's. Imagine, if you can, the president of an Iowa woman's club in Meredith's county society. How utterly foreign its frank assumption of special privileges for the rich and well-born—or the conviction that women are game and men the hunters—to her experience of democratic feminism. And yet she would be unable to phrase a theory of sex relationship that differed radically from Meredith's own. Or put one of Kipling's race-conscious gentlemen in American business and let him knock about the natives a little, and see how it works. In books the public-school code is still so familiar as to be sympathetic but in life we have pretty well thrown it over. We have in fact rushed out of the Victorian paradise where a gentleman was a gentleman and one knew where one was, and yet we have brought many conventions and most of our formal thinking through the gates.

Therefore, our judgments of the painting, architecture, music, literature, which belong entirely to this new epoch and no other, are likely to be heterogeneous. H. G. Wells, for example, fills histories with hard, vulgar characters who spend their lives trying to improve education, increase comfort, and provide free and

easy love for everyone. "Nice" people do not like Mr. Wells, because "nice" people as a rule retain the personal standards of Thackeray or Dickens and prefer that their heroes should have the instincts of a gentleman. Mr. Wells is more honest than they are. He writes upon an assumption which they affect to believe, that the common man must be allowed to grasp the opportunities which science has provided for him. When he grasps them, he may still remain common; Wells cannot help that. Granted this conception of a developing society, and the nature of his characters inevitably follows. Our own Theodore Dreiser is criticized for indecency by the same "nice" people. They fail to see that Dreiser's society is completely equalitarian, a pathetic mass whose instincts were always the same, and whose intelligence approaches nearer and nearer to a level. Codes mean nothing to it, religion is just an emotional charge, those who hold back out of fear do not live at all. It is, indeed, the mass life of the whole, not the character of the individual that makes his story. And, therefore, he describes every phase and characteristic of his animal species, and ignores the differentia that separate the fine man from the plodding beast. It is his fundamental assumptions, so different from Fielding's or Jane Austen's, that account for his ignoring of taste, his distrust of ideals, his minute and tiresome realism. We may not believe in him or like his ideas or his people, but there is no sense in damning him for what is after all a necessity in his scheme.

Of course no society exists in one time only, except among primitive savages. There is usually a confusion of pasts, presents, and futures with every shade and admixture between. Soviet time, for example, is centuries removed from the time of the Russian peasant. In the United States, where there are the vaguest of class lines and where people of every economic and intellectual status read much the same books, the result is particularly disastrous to clear thinking.

We need not worry about the Harold Bell Wrights or the Gene Stratton Porters. They exist in past time and their appeal is strictly romantic. No confusion results because no modern ever dreams of applying their fundamental ideas to life. The ultra moderns, too, can take care of themselves. They think they are living in the present when they give us their new moralities and their emancipated individuals. Actually, they are interpreting the present in terms of what they think will be the future and, like all prophets, they must take their chance with events. Shaw was a major prophet in his prime, and must be so acclaimed; but the world did not become precisely Shavian, and will not. The modernists need protection only against misconception. We must not let them shock us by what they write; it is what they think that is important. If we who have a foot in each century wish to bastinado the Lawrences, the Andersons, the Huxleys, and the O'Neills, let us spank them on the right place, which is upon their fundamental assumptions if, as is by no means certain in the best cases, these need chastising. But most of our novelists and playwrights and short-story writers, and poets too, are like most of us readers—time with them is compound and complex, and they need protection from the young intellectuals who scorn them because, let us say, marriage is still admired by them, and the old fogies who abuse them if their characters possess a mentality that dates later than 1896.

The real turn of the century was fifteen odd years ago and if it is true, as I think must be evident, that in spite of all lagging, blending, and confusion, there has been a change in fundamental assumptions, then we should begin to call our writers and critics to account. What do our writers believe, if anything? Why don't the critics tell us instead of chattering about manners and too much or too little realism? Even a detective story has some kind of moral basis, which is part of the data for a good judg-

ing of it. Literature should not be judged by its morals, but it cannot be understood without them. Admitted that most writers have no beliefs but only a muddle of conventional ideas and native instincts, upon which they sometimes skate very easily. Admitted that even critical readers are as a rule no better off. Admitted that a story may be real when the author's ideas about life are only stale patterns. Nevertheless, good writers believe in something whether they know it or not; they have made a philosophy of life even if they have not rationalized it; they have an instinctive theory of living which checks the moves of every character. Such writers will tell you that their people go their own way. That is not true. They follow, as Colonel Newcome followed, or Tom Jones, a typical path through society, and it was the writer who created both the society and the path out of his own times *as he conceived them*. A call to accounting in this transitional period would, I think, result in a new criticism. Some readers would be appalled at the implications of the books they were reading, and others disgusted at the stale idea behind so-called "strong" stories. Having begun a literature for a new century, we should begin to criticize it for its basic ideas as well as for the art which cannot be understood without them.

For you, reader, the pertinent question is, are you nineteenth-century, or twentieth, or are you trying vainly to belong to the hypothetical twenty-first? If you are nineteenth, is it from laziness or conviction? Are those indignant judgments you pass upon modernism merely an irritable reaction to change, or are you willing to defend in your own actual living, as well as in your opinions, the values of a passing world? If the one great factor in modern literature, scientific thinking, oppresses you, are you willing to throw overboard all science, or will you try to discriminate between false science and true? Do it, and you may become a different man, at least in criticism.

And if you think you are twentieth-century, what do you mean by that? Do you hold instinctive and inconsistent beliefs (like most of us) and use whichever is convenient at the moment to attack what you dislike or do not understand? It is the duty of a mind in an age of transition to move, either backward or forward, but certainly to move. Are you moving, with some intelligent thought as to where you are going? Or—since this is no sermon—are you following your authors sympathetically in their immensely difficult task of recording change? And if you aspire to be of the twenty-first century—which even if impossible is irresistible to certain types of intellect—are you one who believes that by reducing the universe to disorder a real triumph can be had over a past that at least was decorously intelligible? Having demolished God and the Unities, and poetic justice and self-control, and (some of you) form and even language itself, are you content to dance on the ruins? Are futurist art and the jargon of Gertrude Stein and the chaotic jumble of a modern city ends in themselves? Or is this just the dizziness of escape and the drunkenness of freedom?

No convinced lover of the past, and no rabid prophet of the future, ever listened to appeals like these. Here we are in the twentieth century, with the nineteenth on our backs and capering like clowns to get rid of it, while the old fellows cry shame on us for our lack of dignity and the youngsters say that we are merely absurd. But there must be some middle-aged moderates to sympathize with the poor Transitionalist. He is trying to hold on to permanent values while they change, like Proteus, into new forms. He is trying to escape from the delusion that convention is truth, while avoiding the illusion that change in itself is a virtue. After all he, and not the shellback or the novelty monger, is the person that counts. He works while the others carp or prophesy. With all confusions it is he who is writing our best books.



SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF WOMAN IN BUSINESS

BY ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

NOT long ago I called on a woman who is doing, as we women in business and professional life love to say, "a big piece of work." Her importance, achieved in an incredibly short period, was attested by the location of her New York offices and by the crowded reception-room in which I was asked to sit down and wait. "Could you state what you wished to see Miss A. about?" her secretary had asked in a rather toplofty manner. I could not, and this answer, strangely enough, seemed to give me precedence. I was conducted almost at once into Miss A.'s presence.

She sat at her desk, facing the door, a youngish person, unostentatiously dressed in a white blouse and dark skirt.

"Will you sit down?" she invited, though invited is too strong a term to express her impersonal, detached tone. I took a chair near the door, feeling I should not obtrude myself farther than was necessary, not, at any rate, until Miss A. completed what must be, I thought, an urgent report.

After pencilling a number of annotations on the sheets before her she tucked them away in a filing cabinet in the most deliberate manner and, seating herself at a typewriter, typed away for some ten minutes. Then she rang, told the messenger she would see Mr. So and So now, gave the man some instructions when he appeared, and dismissed him.

I was immensely impressed. "Is it possible," I thought to myself, "that we women in business are taking ourselves so seriously as all this?"

At last Miss A. glanced in my direction and, without the ghost of a smile, indicated she could give me her attention.

I stated my purpose in calling. I wanted advice. I was thinking of making a change and entering the business field in which she herself was a pioneer, though I must confess that during my long chilling wait I regretted the impulse which had brought me to see her.

To my amazement, Miss A. entered at once into my project, assuring me there was plenty of room for others besides herself, that the opportunities in the field were indeed almost limitless, and that there were particular reasons why it was one suited to women. She traced modestly her own beginnings, the discouragements she had met, the obstacles she had had to overcome, but insisted that the difficulties had been exaggerated and should prove no deterrent, even going so far as to offer to take me under her tutelage without charge. She was, it turned out, when it came to what she was doing, not only human but disposed to be thoroughly helpful.

As we shook hands in parting Miss A. suggested I should see a Miss Brown, I may call her, who was also (Miss A.'s words) "doing a big piece of work," in a related if not identical line. She offered to give me a note of introduction or to telephone that I was coming, but I declined both courteous offers, feeling, not without amusement, that I should have a better opportunity to observe what Miss Brown's "big piece of work" had done to her if I went unannounced.

There was no anteroom, no oppor-

tunity to send in my card. At the end of a spacious, rather empty-looking office I saw a woman I judged to be Miss Brown, a forthright capable-appearing person, of what we used to designate as the school-mar'm type before the teaching profession came so largely into the hands of the pretty, girlish, smartly dressed young teachers of the present day. Miss Brown was explaining something in a thoroughgoing manner to a gentleman who was listening with meek attentiveness. Although it was about eleven in the morning and she gave no evidence of having just come in or being on the point of leaving, Miss Brown wore her hat. The fact of her wearing her hat in her office was, as I had learned years before, eloquent.

I paused inside the office door, waiting till it was convenient for Miss Brown to come forward or send the girl sitting at a typewriter near by. It was evident that Miss Brown was aware of my presence. She kept snapping her eyes in my direction as she went on with her discussion. The girl at the typewriter lifted her eyebrows in my direction once, with a vague inquiry in her otherwise expressionless face, then resumed her pounding.

I advanced cautiously, trying to make it apparent I did not wish to interrupt. "I'll wait," I had started to say to the girl at the typewriter in a low voice, "till Miss Brown—"

But Miss Brown had sprung from her chair and with a movement of shaking her flounces, though she had none to shake, challenged me, "What is it you want?"

"Well, not," I answered, suppressing a smile, "to sell you insurance—or anything else!"

Miss Brown stared at me for an instant, then taking a step forward, reiterated, "Well, *just* what is it you want?"

My reason for coming to see her proving not wholly unflattering, Miss Brown consulted her watch, her calendar, the girl at the typewriter. "Well, I can't

possibly see you to-day," she said finally. "I have an important conference at two o'clock, another at four. And to-morrow—" There were other important conferences on the morrow. "But day after, promptly at three, I might give you a few minutes."

Next morning, however, her secretary called me up to say that it would be inconvenient, after all, for Miss Brown to see me at the time appointed. "Miss Brown would prefer next week."

I failed to avail myself of this opportunity to see Miss Brown again, but I must say I blessed her memory. I shuddered to think how often I must have prated of "important conferences," and sought to give the impression that my time was more valuable than Judge Gary's.

II

The habit of taking ourselves too seriously grows, no doubt, out of taking our jobs too seriously. What every woman in a business organization knows is, that if a woman earns, say four thousand a year, she must make the showing of a man drawing ten. In our nervous anxiety to succeed, straining every faculty to the uttermost, we overlook the part our lighter, the more purely feminine side of our nature might play. Women in business are constantly surprised, not to say shocked, to find how much time men "waste," how much frivolous interchange goes on among them. If business men work hard, in spurts, they play not only at lunch time and on the links, but all through the day apply to their toil the lubricant of agreeable intercourse with one another. In a word, they have made of their business life, if not actually an exciting, at least a pleasurable affair instead of a sad necessity. Gossip and jokes enliven their most important councils and a raconteur among them possesses a valuable business asset.

Yet we women in business are afraid to take time to be gracious, almost afraid even to smile. I do not refer, of course,

to the vast number of girls and women who are in business only for a season, till they marry or the family situation improves, but to that smaller, though ever-increasing, proportion who, either through necessity or choice, expect to make business a career. It is those who work so feverishly. The business world may conceivably grow to be a far more beautiful and joyous place than it is to-day. Yet they add neither beauty nor joy. They rattle the dry bones. They increase what is already, with all men's efforts to freshen it, the too great aridity of the business atmosphere.

Nor is business alone damaged thereby.

A business woman, herself a shining example of success in whatever she undertakes, remarked one day:

"I wonder if we women in business are not overreaching the mark and failing, where we fail, not because we are unintelligent or untrained, but because we are too much in earnest, too conscientious, and above all, too hard-worked."

"The great fault of women," she added pungently, "is excess of virtue. Those who strike the happy medium are really the most successful. When we women play more, we shall create more."

Another business acquaintance comes to my mind whom I met first soon after her graduation from one of our leading women's colleges and entrance into her first position. Brilliantly endowed, she was a lovely creature at that time, wore simple but becoming clothes, was sparkling, responsive, generally charming. I heard of her from time to time and after some years met her again. She was dowdy, ill-groomed, tense in her manner, and self-centered to the last degree. She still gave evidence of what is termed a "steel-trap mind," talked fluently and ably about her work and the problems involved, but was interested in nothing else in the world and had lost every vestige of her former attractiveness.

A masculine associate in the business

house where she started her business career, in discussing the change, said to me, "We all admired her so much. She was a girl of rare promise. But we saw it coming a long while ago. Her gayety and enthusiasm grew to be sharpness, then hardness, and now it is—well, I might say, hysteria. And the sad part is, she seems to think this furious attention she gives things, the high-speed, ruthless manner she has developed, are aids to business success.

"As a matter of fact," he went on to say, "I happen to know she was asked to resign from one position and shut out from another for which her name had been considered, solely because in her ardor to make good she has developed a personality few care to encounter."

III

In taking our jobs so solemnly, we have, of course, little time to indulge in sports or social diversions of any kind. Largely unawakened, as a class, to the fact that it is the quality rather than the quantity of service we render that counts in business, in order to give it heaped-up and running-over measure of ourselves, we let our tennis go by the board and only the most audacious among us dare go in for golf. I played golf myself for years before I entered business, but have never touched my mid-iron or brassy since. We seem to think that we can keep physically fit by no more exercise than the daily gentle whirl in our office chair or a little marching about indoors from floor to floor. At most we allow ourselves the tame diversion of driving back and forth to business, when walking might furnish a certain exhilaration to our sedentary day. We bring to business exuberant health and spirits, and more often than not in a few years grow seedy, stodgy, or obese, haggard and with frayed nerves, as the case may be.

Being constituted as we are, we business women need to give our health even more intelligent attention than business

men do theirs. Not that they, with the dietary crimes they daily commit, their high blood pressure and chronic sleeplessness just when they reach the big job, are any too good as guides. But what we do, as women, is to trifle even more flagrantly with the mechanism that keeps us going.

I mentioned one day to the president of a big business that a fine young woman in his employ had recently been committed to a state institution for observation.

"Miss R. is the third," I said—not accusingly, but as a matter of interest—"that's been committed within a short time, all of them ten to twelve years in your employ. Did you know that?"

"What is the diagnosis in these cases?" he quizzed, after a pause.

"Overwork. I believe."

"Nonsense!" he said. "Nonsense! Mighty few people, in this company, anyway, work too hard. But a lot of them don't have enough fun. That's the trouble. There isn't enough fun in business itself except in a very few jobs, like your own," he laughed, "to furnish the requirements of the human system. And yet these humdrum deadly things have got to be done. The only solution I see is to fill up on fun of some sort outside. And if you knew the inwardness of these cases you speak of," he went on, "you'd find they're simply cases of starved lives. It's not what people do in business that hurts them. It's what they don't do outside. It's the reason," he ended, "I'm in favor of decreasing working hours as rapidly as is feasible. Most people have got to find satisfaction for their human cravings outside of business, and they need time to do so."

The president was right, I found out later, at least in regard to two of the cases in question. These young women, when the prospect of marriage had receded, had narrowed themselves zealously to their narrow routine jobs, in the hope, no doubt, of finding there a compensatory interest. Not only had they

had no social life to speak of, even less had they attempted to keep abreast of events, read fine fiction or poetry, cultivate an appreciation of nature or the arts. In a word, they had drunk scarcely a drop from any of the great wells available for human refreshment during years and years of pouring over columns of figures and of filling customers' orders. But columns of figures and customers' orders will not, it appears, yield all that the mind and body of women in business (being yet women) need to keep them healthy. Business houses abound in nice girls past their first youth who are growing a trifle "queer" as the result of a too steady and unmixed business diet.

It is so easy, I admit, to sink into a rut, to consider we have time for self-cultivation only along the lines of business, and as tired business women to develop even more childish and barren taste in what entertains us in our hours of relaxation than has the tired business man. Let anyone who challenges the truth of this last statement secure the yearly program of almost any one of the innumerable business and professional women's clubs that have sprung up all over the country.

The American business man has long held the world's record of being, to people of *esprit*, the dullest of dull companions. Observe him on one of the present popular Mediterranean tours, where he is conveyed, without having to exercise his higher cerebral centres, from the Casino at Monte Carlo to the Parthenon, from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. Observe, and with compassion rather than gibes, how he seeks, and is sought by only his own; how he is happy and at home with himself only when he resumes his endless discussion of prices and production costs, or what he believes may affect one or the other. It was when waiting together at Port Said to cross the Canal that I asked one of these captains of American industry how he liked Athens. "Athens. Athens. Oh, yes, I got

the best shoeshine there I've had on this trip!"

But let the American business man take note he now has a rival. We women in business propose to become even more dull, more thoroughly confined, if possible, to one subject of conversation. Why, however, should we not leave him his precedence in at least this one province? The more so, that we may again be on the wrong track.

Very recently a woman in New York was elevated to one of the highest positions any woman in business has yet attained. It is, I think, of real significance that interviewers who seek her in her office find, and apparently are surprised to find, a vase of pansies on her desk and a Martha Washington sewing-table in one corner. The fact that she has not permitted that side of her nature which flowers in pansies and sewing-tables to wither and die has helped her, I do not doubt in the least, to her present high post. She has been, according to all accounts, a very busy business person since she entered business fresh from High School more than twenty years ago. But she has taken time on her way to becoming president of a great corporation to read, to ride, to shoot. She has even taken time for the humanly enriching adventure of matrimony.

IV

In striking contrast to this picture, a slim dark-eyed woman, no longer young, of distinguished bearing, and with every evidence of an exceptionally intense nature comes up before me. For convenience I shall speak of her as Miss Black. She entered the huge business organization where she still works till late every night and on Sundays as well at a time when the presence of women in a business organization, except in routine jobs, was far more keenly resented than it is to-day. Being perceptive in some directions beyond the common, she soon perceived that any open move on

her part to secure control of the important department of the business with which she was connected would be defeated. She developed cunning subterranean methods of securing her ends, became in time a master-strategist. She was not primarily concerned with outwitting men, not especially antagonistic to them as a sex; from my observation and knowledge of her, was never overweeningly ambitious for recognition and reward. But she craved contact with the most intimate affairs of the business. All the tremendous store of emotion she had to bestow, diverted from other possible objects, she bestowed on it. She loved the business for itself, everything about it, from bottom to top—all its dustiest details. She invested it with the charm with which she might have invested a lover, guarded its interests with the fierce devotion she might have given a husband and children.

To-day, after thirty-five years of this, business has entered into her very bones and tissue. She eats and drinks, wakes and dreams business. Meddling in every business department, she magnifies trifling business errors into monstrous proportions. She never consents to take a holiday, unless of the briefest, and when she hears of an associate running off to Europe or elsewhere for rest and recreation, it is certain to draw from her some such ironic comment as, "How nice! I never find time myself for such junkets!" If she does take a few days off and goes to some city, she cannot enjoy the theater, opera, or even shopping, for rushing back to her hotel to see whether "long distance" wants her. Poor woman, she is as restless and unhappy, in fact, on these occasional jaunts as a mother who has left a small child at home and fears it may tumble into the fire or swallow a fishbone. She feels she never for an instant can take her fingers off the pulse of the organization, and when confined to her home from frequent illness, notwithstanding her doctor's orders, constantly dictates to a girl at her bedside, only stopping to

talk over the telephone to this executive or the other.

Miss Black has given herself unstintingly to business through a lifetime, given her youth and maturity. In return? Well, she has seen man after man pass her, often attain his rank through her coaching, while she is subsequently expected to report to him, a man it may be without a tenth of her knowledge of the business but drawing thrice her pay. She has always been too proud to fight—as men frequently have to—for a proper stipend, but has brooded without doubt over the fact that one has never been proffered her. She is an embittered joyless woman, whose barbed tongue scourges associates, paralyzes subordinates, and diminishes or even destroys their usefulness to her.

Yet possessing more than ordinary attractions of mind and person, with a generous and ardent nature and superior breeding, Miss Black held every possibility within herself of a rich rounded life, to say nothing of an openly recognized, highly remunerated position in the great organization she has served.

We have long been familiar with the effects when men have deified business. It is only lately, through figures that arrest our attention here and there in the business field, we have had opportunity to study what happens when we women prostrate ourselves before the same jealous god and allow devotion to become obsession—a sin, I maintain, even at the risk of being charged with distinguishing sins that do not differ—that differs at least by degree until it takes on the guise of a separate and signal vice.

V

Granted Miss Black is an exceptional case—we are more familiar with this figure in the making than as a finished product, verging on the pathologic—there is, on the other hand, nothing at all unusual in the spectacle of women in business sharply antagonistic—as

sharply as they dare be—to their men associates. Every business woman, doubtless every business man, recognizes the type.

These are usually, like Miss Black, women of superior ability, and perhaps have played brave parts in the feminist movement. It is for the honor of the sex, rather than as an individual matter, they feel it incumbent upon them to demonstrate at every turn that the feminine brain *per se* is in no wise inferior to the masculine. There is something gallant in this attitude, and I should be the last to charge it against them except that their gallantry stops too often with their own sex.

There was a Miss Barnard with whom I had frequent contact. She was one of those "fierce athletic girls" Walt Whitman predicted for the republic, superb physique, vitality, and what I may call a lordly air and even stride. No staying overhours for her! Miss Barnard dispatched her business responsibilities with lightning rapidity, had plenty of leisure for horseback riding, tramps, music—whatever she chose. In addition, she was a first-rate administrator, respected and liked by a large corps of girl assistants because of the patience and justice she exhibited in her relation to them as supervisor.

With the men she dealt with daily it was altogether different.

Miss Barnard once confessed to me that the greatest surprise of her life was in finding so many muddle-headed men in business. She had supposed, before she entered it, that every man who attained any business prominence whatever was mentally keen, as she expressed it. She had once looked with awe on every one of the masculine figures imposingly arrayed at the speaker's table at a Chamber of Commerce dinner. She now knew better. "Nothing," she said, "raises my gorge like seeing these little men in business give themselves such big airs—and purely on the ground of their sex, their historic position as males." Miss Barnard delighted, in

fact, as I more than once witnessed, in taking them down.

But she paid a high price for this delight. She had made the mistake of letting the little men, as well as larger men, know how she felt, and she had failed to take masculine solidarity into account. It was impossible to get Miss Barnard's salary raised beyond a certain point, or to secure her promotion to one of several higher posts that yawned for a person of just her capacity. The men in a position to determine these matters, while freely acknowledging her competence, without exception heartily disliked her. "She's too smart, that's what's the matter with Miss Barnard!" one executive said of her scornfully.

It was not, of course, excess of brains that had damaged Miss Barnard in this executive's estimation. It was her well-known habit of showing up some man in the organization as a dolt on a business problem she herself could grasp withease.

That there was another side to Miss Barnard was proved when one day, to the surprise of everybody, her engagement was announced to a business associate, a man of character, and like herself, able, but a man she had by chance been thrown with socially, giving him opportunity to discover engaging qualities she had never thought it worth while to add to her business equipment.

Above every other, an instance stands out to me of a woman even more highly endowed than Miss Barnard, a woman of superlative mind, with broad outside interests added to a positive genius for business. I do not cite this woman as a case of failure. She would lead a full life if she never saw the inside of a business house again. Her relationships with both men and women outside of business are ideal. And the one thing, I am convinced, that has prevented her from reaching as high a station in the business world as any woman has yet attained, is the technic she employs in her business relationships—relationships with masculine associates, to be explicit.

True, her technic is tied up with her honesty, with some of her sturdiest attributes. She has been unwilling to practice in business those arts which no woman who aspired to social leadership would dream of disdaining. She has failed to establish a camaraderie with her masculine associates, at once gay, dignified, impersonal, and perfectly possible for her, had she agreed to its importance.

The man who sits beside us at dinner may be a frightful bore, but quite apart from any humanitarian impulse, the last thing our social training permits us to do is to give him a hint that we are aware of his dullness. On the contrary, we exert ourselves very particularly, help him score wherever he can.

Why do we feel that the fine art of making people happy about themselves is so out of place in business? Certainly we can not overlook much longer the number of women with social background—I can count a dozen in New York City alone, without stopping to think—who have gone into business, and as a result, not of "pull," but of actual performance, have quickly out-distanced business sisters who could, as they say, run rings around them in business knowledge.

The thing we women in business are prone to do is to look on our male associates as rivals, instead of as partners. Let me be plain. I do not charge this iniquity to others more than to myself. I know very well I should come up and take my place on the mourners' bench. We should, no doubt, be judged rather leniently on this score. Most of us have had a fairly hard time of it to gain any recognition at all. We are still unable to dissemble our satisfaction in business triumphs, however small. But what we're apt to forget is, that it's a good deal of a fight for the man, too, who gets anywhere in business; that he is faced with many, if not all the obstacles that impede our own progress; has as much, nay more, at stake than we have. Leaving out of consideration family responsibilities, which neverthe-

less, broadly speaking, are heavier than our own, failure to succeed in business spells ignominy to him. To us, as yet, it spells nothing of the sort.

There are, to be sure, often those airs of his, those airs which Miss Barnard found so insufferable.

But are we, after all, patient enough with the men? Consider their predicament! When we women invaded business we invaded one of their last strongholds. Heaven knows we were not invited, except to do monotonous routine work they wished to escape themselves. We came of our own volition. And the average business man is still smarting under our all-too conspicuous presence in a house he thought he had built for himself. We must give him time. More than one business man still has the feeling that business—in its higher reaches—is no place for women. More than one doubtless shares the feeling which an executive expressed in referring to the rapidly increasing number of women who are succeeding in business positions formerly regarded as incapable of being administered except through masculine wisdom. "When it comes to taking orders from a woman, I'd as soon," he said, laughing, but in all earnestness, "take orders from a Chinaman or a negro."

It behooves us to be indulgent!

VI

It was this same frank and merry executive who reminded me that women in business talk too much—not gossip, far from it.

If American business men talk only of business when they leave it, during business hours, ironically enough, they are willing and eager to listen to a little sprightly chatter on almost any subject under the sun, provided it has nothing to do with business. They have, in short, as I have previously hinted, developed a social art of sorts under the business roof-tree. What they will not tolerate, from my experience, is one of

those lengthy disquisitions we women sometimes seek to deliver, in order to impress them with our seriousness of purpose or our acquaintance with the field we represent. A sage bit of counsel given me when I entered business by a woman wise in the ways of the business world was, "Be brief! Boil down every business matter you have to present to the fewest possible words."

"They wear you out, telling you things you don't need to know," the good-natured executive referred to insisted now, still laughing. "There's Miss G. in the Purchasing Department, an excellent woman, I admit, but—" He held up his hands. "I flee her like the plague!"

"But business abounds," I countered, "in long-winded men."

"Oh, yes! But don't forget," he warned, "that your sex is still on sufferance in business. You can't afford to imitate quite all our vices."

VII

And I'm not sure but that, after all, unfortunate as is our drift when we regard ourselves as men's rivals and competitors, the deadliest of all our sins is imitation of man.

Time was, only a few years ago, when a woman proposing to make business or any of the serious professions her career thought she must don masculine attire. Few went the lengths of Dr. Mary Walker, but many adopted severely cut suits, masculine collars and cravats, cultivated a brusque address, and even adopted stentorian tones. It is almost as hard now to find one of these near-men among our thousands upon thousands of business and professional women as to find the proverbial needle in the haystack. When we do come upon one, chances are we discover a rather wistful example of thwarted ambition. We have learned at least one lesson: that imitation of man, when it comes to our clothes and our manners, does not necessarily lead to business and profes-

sional triumphs, and may as likely as not defeat them.

But most of us are still striving, either unconsciously or through deliberate self-interest, to absorb and imitate the business man's point of view, though it seems, sadly enough, that we play the sedulous ape more often to his weaknesses or his hardnesses, his prejudices and his limitations, than to his virtues.

I have rarely heard any business man so blunt as a woman executive who recently remarked that she had no time to listen to employees' grievances and had delegated a subordinate to hear all the "sob stuff." I was especially distressed in this instance because, so it happened, I had been instrumental in securing her job for her. I had recommended her to her present "boss," under the impression that she would put more humanity into a group of factories where the handling of workers had been along the old bullying, but no longer so successful lines.

What she did was promptly to fall into the worst defects she found in her new environment. Though her higher education should have made her proof against such hysteria, she at once began to echo loud and empty talk about "Bolshevism." This must have been foreign to her nature. Surely it was a betrayal of her scholarly training.

It takes no mean courage, I may add, to express in the business world one's feminine faith. It is hard to admit having ideals in a realm where ideals are looked on so frequently with suspicion. I remember that in so trifling a matter as taking in hand a bleak office-building lunchroom that looked as if it belonged to a penal institution, introducing fern-boxes and cretonnes, I was jeered from more than one quarter. "What's this, the Ritz, you're giving us?"

These women jobs are, all the same, ours to do, I believe. It was his woman secretary, I have understood, who introduced tea into the office of the hard-pressed president of one of New York's

great banking houses. I suspect she was twitted, that it was dubbed "British side" when she imported this admirable custom for use in an American business house. But *she* knew what the president and some of his associates needed—a breathing space by way of the tea-caddy just before the final conference each afternoon.

A highly temperamental business executive, who is regarded as the foremost man in his line in this country, said of his secretary, a winsome young woman, "I've had more accurate secretaries, in the matter of shorthand, but upon my word, I wish I could pay Miss W. ten thousand a year! She's worth it. It's the atmosphere she creates around her. I don't hesitate to say she increases my output."

But so few women seem to see that it's the woman in them, above everything else, that business needs—needs, frankly, more than in mere matters of tea, cretonne, and flowers on the desk. More than one woman close to a big executive and enjoying his respect has abrogated her ancient right to warn as well as comfort.

The motto that so long fed our complacency—"All's right with the world," is out of date. It is a certainty that all's not right with the business world. But it is equally certain that all's not wrong. The amazing thing is, that it's no more wrong than it is. Both sexes are highly involved, directly and indirectly, yet the point of view of only one sex has entered thus far, to any appreciable extent, into the conduct of business. Is it too unreasonable to hold that neither society at large nor the business world itself will profit greatly by our entrance into it, until we women, no longer content solely as understudies, shall offer, at whatever hazard, our own contribution—all we have gained through our special inheritance and experience—until we seek to supplement, rather than duplicate the parts in business that men play?



THE FIRST STONE

A STORY

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

TWO men sat talking on the observation platform of a transcontinental train. They had met for the first time that morning at breakfast, but there was between them a certain conviction of congeniality, though they were quite unlike. Marlton, the younger of the two, was a dark-eyed, sensitive, finely tuned sort of man, and Bettinger, middle-aged and growing stout, was of a cheerful, purely objective type, saved by a capacity for friendly sympathy.

It was late in the evening. The train had been standing on a siding for a long time, on account of some accident to a wheel. The other passengers had left the observation car and gone to bed. The two men were alone, enfolded in the vast, velvety darkness of a Kansas prairie. The quiet around them was thick and soft. Far away, up ahead, a light was moving, and the voices of trainmen came back to them faintly. But the world they looked into from the platform was utterly dark and void.

There had been until a few minutes before one tiny light in the darkness to their left, in the window of a solitary farmhouse. When they had stopped on the siding it was still twilight, and two boys had hastened across the field from this house. They had stood on the other side of a wire fence, knee deep in a windrow of tumbleweed, staring at the long train. The eyes of the smaller boy were filled with a shining solemnity.

The sight of these two boys had prompted Bettinger, the middle-aged man, to speak of his childhood, when the

two men were alone. "You know, sometimes I think it's the bunk, this talk about childhood being the happiest part of a man's life," he said, in his slow, pleasant voice. "It seems to me I remember going through some things when I was a kid that I wouldn't like to wrestle with now—you know, frights and doubts and disillusionment. The older I get the more I seem to remember them. Of course, there was plenty of fun, but—it's queer—what really sticks in my mind are the other things, the things I couldn't understand."

The other man, Marlton, turned his head to look quickly at his companion. A light flashed up in his dark eyes. "Exactly. I know. Queer things happen to children." He glanced behind him to make sure they were alone. "Look here," he said, "I daresay this will sound odd to you—it sounds odd to me, for I'm not a religious man—but did it ever occur to you that God lives in some children for a little while?"

His voice sounded eager, as if there had been something opened up he wanted to talk about, perhaps had wanted to talk about for a long time. But at the same time he was embarrassed by having to mention divinity. He avoided looking at Bettinger. Bettinger took off his cap and rubbed his head. They were both glad of the darkness.

"I don't know much about God," said Bettinger finally, "I'm not a religious man either. But kids, well, they're funny. It may be—"

Marlton in the dark gripped the arms

of his chair. "I *know* it may be," he declared. "I believe there's a time, when a child has stopped being a little eating-and-sleeping animal and hasn't yet become a human being—a time between babyhood and school-days, say—when the world is—enchanted. When *something*—may as well call it God—lives in that child for a little while, a year, or a week, or a day."

"What makes you think so?"

"Something I remember. Or rather, something I can't forget! Did you notice the eyes of the younger of the two boys who came across from that farmhouse?"

Bettinger did remember that the boy's eyes had shone and that they had appeared, at the same time, not to see what he was looking at.

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Marlton. "That's because he's living in a world of his own, which has its own special meaning. And everything in that world is different from the real world—out of focus, so to speak; brighter, more shining—and more terrible, too. I know, because when I was that boy's age and living in a country town I saw, really, two towns. One was made up of ordinary things which I took for granted, the orchard, games, my parents, and the house I called home. But the other—ah, that was quite different. A sort of invisible town, seen between the objects and persons of the real town, as on a foggy day gray wraiths may be seen between trees in an orchard. You see, this invisible village was created and peopled by my imagination. But—and this is the point—my imagination created this invisible world out of the material supplied me by my elders, by the careless words, the hints, the glances, that grown-up persons always believe a child doesn't notice. For instance, take the matter of my brother, Frankie. It's a bit out of that queer, twisted world I'm talking about."

Marlton went on to explain that his brother Frankie had died before he was born, but there was a photograph of him

in boots and a jacket with brass buttons. It was the buttons that made Frankie a real person to his brother. It was impossible for him to believe that Frankie did not live, though it had been explained that he had died and gone to heaven. He wanted to know where was heaven? Up there. Was "up there" as high as the church steeple? And some elder, weary of questions, replied, "Yes."

"This church steeple had green shutters high up in the belfry," said Marlton, "and instantly Frankie lived for me behind those shutters. Sundays when I was going to church I seemed to catch the glint of brass buttons behind the shutters, and always I was aware of Frankie looking down watchfully. It gave me a thrill and a shudder, and yet it was a cherished sensation. You see, this invisible world of mine was strange and beautiful and always a little askew. I have a theory that during the brief time a child lives in this world of his own creation queer things of importance happen to him, things both good and evil, which stay with him more or less vividly all his life."

"Hold on," Bettinger interrupted. "How about your theory that God lives in a child at this age? How can God and evil?"

"Oh, I know there's no logic in all this. I suppose what I believe is that God sometimes rests from judgment, forgets evil; that he lives in the soul of a child through sheer love of walking abroad on the good earth. Especially in the spring-time. Anyhow, I know He lived in me, because"—he hesitated, started to glance at his companion, and then looked off into the enormous blackness at his right—"because I know the hour, the very minute when He left me."

Bettinger did not move, he scarcely breathed. It was the most extraordinary statement he had ever heard. And yet—perhaps it was the breathing of the dark prairie around them, or something in the other man's tone—he did not say to himself as usual, "Screw loose in this

fellow's bean!" Instead, after a moment he prompted, "What had you done to—make God leave you?"

"I had thrown a stone."

"A stone? But all kids throw stones."

Marlton gave a short laugh. "This was an unusual occasion."

He paused again, and Bettinger took the opportunity to light a cigar. In the brief flare of the match he glanced sideways at the other man's profile. It had in it a lifelong question, a melancholy and ironic question. When he began to tell the story of the stone, he seemed to talk more to himself than to Bettinger.

"I can remember," he said, "almost every detail of that occasion. And that's odd, for there are whole chunks of time out of my childhood that are like old photographs which have faded, only the dimmest suggestion of features remaining. But that June—I was between five and six—remains clear and bright in my memory as if fixed by some special acid. I can remember the very shade of weather-beaten yellow a certain house was painted. It stood on a little street that climbed up a hillside. It was the last house, and the green hill seemed to run right down into the kitchen when the door was open. It was always open that June—for me.

"Of course I didn't know it was kept open for me, not until I grew up and straightened my perspective on the woman in the yellow house. I knew then that she left the door open when she saw me playing on the hillside above, as an invitation. She never asked me in, nor urged me to come back again—she knew her code. She probably knew that my mother would have fainted with horror had she known how often I ran down the hill and in at that open door. And so the woman in the yellow house did nothing, merely set the door open, and was herself. That is what puzzles me to this day: what was she, that she could draw me so naturally to that open door of hers?

"Of course, I know what she was called. My mother told me in two

words, the Bad Woman. 'Don't you ever go into that woman's house or yard,' my mother exclaimed, when I told her that the woman in the yellow house had given me a cookie. I had stopped at her kitchen door—it was the first time—for a drink of water on my way home from playing on the hill. 'But why?' I wanted to know. 'Because she's a Bad Woman,' my mother replied.

"Then she turned to the neighbor who had come in to borrow a cup of something, and over my head a look passed between them, a significant, smiling curl of the lip.

"You know, people wonder—" Marlton disgressed, "where children get their knowledge of evil. Well, I could tell them. They get it from the looks that pass over their heads between grown-up people. Not any straight, useful, unbiased knowledge, but twisted, inflammatory stuff."

Up to that time his outer world had been made up of clear, comprehensive things, Marlton went on: the freshness of mornings, the enormous height of the hills, the delightful fur of dogs and kittens, spring water flowing over rocks, arbutus under cold wet leaves, the pines on the hillside under which he dreamed day dreams in autumn when a blue haze drifted through the streets from bonfires of leaves. A happy enchantment, this world, made solely for his use.

But now, with those glances exchanged between his mother and the neighbor woman, Marlton declared that a secret wonder possessed him, and from it was projected into his invisible world a new shape, the Bad Woman. All about her was a fog, murky and mysterious. When his mother said "the Bad Woman," he thought at once of a witch. But what confused him, the contradiction that made the fog about her was the fact that the woman in the yellow cottage did not look like a witch.

He knew about witches from the fairy-tale books, and it was puzzling that this woman should look of a morning very much as his mother did. When he

stopped at her door the first time she had been wearing a gingham dress of some clean faded tint; it reminded him of the pale spring flowers at the edge of the woods. An apron of blue-and-white check, exactly like his mother's, had been tied about her waist. Through the open door he could see the floor of the kitchen, scrubbed white, the shining stove, and on the window sill three little flower-pots with "slips" in them. They were being coaxed to grow up into plants by means of jelly glasses turned upside down over them. The sun caused a film of moisture to gather on the inside of the glasses, so that they were like tiny hot-houses. "Heliotrope and fuchsia, one for looks and the other for smell," the woman explained to him.

That was the first thing he liked about her—she made jokes but they were not baby-jokes, and she did not call him Sonny or Bub. She had a wide, impersonal smile and she said "Hello!" like another boy. He liked her white sugar cookies with a raisin pressed down in the exact center of each. She kept them in a putty-colored jar with a brown-glazed lining and a clean tea towel over the top, exactly as his mother did. It was puzzling, trying to reconcile her witchlike qualities with her appearance and her kitchen.

After he had heard her called the Bad Woman he sat on the hillside safely above the yellow house and gazed fixedly at it, half hoping he might see her riding on a broomstick above the lettuce bed. In half of his mind he knew this was nonsense, but in the other half there was a curious excitement, a sort of irritation which kept his thoughts a great deal upon the yellow house.

And then, the first thing he knew, one dull morning—he was alone a good deal, his playmates being in school—he found himself swinging a leg over the low wall and sliding down toward the kitchen door of the yellow cottage. He felt guilty and half afraid, but there seemed to be something he wanted—something that would protect him from the oppres-

sion which crept over him as he sat there aloof on the hillside, with the noises of the village coming up to him, faint but clear. He often had those moods in the very midst of the brightest ecstasy. Strangely enough, they were like a kind of homesickness.

"I've never been able to understand it," said Marlton, "for I had a good home. I had a good mother. She gave me the best of care. But, I don't know, perhaps she was not really the maternal type. Maybe most of her love had been expended on my brother who died. There was—not coldness, exactly, so much as a lack of warmth, about my mother. I think there can be a lack of fundamental harmony between a mother and her child, and I guess that's the way it was with us, though we cared a great deal for each other. I've always thought that had something to do with those queer homesick spells I had.

"But that doesn't explain why I was pulled toward the woman in the yellow cottage. There were other houses I had gone in and out of all my six years, good homes that had no particular attraction for me. Why, I've forgotten," cried Marlton, "what my mother's kitchen looked like, and I can see that other woman's as clearly—"

And yet he found, when he tried to describe it to Bettinger that only one or two actual details stuck in his memory: a rocking-chair with a turkey-red cushion, a white apron sprigged with little bouquets that hung behind the door, a shelf edged with paper lace. Something less tangible and more vivid remained in his memory. Strangely enough it was a sense of deep peace.

"Now how can you account for that," asked Marlton, "considering the sort of woman she was? It wasn't as if I didn't recognize her as a bad woman. I did, not alone because my mother had called her that, but through some sixth sense of my own, developed over night. I knew there was something—sinister? No, that's not quite the word. I knew there was something *dark* which set apart

the woman and the yellow house from my mother's world. But once I was in that kitchen, it did not seem to make any difference. The kitchen itself was the happiest place I had ever known. It seemed in some way to be a part of my own world, it seemed to be the very heart of that imaginary world where I roamed dreaming, free—"

Marlton broke off to light a cigarette, and to exhale the first puff of smoke with a long sigh. "Oh, Lord! I wish I could adequately describe that world of mine in that one short June. The sheer shimmer and gleam of it, the cobwebs like tents in the meadows of a morning, the enormous dome of the blue sky, the pine trees on the hillside, with bright bits of the sky caught in their branches as I lay under them—it's no use, you can't put into words an ecstasy like that. If there ever was a man named Adam he must have felt that way when he was young and the garden was still cool and new to him. Before he got knowledge, and lost wisdom. Well, that was I, when I had stopped being a baby and was not yet a so-called citizen of the world."

He was silent then so long that finally Bettinger asked how a woman of that kind came to be in a little town where each family knew every other, and immorality must have been too conspicuous to be comfortable? Was she a native of the place?

"No, I don't think so," replied Marlton. "But I'm inclined to think she may have been a country girl. Perhaps she became homesick and drifted from the city to a temporary anchorage in the yellow house. She was the only one of her kind in the place. Perhaps she was making a half-hearted effort at reformation. I don't know, I only know that I could not keep away from her house."

"I would be playing on the hill, on a little level plateau where there were four tall pines and a spring, and all at once I would want to get away from there. I would have that sense of homesickness. Perhaps it was just loneliness, I don't

know. Anyhow, pretty soon I'd be looking in at the kitchen door. And she would look up with her indescribable smile, impersonal, warm, alive. Then she would go on with whatever she was doing. Whether she was baking cookies or scrubbing the floor or just sitting rocking in the little chair by the window there was something about her that was like the pine trees on the hill, something effortless and kind, as if she had all the time in the world. I often felt underfoot in my mother's kitchen, for she was an intense housekeeper, easily flurried. In that other kitchen I always felt wanted, and yet as free as the wind. She never looked at my muddy feet, she never petted me, she scarcely seemed to notice me, and she asked only sensible questions—was the wintergreen plentiful that year, would I advise her to paint the back steps green, and did I know where she could get a maltese kitten?

"But it was something deeper than all this, deeper even than her kindness which flowed out to me like spring-water. Sometimes I've thought we were like two travelers who had known each other well somewhere else. We had met again and words were superfluous. The walls of that kitchen received us after our wanderings, they shut out whatever had been, whatever was, and encompassed us in a deep friendliness. We were at home with each other."

"Only once was this harmony disturbed. One morning when the woman was making sugar cookies and I was decorating each with a raisin, there came a cautious rapping at a distant door. I looked up inquiringly; it was the first time I had heard a rap at her door. And I saw the expression of peace that had been in her face shattered. She seemed to draw over the broken bits of it a mask with strange harsh lines in it."

"She dusted her hands on her apron and went toward the inner door to the part of the cottage I had never been in. 'You must go now,' she said to me. But I was busy sticking raisins in the cookies and I didn't want to go. She came over

to me and, putting her hands on my shoulders—it was the first time she had ever touched me—she put me outside the kitchen door. So gentle, so soft had been her hands upon my shoulders that I was surprised to find myself staring up at the closed door. I went home feeling again that odd homesick aloneness.”

Marlton went on to say that he never knew the succession of events that led up to the woman’s final day in the yellow cottage, but he remembered vividly a certain night. It was a warm June evening and, unnoticed by his mother, he had gone to sleep after supper in the hammock on the porch. He was awakened suddenly by a loud, thrilling whisper.

“I lifted my head,” he said, “and there was Mrs. Lennox, our neighbor, whispering excitedly to my mother. What had awakened me so suddenly was the stealthy zest in her voice. She was urging my mother to come along and see something that was going to happen up at the yellow cottage. She said that Mag Doverley was on a rampage, on account of her husband and ‘that creature,’ and she had got her friends together. They were now marching up Main Street, gathering adherents as they went.

“Mag Doverley was six feet tall, a coarse-mouthed bully of a woman, who boarded the mill-girls in order to support a worthless husband. My mother did not want to be dragged into any row of Mag’s picking, and she hung back. I was glad to think of that, afterward. Mrs. Lennox I hated the rest of my life in that town, though I didn’t understand why. ‘Come on,’ she urged my mother, ‘it’ll be a circus. No one needs to see us. We can go up the back way, through Taylor’s Lane, and see the whole thing from the hill.’

“My mother was finally persuaded, and the two of them hastened through the back garden. I was tingling with curiosity. I wanted to know what it was that could make them whisper so thrillingly. I was still a little befuddled

with sleep, but I stumbled along through the darkness after them. They struck upward into Taylor’s Lane, which was only a sort of cow-path leading to the pastures on the hillside. I was so near to them that I could hear their repressed laughter when they stumbled in the dark lane. I could sense their half-shamed excitement. And my own excitement grew.”

When the lane rounded the shoulder of the hill it came out only a narrow field’s width from the back of the yellow cottage. Here the two women halted and stood staring down, leaning their arms upon the top rail of the fence. Marlton said that he, too, came to a stop and kept very still for fear his mother would discover him and send him back home. By now he was wide awake, for, looking down the street on which the yellow house was the last dwelling, he could see, moving in and out of the lights from windows, a dark procession, massed well together. It climbed upward solidly. In the yellow cottage a steady light in one window burned, unaware.

Then suddenly, as the dark procession reached the yellow cottage and flowed into its yard, over the fence like a wave, the quiet night was shivered by a brutal noise—cat-calls, hoots, shrieks, banging of tin pans, of sticks upon the palings of the fence, and the hideous blatancy of horse-fiddles and tin horns.

“God, I’ll never forget it!” exclaimed Marlton. “It raised goose-flesh all over my body. I had never heard anything like it before. I was terrified and yet somehow horribly stimulated. I clung to that fence, staring down through two rails. And I saw the light in the window go out, as if the frightful noise had been a breath that blew it out. There was a cow sleeping in a bed of fern just near my side of the fence. She lurched to her feet and went woof! through her astonished nostrils. I thought it was the devil, which shows the state of nerves I was in.”

Then his mother and Mrs. Lennox climbed over the fence and began to creep down through the intervening field

to get a better view of proceedings, since the charivari was beginning to concentrate at the front of the cottage away from them. And he crept through the fence and followed. Before he knew it he had reached the low wall back of the cottage, he had climbed it and had run past the familiar kitchen door, now tightly closed, around to the front of the house. He had springs in his legs and he felt gay and light-footed, as he did on circus day when the calliope first began to tootle. He was not thinking about anything except that here was something exciting happening and he wanted to be in it.

There was the darkness, too. That lent a strangeness to everything. Back of the cottage was the great dark huddle of the hill; there were the unseen flowers in the yard, giving up their fragrance as they were trampled upon; and there was the yellow cottage, huddled, mute, trying to hide in the darkness from the blows of the cruel serenade. But stranger than anything else were the gleaming eyes of the grown-up persons.

"You see, I couldn't understand," said Marlton, "that gleam. There I was capering with other boys on the edge of the crowd, stimulated and excited—and wondering. All the pores of my being, so to speak, wide open. Up to this moment I had inhabited a world that was cool and clear. Now the braying voice of that mob broke through into my world, shattering it, leaving me exposed to—"

He paused, searching for a word. "Raw poison, that's what it was! It poured out from that crowd. I don't suppose, in the history of our town, it ever had a moment quite so ignoble. There were a few good people in that mob, of course. But they too had been overcome by the poisonous hysteria. They were shamefaced to be there, but they would have been afraid to leap up in front of that silent house and speak of Christian charity. So they hung in the background; the women tittered and hoped no one would recognize them and

the men looked at one another out of the corners of their eyes. But pretty soon that gleam had come into their eyes, too, the same expression that was in the faces of the mill-girls and the half-grown hoodlums from the poolroom. No wonder I looked up at them and felt bewildered and horribly stimulated! I wanted a horse-fiddle or a tin horn, too. I wanted to make a noise. So I put my fingers in my mouth to make my whistle more shrill like the rest of the boys, and I wormed my way in and out between knees, until I got to the front and there was Mag Doverley ranting and shrieking at the house, 'Come out o' there! We've got something to say to you, we have. You—'

"The insistent rhythm of the charivari went on beating up against the closed eyelids of the yellow cottage. The door remained mutely shut. Mag Doverley made a rush up the steps, calling back, 'Come on, girls, we'll get her out of here if we have to smash down the door.' A group of mill-girls, shrieking with laughter, five or six older women, members of a purity league, with stern, red faces crowded up behind her. And behind them the crowd pushed and craned, trampling the flower bed along the walk and guffawing. The half-grown youths twirled their horse-fiddles, beat upon tin pans, and yelled encouragement to Mag Doverley.

"I forgot I had ever known the woman who was hiding behind the closed door," sighed Marlton. "It shows how completely she had been a part of my secret world. For now that I had stepped out of that world into the grown-up world, and was drunk with its excitements, it was as if I had awakened from a dream. I forgot her. I was a hunter, surrounded by other hunters, primitive and cruel. I was hunting down a witch, a Bad Woman.

"So when Mag Doverley yelled at us, 'Hey, you boys go round to the back door and see that she don't get out that way!' I scampered willingly around the house with the other boys. We were led

by one Torrey Knowlton, a half-grown bully, who put great zest into his assignment. He grabbed up a clod from the little stony garden patch. 'Everybody get him a chunk o' dirt,' he commanded us, 'and if she tries to get away, paste her one.'

"I obeyed," said Marlton, "with a nervous alacrity. I fastened my eyes as bidden upon the familiar kitchen door, now so oddly unfamiliar. Growing beside it there was a great bush of bridal wreath in full bloom. The woman was very proud of this shrub, though it was only a rented possession, and every day she emptied the dish-water about its roots. In the darkness it was like a proud ghost waiting there beside the kitchen door. The hill at our backs stood up against the little stars.

"Our figures must have melted into this dark background, for it was plain the woman did not see us when a moment later she opened the door. She crept out so quickly and quietly that even the vigilant Torrey was a moment in recovering himself. Then he shouted at her to go back into the house. 'They want you at the front door, chippy!' he roared manfully.

"Taken by surprise she was not able at once to recover herself and retreat. Fury, perhaps panic, seized our leader and poured out through him to us. He raised his arm, he let fly his clod. The others automatically did likewise. The clods and stones spattered about her, they hit the steps, they muddled the

branches of bridal wreath. And the woman made a sound more dreadful than any scream—a small squeak, like a rabbit caught in a trap."

Marlton fetched a long breath. "Those clods may really not have touched her—afterwards the boys declared they had not thrown to hit her, only to scare her back into the house. I don't know. I only know that in that instant I was certain only one had hit her—mine. My hand was empty.

"I can't recall taking any further part in the proceedings. It is in my memory vaguely that the woman was escorted from the yellow cottage to the railroad station and put upon the midnight train.

"But what I do remember," said Marlton, "is a strange and terrible moment. I stood alone in the dark. The woman had stumbled back into the house, the boys had run whooping around the house to boast. And there I stood, aware of my empty hand. Dreadfully aware of it. There was dirt in the palm of it where the muddy stone had been. I wiped it quickly off upon my jacket. All at once nausea seized me. And something more—a sense of unbearable loss, a sort of terrible desolation. I could not stand it. I climbed over the wall into the hillside field. I ran across it toward home. As I crawled through the broken fence rail into the lane a great sob wrenched me, tore me open. I was empty as a house for rent. God had gone out of me with that stone. I had become a human being."



POSTMARKED DRESDEN

FURTHER NOTES OF AN EMIGRÉ

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

DRESDEN—I would like to see three or four Irishmen saunter into this restaurant with their hats on the back of their heads. I wish my Saxon waitress were a Roumanian or a darky. The truth is, with all my unbounded admiration for nearly everything that is *echt* German, I am beginning to be a little fed up with the *echtness* of the *echt*. No, that is not it exactly, either. I am getting fed up with the fact that the German himself is never fed up with it and apparently never will be. I concede that the Germans are far and away the most highly civilized people in Europe, and that their way of doing things is usually the best way, but I wish they would sometimes get restless under their own excellences. It seems only human that they should do so, but I see no signs that they ever do. They are not hundred-per-centers; they do not cultivate homogeneity at the expense of a stranger's self-respect. But their temperament makes no room for the great and saving grace of cussedness, whereby one gets tired of a smooth monotonous best and skirmishes around for a look at something that probably is not so good but is restfully different.

In this they are like the French. I have always regarded it as nothing short of a national calamity that all Frenchmen understand French. Even in the Basque district, or in those regions where the vernacular is practically the old *langue d'oc*, French is understood. The power of words is so great, the social function of language is so far beyond that of a

mere vehicle for ideas, that it is an enormous factor in making the *echt* preponderate. Belgium's civilization is in some respects inferior to that of Germany and France, yet I have always found it ten times more interesting than either; and one great reason for this is that half the population cannot understand the speech of the other half. About three million of them speak only Flemish; nearly as many more speak only French; of the remainder some speak only the Walloon dialect, some only German. When a French-speaking Belgian from Brussels finds himself over by Hasselt, he converses by a kind of primitive sign-manual. All this tends mightily against the ironing out of a whole civilization into a uniformity that no doubt has its uses but is dismally dull. As I read Milton's great epic I should be willing to bet good money that Satan started the revolt of the angels because he was dead bored by the appalling monotony of the celestial civilization.

Our politicians have not discovered that an *interesting* social life is the natural food of patriotism. Burke knew it. He showed himself a great statesman when he said that "for us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely." My country is in matchless luck in having a population made up of all peoples, nations, and languages, which is the raw material of an intensely interesting civilization. As usual, the United States does not know its luck, or Congress would decree that any attempt

to direct or accelerate the natural processes of amalgamation should be made a capital crime, punishable by boiling in oil. The worst enemies of civilization in America are the Americanizers who, instead of encouraging all these people to stick to their own tongues, literatures, customs, and views of life, lie awake nights thinking up new ways to throw cold water on them. Any artist would instinctively know better than that. Indeed, I have long wished that our society would toss all the politicians to the kites and crows and turn the practical direction of affairs over to the artists. They could not possibly botch them worse than the politicians have done, and in some respects they would be almost sure to do better.

II

The Scopes trial at Dayton scared me out of a plan I had formed to write a theological essay which might have reached the proportions of a book on God as an individualist, based on the fact of His having created innumerable millions of human beings warranted positively no two alike. He has never had proper credit for this stupendous achievement. When I contemplate its colossal quality, the little matters which our theologians quarrel over seem so insignificant that, for all I care, either side may have its own way about them. One could draw a great many important and plausible inferences from this fact, the most obvious probably being that all attempts to standardize and mechanize mankind are impious and atheistical. Again, it might be argued that God likes mongrels, since He contrived to make the race run so readily to mongrel strains, and to make the human mongrel, like the mongrel dog, the most interesting and delightful of the whole species, in that his instincts run back to any number of types without being true to any in particular. The French-speaking Belgian, for instance, is bound to have somewhere in him a dab of

Flemish, Walloon, German, or what not; and the persistence of cognate life and institutions around him keeps it from suffocation in a mephitic atmosphere of the *echt*. Yet all these diverse strains are solidly Belgian. The Flemish will tell you that they are the only real Belgians—none other genuine—and the Walloons will tell you that the Flemish are all right in their way, probably, but if you want simon-pure, eighteen-carat, stem-winding, self-cocking Belgian patriotism there is only one place to look for it. The fact is that both are as absurdly patriotic as they can be without busting, and that the cultural attrition which our Americanizers dread is the greatest factor in keeping them so, because it creates for them a civilization that is uncommonly amiable and interesting.

The Americanizers might have learned something about their job from the ship's company with which I have just now crossed the ocean. It being off-season, there were only about forty passengers, perhaps half Americans, as follows: New York business man, Scots-English stock, good-natured, buoyant. Young man, Irish-Massachusetts, commuter type, gregarious, reflective faculty absent; Irish wife, pretty, chatty, untroubled by mental stirrings of any kind. Middle-aged Mid-western doctor, alfalfa-fed, a solid person; young wife also Irish—Irish as Murphy's pigs—good instincts, quick intuitions, lively, inquisitive. Young Southerner on business trip, good looks and manners, agreeably reticent; wife rather pretty, shiftless, helpless, drawling, petulant, inconceivably vacuous. Elderly German-American and wife, well-to-do, obtuse. Norwegian-American mother and daughter, cultivated, charming, alert, thoughtful. Two pair Jewish honeymooners, lifted straight from the pages of Mr. Montague Glass, their ways a marvel to behold. Young wife of brisk Dutch go-getter, composite stock, probably polished off in some North-western state university, rangy, capable,

diplomatic, keen to help her husband in his business. Three of the old New York breed, now almost extinct, which Mrs. Wharton celebrated in her *Age of Innocence*, representing everything that is accomplished, distinguished, courteous; their stock the standard compound of Dutch, English, French. Finally little "Broadway" as she came to be known, a blondined and hand-painted rack of bones who was not as young as she looked and had evidently been out in some rough weather, but who had made the port of successful matrimony with a well-to-do young foreigner and was doing the right thing by him *con amore*; hard-boiled to the limit, coarse as cordwood and good as gold—and what a dancer! American girls dance well as a rule, but such dancing as hers can be learned only in one school. While dancing she still kept an unseeing stare fixed on the fifth row from the front, over her partner's shoulder, even as she had been taught to do in the old days, now happily gone forever. Her husband had a lively crew of five business cronies with him homeward-bound, and it was a great sight to see the tact and resourcefulness with which she floor-managed and close-herded the whole party into what Mayor Gaynor used to call "outward order and decency" throughout the trip. I was interested to observe that, while the rest of us were still looking a bit askance at her mannerisms, the aristocratic New Yorkers immediately got her measure as a sterling good sort and a first-class artist in her line, which she really was. The Little Sister of the Roughneck is a hard role to play, and probably no one in the world can put a Ristori-Rachel finish on it like the Broadway chorus-girl when once she signs up for the job.

Well, there those people were, all Americans—not one in the whole pack of joyous mongrels could possibly be taken for anything but American. Yet it was chiefly the diversity of their racial and cultural marks—was it not?—that made them collectively interesting.

What I wish the Americanizers could see is how much more interesting our whole collective society would be if alien cultures were encouraged to persist. How much more personable those two Irish wives, for instance, would be—and yet no less American—if their minds and tongues moved habitually in Gaelic sequences, and if they had a strong nucleus of Irish cultural institutions at their elbow. If I were an Americanizer my ideal would be to have at least seventy languages, literatures, and cultures established side by side all over the land, rooted deep and going strong. The theory of the melting-pot is first-rate for purposes of industrial exploitation, but it is death on the humanities. My country will begin to be truly civilized on the day when first some citizen of New Haven, stepping off a train at Worcester, absent-mindedly feels in his pocket for his passport.

III

The German opera-goer has his opera served up to him in German, by and for Germans, no matter what the opera may be. The Germans would Germanize the "Beggar's Opera" or Gilbert and Sullivan, and manage to make something interesting of it too. I remember going to hear "Traviata" in Berlin some years ago, out of frank curiosity to see what they would do with it. This being the op'riest opera there is, I judged it was naturalization-proof. But I was wrong; they not only changed its essential character but made it convincing, so that it touched off unsuspected mines of emotion in the listener. For instance, whenever Violetta's sophistication dropped off at the touch of a true sentiment for Alfred, instead of the volcanic young creature that we usually see, it left her a simple-minded, trustful, anxious little German girl with whom one found oneself working up quite a bit of genuine sympathy as the play went on. Alfred's father produced an effect even more remarkable. Instead of hating him

as a sinister figure or loathing him as a pompous old meddling swine—these being the two standard Italian presentations—one felt actually sorry for him when he came on as an humble, unpretending, almost shabby middle-class German, sad and perplexed under the terrible *echt* German obsession with family responsibility. All in all, hearing “Traviata” done German style was an instructive experience, and it increased my respect for the power of *Gründlichkeit* and the genius for *durcharbeitend* things. Still, one would think the Germans might like the chance to see it done Italian style sometimes, or even *doch* occasionally French or Russian style, if only for a “flyer,” as the poet says.

Fritz Busch, the musical director here in Dresden, is the best of the younger German conductors—already the best in Germany, I should say, leaving out the incomparable Muck and the more experienced Bruno Walter. I have been spinning out my stay in Dresden, hoping to hear him do something that I really want to hear, but the time of year is wrong. The symphony season has slacked off, and there is nothing much doing at the opera but “Parsifal.” Three performances of “Parsifal” in four days—think of it! The Dresdeners certainly take their spiritual sustenance by the shovelful. I have reached the time when I would rather sit in an arm-chair comfortably of an evening and read one of Wagner’s later scores instead of hearing it performed, and I am encouraged to say this since I notice that Walter Damrosch said something of the kind the other day. What a remarkable triumph of sheer *Gründlichkeit*, by the way, his career has been! On the strength of it alone he has managed to do more for music in America than any other man except Theodore Thomas. He is not only the best program-maker there is, but probably the best there ever was; ditto, lecture-recitalist. His range and depth of musical literacy is almost inconceivable, and his taste is flawless—he has

been for years a bulwark against sensationalism and mountebankery. At the desk, on the other hand, he is about the world’s poorest. Yet such is the power of his enormous *Gründlichkeit* that somehow, no one knows how, the boys buck up and do about what he has in mind for them to do, and lug him along with them in a highly acceptable performance. I feel like saying this because when I was reading his praises last year, on the fortieth anniversary of his connexion with the Symphony, it seemed to me that he was missing the exact tribute—and therefore the highest tribute—that he deserves.

In Germany the advertisements not only tell you when a performance will begin, but also when it will end, and it ends at the precise moment nominated in the bond. The Munich opera house has a clock over the stage, and the curtain goes down at exactly the scheduled second. I do not see how this is possible, but there it is. One admires this miracle, of course, and yet it is a good deal of a nuisance because one really loses the last couple of scenes by timing the soprano while she holds her top note and gambling with oneself on the chance of her throwing the final curtain a fraction of a second late or early. All this is futile, however, for she never does it. The wonderful discipline of German audiences has often been remarked, but I do not remember ever having seen the question raised whether German discipline in general is enforced, or whether it is merely the natural expression of an order-loving people. Are the people regulated by the *Polizei*, or are the *Polizei* an expression of the popular disposition? Ten years ago, of course, there was but one answer for an American to give to this question, unless he wished to go to jail. To-day he is probably free to have his doubts, and I recommend my friends on tour in Germany to look into the matter. In many small ways one sees evidence of a great dislike of disorder and noise. Even the children and the dogs are quiet, and I

noticed in Munich how heartily and yet how quietly people laughed. The general Continental foible of noisy eating is not so afflictive here as in France, but one can find it by looking around a bit. I dropped into a cheap fixed-price lunch yesterday just as the mulligatawny mazurka was starting off, and it occurred to me then that German ingenuity would some day find its crowning glory in the invention of a noiseless soup-spoon.

IV

Going up from Munich towards Nuremberg one sees the women begin to smarten up and the men grow plainer. This is a curious phenomenon. All the women one sees in Munich are so plain that they keep one wondering how they produce so many uncommonly handsome men. Heaven-sent homeliness is not a thing to be spoken of where the victim makes the most of it; but these women do nothing about theirs but "let it ride." Many of the men have a distinctive and agreeable style, while the women have no style of any kind. One is justified in complaining about this, for as every American knows, it is possible to be homely successfully. Nine times out of ten my countrywoman capitalizes her plainness and gets Standard Oil dividends out of it. The Bavarian lets hers lie as a dead asset, and hence its display is dispiriting and "ornery"—ornery as soapweed, especially on a rear view. Why is it, I wonder, that women generally are so indifferent to the fact that men are looking at their backs most of the time, since our social usages make women precede men in walking, standing, and sitting? If they got themselves up to be seen of men, like the Pharisees of old, as it is commonly assumed they do, one must suppose they would notice this and arrange accordingly. My conviction is that they do nothing of the kind. I have long believed that women get themselves up to be seen of women, and that the critical and practiced eye of other women is the sovereign deter-

rent from dowdiness. My feminist friends at home are welcome to this idea if they can make any use of it in their business—no extra charge.

This notion gains something from my observation that in the great professional undertaking of keeping their husbands interested and docile the Bavarian women appear to win. Their men-folk like them and make much of them in a quiet way, and they radiate great contentment, not of a bovine kind by any means, but the experienced and highly intelligent contentment that one remarks in the cats of Brussels, for example. There seems no ground, speaking generally, for suspecting a *partage* with some sly little girl around the corner, for the men have not the ear-marks of the roving type and, furthermore, the girl around the corner would look just like the others. At first the stranger can not make out what it is that gets the Bavarian woman under the wire so handily, but it soon dawns on him—amiability. This is the one human quality that in the long-run invariably knocks the persimmon, so to speak, and a few days in Bavaria give one a lively and admiring respect for it. Amiability does not mean an indolent and blockish good-nature—these ladies have starch in their character and plenty to say for themselves—but the active virtue that the Psalmist had in mind when uttering the mighty truth that "the amiable shall possess the earth." You can see them possessing it here every day.

Just here is where the Bavarian woman cleans up on the American sisterhood. My countrywoman, by and large, is rich in everything else you can think of—looks, *éclat*, money, adaptability, independence, good temper—but she runs steadily short of the market on the one quality that is a sure winner wherever you play it, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. European men of the better sort are no end interested in our girls. They like to run about with them, chat and dance with them and pick their brains, but marrying

them, except on a strictly cash basis, is something else again. One can not say how far this reluctance is rationalized; perhaps in most cases the fear of being stranded in the shallows of amiability is instinctive only. I wonder if it ever occurs to the sociologists to follow this lead in their studies of the high American divorce rate. Probably it is too simple to interest them, since you can not very well work it out by charts and graphs and make it the basis of tom-fool legislative bills to pester Congress with. But it has significance. Speaking as a patriotic American, I must say that one could imagine oneself racking along very happily through this vale of tears in the company of a Bavarian wife, if one might just look over the fence once in a while—no more than this—at an American girl, merely to ward off eye-strain.

At Nuremberg I saw some middle-aged women who had an air of diffused and bustling responsibility, and looked as if they might belong to a woman's club. The only really pretty girl I have seen in Germany got off the train at Zwickau. As she passed down the platform she caught my eye and gave me a frank and lovely smile with yet a little touch of reproach in it, as if to say, "You are old enough to be in better business than admiring me, but if you insist, here goes to do my best for you." At my age these casual benevolences of youth are infrequent enough to be jotted down among one's sentimental recollections. As Josh Billings said, "it is hily important for us older peple to lern that we air merely tolerated in this world." Well, but if at any age one gets toleration—real toleration—is it not enough? It is the blighting error of youth to be always coveting more and demanding more. The experience of age knows better.

V

This country is in the grip of the bankers. In fact, the world at large has pretty well taken on the aspect of a usurer's paradise. Hitherto the bankers

have worked through the agency of the politicians, but these latter gentry have now sunk to such an abysmal level of incapacity that they are only employed on window-dressing, while syndicates of bankers quietly carry on the actual conduct of affairs. The intelligent observer bears this fact in mind and pays no attention whatever to the doings and sayings of politicians and publicists. He watches the immense exportations of capital from America, and perceives an exact repetition, on a larger scale, of what has invariably happened in the world's history upon every definitive shift in the international center of exchanges—from Babylon to Rome, Rome to Constantinople, Constantinople to Venice, Venice to Antwerp, Antwerp to London. This is all that interests him. Meanwhile governments pop up and pop down in kaleidoscopic succession without actual consequence, and the "cannibal newspapers," as Mr. Jefferson called them, work through their poor old besotted repertoire of shuffling venalities about the League of Nations or the World Court, or this-or-that great forthcoming "conference" which is just about to begin to commence to get ready to take things in hand and "stabilize" them. Of such is the kingdom of journalism, and such is the hypertrophy of what is called technically, I believe, the "news sense"!

The general effect of all this swill is to make people believe that the course of public affairs is recondite and that one must sweat blood to understand it; whereas in fact it is very simple. All one need do is to remember that "England" and "The United States," when those terms appear in the political news or in editorial comment, mean simply two enormous agglomerations of vested interests which between them hold a mortgage on pretty much all the future producing power of Western Europe. The irresistible attraction of the British economic system which drew us into what Mr. Jefferson called a "sneaking neutrality" against France in 1789,

drew us again into a sneaking neutrality in 1914, and finally in 1917 drew us into the war. Nations in general, as John Jay remarked, "will go to war whenever there is a prospect of getting anything by it," and the prospect of wielding an unexampled economic imperialism was overwhelming.

Well, according to the last figures I noticed—and that was a long time ago—the amount of capital exported from the United States to Europe since the war is seven billion dollars. This is in itself a thundering lien on future European labor and, besides this, there are the public debts which must also be paid out of production if they are ever paid. The fundamental situation, therefore, is that productive labor is getting swayed back under these immense masses of paper obligation—a situation easy to understand but impossible to deal with, and, therefore, none of the political rogues and mountebanks who hobnob in recurrent "conferences" dares face it squarely or talk about it frankly.

All paper must finally be redeemed in goods or services. Its value must come out of production, out of the application of labor and capital to natural resources. There is nowhere else that it can come from. The running yield of production must bear three charges: wages, which go to labor; interest, which goes to capital; and rent, which goes to monopoly of natural resources. The trouble with the "stabilization" of Europe is that the fixed charges of rent and interest are so heavy that labor cannot produce them, to say nothing of producing wages as well. Naturally, no one cares to loosen up. Labor does not want to work for nothing, capital does not want to forgo interest, and the very last thing imaginable is that monopoly should let go—the prime instance at present, perhaps, being that of the British coal-land owners. Such is the nice kettle of fish that the bankers are stirring in their efforts to "stabilize" Europe, and what it will finally taste like I do not know.

Its smell is not appetizing at this

stage. The normal expectation of life gives me at least twenty years to look forward to, and I sometimes wonder whether so many are worth spending in a world dominated by the too, too solid flesh of the banking brethren whose social ideals must perforce be narrowed down to "speeding up production" through an indefinite future. There will be little else doing for twenty years, and nothing at all doing in my line. By sticking in obscure nooks and corners one may rub along passably on one's own cultural resources, perhaps occasionally squinting through a knot-hole in the left-field fence to observe the progress of the great game. Well, we shall see.

V

My literary acquaintance D. has introduced me to a couple of American heiresses who are moving about Germany after a season of winter sports in Switzerland. From Dresden, I believe, they go to Wiesbaden. D. tells me that their mother has an eye out for certain sprigs of nobility in their orbit. I thought the American market was low on this specialty nowadays, but D. says that occasional transactions still go on, more or less of the kerbstone type. The girls stroll and sit about idly, letting their bodies crumple into indolent attitudes, and giving the impression of great age, as if they were now in the full aggregate experience of seven or eight successive incarnations. It would not surprise me to hear one of them casually mention knocking about of an evening with Petronius, or having been presented at the court of Shalmaneser I. They speak in monosyllables, and their manner has the torpid frankness of pale boreal sunshine moving upon an illimitable Siberian waste.

"Gunning for husbands?" I inquired pleasantly.

"Yes," the older one replied in a lifeless voice, "if you'll show us something worth shooting at."

"But why marry, since you don't have

to be supported? Wouldn't you rather be free?"

"That's the point," she said. "Freedom is worth only what you can get out of it. Girls are freer married than single. You can get what you want with less fuss and trouble if you manage right."

"Then the principle of the thing doesn't interest you?"

"Not a bit."

"H'm," I ruminated. "Rather a rough spin coming to John Henry, wouldn't you say?"

"Why, no," she replied. "We've got a good deal to offer. Money's something, and neither Polly nor I has a stingy hair in our heads. Besides, we are fair and above-board. He can play his game and I'll play mine."

"What is your game?"

"Same as yours or anybody's—having a good time in my own way without being interfered with."

"Then sentiment doesn't appear in the matter particularly, I take it?"

She made no reply to this, and I risked Henry Adams's stock question on her.

"Tell me," I asked, "why the American girl is such a failure."

"We're not," she replied. "We're there to our graft, like everybody else, and we jolly well get what we want. That's not being such a failure, is it? We take the world as it is. We didn't

make it, and we don't say we like it, but we can beat it easier one way than another, so we take that way.

"I have heard of you," she went on. "I read what you write. You needn't look surprised—I can read. So can Polly. We're no keener on things than you are, but what can we do? Tell our world to go to the devil, stand from under, and build one of our own inside our heads? Fine for those who can do it, but it's too much work for me, and I don't see enough in it. You say that's wrong, and maybe it is, but I can't see it. The only other thing is to boil ourselves hard, stand up to our world and make it deliver."

"But is it ever going to deliver anything, really?—that's the point," I asked.

She looked at me steadily, and I thought her glacial expression softened a little. "It seems to," she said, "but I declare I don't know. I wish I did."

There was not much more to say, so I yawned politely, stretched, and strolled off up the embankment of the Elbe, thinking that whatever may be said about my countrywomen's amiability or intelligence, there is no discount on their sagacity. But twenty years of life where sagacity does duty for all ruling impulses—no, decidedly, twenty years are much too many.



STORY IN DESCENDING DISCORDS

BY ARCHER WINSTEN

Awarded First Prize in the Harper Intercollegiate Contest, in which undergraduates of eighty-four American colleges and universities competed. An announcement of the results of the Contest, with the names and colleges of the prize-winners, is made on page 395.—*The Editors.*

Sept. 29, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Well, I am so busy that I can only drop you a line and there is not so much to tell yet but I thought you might like to hear it. I got here alright on the train but I met Len Colt who was going to Yale on the train and we got into an argument. He said all about how Yale was better so I told him Princeton was the only place. He could not see that but even at school he was always kind of simple.

Well, I got here Saturday morning like we planned and I started right in to look for a room. They were not so much but I finally got one on Bank St., which is supposed to be awfully handy for the Commons where all the Freshmen eat. My address is 18 Bank St. I was sort of disappointed because it looks a lot like a slum to me but a lot of fellows seem to room there and the land lady said I was lucky to get it because usually the boys like Bank St., so much that they stay over for their Sophomore year too. The land lady does not look like much either but I guess that is the way with all of them because I saw a lot that did not look like much. The room costs nine dollars a week and I thought that was too much for a single room in the rear but there were lots that cost more than that and the land lady said that her boys always told her that it was a good bargain and I could ask a fellow who is a Sophomore if that is not true so I signed the lease.

It is a pretty big place here and there are a lot of different buildings so I have a tough time finding my way around but I guess I will get used to that pretty soon. Last night I went to a Freshman class meeting and some big gun told us all about how we were Princeton men now and how much that meant. It made me feel good all over and I said to myself that I would make good and have you proud of me.

I went out for the Freshman football team yesterday and there are about a hundred fellows out so I guess there will be a lot of competition. We just sort of limbered up the first day. There are two fellows in the house with me a little dark fellow named Wisner and a big light one named Hendel. They are alright but its pretty lonesome around here without knowing anyone to talk it over with. I have not seen those two Cleveland fellows I know and I guess they do not want to talk with a Freshman anyway. Well I guess I will soon know a lot of fellows in the class and then when I begin to make good everything will be jake. Give my love to father and do not forget to send those extra pennants and the rug.

Your Loving Son

EDGAR.

Sept. 29, 1925.

Dear Louise;

Well here I am in Princeton and it sure is great to be in the best college except I hate to leave you back in Cleveland with

all those birds there hanging around you. I know you will be faithful to me like you said out in the automobile on Shaker Heights but some times I feel rotten to have you so far away. This is dam sentiment but I want you to know about it although I wouldn't tell anyone else in the world.

There is not much to tell you about because nothing much has happened yet but maybe you want to know what Princeton is like. It is pretty big and has a lot of buildings and it looks a lot like a park. Freshmen cant get on the grass either and they have to wear little black caps. I felt kind of funny at first but everyone is doing it so it does not seem so bad and anyway its part of the game and I am here to play the game hard and win out.

It is hell to know I wont see you till Christmas and last night I got pretty lonesome thinking about it. A fellow named Wisner that lives in the house with me here got to talking with me last night but we did not talk long because I did not like him much. I guess he is pretty sinacal about women and everything and he said some things about a girl back in his home town. I wanted to talk about you but I could not with a fellow like that so I just kept thinking about you while he was talking. I thought maybe you were thinking about me at the same time and I felt a little better although I felt pretty bad about it all.

Not much has happened yet on the football squad but I guess I have got about as good a chance as the rest of them although there is an awfully big squad and they say there are eleven fellows out who were captains of their teams in school. Of course I do not weigh as much as a lot of them but I weigh as much as some of the biggest stars Princeton has ever had and if I have the spirit I guess my 150 pounds will get as far as a lot of those big cows.

Tell me all about what you are doing because I certainly do want to know and it will cheer me up some maybe and I

keep thinking of you all the time so dont you go and forget me right away like some girls do to their fellows as soon as they get out of sight. But I know you wont because you said you would not so write me a nice letter soon,

Yours in love

Ed.

P. S.—Pardon this writing as I have a punk pen and it does not work good.

P. S.—I would write you all night only it is late now and I have to go to bed because I am training for the football team and I cant stay up late but I guess I wont sleep much because I think so much of you.

P. S.—My address is 18 Bank St., so write soon.

Oct. 3, 1925.

Dear father;

It sure is great here although at first I was a little homesick because I did not know anybody but now I know a couple of fellows. I met a fellow named Wallace Teter who is out for the backfield like me and we go around a lot together. He is from St. Louis and he does not know anybody much here any more than I do so we eat together in Commons and go to the movies together and it is not so bad. There is one fellow in the house with me who is a nice fellow and I guess he is pretty bright because he reads a lot and is quiet and his name is Will Hendel. He does not even smoke but there is a fellow named Wisner in the house who smokes and drinks too I guess and he is always trying to start a bridge game so I guess he is pretty dissapated.

All that money you gave me is all gone now so if you want to give me any more I would like to have it. There are certainly a lot of things a freshman has to have and everybody comes around to get you to sign up for them or pay something. They are all upperclassmen so I guess it is best to get a pull with them and be a sport and take everything or else they will get mad. Anyway I guess you really need the things or they would not come around like that. I joined the

University store because everyone else was doing it. I also bought a pressing ticket, a soccer ticket, a shoe shine ticket, a football season ticket, subscriptions to the Princetonian, the Nassau Literary Magazine, the Tiger and a New York paper and I joined the Nassau Club which is a club just for freshmen that meets in 17 Nassau hall but I have not been around yet although I am going soon to see what it is like. So you see where all of my money went but I guess I am in pretty good with the upperclassmen and Wisner who did not get much of anything will be pretty sorry. Well I sure do need some more money so if you can spare any send it soon. I guess from now on I wont have to buy anything any more.

Your loving son,

ED.

Oct. 5, 1925.

Dear Chuck;

How in hell are you at Cornell and have you made the first freshman team yet? They put me on about the sixth team here for signal practice yesterday but that did not really count because we have not had scrimmage yet and I have not had a chance to do my stuff. You ought to be here. Met a fellow named Wally Teter from Saint Louis and he is out for the backfield too so we bum around a lot together.

You ought to see the movies here as all the fellows talk out loud and yell and whistle and some of them make some pretty dirty wisecracks and I dont think they ought to because sometimes women are there but I guess they can take care of themselves. When there is not any music they yell for music and then some fellows dont want any music so they yell no music and it makes a hell of a racket but its a lot of fun and I like it. Everyone goes to the movies right after dinner and I go about four times a week so I dont do a lot of studying. Another funny thing is the caps us freshmen have to wear, they are little and black and I felt sort of funny at first but now I am

getting used to it so it is not so bad. Its good too because you can tell who are freshmen and you are supposed to speak to all your classmates whether you know them or not only not many do except the funny looking fellows.

We all eat together in a big place called Commons and it sure is a struggle. If you get there early theres a mob that nearly kills you and when you get in some of those birds have not any manners at all and they take all the butter before half the table has had any but there are not many like that. Well I have to quit now because I have to do a hell of a lot of reading for a hard boiled bird named Green and I do not want to flunk out of here before Xmas. I will bet you have not half as much work to do at Cornell but it is pretty good here just the same.

Write me as everyone else around here gets letters but me and I have not even heard from Louise yet. Have you heard anything about her or Cleveland?

Your friend

ED.

P. S.—I nearly forgot but my address is 18 Bank St. and it is not as bad as I thought it would be.

Oct. 8, 1925.

Dearest Louise;

It sure was good to get your letter and I had been waiting for it for three or four days so I was nearly crazy when I got it. Its to bad you are not having such a good time but if you will wait till Christmas we will have a great time together and remember that I dont do a thing here except think about you and I wish I was with you. I get pretty low in my mind sometimes just thinking about how far you are away and so when I get a letter like that one of yours it makes me feel like a million dollars so you ought to write me one every day.

I had a funny thing happen to me the other day when I was coming out of Commons a bunch of upperclassmen I guess they were sophomores got all of us freshmen and marched us over to a

place where someone had painted our class numerals on the sidewalk and they made us scrub it off with bricks and water. It made an awful mess and I got awfully dirty and angry but there was not much that I could do about it so I just grinned and played the game but I dont see the point of painting numerals around when you have to scrub it off and ruin your clothes.

Well I have not had much of a chance yet in football because the team Im on has not got much of a line and they came through and smeared me each time before I had a chance to get started but none of them are so very good so I guess I will show them something yet and with you behind me I know I will. The freshmen play their first game day after tomorrow but I guess I wont have a prayer of getting in as there are about twenty fellows that are ahead of me. Well, I will get my chance one of these days and then you will see because I just have to make good in football because thats the only way I can get to the top of the ladder here at Princeton and I want to get to the top and be popular so you will be proud of me.

I had a talk with Will Hendel, he lives in the house with me, and he does not drink or smoke or anything and he certainly is a peach of a fellow. He does not like that little Wisner any more than I do and he said that he thought fellows like that ought to be called down by the upperclassmen and so did I. Wisner came in drunk the other night after he had been in Trenton and I was pretty disgusted and so was Will but we cant get out of the house now so I guess we will have to stand it. The worst of it is that he keeps coming around laughing at what Will and I say we are going to do. I get pretty sick of it and Will got mad the other day and told him to shut up and there was nearly a fight only Will is so much bigger that it would not of been fair. Will says that Wisner is one of the dissapated fellows that come from these big eastern tutoring schools and that is why he is so sinacal too.

Well I have to beat it for football practice now but I hope you will write me a nice long letter soon and tell me all about what you are doing. Remember that I dont think of any one but you.

Your own

ED.

P. S.—I wish you would send me a big picture of yourself as lots of the fellows have them and I feel kind of funny with only that little one of you.

Oct. 11, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Today is Sunday and I am writing you because I said I would write you once a week and I have owed you a letter for a while now. I got the pennants and the rug only that big Yale pennant is not there and lots of fellows here hang up Yalepenants upside down and thats what I want to do with that one of mine if you can find it and send it.

I guess you know that the Varsity beat Washington and Lee yesterday 15 to 6 but they did not look too good and I thought I could of done some things better than some of them did it only it looks sort of funny for me to say so because I did not even get in the freshmen game on Friday. But just wait I am all set and if I do not do something this week out on the old field Im going to start playing chess or something.

I remember that you asked what courses I was taking but I thought I told you in my first letter. Well I am taking English, French, Historical Introduction, Field Artillery and Latin. They are all awful and hard and uninteresting except the Artillery and the Historical Introduction and Latin are even worse because I cant see the stuff at all. But lots of the other fellows dont know what its all about either so I am not the only one. Wally Teter he is my best friend here now pulled a good one the other day and said it was lucky most of the freshmen have not any brains at all because if they did they would go crazy with the work we have to do. Some times I get to feeling woozy myself

especially when I try to learn all that stuff for the Historical Introduction course because I dont really care anything at all about that kind of stuff. I just want to graduate and get through and make good without wasting my time in books and I guess I will get through in the pinches alright.

Well now I have to stop and study some

Your loving son

ED.

P. S.—If you hear anything about Louise Elder tell me because she does not write as often as I like and if you hear anything else tell me that too as I dont seem to be getting much news about the old place and it sure does seem a long way off.

Oct. 16, 1925.

Dear father;

Well I feel pretty blue because I did not do much in football like I planned to do this week. I got a chance alright but everything went wrong and I fumbled once and another time I lost a lot of ground on an end run and the coach gave me hell and took me out. Well I dont know whats the matter but the team I am on certainly does not open up very big holes in the scrimmage and I am not the only one that says so because Wally does too and so do the other backfield men but I dont see what we can do about it except to our best and play the game and thats what Wally says too. But some times I feel a little funny and blue because this is not what I planned to do at first but I guess I was overconfident and now that I have all that taken out of me I guess there is still time for me to show them what I am made of. The freshman team plays another game today but I am not even on the squad that is going to report for the game but that does not surprise me much because I have not done anything good yet. The first freshman team is pretty good and they have some fellows on it who have brothers that have been big stars at Princeton like Strubing and Caldwell

and Stinson and some of the fellows on the team I am on think it depends on what prep school you come from and how much pull you have whether you make the team but I dont see how they could do a thing like that in a place like Princeton. I just guess that theres so many good fellows that some of them get lost for a while but they finally come up so dont you worry about me.

Last night a fellow came around and said he was collecting money for the Philadelphian drive or something and I did not want to get gipped or anything so I asked him how much everyone else was giving and he said as much as they could and that lots of fellows were giving \$25 so I gave him that much and I guess I must have a pretty good drag with him now. I thought that if I did not maybe the upperclassmen would get down on me and that would be bad so you see that was absolutely necessary and that is where most of the fifty you sent me has gone. Even Wisner gave fifteen dollars to the Philadelphia although he said afterwards that he only did it to get rid of the pest. Well I dont like a fellow like that because he laughs at sacred things and Wally and Will dont like him either. I tried to call him down once but it did not do much good because he thought it was funny. He cuses a lot more than most fellows too.

Well if you want to send any money soon go ahead because I sure do need it

Your loving son

ED.

Oct. 18, 1925.

Dearest Louise;

I got your letter yesterday and I sure was glad because I was scared for a while that I would have to wait until Monday for it so you can imagine how happy I was when I recognized your hand-writing on the envelope. It sure did give me the big thrill and I had a big laugh on Will and Wisner because each of them thought they were going to get a letter from their girl and I was the only one that got one.

No I was not kidding at all about that picture because I really want it and the sooner I get it the better because I wont feel so far away from you when it is on my desk even through some times I wish I could go right back to old Cleveland and be with you all the time. If you want to you can come over here and live and that would be even better but no kidding I do want that picture awful bad so send it right away.

I have been to some discussion groups that nearly all the freshmen go to as they are held by the Philadelphian Society for the benefit of the freshman and each discussion group has a few freshmen and one upperclassman and he sort of tells you what is what around Princeton. Well they are pretty intellectual and most of the time it is pretty deep for me but once in a while they get pretty personal and I dont know whether that kind of stuff does so much good because I heard Wisner talking about them and it certainly did not do him any because he thinks he knows everything anyways and I dont know if the upperclassmen could change his morals if they tried and Wally and Will and I thought just about the same as the fellow in charge about women and morals and everything. But I guess it was mostly pretty fine because the fellow in charge of the group I was in was a senior and a football man and an all around man on the campus and although he did not say any thing much he was mighty friendly and he invited us to come and see him any time we wanted any advice or if he could help us in any way and he told us how to make good only I knew that and that is just what I am going to do.

Tell me all that you have been doing and has the rink opened yet I forget when it opens. Now Louise dear don't forget about me just because I am far away but keep on writing me and all I hope is that you think of me one half as much as I think of you.

Yours always

Ed.

P. S.—Have you seen that big halfwit

sissy Ruggleston James any this year? I just wondered because I saw a fellow here the other day that looked a lot like him only the fellow here was not so crazy. I always wondered why you ever let him hang around but I guessed you just liked the crowd.

P. S.—Pardon all these P. S.es but I dont ever seem to get everything I want in my letters to you. I just wanted to ask you if you remembered that ride out to Ashtabula and please think of me every once in a while and dont go tearing around too much. I am awfully lonely for you, lots of love—Ed.

Oct. 18, 1925.

Dear Chuck;

Thanks for the information only I dont think it is true. Probly she just went to a dance or something and as soon as the fellows saw her there they thought she was giving me the air but I know that is not so because she still writes me nice letters and you ought to see the last one I got it was a peach. Anyways you see she is not going with any especial fellow so I guess that proves that she is still stuck on me like she was last year. But just the same I wish you would hurry up and write to your sister and find out if there is anything else in it than just what you said because of course I trust Louise absolutely and then I could warn her of what people are saying about us only now I dont know what to say and I sure am up in the air although of course I know that Louise would not treat me like that. So write me as soon as you can about that and dont forget.

I guess the football team sort of showed up pretty good yesterday even if they tied the Navy because I guess the Navy was lucky to get an even break. I did not go on account of my finances which are not so good just now because I will be dammed if there are not more things around here to take your money than you would expect and I dont know but it seems to go just the same. How are you coming now in football? That

was tough luck you had to hurt your arm right at the first but I guess you will come through in the end just the same. I have not been doing so good myself and sometimes I wonder what is the matter with me but I guess the truth is that I have not got any of the breaks yet and you know what they mean. Usually I get smeared two yards behind the line of scrimmage and I will bet Grange could not get much farther with a line like that and I dont want to look like I am just crabbing either but I think that is the truth. Well I dont see how they can keep me down much longer so you can begin to look for me in the Princeton freshmen lineups pretty soon.

The other day I was at a discussion group where they were talking about a fellows duty to women and some of the fellows sure did have some funny ideas. This Bird Wisner spoke right up and said he did not agree with the upperclassman who was in charge and he said that he did not see what was the matter with going with good and bad women both and he said he thought it broadened his education. I was sort of shocked but I expected something like that from Jim Wisner and it did take some nerve to talk like that to an upperclassman who was on the football team. Well at first he got mad and then he did not know what to do so he just said that Princeton gentlemen dont do that and then we talked about the football team the rest of the time. Wisner said afterward that the upperclassman changed the subject because he was wrong and Hendel got into an argument with him and they both talked a lot and they were pretty deep for me and thats the way with a lot of fellows around here they are pretty clever when it comes to talking but I guess the old religion wins out in the end if you play the game hard enough and dont stop to argue over it. Just the same I am a little more broadminded than when I came here and I dont think Wisner is as punk a fellow as I did at first before I got to know him at all although he is not the kind of fellow

I want to know or take around to the family.

Well, remember to write me as soon as you can all about Louise that you can find out and take good care of yourself.

Your friend,

Ed.

Oct. 21, 1925.

Dear mother;

Well I was out for football today and I guess I might as well tell you the truth. Its all over with me I guess because the team I was on has been broken up and all I do now is to stand on the sideline and watch. They dont cut us I guess but they just get us tired of standing around so I am pretty sore on the whole thing and I dont think it is fair but maybe it is all my fault and maybe I am not any good after all. I dont guess it matters much anyways and you tell father because he will know anyways and I dont care who else you tell either because I dont want to come back to Cleveland any more at all. I guess I feel pretty rotten about it so lets forget all about it for good. I hope you are feeling alright

Your loving son

Ed.

Oct. 25, 1925.

Dear Louise;

I got your letter and it did not sound a bit like you or else you are mad at me because of something or other and I dont know what it can be because you know I am in love with you and I would not do anything to make you mad for all the world. What is the matter and if you will tell me I will do anything you want me to only it makes me feel terrable not to know what is the matter. I feel pretty terrable anyways because I have not been making good in football and that is bad enough without you getting sore at me too. I thought maybe it was because I did not invite you to the Harvard game which is two weeks from now or the Senior Prom which is only a week off but I could not of done that be-

cause of a lot of reasons and the main one is that I am only a freshman and the upperclassmen might not like it if I did something like that and anyways besides it costs a whole lot of money and I do not see where I can get it because father says I have had enough money and he does not realize how the money goes here. Well I thought you would understand that but I guess it is better to tell it to you so you will understand absolutely and I hope you will not keep on being angry at me because I do not know what I will do if you do that. I think I would go to the dogs absolutely if you did that so please do not do that.

The weather here is awful and rainy and I feel just like the weather and when I sat out in the rain yesterday at the Colgate game I kept thinking about you. We lost the game 9 to 0 and Wally Teter asked me what was the matter with me but I did not tell him anything but I wondered and I guess I am making a mess of college but the worst of all is to have you mad at me. Well I do not feel much like writing so you will have to excuse how rotten this letter is and I am going to stop now but I hope you will answer soon and tell me it is alright

Still yours

ED.

P. S.—If any thing else is the matter tell me about it to because I want to know whatever it is and I know I can explain it.

Oct. 30, 1925.

Dear father;

Thanks for the money because it came in pretty handy but I do not feel any to hot these days and Wally Teter feels just about the same although tonight they have the Senior Prom. Wally is not going and neither is Will Hendel but Jim Wisner says he is going just so he can beat out all the upperclassmen but I dont think he will although he sure has enough nerve.

I remember you asked me all about my teachers and subjects and I do not

think they are very good or at least I do not like anything but the field artillery because that is pretty practical and it may be a help to me some day but I will forget this other stuff just as soon as I learn it if I ever do learn it. I have a french teacher that thinks he is pretty funny and he is always pulling wise-cracks and getting sarcastic but I do not see much point in them and I think he is as crazy as he looks. I also have an English teacher that is too deep for me but I guess the truth of it is that he is to deep for himself to because Wisner he is in the same class says that the teacher does not know whether Macbeth is the name of a headlight lens or if its two words. Well I guess he knows that alright but I dont think he knows much more or else he is to deep for me.

Well I have to beat it now as Wally and Jim and I are going to the movies because I hear it is a good one tonight and Jim says that a lot of good looking girls will be there. I don't think Jim is as bad as when I first saw him because he is kidding a lot of the time and I guess a lot of these religious birds around here are just fakes anyways and Jim shows them up pretty good

Your loving son

ED.

Nov. 4, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Well here it is Wensday and the Harvard game is this week-end and so is the freshman game with Yale but I don't even know if I want to go because it makes me feel kind of rotten just to think about it all. Just the same I guess I will go because that is the thing I like to see most.

Nothing much has been doing lately so there is not much to tell you about except the weather and I guess you dont care so much about that but I did get a cold the other day and I finally went down to the infirmary but that was all the good it did me because it got a lot worse right afterward and I can hardly talk with it now but I guess if I stay

away from the infirmary it will get alright.

I noticed in your last letter that you said that father thought that Jim Wisner is not a good influence on me but I dont see how he can say that because he does not even know him and I do and I think that he is a pretty clever fellow and so does Wally but I dont guess that he will influence me so much because I guess I know what I am doing a lot of the time. And it would be absolutely impossible for me to stop going around with Jim now like Will Hendel is doing because he would think I was trying to high hat him and anyways that would not be broad minded. I do not think so much of Hendel as I did just because of that he is so narrow minded and cannot see you if you do not do exactly what he wants you to do and I dont think so much of a fellow like that. Wally says the same and so does Jim.

I wish you would tell Aunt Mary that if she wanted me to get her tickets for the game she should of written me three or four weeks ago and now I can not get her any at all. Yes I did get that Yale pennant only I forgot to write and tell you about it because I never did put it up. I was going to but Jim came in and said that only the hicks put up a lot of pennants and especially Yale ones upside down so if you want to send me any pictures that you dont need I would like to have them.

I dont know what has happened to Louise and she has not answered a pretty important letter that I wrote her over a week ago so I am awfully worried although I dont know what is the matter but I guess she is mad about some thing or other and I thought maybe you could find out from some of your friends what is the matter.

Your loving son

Ed.

Nov. 8, 1925.

Dear Chuck;

Well you sure could of knocked me over with a feather when I got your

letter and found out that she is nuts over that Ruggleston James bird of all fellows but that sure does explain a lot of things that I have been wondering about and now I know why she was so cold to me in her last letter although at the time I thought she was just mad because I had not invited her down here for the Prom or the football game. Well I sure did not think that Louise would pull a trick like that on me and it sure does make me feel rotten but that just shows what women are like and I am going to write to her and tell her just what I think of her because she sure did lead me on and lie to me. I told Jim Wisner all about it and he said he could of told me that would happen and that I ought to drown my sorrow with him and he would drown his just to be company for me but I said no I dont drink but he said why not so I said because a fellow ought not and he said bull and that was on Friday. Well I kept on feeling pretty punk about Louise and everything because I have made a mess of football here too and then I went to the game with Jim and we sure did wipe up the earth with them I never saw such a game and Wally was along so Jim said afterwards that we would not be Princetonians if we did not celebrate so we took a couple of drinks that he had in his room and then we wanted some more so he went to a place he knows in Princeton and got some gin I think it was two quarts. Well I did not get boiled or anything like that but it sure was a funny feeling and Jim tries to claim that I was really boiled but I know he is trying to kid me because I knew what I was doing all the time and Jim laughs at me because I fell down the stairs but those stairs are mighty steep and I might of done that any time even if I had not had one drink. Well today I dont feel to hot but neither does Wally or Jim so it is not so bad and Jim says that lots of good men have bad hang overs.

There were a lot of drunks at the game and it sure was some game but I guess you know all about it anyways so I will say good by and wish you better luck

than I have been having but I dont see how I could of done much different.

Your friend

Ed.

Nov. 8, 1925.

Dear Miss Elder;

I guess I know why you did not write to me in answer to my last letter and also I guess I know why you were mad at me in the first place because I have got all the dope on what you have been doing back in Cleveland while I have been far away. Well I sure would not of done a thing like that to you and I think it is a dam low trick if you ask me and I do not see why you will not even tell me but keep me all in the dark about it. Well I guess I will turn to a sinick because that sure is enough to turn any one to a sinick and Jim says that you can trust girls about as far as you can hold them with your hand and I guess that is just about the truth.

I do not see what you see in Ruggleston James but when I said what I did in one of my letters I did not know that you were stuck on him so if you will forgive me I will take back all that I said about him. Well I sure do wish you would think over that offer because I still like you a lot and maybe when I get back in Cleveland we can patch it up completely and have as good a time as we ever had. Well I have to close now as it is very late but I sure do hate to think of not ever seeing you again or talking with you or going for a ride Still Ed.

Nov. 15, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Well I sure have just got a kick in the teeth because I have had some uniform exams and I flunked them all except the Field Artillery and I did not get very good in that. Well I expected to flunk a couple but I thought I knew a lot about that Historical Introduction but they flunked me anyways it was the same way in the English. It is pretty serious to flunk so many exams and I had been studying pretty hard for them and that

is why I have not written you so many letters lately. But it is not as bad as you will think though because there are so many flunks that they would kick out half the class if they bounced all those that flunked and now I am going to study pretty hard for the next uniforms and I guess I will go to Huns tutoring school where a lot of fellows go that do not study at all and they get good marks to. Jim went there and he got through in everything although I know that he has not done any studying at all. Well dont worry about me because now I am going to buckle down so that I can stay in.

I wish you would not get so set against Jim Wisner because I am getting to like him a lot and so does Wally and we go around a lot together and Will Hendel is just a greasy grind that does not know any thing outside of his books and none of us go around with him any more and he does not go out with any body. He is out for the Princetonian but I will bet a cold fish like that will not make it because you have to be a good fellow to make the Prince and that is what Jim says to. Well I have to quit and study now like I said

Your loving son

Ed.

P. S.—I know all about Louise so you dont need to tell me any more.

Nov. 20, 1925.

My dear Miss Elder;

Thanks for your nice letter and I am just writing to tell you I know what kind of a girl you are and I do not give a dam if you start running around with James and a hundred like him because I guess you must have a good time together as you are a lot alike. Dont worry about me seeing you again because I dont want to any more than you do.

ED THORNE.

Nov. 20, 1925.

Dear Father;

It is to bad that you are so angry because it is not entirely my fault that I

flunked all of those exams and there are a few reasons that I will tell you. In the first place the school I went to did not prepare me so well as lots of these prep schools and then I went out for football and that took a lot of my time at first when I should of been doing a lot of work and even when I would have the time I would be to tired after practice to do it and I know that was the way with Wally to. There is also another reason and it is because I did not go to Huns tutoring school before the exams and that is the place where all the fellows that are not grinds go if they want to get through and I remember you told me when I came here not to be a grind. Well I am sorry if I am so much of a disappointment but I guess I am as disappointed as anyone else so it is not much use rubbing it in.

I sure did enjoy the Yale game because it was the best I have ever seen and lots of fellows said it was the best Princeton has ever played against Yale. I was in the snake dance and I lost my hat and got a punk one and there were a lot of drunks there but I was with Wally and Jim and we had a pretty hot time only it sure did cost a lot of money to go up and support the team so if you could spare me a little money I would like it a lot. Well I have to study now as I am studying all the time so that I will pull my marks up in these next uniforms and get off probation

Your loving son

Ed.

P. S.—You should of seen the bonfire. I helped carry wood for it and it was about fifty feet high or more and when it was lit I have never seen such big flames even in a real fire. You should of been here because there were a lot of speeches to and it sure was a real night.

No. 26, 1925.

Dear Chuck;

Well I have been intending to write you for a week or two but I have been tearing around some and I have not had much time. That sure was a funny

party of yours you told me about and I guess we have both of us changed some since we were in Cleveland because I have been hitting the old bottle some here lately and I guess you have been doing the same up at Cornell. Jim and Wally and I are out together all the time and after the Yale game we certainly were woozy because the next day I did not even remember Slagles run but I saw it later in the slow motion movie and it sure was a wonder. I went over to Trenton a couple of times with the bunch and we went to a place called Ryders where lots of the students go and we were all pie eyed when we got there so it looked pretty good but I am not so sure how good it really was because Jim has told me that he went there once when he was cold sober and he nearly never went there again. Well I had a hot time just the same and whatever I saw looked pretty good to me so I am not kicking and it sure is a great life if you dont weaken as Jim says only it takes a hell of a lot more money than I get and I am already in debt a little and I do not see how I will get out because father is down on me because I flunked a few exams and he will not send me any money. Jim owes a lot of money to so I can do whatever he can and he does not seem to worry so why should I. This bird Will Hendel is a funny duck. I guess I told you about him before but the other day he came into my room and said he wanted to talk serious with me so I said alright shoot and what do you suppose he said. It was all about how I was being ruined by college and the influence of Jim Wisner and I will be dammed if this bird did not think he was going to do the mis-hunary stunt and he asked me please to promise him not to drink any more and I told him where he got off at and we have not been very friendly since that and Jim and Wally and I have had some good laughs over that dam ass. It sure is funny but I thought he was a pretty good fellow when I first came here but I guess he has changed since then.

Last night Jim and I had a little some

thing to drink and he took me out to see
a couple of the town girls that he knew
and we had a pretty good time. So long
Your friend Ed.

Nov. 30, 1925

Dear mother;

Well I am awfully busy now because I am studying so hard but aside from that not much is happening. I wish you would get father to send me some money again as I have to tutor for the next set of exams which are not so far off and if I dont get some money to tutor with I am afraid I will go out of this college on my ear so please get him to send a good amount right away. Also Xmas vacation is not so far off and remember it will cost something to get home and I have not any money now as it all seems to have gone in that trip up to Yale to support the team.

The weather here is not so bad but that Thanksgiving vacation was not worth anything as it was only one day and you cannot do much of anything in one day so I just stayed in the house with Wally and Jim and I did some work. I guess I will come through pretty good with my next set of exams or at least I hope I do and I dont see how I can flunk if I have that tutoring at Huns. Jim says that they know almost exactly what is going to be on the paper so I guess that is a pretty big help.

Well I hope you are alright and if I do not write any more for a while you will know it is because I am studying so hard and anyways I will be back home again on Dec. 19th and that is less than three weeks off. Well do not forget the money

Your loving son Ed.

Dec. 7, 1925

Dear Chuck;

Well I got your letter alright and I

sure was surprised that they do so much drinking up at Cornell. Well I have sort of given the stuff up because Jim and I think that its only the prep school fellows that drink until they are sick and make fools of themselves so Jim and I do not drink so much because we do it for the pleasure. Wally is like that to.

I did get some money from father at last and I guess it was a pretty clever scheme because I said I was going to use it to be tutored but I did not. Jim does that and it has always worked with him whenever he had to do it and he sure is a slick all round customer to. Well the funny part about it is that I did not get tutored and then in these last uniforms we had I flunked all four again so I am just barely in college and I may go out any minute now but Jim says that if I tell a good story I can stay in a while longer and then if I see I am going to flunk out at mid-years I can resign and come back next year. Well that sounds pretty clever to me and I will bet I can work it to because everything is just a game and I guess the slickest player wins out.

Well anyways I will see you in a couple of weeks in Cleveland and then we can see how the old liquor is going down and I guess we will shock the old town.

I have not heard a thing about Louise in a long time and I feel about like Jim that if I do not hear about her forever that will be much too soon. I met a couple of upperclassmen from Cleveland here the other day and one of them was pretty simple looking to me and Jim thought so too and I do not think the upperclassmen are so much anyways.

Well as Jim says heres to crime and Christmas.

Your old friend

Ed.

TWO SONNETS

BY AUSTIN LEE

I *WATCHED* the stars in their eternal dance,
So silently they stepped about the Pole,
Like masqueraders, moving in a trance,
Knowing their parts, yet nothing of the whole.
And slowly from the East I saw the moon
Climb with a gentle tread the southern sky;
And, as I looked, a shadow passed me by,
Whistling a bygone, melancholy tune.

"There goes another lover, Moon," I said,
"Another fool, another broken heart:
We are all mad, we play a foolish part;
The play, it will not end till we are dead."
"And yet" I sighed, "I would not change, O Moon,
We can but dance till death, and death comes soon."

II

*The moon smiled down, was it disdainfully?
I could not tell, she was so far away.
She raised her skirts, and hurried down the sky,
And in the East I heard the spears of day,
The old, unconquerable army of the sun.
And the stars smiled softly, and like weary flowers
Closed their white petals; and the daylight won
Slowly upon the sky; and the night hours
Wrapped their dark mantles closer, and sped on
Over the western world. A cock crew loud
In the gray light, and birds began to sing;
And love seemed now a pitiful, woman's thing,
A fragile fancy, like the little cloud
Hiding the door through which the moon had gone.*





FEAR IN SMALL-TOWN LIFE

ANONYMOUS

FOR a long decade now I have lived in a small city, old as age goes in America, a city as much on the defensive against the raucous newness of New York and the Far West as a medieval town against its neighbors. The people of Durham—as I shall call this new hometown of mine—are delightful, and secure in their sense of perfection. Our best families bear themselves with the suave importance of the peerage; the chamber of commerce shrieks “Durham is the place for your factory.” Our streets are blatant with the smartest devices in traffic control. Certainly there is no place like Durham; but as I live here and grow familiar with its people and its mind, I am puzzled by the discrepancy between its external mask and inner reality. Why are the people of Durham so afraid? Why are these men and women, so conscious of their own rightness, so proud of their municipal park system, afraid to read a realistic novel, terrorized by an unfamiliar idea?

Why must we lordly Americans, one and all of us, grow up to fear? This is the bogey of life, but I never thought about it until I came to Durham.

Before I came here, I lived in New York, and intermittently abroad. I was a stranger to the true American scene. New York to my youthful mind was the life, the center of the universe, the apex of experience. Here were sensations and experiences exhilarating and enriching. One’s friends were an everchanging procession—all trying to express themselves as completely as possible. Some of these young people are now sig-

nificant successes; most of them have remained amusing, likable nobodies. But one thing they all had—an attitude towards life. They demanded something more of that stubborn sphinx than mere birth, food, love, and clothes. They asked more of Time than its mere passing. They wanted to live splendidly, to love perfectly. They were conscious, always, of the shortness of this life, of its fleeting significance. They were sometimes boring, but always candid and unafraid.

When I say that they were unafraid, I mean that they expected life to war upon them, to besiege them with disappointments, and sordid facts, and shocks. They even found variety and excitement in the prospect of disillusionment. Unless they were utterly foolish and stupid, they knew that in life, even as in school and marriage, half the fun is in the fighting, and those who go home wounded in the attempt to wrest a victory have great consolations in their age because they remember what life was really about. They wanted to live, work, and be happy; they were not afraid of literature, life, love, or the police. At least, they thought they were not afraid, and there is something in that. There was nothing they would not try, nothing they dared not say. It was easy to be intellectually honest and ruthless because in a big city it was easy to escape the bores and the censors.

From this crazy world of expressive contemporaries I moved my wife and children to Durham. I exchanged cosmopolis for a microcosm. In prospect,

this complete physical change had seemed adventurous, and in Durham, month after month, as I adjusted myself to small-town life, I found its differences enthralling. I was unjaded enough to relish the taste of this new world, and yet old enough to weigh its virtues and its defects.

At first I was a spectator, gaping at the play, a fan watching the other players. I was bewitched, too, by the physical ease of living. In Durham people have homes, good schools, the country in the summer, tennis, horses, all the pleasant things of life, with none of that fierce, nervous strain which accompanies metropolitan life. In New York tenseness is an accustomed habit of mind, as taken for granted as the tumultuous streets, the gigantic buildings, the violent unnoticed sunsets. One is tense in taxis, in offices, at dinner tables. But in Durham one can earn a good living and enjoy life without financial or nervous strain. This ease, this familiarity with sun and air at first seemed miraculous. The very procession of the seasons, now that one had time and space to observe it, was revelation. Was this sort of thing going on, all this bursting and flowering and fading, when I was living in high-walled Manhattan?

Inevitably, I began to appraise the values of these blessings, to stack up the gains and losses. What is there missing in this pleasant, seductive life? What does one look for and never find? Why does one sit at parties, and wish, for God's sake, that something awful would happen to crack the glassy smoothness of these happy ordered lives? I do not include young people, who are the same the world over, or poor people, who rarely repress their tongue, or ne'er-dowells, or outcasts. I am concerned with the upper business and professional classes, the grown-up married people, men and women, who foregather at one another's houses, and create all the taboos. What price does one pay for assimilation into their world?

II

For their world has a price. As I see it, it is an adaptation, slow but irrevocable, to the small-town mind. Just as one adapts the household to an earlier dinner—maids in Durham fall into a faint if dinner is ordered later than six-thirty—so must one prune the reckless city-bred mind to an earlier un-metropolitan habit of thought. Axioms on Forty-fifth street are blasphemies in Durham. In the early winter of my content I learned a lot about dinner-table talk. I made some unwitting "breaks," and started arguments which, in a larger world, would never have been arguments at all. One evening I discovered the true significance of the Soviet crime. I mentioned casually that a friend of mine had returned from Russia.

"What does he think of conditions?" boomed a pillar of the town, a patrician dowager.

I remarked that he didn't like Russia now as well as he had during the first revolution, because the Commissars were getting dogmatic and overbearing. Nevertheless, all things were possible in revolution which never had been and never would be a pink tea.

"But did Mr. So-and-so have any sympathy for those dreadful murders?"

"Which murders?" There are always so many murders in any social upheaval.

The lady gave me a look only to be described as dirty. Any murder was unpleasant, but the murders which harried her heart were those of the Royal Princesses, "those lovely girls." I spoke hotly against the cruelties and infamies of an absolutist government, of the necessary terrors and passions of any political upheaval. "Remember Danton and Marat," I explained. But the Russian outrage was too near, too shocking, too fearsome to be comparable to the French Revolution. This lady, like a hundred others of her kind, rejected this revolution because of the extinction of a royal family, as if that were the only argument against it. I could think

of a hundred reasons why I shouldn't like to live beneath Bolshevik rule, but the Romanoff extinction did not head the list. Were these Romanoff executions alone on the calendar of Russian crime? What of the thousands exiled to Siberia, the countless political martyrs? We were at swords points verbally, over the soup, until someone steered the conversation into another direction.

This lady was shocked by the murders—atrocious and piteous, I grant—of these princesses who represented to her both royal girlhood and established order. She was afraid to look squarely at the true Russia, at the squalor and injustice of its government, and at the facts of an inevitable political upheaval. This lady had a charming house, a lovely character, but a completely untrained mind. Yet I expected her to talk of Russia, the tremendous political problem, a great mutilated wreck of an empire, burning, rightly or wrongly, with an idea; whereas she wanted to weep over the wrongs done to her symbol of security. Apprehensive of reds, radicals, and violence, she had not learned that men and deeds are the products of the inescapable past behind the frantic present.

As the months go by I have grown more wary. I say less at the wrong time, and I think more. I think more and more about fear and what it does to the human mind, that instrument potentially so daring and so precious. It is fear which makes Durham's nicer people so wary to avoid experience, so careful to stay with accustomed friends, to cheer for the happily ended book, to rush to the innocuous movies, to avoid the harsher plays when in New York. I notice these little things now because I live in a world small enough to reveal people *behaving*, rather than in a cross section of a metropolis with a few selected companions of my own taste. Here one must adjust oneself to tastes, types, interests unlike one's own, all at close range, but all masking from one another the knowledge of the inescapable heart-

break which is the core of life. For how could we admit universal heartbreak in a small city, where we must go on living together, peaceably and amiably? The strain would be unbearable, it would be impossible to live. The Durham Chamber of Commerce would go mad in an attempt to stem the drop in population as people rushed away to avoid their neighbors' despair.

Now, I see that the mask is essential to polite society. In the slums one can insult and kick and stab, but not at the dinner table. There are times, however, when one longs for a gun. Why must certain people discuss literature as if it were a private, impeccable page of their own personal creed? One night I was talking with a young man who was supposed by his admiring family and friends to be exceedingly well read. I asked him, casually, if he had read a certain current novel which was at the time a best seller and also a work of art.

"I consider it an immoral book," he announced.

"But why?"

"It is a study of moral decay."

"But think of all the people one knows who do decay," I countered.

"But one doesn't have to have such people in one's home. Why should one have to read about them?"

"My dear sir," I answered, taking up the banner of art, "if you would confine literature to the people you would invite to your home, where would literature be? What about the *Satiricon* of Petronius, the love affairs of Ovid, the dalliances of Catullus? Would you trust your wife to these notorious men? And would you exclude their works from literature?" I ceased firing as soon as I could regain my calm. This nervous litterateur was afraid of ladies—such as the lady in the book—whose charm exceeded their virtue.

I am growing accustomed to these defensive reactions to reality, but I resent them. Perhaps fear is a necessary component of the small-town mind, a necessary tool for life lived at close

quarters, like the Chinese "face." Life in Durham is like life in an amphitheater, in which, from one's seat, everyone in the audience is visible—those queer people in Section B, those successful ones in Section F, those notables in the boxes. Some of the people in the galleries and the pens are obscure—who cares?—but the people in the front row cannot be missed. Life in Durham—I repeat—is like life in an amphitheater except that the audience rarely changes its seats, and never goes home. It is eternally there, boxed off into groups, staring at one another and the spectacle, showing an amiable, complacent face. If the things in the ring get too horrible, too bloody, they turn away temporarily, or look curiously at the orgy—through their fingers!

III

This small-town mind may be necessary, but I maintain that it is out-dated, adolescent, cowardly. The prizes of life do not go to the cautious. Fear is based upon emotions which no longer actuate people in a large city, because there one has the confidence of similarity; one can find one's own level of conservatism, radicalism, flippancy, or nuttiness. The pattern of city life is more brilliant, constantly changed by new and daring designs of thought. In the provinces the pattern is insistent, regular; it stays put. The innovators who clamor about changing it go off to New York or Chicago to live; women may begin to smoke at the country club, girls may outrage their parents, but the assumptions and the cornerstones of society are immovable. Doubt never really makes her debut. The reaction of Durham to reality is dictated by ideas which city people of the same social and intellectual background have long since discarded.

Timidity of mind is no longer fashionable in sophisticated centers. People in New York chase after the latest image-breakers, dine the modernist, exploit the journalist and the writer—the

people who live by their wits. In Paris, in London, a fashionable salon is nothing unless its talk, its exchanged ideas result in social dynamite. It is better to be damned than to be dull. In Durham let us be dull, forever, rather than uncertain or threatened by the unknown. Let them give "Hamlet" in plain clothes in New York, and what does one hear of it in Durham?

"Of course, it must have been horrible," says Mrs. Henry Cobalt, who has seen the great tragedians and who derides the stripping of costume from the naked, heart-breaking lines of "Hamlet."

"It was marvellous," exclaims her light-minded niece. "I never could bear the stuff before. At last I know what it was all about."

"I'd rather not see Shakespeare ruined," insists Mrs. Cobalt. "'Hamlet' cannot be 'Hamlet' in tweeds."

Mrs. Cobalt is an able, intelligent woman, a reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a pillar of rectitude. She is courageous in behalf of her ideals, some specially chosen, others inherited from her sheltered youth. The ideals of other people are of little moment; her face assumes a granitelike frigidity when confronted with the unfamiliar and the unapproved. She distrusts immigrants, sophisticated novels, young people and women who long for careers. Indomitably, she stands guard at the door of her own mind, lest any disturbing novelty enter in.

The worst of it is that young married women who were flirts and hoydens in their day, as they approach the middle thirties and acquire children and a house and other hostages to fortune, take on Mrs. Cobalt's tone. They exaggerate the dangers of the day and cling to the seclusion of their own social group. Security makes them afraid of change. They forget that avid chase after experience which is the gift of youth, and which the brave and the intelligent hope never to lose. What, asks the barbarian from without, is the use of living unless one knows or suspects everything that is going on?

The longer I live in Durham, the more and more people I confront who seem to live deflected from the pity and comedy of living. They live that way from choice, and are proud of it. Perhaps this attitude is preferable to that state of mind which afflicted us in the early nineteen hundreds, when the muckraker ran riot, and the white-slave peril and the poisoned hatpin were the nightmares of mothers. But it is a shock to meet people who lay down a book or a newspaper, who hear the facts of tragedy, only to say, "I'd really rather not know about those things." When I was young the idea of a big European war seemed inconceivable; yet it happened. Once it occurred, there was no escaping it; it had to be faced and borne. The shocks and trials of life are no less a part of the variegated drama in which each of us plays a part. To ignore life's unpleasant facts is to miss the point of the play.

Wherefore, whenever I meet Mrs. Lacey I feel less irritation than pity. I am now able to wax philosophical about Mrs. Lacey. She is very careful about her reading, and will not read *Anna Karenina* because she is sure it is unpleasant. Why, she asked with virtuous indignation, must she read these unpleasant books which depict a side of life unknown and out of her experience?

"I can't see the value of it for me," she insists fluently and convincingly. "I am happy, my home is happy, my husband and my children are happy. They mean life to me. They do not resemble life in *Anna Karenina* or *A Lost Lady* or *The Great Gatsby* or what not. Why should I take all these disagreeable, disordered impressions into my consciousness, and make myself disturbed and therefore less able to give my family what they need from me? Now, why should I?"

Well, why should she? In Durham Mrs. Lacey can live unto herself, safe, happy, and sheltered in her social groove. But her children are already out in the world, tearing up and down the noisy alleys of school life. They are

thrilled by the realities of contact. Their world is already more to them than the happy home Mrs. Lacey walls off from the crudities of existence. Will she find herself looking over the walls of that home at her runaway children, who have foresworn her vision of life for an eyeful of actuality?

This will be a trivial tragedy to all but Mrs. Lacey. Some fear, acquired in her youth, falsity in her education, inexperience, lack of receptivity have made her the way she is. I sometimes wonder what life would be like if the world knew no fear. Crimes, murders, atrocities, insults would increase, but what a burgeoning socially there would be; what reservoirs of human feeling, now dammed up by self-consciousness and social fear, would flow over Durham. Now beset as we are by repression, prohibition, shyness, dignity, it is difficult for people over thirty to have a good time at a party unless they are jazzed up with liquor.

At the Durham country club we hold each winter a set of dances, inclusive, large parties for the married set. Yet, as the months go by, the committee in charge finds it hard to keep the dances going; pair by pair, couples drop out. Mrs. Henry Payne keeps her husband at home because he likes too well to dance with pretty Mrs. Duncan. The men are bored by dancing with one another's wives. The younger married set finds the parties dull. "It's impossible," says the chairman of the committee, "to keep these dances going unless they all give one another dinner parties beforehand and get jazzed up with liquor." Upon a newcomer these connubial routs make a strange impression. In the ballroom, to the music of a jazz band, rhythmic but not riotous, one sees Durham's best, dancing about in one another's arms: the prominent, pudgy Mr. Henshaw with chattering Mrs. Dunn; the attractive, lively Mrs. Henshaw with the dull Mr. Dunn. The impeccably well-dressed Mrs. Evans parades by with her saturnine, indifferent spouse, who hates dancing. Oh, dear God!

The next dance will present a fresh re-alignment. The couples smile, reverse, banter; assume masks of hopeful gayety. But the spectacle has neither the dignity of a ritual nor the abandon of a bacchanal. Few of these men and women dance together because they want to dance with each other. They are husbands and wives, breaking for one evening the routine of monogamy. Where is that electric spark of sex—the man pursuing the woman, the woman eluding the man—which pervades all youthful parties, debutante balls, and college dances? Yet how to introduce sex into a Durham ball, safely to enliven the evening without breaking up homes, is a problem for no committee, but for the gods.

For sex in Durham is politely ignored, in a fashion disrespectful to one of the fundamental facts of life. After all, we have all been born, most of us are begetting, we all want to be happily in love—three things dependent upon the sexual act. Yet in the upper levels of comfortable Durham the complications of sexual adjustment might well never exist. The world's greatest bore, I am sure, is the sex-obsessed New Yorker who has been and always is being psychoanalyzed. But the veiled superiority of nice people in Durham towards all sexual calamity is more irritating and harmful. Except for a few cynics and doctors, we assume that married people are always happily married unless one or the other party to the contract deliberately *does something* which he or she could easily avoid doing. Mrs. Tommy Gates could easily have prevented her husband from becoming the town drunk had she been less of a sobersides herself. Yet Mrs. Sarah Gates was from childhood a serious, solemn soul. Only a youthful passion, throwing them into wedlock in the early twenties, could explain a marriage of two such dissimilar natures as hers and Tommy's. Having nothing in common, Sarah, strong and full of character, took to children and good works, while Tommy, weak and

mercurial, took to drink and gayer ladies. One shudders in Durham more at the thought of a marriage deliberately broken up, than at the individual indignity suffered by either mate.

Certainly, life sustained by these evasions and reticences is less racking, superficially, than if one could never escape day after day the ultimate truth. With innocent enthusiasm, we in Durham welcome early marriages. The obvious unpreparedness of some youthful mates is obscured by veils of sentiment, chiffons, and wedding presents. Indeed, financial suitability and perfectly darling girlhood, the world over, make a perfect match. Yet a decade later, when these young people are in their early thirties, the best time of their lives, there are few to recognize the sad plight of a wife emotionally and intellectually mature mated to an eternally adolescent husband. She married him, and she is a sinner if she does not love him, says society. Even if this were recognized as a marital problem, who would deny that Yale boys will be boys? Are not all men "boys" at heart?

As for passion, outside of its role in procreation, it is an explosive which might better stay in the movies. When it flares up, like fitful lightning, and a thunderbolt of infidelity racks a home, we are awed and interested, as one is by other peoples' calamities. But a veil of refined disdain, of controlled gentility is cast over the entire business of sex, over its hypocritical pretences and injustices. This same nicety of attitude is instanced in the general feeling of horror at the thought of a large family. To bear six children is revolting, ostentatious, sloppy, like a disordered, vulgar house. Birth control, as a social policy, is anathema, yet all the nicest people have three children or less. How? The inevitable irregularities of men are known, but rarely commented upon, and mistresses, if they exist, are never mentioned. Society condemns them as a sad flowering of French depravity. Love in Durham is like a nymph who has but two

places to go—the restrained chambers of conjugal bliss, and the sordid ugliness of certain rundown shabby side streets. Is it not inevitable that the nymph should weary of both her playing fields?

IV

The answer to fear, of any kind, is experience. Defeat timidity with variety, counter prejudice with a succession of truths. But salvation by variety is hard to attain in Durham. Variety in social life is a luxury of the big city where the celebrity, the personage, the visiting foreigner leaven the mass of ordinary people, spice the routine of ordinary life. There worlds exist within worlds, any number of them, interlacing, vitalized, charming; in our town, there are only so many pyramided groups, each one a little inferior, even in its own eye, to that above it. At the base are the unimportant thousands who live happily from one Saturday night to the next; at its top the elect few hundreds who for three generations, or two, have had banks, factories, surpluses, a tradition of importance, and the proper clothes. The layers of the pyramid merge in the distance; the city might be, to the naïve eye, "just one big family." Oh, profane delusion! There is the group that takes its fun at the lodges and the ladies' nights; the ladies who foregather day after day at the countless small social clubs—the "Just-For-Fun Club will meet Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Elmer Hixey at 16 Crescent Terrace"; the bustling world of the fraternal orders with their balls and meetings; the subdued wealthy middle class, who never leave home except for the office or the church; their rampant, richer offspring, who jazz at the country club and whose parties emphasize the failure of prohibition; and lastly again, the brahmins who keep rigorous social lists, entertain delightfully, flit from Europe to New York to White Sulphur and home—rare adventurous nightingales in an aviary of poor nest builders.

The group system is a necessary evil in this smaller world, for the hazards of social life stifle the adventurous spirit who would buccaneer about socially, seeing all sides of life. The pity of it is that each group is so small, so homogeneous that stagnation inevitably results. People hesitate to leave their accustomed circles for fear of being suspended in an outer vacuum, in no group at all. There are few souls whose inner resources are so sustaining that they can face the risks of isolation. Intellectual and social loneliness are the terror of us all; there is less danger of it in the city where the strangest people find themselves duplicated a hundred times. But in the small city God pity the individual who does not fit naturally into a group, or through ignorance or carelessness, lands in the wrong groove!

There is that strangely attractive Mrs. Chadwick who always looks so well dressed but so obviously has no place to go. A stranger observing her on the golf links—usually alone, or with another woman—would wonder why he did not meet her elsewhere. His queries about her are met with the reply, "You must mean Mrs. Chadwick. Yes, she is beautiful." At the Ritz, on an ocean liner, at a first night Mrs. Chadwick with her admirable sense of line, her amused alluring face, would be a cynosure—behold a grown-up woman who knows what life is about. But in Durham, alas, these significances have little chance. Mrs. Chadwick came delightfully introduced by some people from somewhere who had met some of the right somebodies at some other place. She was said to be distantly connected, too, to the Van Diggles, which places her high. But Mrs. Chadwick was imperceptibly dropped into the outer limbo; her taste, her beauty, her exoticism availed her naught. There was something too adult about Mrs. Chadwick. She was bored by the interchange of domestic alarms indulged in by the young matrons of her group. She read French novels and painted her face.

She liked to talk to men, impersonally, frankly, freely. Wherever Mrs. Chadwick was, there also were inconsequent mirth, reckless talk, irreverent gayety. She disturbed the pattern of what a wife should be; and socially Mrs. Chadwick is no more. She might just as well have committed adultery.

There are of course in Durham a few souls, confident, audacious, who do as they please socially, and get away with it. But usually they take off from the top of the pyramid to begin with, and they are endowed with a selfless enthusiasm for a cause, for politics, or the mere fun of living. Whenever they appear the party begins, where they are the fight commences. They are the rare birds, the social sports. Mrs. Alec Tower is one of these. In her youth she tamed wild horses; once she rode from here to the Junction on the front of a locomotive to win ten dollars. She can swing a devastating ax, can swim like a salmon. There is no cause she does not sponsor, no movement she does not defend or attack. The politicians fear her; the junk dealers and the ashmen admire her; her girlhood friends, safe in their homes, deprecate her enthusiasm, while they love her for her heart. Fifty years ago, she would have screamed for suffrage; heaven only knows what she would want if she lived another half century.

The world would be unbearable if we were all like Mrs. Alec Tower, but it is a pity that most people lose in the early thirties their passionate hunger for living. It is as if the grave opened prematurely to our anæmic starved desires and, to save further trouble, into the grave we throw them, to await our now complacent body. It is so easy to cherish monotony, for fear of something worse, so easy to shudder at the bogey of the unknown rather than fertilize the barren psyche with new ideas. Men afraid of the Pope run to join the Klan, although people who marry Catholics are seldom afraid of Rome. The Evangelicals who live close within their reli-

gious group, the rural or small-town citizens who fear Rome as the devil fears holy water—these find comfort by wrapping themselves in the defensive and mysterious sheets. Each symbol of the unknown is in its turn a terror. I heard a few months ago much talk of the marriage of Ellin Mackay and Irving Berlin. "How could she do it?" cried the same people who exclaim at the mere mention of Al Smith as president. They are impervious to the suggestion that love can jump racial and social barriers, and that ability may not be denied by a just God to an upstart Irish boy from the East Side.

The puzzle of Durham is the mystery of America. This is the puzzle—why the amazing adaptability, north, east, south, and west to everything new but ideas? Thousands of young men and women are students, teachers of pure science; the marvels of applied science beset us on all sides—the telephone, the wireless, the movie have torn down the walls of distance that once kept the human spirit isolated. Now everyone goes everywhere, sees everything, hears everything. Up-country, far north of my city, the flappers in the little villages have shingled hair, wear beige stockings; the pianos in the five-and-ten-cent stores hammer out the tunes of Broadway. Houses are standardized, people of similar financial level buy the same type of divan and floor lamp, young girls in all classes demand the same underwear, the same privileges, wear the same impudent empty mask as a face. They are all so ready to be imprinted by the newest thing—in everything but ideas. Why has the individual human mind lagged behind in this extraordinary receptivity of sensation?

It has lagged behind, no doubt, out of exhaustion. To-day there are so many things to do, to know, so many things going on, that the over-impressed consciousness ceases to formulate, is satisfied only to register. What is the need for thinking anyway, when the newspapers, the movies, the radios, the motors will hand one the news and the

thrills, absorb all time and leisure? There are few empty hours, solitary days in modern life, days when the mind can retreat within itself and assay its own resources. We are so busy buying things, going to all the places that everyone goes to, and doing all the things that everyone does, that it is hardly necessary to think. It is easy to escape, therefore, by any of these mechanized diversions, that insistent, pressing demon within each of us which asks and asks and insists upon an answer, "What are you good for and what are you making of your life?"

It is harder to answer that demon, harder to keep it cowed in Durham than it was in New York. One is confronted at close range with conventions, faced by prejudice, irritated by the close pressure of other people's opinions. Why can't they let one alone? What is it to them what one does, what one feels? The surrounding microcosm is always there, watching, judging, a nightmare of nearness. The easy, ordered ways of Durham lose their charm, the great tree-

lined avenues their dignity, the pastoral countryside its peace. Durham becomes a mere ugly town, reeking with industrial ugliness, shrieking in self-importance, staining the immemorial beauty of the country. For the works of man on a small scale are not inspiring; in New York or London one's blackest despair is diminished by a sight of star-hung bridges, of the shafts of skyscrapers soaring against the vivid sky. The ambitions and the feats of men become once more heroic, and it is easier to go on living.

But in Durham the very smallness of things, the clear sight one has of every thing at once, day in and day out, the tininess of this life against the immensity of time become a challenge to the individual to hold out, to resist its enemies. Hold on, persist, one says to one's own integrity, and you shall endure in the end. It is a trying contest, and who knows yet what the end will be? Yet I would not want to leave Durham, this exacting mistress, now that I know her, and perhaps she will let me stay with her, free, until the end.





JOANNA GODDEN MARRIED

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

“TAKE him to Crown Dips.”
The words came out of her mouth almost before the thought came into her heart. In a sudden vision she saw him warm and tended, dry and comfortable between clean sheets.

“He’s dead,” said somebody.

“Nonsense! Not he!”

“He’s been wounded though! Look! There’s blood!”

Once more the ineffective little party was quickened into use by the call of human need. Mrs. Light produced a handkerchief, and Mrs. Boorman remembered some first-aid lectures she had attended at the Women’s Institute. A broken arm was bound up not too clumsily, and during the operation the men fetched a hurdle from Joanna’s paddock, so that when it was over the sufferer could be gently carried across her land to the refuge of her house.

Mrs. Light and Mrs. Boorman helped her make up the bed in the spare-room, light a fire, and put on the kettle. At the same time Boorman went off to the doctor’s at Sidlesham. All the while the patient lay unconscious—only his deep breathing told them of life. He was a middle-aged man, lightly grizzled about the temples, and lavishly tattooed all over his body and arms. His undressing—performed by the matrons, for Joanna still considered herself a spinster and more suitably occupied in making tea—was a revelation of ships and anchors and flowers and love-knots and girls’ names.

“You can tell he’s a sailor,” said Mrs. Light, clucking her tongue.

Joanna was glad to see him comfortable, lying there bronzed and still between her sheets. She hoped that he was not seriously hurt, that he would not pass from one stillness into another. She was also curious for him to wake and tell them about himself and what had happened to him in that terrible dawn at sea.

When the doctor came he was reassuring. The fracture of the arm was quite a simple one, the concussion not serious. He had been struck on the temple by the spar to which he was clinging when Hickman reached him—that and exhaustion only were responsible for his present state. The doctor thought he would soon regain consciousness. Meanwhile Mrs. Godden had done exactly what was best.

Mrs. Light and Mrs. Boorman went home to their breakfasts, and Joanna, feeling suddenly hungry, set about preparing her own. Rosie was now once more a sober handmaid and Martin, though full of questions, had recovered from the night’s shock. Of course there would be the house to clear up, the insurance people to visit, new window-panes to put in, and endless trouble, but at the present moment Joanna felt her spirits rising. Adventure and man had come again together into her life, and though she would not have acknowledged that this was the seat of her content, nevertheless, she felt a new buoyancy in her outlook, a new expectation.

While they were having breakfast two coastguards arrived to inquire into the disaster. A trawler had struck a mine off the Bill, they said, and apparently there were no survivors except the man who had been brought to Mrs. Godden's house. He was not able to speak to them, but she promised to send to the coastguard station as soon as he came to himself. Meanwhile her sense of her importance grew. Neighbors called—on flimsy pretexts or boldly to inquire. She received a telegram from the Shipwrecked Mariners Association at Portsmouth. For the first time for years her morning was not entirely occupied with cows and poultry. Indeed, she left the latter almost entirely to the Roots, and fussed about the house and her patient, looking in upon him every other minute in hopes that his change had come.

It did not come till the evening when, as she was putting a newly filled hot-water bottle into the bed, he suddenly opened his eyes.

"Hullo," he said weakly.

"Hullo," said Joanna, taken by surprise in spite of her hopes.

"Hullo, ma'am," he repeated.

She felt that the conversation might go on indefinitely like this.

"How are you?" she inquired, coming round to his pillow.

"Oh, I'm fine. Leastways, I've got a bit of a headache . . . and my arm . . . Lord, what's happened? Where was I last night?"

"You were blown up," said Joanna soothingly.

"Blown up. . . ."

He stared at her. Then suddenly the gap in his memory was filled. He tried to sit up in bed, but fell back with a groan which turned unexpectedly into a laugh.

"Good Lord! So I was. Blown sky high—that's it, ma'am. But came down on my feet, seemingly. Where are the other chaps?"

"I dunno. There was nobody picked up but you."

"My God, you don't say they're gone!

Old Gunning and the boy, and Phil . . . not anybody saved?"

Joanna feared his distress.

"Don't fret yourself or you'll be ill again. Maybe they've got ashore somewhere else."

"Maybe—I hope to God they did. I remember now . . . no time to launch a boat. She just broke in two. We were all in the sea. Gunning could swim. . . ."

Joanna went out to send Root for the doctor. She feared that the patient was growing excited and would make himself worse. She tried to persuade him not to talk. But his mind was seething with curiosity, anxiety, thankfulness, and disgust. She realized in time that it did him good to talk—that he was better talking than thinking.

"What a bust up! . . . Well, I never! And scarce a mile out, all as quiet as sleep . . . a mine . . . well, I'm damned. We thought we was as safe as houses. I've been on bad jobs—I've been on a mine-sweeper, and got sent up in that. That's why they'd given me a spell ashore. And then I go up again, in my own boat this time. Did you ever!"

He was a Portsmouth man, he told her, and owned a couple of trawlers. His name was Carpenter, he was in the Royal Naval Reserve and had done a lot of secret and dangerous war service in home waters. No, he was not married, but he'd be obliged if she'd send a telegram to his sister, Mrs. Beaton at Seaford, in case the tale got round. Oh, the *Princess* was insured all right . . . but he was miserable about the lads—a mate, he had, and a man and a boy besides. Something would have been heard by now if they'd got ashore anywhere else. . . . And might he take the liberty of asking the name of his kind friend here? . . . Indeed—he was obliged to Mrs. Godden. She'd done him more than a kindness. He could never repay her for what she'd done . . . and the chaps who'd pulled him out—he'd like to see them sometime.

Thus he rambled on until the arrival of the doctor, whose only treatment was to send him back into the sleep he had come out of. His mind was working too hard over the broken pieces of the past—the puzzle must not be put together yet.

XVII

His recovery, though never in doubt, was a slow one. Owing to his war experiences he was not a robust man, and for a few days pneumonia threatened. Joanna waited on him untiringly. A week ago she would have denied that one single minute more could have been squeezed out of her day, for any purpose whatsoever. But now she found time for continual runnings to and fro, bed-makings, and meals—even for times when the patient wanted her to sit and talk to him, or listen while he talked to her.

When she learned that his stay was likely to be a long one she had ordered Mr. and Mrs. Root to come up from their cottage to the house. She considered it unseemly that she should be left alone in attendance on a sick man. But the Roots were merely there to regularize the situation—nothing more clinical was, perhaps fortunately, required of them. Joanna herself may not have been a very good nurse; but she was at least a pleased and pleasant one. At first he had made some offer to go into a hospital, but she had indignantly rejected it. She would feel ashamed if he left her, she said.

So he stayed, and in time she grew to know that she liked his staying. It was not only pity for his misfortune or the sense of her own importance in the disaster. She liked having him there to nurse and talk to. He gave her an interest and a society which she could enjoy with a clear conscience. . . . She would be sorry when he went.

She had never met anyone quite like him before. The men of her world were the farmer, the parson, and the squire. Here was somebody altogether different

—a seafaring man, who yet was not quite what she expected a seafaring man to be. He was not a "gentleman," but he had ways which she had associated exclusively with gentility until now. For one thing, he read books.

"Have you got anything that I could read?" he had asked her one day, just as he was beginning to mend. "I feel like a bit of reading if you could oblige me."

Joanna brought him the *Times*, a volume of the *Farmer's Encyclopaedia*, and *Little Lucy's Prayer* as light relief.

He received them politely, but before long she discovered that they were not the sort of thing he wanted. He asked her if she had any of Dickens's novels.

She shook her head.

"Anything by Sir Walter Scott?"

"No. I'm unaccountable sorry, but that's all the books we have in the house, except Robertson's *Sermons* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

"I'd be glad if you'd let me have that one. I've read it before but I could read it again. It's a fine book."

"There's some terrible fine pictures in it. When I was a child I would scarce open it for fear I should see Satan. I had a lot of books in my old home, but I sold them when I left, all except these few."

Once or twice he had asked her questions about her "old home," but Joanna had frozen into silence, and he had not persevered. On the other hand he told her a great deal about his own past life, where he used to live and the places he had seen.

As he recovered his health his conversation opened a new world to Joanna. He had been a seafaring man all his life, chiefly in the Merchant Service, and had sailed over every ocean before the war called him to service at home. He told her strange tales of the Indies, of Australasia and the cold seas by the Pole, of the grim coast of Tierra del Fuego, where the fires go up from a hundred craters, of little coral islands like rings

of ivory in a sapphire sea, of huge pink temples towering over palms, of Buddhas ninety feet high, sitting in eternal contemplation, of lanterns and dragons and gongs in a Chinese city, of devouring jungles in Yucatan where the forest eats the towns. Joanna listened delighted. She always expected the male to be informative, and Jim Carpenter was in the true tradition here. She might be listening to Martin Trevor telling her stories of the drowned Marsh. . . . Hitherto foreign parts had meant no more to her than Paris where she was to have gone for her honeymoon, the Riviera to which Ellen had wickedly escaped, and Africa where Martin's brother was a missionary. Even the recent upheaval of the map of Europe had not brought it much into her notice. To her the combatants were men—brave Englishmen, gallant Frenchmen, dashing Italians, noble Russians, brutal Germans, cowardly Austrians—there were no actual territories involved, nor national characteristics beyond good and evil.

But now she began to catch glimpses of a life beyond her own, whether as lived in her house, her poultry yard, her past, or the pages of the *Times*. She too began to read. He sent for some books on foreign countries that he had in his lodgings at Portsmouth, and she read them with difficulty and delight. Her mind and imagination were beginning to disturb her with the pains of growth—now that she was forty and had put the first part of her life behind her like a tale that was told.

There was no denying that she would miss him when he went. She was determined to keep him till he was completely recovered and able to go to sea again. He had no home of his own, only lodgings, and his sister, who came over to see him once or twice, was, she discovered, the mother of many children in a cramped house. Manhood was near enough to Portsmouth for him to be able to transact without much difficulty the business attending the loss of his

ship. He was very well off with her, she told herself, when she sometimes had qualms at her clinging, and was of infinite use to her, with entertainment and advice, and often with the care of little Martin, who would sit for long hours playing on his bed, and even so picking up a certain discipline. . . . Ah, the Man in the House.

On one occasion it suddenly struck her that, though he talked to her so much about the foreign places he had been to and the queer people he had seen, he had never told her anything really personal. How was it that he, a man of past fifty, was a bachelor—owned two trawlers and yet had no home? . . . and all those girls' names tattooed upon him. . . .

The sleeve of his sleeping-suit fell back as he took the cup from her hands, and she read "Milly" over a heart. They were on easy terms now, and he sometimes teased her. She tried to do the same to him, but Joanna's tongue had never been light enough to tease.

"Aren't you ever going to tell me about Milly?"

He looked at her with a smile.

"Yes," he said, "the day you tell me about Billy."

"Billy? Billy? What d'you mean?"

"Well, whoever in your life matches my Milly. There must have been someone."

"I—I—I don't want to tell you about myself."

"Very well, then I won't ask you. But you mustn't ask me either. I don't know anything about you, so why should you know anything about me? No questions asked, no questions answered. That's fair."

"I shan't ask you nothing."

Her face was crimson, and she quickly set down the tray because her hands were trembling. He had shown her. He had shattered her content. He had shown her that after all it would be a good thing when he went away.

XVIII

He was well enough to come down to meals, and they were sitting at their supper together when the post arrived. It was the one post of the day; for a harassed government could not be supposed to worry about the needs of Manhood's End. After all, it brought only one letter—addressed to Joanna in a hand she seemed to know.

She turned it over slowly—yes, she knew that hand, but wasn't sure whose it could be. Not Sir Harry Trevor? No—it looked feeble somehow. She felt afraid—it woke memories within her heart that made it beat uncomfortably. The letter had come a journey in search of her—first to her old lawyers, Huxtable and Son, of Rye, then to Ellen, since Huxtable was not allowed to know where she lived, then to herself. Someone was writing to her out of the past. Who could it be? Now suddenly, without reading it, she knew.

Carpenter saw her grow pale. Her face whitened under its tan and freckles, the corners of her fresh, hard mouth seemed to sag. She opened the letter, and as she read it she frowned and her hands quivered. She gave a little gasp, and for a moment—not knowing her—he thought she was going to faint.

He poured out a glass of water, and pushed it over to her.

"I'm afraid you've had bad news."

"No—no. Only a surprise. It's from a young chap I used to know, and he's been wounded."

"Dear me. I'm sorry. Not anything serious, I hope."

"I dunno . . . the writing seems queer. But he wants me to go and see him. He's at Bognor—only to think . . . and the letter's been to Rye and then to London, and here am I not ten miles off."

She did not seem to notice that for the first time she had slipped out a forbidden name.

"He seems bad," she continued. "I

must go over and see him to-morrow. Reckon I was a fool not to give my address to Edward Huxtable, but I didn't want . . ."

She realized now that she had given away a secret. But her agitation was too great to be increased on any fresh count.

"I can easily manage it—I can go on the train as far as Chichester and then get the bus."

She was talking to herself and had forgotten all about her guest. Supper was forgotten too—she rose and went over to the window. A flood of angry light was pouring across the sea from where in the west the sun's globe hung above purple fogs.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll go and see about the milking."

XIX

But of course she did not go to the milking. Her heart had been rapt out of everyday business. Milking was now a mere piece of routine that could quite successfully go on without her. Her whole being seemed to be focussed on the scrap of paper she held in her hand—Bertie's poor scrawl of a letter that had gone such a roundabout way in search of her.

She ran up to her bedroom for security, and there she dared read it again.

DENE CREST HOSPITAL,
BOGNOR.

My dear Jo,

I know that I have no right to write to you. But I hope you will forgive me when I tell you that I am wounded and in hospital at Bognor. I was hit on the Marne and they tell me I will have to have a tin inside for the rest of my days. Cheerful, isn't it? I have been lying in bed a long time and have had six operations. I have been thinking of you a lot and I see now that I have behaved like a swine. I wonder if you got a letter I wrote you years ago. You did not answer it and I heard afterwards that you had left Ansdore. It struck me that I could send this to your lawyers in Rye. I do want you to come and

see me, Jo, and tell me that you forgive me for all that is past. I am very lonely. Mother is dead and Maudie is married to a sergeant in the Durhams. But perhaps you are too far away to come and see me, and of course I shall quite understand.

Yours,

BERTIE HILL,
Lieut. 28th Middlesex.

For some reason Joanna had never thought of the war engulfing Bertie as it had engulfed Tip Ernley and a few million more. She had somehow pictured him remaining eternally what she had left him—a little singing clerk, busy at his office, happy on his evenings out, eventually marrying his employer's daughter. . . . That last ambition had not materialized, anyway. And here he was, wounded and done for, one of a long list of names in the *Times* that she never read, lying in hospital only ten miles away, pathetically longing for her to come and see him.

She would go of course—at once—and take Martin with her. That much she owed him, though she realized with a strange pang of fear that he did not even know the child had been born. It was all strange, and rather terrible—this—that the dead should rise. For years now she had grown used to the thought of Bertie in her past, but she could not adapt herself to the thought of him having power over her present. . . . Suppose he should want a share of the child. . . . Oh, but he couldn't have it. That was where the law befriended her, and rewarded her for having put herself outside the law. Martin was hers and hers only. Bertie could not claim him, except morally . . . and she was afraid, because she knew that claim was just. A father without his child, a child without his father—it was all wrong. Yet what was she to do?

XX

She started early the next morning, after writing out a telegram to prepare Bertie for her arrival. The farm must

be abandoned to Tom Addis and the Roots. Jim Carpenter must be abandoned too and, as she went to fetch away his breakfast tray—for he still had breakfast in bed—she felt as if she were being deprived of some strength.

"I hope you'll find your friend much better," he said, wishing her well on her journey.

"I dunno . . . maybe . . . he says he's had a terrible time."

"Well, I hope it's over now. He's home in Blighty, anyway. Don't you fret, ma'am. I'll keep an eye on the youngster while you're gone."

"I'm taking Martin with me."

"Won't he be a bit of a nuisance to you? It's a difficult journey."

"I can't help that. He ought to come. Leastways—Mr. Hill used to know him when he was a baby. I reckon he'd want to see him now."

Her cheeks went crimson at the lie, which she felt, moreover, had not been a particularly good one. She swooped up the tray and went out of the room.

Martin was waiting for her, dressed in his new knickers and little blue jersey.

"I'm going in the train!" he shouted triumphantly to Rosie Pont. "I'm going in the train. Puff-puff-puff—to see a genplum."

"Well, you be good, that's all," said Rosie unsympathetically.

Joanna took his hand and led him skipping beside her down the drive and along the shingly road to the Falcon, where they were to catch their first bus. They would go by bus to Sidlesham Station, then by train to Chichester, and then another bus would take them to Bognor more conveniently than the railway.

Martin was fortunately disposed towards good behavior. He was delighted at this unexpected treat, proud and satisfied to find himself in his new clothes, and off for a day's adventure amidst the wonders of locomotion.

"First we'll go in a bus," he shouted, "and then we'll go in a train, and then we'll go in another bus, and then we'll go in a bus again, and then we'll go in a

train again, and then we'll go in a bus again."

"You'll be a good boy in hospital, won't you, duckie? There's a poor gentleman there who's very ill . . ." she hesitated whether she should add "and he's your daddie," but the next minute even Joanna saw the madness of such words. Martin had not reached an age when he could be expected to keep secrets. . . . By the way, she'd better see Bertie alone first.

None of their different conveyances betrayed them, and they were in Bognor soon after one o'clock. It was a hot blue day, such as it always seems to be in Bognor—the sea was a great blue glare under the great blue glare of the sky, and the white parade and houses glared at Joanna, making her blink. There was no use going to the hospital till after dinner. Besides, she and the child were hungry, so they went into a pastrycook's and had buns and milk. Martin was luckily still cheerful and untired. He talked unceasingly and gazed about him—he had never been in a town or a big shop before—it was another delightful addition to the new experiences of the day.

Joanna scarcely heard his chatter. A strange abstraction had come over her, a strange weakness. Incredible as it seemed, she was trembling at the thought of meeting Bert. A kind of sickness was in her heart, such as used to be there when she waited for him to come to her at Ansdore. But then the sickness had been nearly all joy, with only one part of fear—and now it was nearly all fear, a nameless fear of she knew not what. A fear of her own memories . . . of the resurrection that was taking place within her? In Joanna's heart the graves were opening, and long-buried emotions were rising again. Perhaps they were only ghosts, but they troubled her none the less as she sat drooping there over the marble-topped table at the pastrycook's, amidst all the tinkle and clatter of china and glass and human tongues, gazing out through the open

door at the blue and white glare of the seaside: passion, the unforgettable . . . troubling her once more with memories and desires . . . so brief and so long dead . . . it seemed to enfold her and Bertie once more in a dark veil, and within that veil with them now was the child Martin . . . he was part of that passion, that darkness—part with her and Bertie . . . they were three together. . . .

She paid for their food and went out. There were many soldiers in the street, and more than one turned round to look at the tall, handsome, weather-beaten woman in black who walked up Aldwick Road, leading a small child by the hand. But none of them called after her. They were perhaps afraid of her mourning, and they may have guessed that her way was towards the hospital.

When she came there she could hardly speak, and it was in a voice unrecognizable as Joanna Godden's that she asked for Lieutenant Hill.

They told her that she could see him at once, and she followed the young Red Cross nurse down a number of clean bare corridors, smelling of beeswax and disinfectant. A door opened, and she was scared by the sight of many beds. Somehow she had never realized that their meeting might be in public, and she had forgotten to leave Martin outside the room. She followed the young nurse past the beds till she came to one close to the window. Then she found herself looking down into a man's face.

It was just that—a man's face, drawn in its outlines, with a queer yellow taint in the skin and a queer glow in the eyes, the face of a man who has suffered—who is suffering still. But it was only a man's face. It was not Bertie Hill's face which had so rapt and troubled her years ago, with its secret saucy eyes and the hair that sprang thickly from the broad low forehead. There was nothing in this face to make her heart beat quicker or the darkness rise. On the contrary, as she gazed down speechlessly she knew that her re-born passion was

dead, or rather that it had never been reborn, that it had merely "walked" as a ghost. . . . She had dreamed—that was all—and was now awake.

"Jo," said Bert.

His voice struck certain chords, and she shivered. But the past was dead.

He looked at her, and then slowly smiled—a comforted smile, as if her presence brought relief and strength. Then his eyes fell on the little boy.

"Who's this?"

"Martin," said Joanna, her mouth dry.

He seemed to understand her at once.

"Jo—he's—is he yours?"

"Ours."

For a moment neither of them spoke. Their low speech could not be heard by the man in the next bed, which was lucky, as they both had forgotten him. Then suddenly Joanna felt violently, overwhelmingly silly. She must behave naturally—ordinarily—or she wouldn't be able to bear it any longer. She picked up Martin and sat him on the bed.

"Speak to the gentleman, Martin. Show him your new suit."

"Are you a soldier?" asked Martin.

"Yes, I am, or rather I was once." Then he seized Joanna's waist and dragged her down to him.

"Jo, this is dreadful. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Shut up! Don't be a fool."

"You ought to have told me."

"I couldn't. Do hold your tongue."

"Why are you lying in a tunnel?" asked Martin, shaking the arched bedclothes.

"Because my tummy's hurt and the bedclothes mustn't touch it. Take him off, please, Jo. I can't stand anyone on the bed. Send him down the room to talk to the other chaps—they'd love it—and I want to talk to you."

She had to do as he asked, though she dreaded to be alone with him. Martin was sent off to talk to a cheerful boy at the other end of the room, and she drew up a chair and sat close beside Bert.

"You haven't changed a bit," he murmured.

"What nonsense!"

"You haven't—you're the same strong, beautiful Jo. When you came into the room I felt as if someone lovely and strong had come to comfort me."

That was not how he used to think of her, long ago in the health of his young, ardent selfish manhood. The War had broken him—he was cowed by all he had been through, and wanted desperately someone to cling to. He told her that he had joined up in the autumn of 1914, had been given a commission in 1916, and promoted six months later. Then a shell had done for him—he was terribly smashed up, and had been moved from hospital to hospital, operation to operation. He had wanted Jo from the first, he said, but hadn't dared write to her till a week ago. He had not really expected his letter to find her—he had been half-dead with delight when her wire came that morning.

"It was just like you, old girl—generous as ever. Oh, Jo, it was good of you to come."

She felt nothing but his infinite pathos. He seemed to her broken and refined out of knowledge—he had lost all the swaggering qualities that had endeared him to her. His beauty too was gone—how could she ever have thought him like Martin Trevor?

They sat talking together till the patients' tea was brought in, and it was time for the visitors to go away. She told him about herself and her life at Crown Dips; after a while she lost her sense of constraint and felt friendly and free once more, though quite unstirred—rather like a woman talking to some close but not particularly well-loved relation.

Though desperately ill, he was full of talk of his recovery. He thought he would soon be discharged from hospital—"they want the bed, and there's nothing more they can do." He would have a gratuity, of course, and a pension. He wouldn't be so badly off. "But I shall be lonely, Jo—I shall be

lonely. The old home's broken up—poor mother died three years ago, as I told you.”

Joanna remembered that he had not seemed particularly to love or value poor mother when she was alive, but she was beginning to see that here was a Bert wholly sentimentalized. Suffering and fear had had that not unusual effect upon him. He was dwelling in the past—in a past he had made beautiful to receive him—a past in which the drab and quarrelsome household Joanna remembered had become a happy home for mother and son, a past in which their disastrous, disillusioning love had become an idyll of fragrant memory.

It was all very strange and very pathetic, and she herself was so touched with pity that she could not refuse to enter that past with him and treat it as if it were real. She was both glad and sorry when she had to go. Bertie kissed Martin and looked long at him for a likeness.

“You’ll come again soon,” he begged Joanna.

She promised that she would.

“And bring the child.”

“Oh, yes, I’ll bring him as often as you want.”

Bert wanted Martin. The boy had become a part of his dream. The first surprise and concern had given way to what seemed to Joanna a strangely easy acceptance of the situation. His thoughts did not linger over what must have been her certain anguish, but dwelt instead in the new pride of his own fatherhood. Coming as it did to a man prostrated, shattered, and weak, this realization, this vindication of his broken manhood was like a drug, an exalting wine. A flush had crept into Bert’s haggard face and a look that was almost triumphant.

“You’ve done him good,” said the nurse to Joanna as she showed her out.

“Is he very ill?”

“Very ill, I’m afraid.”

“He’ll never be quite well, I suppose.”

“Never. Still, we may be able to do

wonders for him with this new appliance.”

Joanna did not bother to inquire what the new appliance was. She was full of a more vital question which she did not dare ask.

XXI

“Well, I hope you had a good day,” said Jim Carpenter on her return.

“Oh, yes, thank you.”

“And the man you went to see—doing nicely? I hope.”

“Oh, yes.” . . .

She could feel his eyes upon her. Though she looked down at her plate, she seemed to be watching their gaze as he and she sat at supper together. She saw them blue and living, set rather deep within a radiation of fine, kindly lines. She knew that he was not smiling with his mouth, but that he was smiling with his eyes. He was saying to himself, “That’s another thing I mustn’t ask her about.” . . .

And she could not help it. She longed to protect herself from him, but she was powerless to improve her defenses. Oh, for half an hour of Ellen’s cool easy dealing!

“I’ve been out quite a bit to-day,” he remarked. “I’m quite steady on my legs; and not too stiff with my arm and I’ve been thinking, ma’am, that it’s time I gave up trespassing on your hospitality.”

Oh!—Did he know what he was saying?

“You’re more than welcome,” she said, “and I’m sure you’ve been no trouble, but a lot of help—with the child.”

“It’s uncommon good of you to put it that way.”

“But I mean it. I—I’d be sorry for you to go.”

“I’ll be sorry too, but reckon all good things come to an end. I’ve my boats and my men to see to, and I’ll do it better in Portsmouth. I can’t call myself a sick man any longer now.”

She answered him almost at random, desperately striving to pull the conver-

sation to another subject, for fear that he might see how she was shaken. To have him go now—now, of all times—now that a man's weakness was dragging at her strength and she must herself take strength from someone, or fail . . . What a wicked fool she was! What a mercy he was going! She saw herself as a wanderer on a wrong and pleasant road—in mercy brought back. . . .

The next morning she felt quite settled and calm about it. She was glad that he was going, glad that a complication was to be removed from her life, and that she would be able to return to the old ways—the old ways of austerity and reparation—to “go softly” once more. For two whole days the peace lasted. She spent her time in quiet busyness, her heart numb and calm within her. When on the second evening the post came and brought her a letter in Bert's handwriting she felt no alarm or distress, merely relief that it had found her alone.

She had met the postman in the drive, and walked up to the house reading her letter.

It was so lovely seeing you again, my dearest Jo. You were just your old self, not a day older. And the child. Oh, Jo! You don't know what I felt when I saw him. Since then I've been thinking a lot about you, and I've come to see that the past can be undone. Dearest, it's not too late, if you will be noble and generous, as I know you are by nature. We've hurt each other, but we can heal each other now. Let's get married and forget all these miserable years. I know I can't be much of a husband to you, but I feel sure I could make you happy, and I shall have my pension as well as a gratuity, so I shan't be a drag on you anyhow. Besides, there's the child. We ought to get married for his sake. If I'd known he was coming I'd have made you marry me long ago. Oh, darling, I want you so. Do be kind and forgive me for not understanding you when we first knew each other. I feel you are quite unchanged, and are the same old kind, forgiving, tender-hearted Jo.

Your repentant and loving

BERT.

P.S. Please don't write and say you won't have me. Come and see me anyhow.

The corners of Joanna's mouth drooped. She thrust the letter deep into her apron pocket. She hated it, somehow, and despised the man who had written it; but, oh, she was sorry—she was sorry—for Bert. He was the utterly selfish man thrown out of his security into the utterly selfish world, and crying for his mother. He wanted her to mother him and take care of him for the rest of his life, that was bound to be full of helplessness and pain. When he had seen her bending over him as he lay in bed at the hospital he had seen his mother bending over his cradle. Poor little baby! And, of course, it was all nonsense about her not being changed or a year older. It was just because she had changed so much and was so many years older that he wanted her, since he wanted her for mother and not for wife. Poor Bertie!

There was that bitter, twisting compassion for him in her heart all the evening, and at night she took it with her up to bed. But as she lay awake with it in the darkness, its quality changed. It became a queer distress of her whole being. It became her response to Bertie's call. She remembered him then as he used to be, her little singing clerk—handsome, saucy, confident, full of his own business and importance. She had made a prey of him—she had pounced. . . . Oh, there was no good denying it—it had all been her doing. Not that she ever denied it—indeed, she had acquired a habit of self-reproach, but she might just as well remind herself again of her wickedness. She had wanted him so. . . . She had caught him, and he had struggled, and he had escaped . . . and, oh, she had been angry! But it was her own wicked fault—expecting to find her lost lover in the arms of any other men. What a blind fool she had been—spoiling three lives with her folly. . . . And now Bertie really wanted her. He had not wanted her while she held him—he had been half afraid of her, as she knew now—half afraid of her vehemence and

violence, the pull and strangle of her love. Now he was no longer afraid, for she had come to him in a capacity that drives out fear. He really wanted her now.

She sat up and lighted her candle. Her apron hung from a nail on the door, and Bert's letter was still in the pocket. She took it out and read it again in the wavering light of the candle. The candlelight threw her head and shoulders monstrously upon the wall, making of her as she crouched there a huge shadow of motherhood—protection and tender strength.

The appeal of the letter came more terribly this time. Not only Bertie, but her whole past seemed to cry to her from it, and she knew now that she could not refuse that cry. For Bertie's sake, for the child's sake, for her own sake, she must pick up the ashes. This was what God wanted her to do—this was her chance of reparation. She was no more to "go softly" in her quiet lonely ways, but turn once more to her woman's striving. Passion was dead, but pity lived as it had never lived before. She could give Bertie no longer the frenzy and flame of her love; but he did not want that now, if indeed he had ever wanted it. He wanted her kindness, her support, and he should have them, and in giving them she would find peace and humble hope. . . .

When she had parted from Bertie the lover that dreadful morning five years ago, she had said, "You're not man enough for me." That had been true, and it was true still, but it did not matter now. You want a man for a husband, but you don't want your child to be a man. Bertie was to be her child—she would have two children instead of one. It would all be for little Martin's good—he would grow up with a father's name. And she—it would all be for her good. It would put her out of reach of such moments as that which had come upon her the evening before, when she had tried to make Jim Carpenter stay. He would have to go now. He would have

to go at once—to-morrow. She could not carry this thing through unless he went.

XXII

She told him so the next morning, just before she set out.

"I hope you won't think me rude, but I find I—I can't let you have . . . I mean, I want the room . . . since you are going soon anyhow, do you think you could go at once?"

He eyed her calmly in the way she dreaded.

"Yes, I could go at once."

"Will your lodgings at Portsmouth take you?"

"Yes, I can go to them any time I want."

"Could you go there to-day?"

"Yes, certainly—whenever you like. You've been too good to me, keeping me all this time."

"Rosie ull pack up your things for you and get you a trap. The trains are quite easy once you're at Sidlesham. I've got to go to Bognor."

"That's quite all right, ma'am. When you return you'll find I've gone. But I don't promise not to come back."

He had been so smooth and obliging in his talk that his last words, uttered in exactly the same agreeable tone, surprised her.

"Eh?" she gasped.

He surprised her still more. He seized her two arms and held them against her sides, while his eyes laughed into her horrified ones.

"You don't think you've done with me yet."

Joanna broke from him, dashed out of the room, a whirlwind of outrage, and banged the door after her. She was shocked and frightened. She had never thought this could happen—and, oh, why had it happened now? Just then the empty way of expiation stood waiting for her devoted feet. . . . She did not dare even be angry, because to be angry with him obliged her to think of him, and she did not dare think of him to-day.

But the incident made her stronger in her resolution to marry Bertie. The touch of another man's hands, the hint of his pursuit, had only shown her more clearly that it was to Bertie she belonged. She belonged to him by law of nature—he and she were father and mother together. They were part of a trinity which she knew now could not be divided. Already she belonged to Bert; nothing—not all the renunciations nor all the years—could alter that. The other man was merely the lover, the outsider, the thief. She was Bert Hill's, and it was only natural that she should go to him.

Nevertheless, there was no joy in her heart. As she journeyed across Manhood to Chichester, and then once more back to the coast, she could picture no happiness in the years ahead. A future of nursing and caring and giving her strength. . . . Well, it was only right. It was her reparation to Bertie, to Martin, and to God. She still thought she had done well to refuse to marry Bertie before Martin was born, but things were different now. That selfish, overbearing temper would now be a mere querulousness that she could soothe, that failure of love for Joanna the bride would give place to his loving dependence on Joanna the mother. She would bring him to Crown Dips, and her marriage would give her a right to go among her neighbors; little Martin would no longer be cut off from other children, or his home from other homes. Local custom would give him his supposed stepfather's name . . . no more struggles with "Mrs. Godden" or fears of discovery. She did well by Martin as well as by Bert.

It was only by herself that she did ill. As she walked up the shady road to the hospital she was reminded of an old Bible story in which Abraham walked to the sacrifice of all he loved best on earth. The Lord had said unto him, "Abraham," and he had said, "Here I am." But the Lord had spared him in the end—the story had a happy ending. There had been a ram with its head

caught in a thicket which he had offered instead, and the Lord had said to him, "Because thou hast done this thing, I will bless thee." . . . Joanna came to the hospital.

"Can I see Mr. Hill? . . . I won't be staying long."

She had remembered that it was dinner time, and there might be objections to her seeing him now.

The nurse hesitated.

"Haven't you heard?"

She was very young and pink.

"Heard what?"

"That he—he died last night."

Joanna burst into a storm of tears. She sobbed rackingly and wildly. The little nurse was frightened.

"Oh—I'm so sorry. I—I didn't know. I'll fetch Matron. Do come in."

She almost pushed her into a small green-distempered room, where Joanna sank down on a chair, hiding her face in her arms. She could not stop crying—it was no good—she could not help it; nothing would stop those tears of gasping, blind relief. When the Matron came in she was half lying across the little table, her face still hidden, her shoulders heaving and arching with her sobs.

"My dear, my dear," said the Matron kindly. Then, "Drink this."

Joanna drank it, whatever it was.

"I'm so dreadfully sorry," continued the Matron, "the news shouldn't have been broken to you like that. But of course you know that it was a release for him—a happy release."

Joanna sobbed on.

"The nurse had no idea that you were a close friend of poor Mr. Hill's. Perhaps she might have stopped to think . . . but he was dreadfully ill, you know—he could never have got better."

"I was going to marry him."

"Oh, my dear!" The Matron was shocked. She laid her hand for a moment on Joanna's heaving shoulder. "How dreadful for you to be told like that but we didn't know. He gave us only one address—his sister's. You know when men come here we have to

have an address to write to if anything happens."

"He'd only just asked me. I'd come to tell him I would. And now—and now—he'll never know."

The Matron made an inarticulate sound.

"The posts are so bad," continued Joanna, who had re-found her tongue, "I only got the letter last night."

"My dear," said the Matron very gently, "he never could have married you. He was far too ill—it's surprising he lived so long."

Joanna was astonished.

"But he didn't think he was going to die."

"I know he didn't. They're sometimes very hopeful, these poor boys, and it's pathetic to hear the way they plan ahead for years we know they'll never live to see. But often it's happier for them when they die. It's the poor things who live. . . ."

She went on with her talking and soothing. She patted Joanna's hand; in the end she ordered her a cup of tea. Joanna felt uneasy with her kindness, a hypocrite unworthy of it. But she could not possibly tell her that her tears had been tears of relief—that she had sobbed and cried like that because after all she had not to marry Bert, because after all her sacrifice would not have to be offered. "And the Lord said unto Abraham . . ."

XXIII

When she came home the house felt empty.

"Has Mr. Carpenter gone?" she asked Rosie Pont.

"Yes, mum, he went this afternoon."

Joanna sighed, then sharply chid herself. All this that had happened made no difference to herself and Carpenter. Indeed, it was a good thing that in her panic she had sent him away. That question had been settled as well as the other.

But had it? She remembered his words, which she had forgotten in the stress of her sacrificial journey towards

Bert, "But I mean to come back" and "You don't think you've done with me." She seemed to feel his hands, warm and strong, pinning her arms against her sides. She had been frightened then. Her passion for Bert had proved itself a ghost, a memory, but *that* had been no ghost . . . her heart had been living then as it had not lived for years. She told herself that he would not come back—she had been too rude. But she did not believe what she told herself.

Perhaps, after all, he had better come, and end this absurd frenzy of her spirits. She would never be able to go back to the old hard ways of reparation—she was too unsettled, too disheartened by all that had happened. She ought to marry for steadiness. . . . All that evening little Martin was crying and fretting for his lost friend—she ought to marry for the child's sake. But what nonsense she was thinking! Her thoughts flowed as if there had never been any Bertie Hill, as if he was not only dead, but had never been born. Jim Carpenter wanted her because he knew nothing about her. If he knew, he would not want her any more. Bertie was the only man she could have married, and Bertie was dead.

Her tears flowed again, this time in sorrow. She sobbed on and on, forcing her grief, feeling that she owed it to him because she had wept for joy when she heard that he was dead. Oh, Bertie, Bertie . . . dear lover of a dead June. . . . She knew it was wrong, but sometimes she could not help thinking of him as if he had been her husband, since love and nature had made them one.

XXIV

A week later she received a telegram from Ellen announcing her descent upon the Selsey Bill Hotel—and all that time Carpenter had not come. She had told Rosie Pont that if he came she was not at home. "Say 'Not at home,' Rosie—just like that, then it won't be a lie." But Rosie's powers of social evasion were never put to the test, and Joanna tried

hard to convince herself that she was not disappointed.

Ellen arrived, looking rather peaked and pale after her hard-working summer in London. She was also anxious about Tip. Not that she had heard anything but good news of him, but he had now been three years at the War, and she could not believe that his good luck would continue. The calmness with which she had at first endured his absence was failing her now—and she was beginning to feel the strain of her work and of the racket of war-time London, where terror came with the moon.

Joanna tried to persuade her to come to stay at Crown Dips, partly out of a reviving maternal pity for her little Ellen, looking so wan, partly out of an unformulated desire to have her spare-bedroom occupied, and a ghost driven out by flesh and blood. But Ellen still clung to her freedom.

"It wouldn't do, Jo. I'm tired to death and want to stop in bed all hours."

"Well, you could do that here, duckie, and welcome."

"No, I couldn't—you'd disapprove of me inside, you couldn't help it, and I'd end by getting on your nerves just as I used to do. For there's nothing the matter with me, only tiredness, and tiredness of mind at that."

"I had a man lying in bed here a fortnight and I didn't disapprove of him, inside or out."

"But he was really ill"—Ellen had of course heard of the adventure—"and you felt you were doing your bit in looking after him. Besides—he was a man. Oh, no, Jo, don't start denying it. I know so well why you could bear with him and could never bear with me."

However, she came a great deal to Crown Dips, and they were sitting comfortably at their tea together one evening when Jim Carpenter walked in.

Joanna's first emotion was rage, and her first impulse to devastate Rosie Pont even before she greeted her visitor. But she suddenly remembered that Rosie had gone off to her mother's after laying

the tea, and he would have been admitted by Mrs. Root, who had received no training in such matters. So there was nothing to do but shake hands and introduce him to her sister.

Carpenter seemed quite at his ease and completely unaware of the disruption caused by his visit. Had the man no memory—or no shame? Did he really think that you can seize a woman by her two arms and tell her she hasn't done with you yet and then drop in to tea as if nothing had happened? He had been to see a man at the Coastguard Station, he said. He had to prepare a report on the loss of his boat. Yes, he'd get his money all right, but he'd have to wait for it—you always had to wait when you wanted anything out of the government.

He spoke mostly to Ellen, not because he was shy of Joanna, but because she sternly refused to join in the conversation. She sat bolt upright, her arms folded, her eyes scowling from under the high-piled riches of her hair. He and Ellen seemed to get on together rather well. They spoke of books and of things in the newspapers. She could see that Ellen was pleased with him. And he, no doubt, was pleased with Ellen. . . . Joanna's scowl grew deeper. She remembered some words of her sister's, spoken long ago, "Poor, dear Joanna. I'm sorry if I've taken another of your men." She had spoken like a lying minx, for she had taken no man of Joanna's except such as her sister had given her. Neither, of course, did Joanna want Jim Carpenter. . . . Nor could Ellen take him, seeing that she was married. All the same . . . suppose Ellen's low spirits were a part of true premonition, and Tip was killed. . . . Ellen was the sort of woman who was sure to marry again.

Her sister, however, was cherishing no such thoughts for herself, for when he had gone she said to Joanna:

"That man admires you, Jo."

Joanna grunted.

"I hope you're not being a fool about it," continued Ellen.

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean you were extremely gruff and unfriendly this evening. I hope you're not trying to drive him away."

"Yes, I am."

"Then you're an idiot. He's absolutely the right man for you."

"How do you know?"

"Well, he's the right age for one thing, and in the right position. You probably won't agree with me, but I feel sure you wouldn't be really happy married to a pukka gentleman, nor would you be happy with a man who was inferior, like—"

"I know. Don't say it."

"I won't. You needn't be so cross. I'm only speaking to you for your own good. I like your Mr. Carpenter and I think he'd make you happy."

"He's too clever for me, and I don't hold with his ways."

"Nonsense, you love clever men. The reason you loved young Trevor was because he was clever and gave you ideas. You couldn't live with a stupid man two weeks, and as for not holding with his ways—I don't know what you mean."

"I mean he's a fisherman—I've never had any dealings with the sea."

"No, you've loved the land—perhaps too much—but don't you see it would be best for you to have a man whose job's different from your own? Otherwise you'd always be arguing and wanting to be master."

Joanna rose and walked over to the window, which was full of the rusty twilight of September. Before her, like a sheet of beaten copper, lay spread the sea under which King Harry's forests were drowned. Oh, drowned land . . . was there no sea that would drown the life behind her?

She turned suddenly round.

"There's no good you talking, Ellen—there's no good us arguing. All that isn't the point. The point is that no decent man would marry me."

"My dear Joanna, what nonsense! Men aren't like that—not now."

"He thinks I'm a widow."

"Naturally; you want him to."

"But he can't go on thinking it if I say 'yes.'"

"No, I'm sure you would never be able to keep it from him; besides, there might be legal difficulties in the way. But, Jo"—Ellen rose too, and came forward, laying her hand on her sister's shoulder—"You know—I was the same with Tip. He had to—had to understand, and forgive. And never, never, by look or word has he ever cast anything up at me—Oh, Tip!" She suddenly thought of her husband in the Flanders hell, and her forehead sank down on her hand. Joanna's shoulders quivered.

"I—I can't help it, dear," she said more softly, "I'm different."

"Of course, there's the child . . . but I should think he could get over that. He knows you've got him, anyhow. And if he does mind—if it's too much of the other man about the house—Jo, I'd take Martin. I'd love to have him, especially now. Tip would like him too; we've always wanted a child, and we've spoken of adopting one, now we know we'll never have one of our own."

Joanna shook her head.

"I'd never give him up. And it isn't that."

"Bert isn't likely to bother you again, is he?"

"No—he's dead."

"Dead, Joanna! When did you know? You never told me."

"He was killed—in the war."

Ellen shuddered.

"Then, Jo, can't you let the dead bury their dead? Surely the past is over now. I'm sure Carpenter wouldn't be any less decent and kind than my Tip if you told him."

"It's just that—I can't tell him. If I married him I'd have to tell him, and I won't—I won't."

"But if it made no difference."

"It would make a difference. I'd never marry the sort of man it would make no difference to. I don't hold with such ideas. Maybe he'd marry me

just the same—he might and he mightn't—but he couldn't help thinking small of me. He'd know he'd been mistaken in the sort of woman I was, even if he still wanted me. And, oh, Ellen, I couldn't bear it. I'd rather he never asked me, or I said 'no'. I couldn't bear him to think small of me. There's no good us talking any more—I see these things different from you."

"Yes, you do, Joanna, but I hope you'll have some happiness all the same."

She took her hand from her sister's shoulder and walked back into the room, which was now nearly dark.

XXV

That evening, when Ellen had gone, Joanna sat down and wrote painfully:

Dear Mr. Carpenter,

I am writing to ask you kindly not to come and see me again. Maybe you saw to-day that I didn't feel happy about it. I am very sorry to appear unfriendly, but I am sure you understand.

With kind regards,

Yours truly,

JOANNA GODDEN.

The next day was a day of thunder. The big guns were practising at Portsmouth, and Crown Dips seemed to rock on its foundations as the sound sped over the sea. Joanna scarcely noticed the guns now—neither the big guns, nor that far more terrible pulse and murmur which could be heard in the silences, and which was the distant voice of the guns in France.

She spent the morning in her poultry yard, working desperately, as if in atonement for the hours she had lost in tender excursions. She wore an old straw hat tied under her chin and a big print apron over her oldest gown. So there may have been a twofold reason for the indignant start she gave when she saw Jim Carpenter come in at the yard gate.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. "Rosie told me you were out here."

"But did—didn't you get my letter?"

"Of course I did. That's why I've come."

The flame of her anger fed itself.

"How dare you?" she cried under her breath.

"It's a bit noisy out here, isn't it? I wonder if we'd hear the guns less in the house."

"I can't go into the house. I'm busy."

"We'd much better go in. I don't want to have to raise my voice"—and he glanced at the open door where showed the colored petticoats of Mrs. Root.

"I'm not coming in."

He went up to her.

"Do be reasonable—do be fair."

"I don't know how you dare talk like this."

"I shouldn't if it hadn't been for that letter of yours—at least not to-day. But when I got it I saw things would have to happen quickly."

"They won't happen at all."

"Perhaps not, but they must be talked about. You know, you've never given me my chance."

She saw the impossibility of getting rid of him, so she decided that after all she had better go into the house and have it over. Maybe she would have to go through the worst, but all the more reason to get done with it.

"Very well," she said slowly, "but you're unaccountable tormenting."

He opened the yard gate and she went through. The heavens roared.

"Ah," said he, "it was a bad day when Master Huggett was born."

"What d'you mean?"

"Master Huggett and his man John

They did cast the first cannon—Don't you know the old rhyme? Reckon many a poor Sussex boy out there has reason to curse old Huggett and his forge."

Joanna made a vague sound. He had that disarming way of sidetracking her when she was angry—just as Martin used to, with his talk about the old floods.

"It was up over by Maresfield," con-

tinued Carpenter, "on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Sussex was the Black Country in those days—all hammers and cinders and forges and furnaces. Now we've only got the names."

XXVI

They had come into the parlor and sat among the roses. Joanna suddenly remembered the deficiencies of her costume.

"You wait till I've made myself decent. I can't sit in here like this."

"Yes, you can, and I shan't let you go. I don't trust you to come back. Besides, I like you ever so much better in those things than in the black you wear most times."

Joanna sighed.

"Don't sigh, my dear," he said tenderly, "I've not come to plague you. You know that. You know I love you and that you love me."

"I don't love you. How can you speak so?"

"You do, or why are you so anxious to get shut of me? There's no harm in a man showing you a little politeness, and I've done no more."

"Oh, how can you say such a thing? You know you've shown me you were courting."

"Maybe I have, then—but not till you'd shown me yourself how the land lay. Oh Joanna, why do you treat me like this?"

"I don't want you."

"You do."

She nearly wept in her helplessness.

"Haven't I tried to get shut of you time and again?"

"Yes, and it's just the way you tried to get shut of me that showed me you wanted me. But don't let's go arguing about it. Won't you tell me straight why you won't have me?"

She tried to say "I don't love you," but the words would not come. His brown face and blue eyes, his kind, puzzled smile, the very shape and set of him there, and the sound of his voice made

such a lie impossible and silly. She could only plead.

"Don't ask me—please, don't ask me. I can't tell you. I couldn't bear to tell you."

"Shall I tell you, then?"

"Tell me what?"

"That what is past is past and can never come between us."

Joanna trembled.

"I don't understand," she said faintly.

He took her hand—she tried to pull it away, but he held it fast.

"There's something you think you ought to tell me, isn't there? Well, I don't want to hear it."

She burst out at him:

"I'm not going to tell you nothing. Why do you talk like that? How can you know? You don't know. You've only got some silly notion."

"It's you that have got the silly notion. You think I'm not going to marry you because Martin's father didn't marry you."

"Oh!" cried Joanna.

She pulled away her hand, but the next moment his arms were round her. He was kneeling beside her chair, holding her closely to him, drawing her down against his shoulder.

"My dear," he murmured, "my own dear."

She was shaken with sobs. She was amazed and frightened. How had it happened? How did he know? Her secret was out at last, and without her telling it. She was more shocked than relieved.

"I can't bear it," she sobbed. "I'd have done anything rather than you should know. Oh, I shall die . . . of shame."

"But, my dearie, it makes no difference."

Even in that moment her moral sense rose indignantly.

"Then it should ought to."

"Why?"

"Because . . . because . . ."

"I don't see why I should let a dead man spoil our lives."

"How did you know that he was dead?"

"I didn't know, though I may have guessed. All I mean is that he's dead to you. I know that."

Joanna's head shot up mournfully.

"It queers me. I can't understand how you know anything. Who told you?"

"Well, you, my darling, for one."

"Me! . . . I never!"

"Yes, you, darling, your own self. It was plain to see you had a secret. Why, you wouldn't tell me where you'd come from, and then one day without knowing you let out that it was Rye; and my sister had been asking me if you came from those parts."

"Your sister? Why should she ask?"

"Because she used to live there once, and seemingly there'd been some talk about you."

"I never heard of anyone of that name in Rye."

"You wouldn't. Her husband was only there for a bit on the shipbuilding. It must have been the year you left. When she came and saw you here, she told me she wondered if you were the same Joanna Godden that used to have a farm on Walland Marsh."

"What—what did she tell you about me?"

"Do you want to hear?"

"Yes—I do, and you've got to tell."

"Well, she said as this Joanna Godden got engaged to a young chap and was going to be married, and then the next thing people heard was that the engagement was broken off, though it was plain to all there was a child coming."

Joanna breathed angrily.

"She said that this Joanna Godden sold up her farm and cleared out, though she'd been in the place ever since she was born. No one knew where she went, though some guessed it wasn't far. Others said she went to Scotland—oh, there was all sort of tales. Some folk spoke unaccountable hard of Joanna, others said she showed a proper spirit, and the man ought to be horsewhipped for the way he'd treated her."

"He didn't treat me any way. It wasn't his doing. It was I who broke off the engagement, and he never knew about the child."

"Why didn't you tell him?"

"Because I didn't want to marry him. I saw as he didn't really love me, and it ud be bad for the child if we married and had an unhappy home. . . ."

The old struggle pulled at her heart, and her tears fell. He drew her closer.

"Don't cry, my Nannie—don't cry."

It was rather queer and sweet to be called "Nannie" instead of "Jo"—to have the woman's end of her name used in tenderness instead of the man's. It seemed to give her a new softness, a sense of protection that she had never experienced till now. She huddled against him, shedding her tears into the comfortable roughness of his sleeve.

Then suddenly she remembered that all this could never be. This was not the way she had chosen when long ago she had made her choice. It was not right that she should find happiness, who deserved it so little. It was not right that this man should forgive her. It only showed him up as loose in his ideas, without respect for the Ten Commandments. The fact that he had loved her and sought her while knowing all about her was no excuse for surrender but another reason for renunciation. She pulled herself upright.

"It won't do," she said savagely; "it ain't seemly. You should ought to know better than love a woman who's done so bad."

"Don't tell me we're still talking about that."

"Yes, we are, and we're going on."

"I'm not. I don't want to hear another word."

"For shame! You don't seem to take in how bad it was."

"It was better than I thought."

"What do you mean?"

"I didn't know you'd been so brave—so brave in getting shut of the man yourself. I thought he'd jilted you."

"He didn't. But I don't see how that makes it any different."

"Then, you'd better not think any more about it. It shows you're no fit judge."

"I'm a better judge than you. Oh, you can't think how it shocks me when I hear you treating it all so light."

"I don't treat it light. Really, my dear, I shall be angry in a minute."

A new roughness in his voice startled her.

"Yes," he continued, "if you're shocked at me, I'm shocked at you—living among the dead like that. Don't you know what it says in the Bible—'the living, the living, he shall praise thee'?—and you're spoiling the life of a living man for the sake of a man that's dead."

"Oh, but it isn't that. It's not that I care about Bertie any more. It's myself, and what I did."

"But that's dead too. Oh, my Nannie, don't you think I know how good you are, how good and straight and honest? Haven't I seen it day by day? And here you are talking about a thing you did once . . . as if it mattered now . . . as if there wasn't a lot of things I did once. If I started talking about them, then we'd be a pair."

He pulled up his sleeve, and she saw the girls' names—Milly, Connie, and Maude, and the pierced hearts.

"There! Look at 'em. Look at Milly—look at the rest. Reckon I haven't always been the man I should ought, but I don't go thinking of it now, or letting it stop me be the man I'd like to be."

"It's different for you—different for a man."

"Oh, is it, ma'am? So that's your moral ideas, is it? That's the way you're going to bring up young Martin. It's plain to see you need me to look after you both, then."

He drew her close once more.

"Don't fight me, my dear, for you can't. Reckon I'm bound to win, since your own heart's taking my part against you. Now let's talk sober for a minute.

I'm no lighter than you, and I don't like to see neither a man nor a woman breaking God's commandments. But you'll never made me believe that what's broken can't be mended, nor what's past can't be ended. I love you for what you are, and nothing you'd done five years ago can alter that. I want to marry the woman I see before me, the woman I know now; and I know, my dear, as you're more strict and virtuous than many a woman who's never had your story. Folks are harder on a woman than a man—that's all the difference. Maybe if there's a kiddie—a man don't care for bringing up another fellow's child. But you know I don't feel that way about Martin. I'm fond of the little chap, and I'd like to help you make a man of him."

"He won't mind me," mourned Joanna. "I can't do nothing with him. But he'll mind a man. That's why if ever I changed my mind—Oh, there's no sense a woman bringing up a child alone."

"And that's the first sense you've spoken to-day," he said, kissing her astonished mouth.

XXVII

He was gone, and the dusk was upon the sea. The voices of the guns were still. In the new silence it almost seemed as if war itself had ceased. Joanna stood by the window, looking out on the tide that flowed over King Harry's ground. From the lamplit room behind her came Ellen's voice.

"Yes, it'll be an excellent thing for him to come and live here. He can do his job and you can do yours, and you'll neither of you get in each other's way. Perhaps for some reasons it would be better if you went somewhere else, but since you're so fond of the place . . . anyhow people will stop talking once you're married."

"Were they talking—here?"

"Naturally—since you wouldn't talk yourself."

"How do you know?"

"Simply because when I'm down here I hear what people say. That's all, and it doesn't matter now. It'll be done with and forgotten a month after you're Mrs. Carpenter."

Joanna did not speak. What a lot of "done with" and "forgotten" there had been to-day—more about ending the old life than beginning the new. Both Jim and Ellen had been quite angry with her for the way she had treated the past—and yet she never could think but that she had been right to treat it so. Perhaps she had been right till now; but now was wrong—now it was time to change and make a new beginning—for Martin's sake, for Jim's sake, and maybe for her own. He'd told her that she owed herself a happy marriage after all the unkind things she'd done to herself in the last twenty years. That was after she had told him about the first Martin. She had told him everything, about Martin and about the other men whom she'd almost forgotten. He had let her do it, he said, just so that she might get it all out of her life for ever. It did you good to tell things, to let everything come

out of the narrow, aching places of your heart—then you really could forget and get on with the business of life.

She remembered some words he had said just before he left her, when the sunset hung like a furnace over the sea, and they stood together by the window, as she stood now, looking out on the drowned woods.

"What's over and done with, Nannie, is no more than those woods you've so often told me about, that are lying under the sea where you hear the dead King's horn. . . . We don't trouble about them, all we think of is the living country of the Marsh—where the cattle feed, and the corn grows and the spring comes every year. You tell yourself that—your whole life up till now is drowned."

Oh, drowned land. . . . She suddenly saw it would be good to start again from now—to walk in a land of growth and spring, to meet no more the past years that for so long had commanded her . . . except now and then for a ghost upon the road or the faint note of a horn.

FURRY BEAR

BY A. A. MILNE

I*F I were a bear,
And a big bear too,
I shouldn't much care
If it froze or sned,
I shouldn't much mind
If it snowed or friz—
I'd be all fur-lined
With a coat like his!*

*For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.*

Religion and Life

WILL SCIENCE DISPLACE GOD?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

IN ONE of our American colleges founded long ago in piety and faith for the furtherance of the Gospel a professor recently made a "Senior Chapel Address" frankly skeptical of God and immortality, the keynote of which was sounded in the words "God becomes progressively less essential to the running of the universe." There is occasion for thought along many lines, not only for religious people but for all our citizenship, in this suggestive spectacle of an American college chapel founded for the worship of God thus transformed into a platform for denying him. But behind all other questions lies the basic issue which the professor raises. He thinks that modern science is making God increasingly unnecessary.

That is the nub of the whole matter in the agelong conflict between science and religion. That way of stating the issue—not that science theoretically disproves God, but that science progressively makes him "less essential"—correctly focuses the problem. Religious people, fretted by fear of modern views of the world, have comforted themselves with the assurance that science cannot disprove God. Of course it cannot! They have assuaged their grief, mourning the loss of old theologies, by the conviction that, after all, new telescopes do not destroy the ancient stars nor new ways of viewing God's operations negative the Ancient of Days himself. Of course not! But that is not the ultimate issue in the conflict

between science and religion. The professor has that matter correctly put. What modern science is doing for multitudes of people, as anybody who watches American life can see, is not to disprove God's theoretical existence, but to make him "progressively less essential."

Although its applications and its consequences are innumerable, the reason for this can be briefly stated. Throughout man's history in the past and among the great majority of people to-day, religion has been and is a way of getting things that human beings want. From rain out of heaven to good health on earth men have sought the desires of their hearts at the altars of their gods. Closely associated in its early history with magic—the search for some spell or incantation, some Aladdin's lamp which would make the unseen powers subject to the user—religion has always provided for its devotees methods of worship, forms of ritual, secrets of prayer or spiritual relationships with God guaranteed to gain for the faithful the benefits they have sought. In every realm of human want and craving men thus have used religious methods to achieve their aims and, whether they desired good crops, large families, relief from pestilence, or success in war, have conceived themselves as dependent on the favor of heaven. And now comes science, which also is a method of getting what human beings want. That is its most important character. As a theo-

retical influence it is powerful enough; as a practical influence it is overwhelming. It does provide an astoundingly successful method of getting what men want.

Here is the crucial point of competition between science and religion. In realm after realm where religion has been offering its methods for satisfying men's desires, science comes with a new method which works with obvious and enormous consequence. Quietly but inevitably, man's reliance for the fulfilling of his needs slips over from religion to science. Not many men stop to argue against religion—they may even continue to believe it with considerable fervor; but they have less and less practical use for it. The things they daily want are no longer obtained that way. From providing light and locomotion or stamping out typhus and yellow fever to the unsnarling of mental difficulty by applied psychology, men turn to another method for their help. God is not disproved; he is displaced. The old picture of a bifurcated universe where a supernatural order overlies a natural order and occasionally in miraculous interference invades it, becomes incredible. Creation is all of one piece, a seamless garment. And if, now, in this indivisible and law-abiding world we can get what we want by learning laws and fulfilling conditions, why is it not true, as the professor said, that "God becomes progressively less essential to the running of the universe"?

IT IS the more important to visualize this matter clearly and deal with it candidly because the conflict between science and religion is so generally conceived in terms of incidents on the periphery instead of being faced in terms of this actual crisis at the center. From the first an instinctive fear of science has characterized organized religion, as it manifestly characterizes a great deal of American Christianity to-day. That fear is justified and the peril real, but it does not lie in the quarter where it is popularly located.

That the science of the Bible and the traditional science of the churches are not modern science, that the ancient Book represents an ancient cosmology no longer tenable, so that the Bible cannot any more be used as a court of appeal on any scientific question whatsoever, became apparent long ago. The point of danger has been commonly supposed to lie there. Genesis versus astronomy, Genesis versus geology, Genesis versus evolution—such have been the major conflicts between the churches and the scientists. But such contentions, large as they have bulked in noise and rancor, are child's play compared with this other, central, devastating consequence which science is silently but surely working in popular religion. Science to-day is religion's overwhelmingly successful competitor in showing men how to get what they want.

THIS shift of reliance from religious to scientific methods for achieving human aims is so obvious that any man's daily life is a constant illustration of it, and in particular it grows vivid to one who travels in lands where memorials of old religions stand beside the achievements of new science. This would have been a famine year in Egypt in the olden time; so low a Nile would have meant starvation to myriads. One stands amid the ruins of Karnak and reconstructs in imagination the rituals, sacrifices, prayers offered before Amon-Ra seeking for help in such a famished year. But no one went to Karnak this year for fear of starving, or to any Coptic church or Moslem mosque or Protestant chapel. Men have got what they wanted through another kind of structure altogether—the dam at Assuan.

This sort of thing indefinitely repeated in areas where man's most immediate and clamorous needs lie constitutes the critical effect of science on religion. It does not so much controvert religion as crowd it out. The historians are saying that it was malaria that sapped the

energy of ancient Greece and drained her human resources. For centuries folk must have prayed against their mysterious enemy, sacrificed to the gods, and consulted oracles. From the days of the Dorians to the Christian churches in Corinth and the Moslem mosques that succeeded them, they tried by religious means to stave off their stealthy foe. But when a few months ago the Near East Relief took over an old Greek army barracks at Corinth, put two thousand refugee children into them and straightway had twelve hundred cases of malaria, it was an American trained nurse who went into the community and despite apathy, ignorance, piety, and prejudice, cleaned up the whole countryside so that no one need have malaria again.

Reduplicate that sort of thing interminably and the consequence is clear: we rely more and more on scientific methods for getting what we want. Travelers among primitive people must remark how deeply and constantly religious they are, so that no hour of the day is free from religious motive. Of course they are thus uninterruptedly religious. They would better be. Religion is the chief way they know of being sure of everything they want, from children to crops, from good health to good hunting. But with us many an area where only religious methods once were known for meeting human needs now is occupied by science, and the mastery of law-abiding forces, which science already has conferred, puts into our hands a power that makes trivial all the Aladdin's Lamps magicians ever dreamed. A clever statistician recently has figured that in the mechanical appliances used in the United States in 1919 there was a force equal to over a billion horse power, and that with a hundred odd million people to be served and each unit of horse power equal to ten of man power, every inhabitant of the United States, man, woman, and child, has on the average as good as fifty human slaves now working for him.

There is no limit to the possibilities of that procedure, men think. We can in time have what we want.

Where, then, does God come in? Learn the laws, master the law-abiding forces—that seems to an ever increasing number the only way to achieve our aims. It holds as true of mind as of matter, as true of morals as of mind. Whether in improving our crops, healing our diseases, educating our children, building our characters, or providing international substitutes for war, always we must learn the laws and fulfil the conditions, and when we do that the consequences will arrive. Such is the scientific method which everywhere wins out as the competitor of traditional religion in meeting human needs. And the upshot is that religion seems ever less necessary; "God becomes progressively less essential."

IT IS a tragic pity that with this crucial problem facing religion in its relationship with science anybody should be wasting time over foregone conclusions like evolution. For this far more central matter must be faced, and it can be faced triumphantly.

In the first place, science may be a competitor of religion conceived as a means of getting what we want, but it is not on that account a competitor of the kind of religion that the great souls of the race have known. For religion at its best never has been merely or chiefly a means of serving man's selfish purposes; it has rather faced men with a Purpose greater than their own which it was their business unselfishly to serve. The real prophets of the spirit have not so much relied on their religion for dole as they have been called by their religion to devotion. They found religion's deepest meaning not primarily in getting gifts from it but in making their lives in utter self-surrender a gift to it. Religion, as Professor Royce of Harvard kept insisting, is at heart loyalty—loyalty to the highest that we know. The prayer of primitive religion and of a

lamentable amount of traditional and current religion is "My will be done," and the sooner science breaks up that kind of sacramental magic, pulverizes that vain reliance on supernatural sleight-of-hand, the better. Real faith will not thereby be touched; that has another sort of prayer altogether: "Thy will, not mine, be done." Any man who in this morally loose and selfish time undertakes to show that that prayer, translated into life, is less necessary than it used to be has a task on his hands. The generation is sick for lack of it. Our prevalent doctrine of moral anarchy—let yourself go; do what you please; indulge any passing passionate whim—is a sorry, ruinous substitute for it. God as a benign charity organization that we can impose upon—let science smash up that idea! But God as the Goal of all our living, whose will is righteousness and whose service is freedom—he does not become "progressively less essential." He becomes progressively more essential, and unless we can recover him and learn anew loyalty to the Highest in scorn of consequence, our modern society, like that other group of bedeviled swine, is likely yet to plunge down a steep place into the sea.

Whenever any man discovers something greater than himself to which he gives his life in self-forgetting service, there religion has struck in its roots. There is such a thing as the "religion of science" where men at all costs and hazards live for the love of truth. Knowing as I do some churchmen formally religious but really undevoted to anything greater than themselves, and some scientists formally irreligious but devoted with all their hearts to the love of light, I have no doubt what the judgment of the Most High would be. He who faithfully serves the More-than-self has, in so far, found religion. So there is a religion of art in which men give their lives to beauty, as Ghiberti spent laborious years upon the bronze doors of the Florentine Baptistery that

Michelangelo called the "Gates of Paradise"; and there is a religion of human service where men count others better than themselves and live for the sake of generations yet unborn. The Over-Soul appears to men in many forms and claims allegiance. When, however, man ceases this fragmentary splitting of his ideal world—truth here, beauty there, love yonder—and sees that God *is* love, truth, beauty, and that he who dwells in these and lives for them is dwelling in God and God in him as the New Testament says, he has found religion crowned and consummated. What is there in our modern knowledge that has disparaged this spirit of devotion to the Highest or made it less necessary? What is there that can possibly take the place of it?

There is nothing peculiarly modern about this idea of religion as loyalty; it is at least as old as Gethsemane, as old as the prison house of Socrates, and the great hours of the Hebrew prophets. It has challenged conscience many a century in those who have thought it needful "to obey God rather than men." Religion may have started with selfish magic but it did not flower out there. It flowered out in a Cross where one died that other men might live abundantly.

When that spirit takes modern form, it turns up in folk like Doctor Barlow, a missionary who deliberately swallowed deadly germs in China and then went to Johns Hopkins that by the study of the results the Chinese pestilence, whose nature had been unknown, might be combated. Science is no competitor of that kind of Christianity; that kind of Christianity uses science and all its powers in the service of its God.

It strikes an interested observer of this present generation's life that nothing has happened to make that spirit less necessary than it used to be. It strikes one that there are some things which a college professor might better tell our youth than to assure them that God is becoming "less essential."

IN THE second place, though the mechanical equipment of fifty human slaves be serving each of us in the United States, and though that be multiplied as many times as imagination can conceive, by no such scientific mastery of power alone can our deepest needs be met. Religion is, in part, like science, a way of satisfying human wants, but there are wants that science cannot satisfy. The idea that the scientific method by itself can so fulfil the life of man that a new psalm sometime will be written beginning, "Science is my shepherd; I shall not want," and ending, "my cup runneth over," is not borne out by the actual effects of modern knowledge on many of its devotees. Consider this picture of creation drawn by one of them:

In the visible world the Milky Way is a tiny fragment. Within this fragment the solar system is an infinitesimal speck, and of this speck our planet is a microscopic dot. On this dot tiny lumps of impure carbon and water crawl about for a few years, until they dissolve into the elements of which they are compounded.

Call that, if you will, a *reductio ad absurdum* of blank skepticism, yet anybody who is acquainted with our colleges knows students who are in that pit or on the verge of it or scattered all up and down the road that leads to it. A purposeless physico-chemical mechanism which accidentally came from nowhere and is headed nowhere, which cannot be banked on for moral solvency and to which we have no more ultimate significance than the flowers have to the weather—that is the scientific universe without religion. Something that man deeply needs is obviously left out of such a world-view. There are human wants, profound and clamorous, which that picture cannot supply.

While it is true, therefore, that there are areas where traditional religion and modern science meet in cutthroat competition and where the winner is sure to be the scientific method of getting what men want, it is also true that when every area that belongs to science has been freely given up to her religion is only liberated, not obliterated. Whether or not a man will think he needs God to supply his wants will depend altogether on what his wants are. He may get his fields irrigated, his houses built, his cuisine supplied, his pestilences stopped, his Rolls Royce and his yacht without religion, although one may wonder how much of the stability and vigor of the civilization which produces such results has depended on faith in a morally reliable creation. He may even get health without God, although the experience of most of us is that the body is not well unless the mind is and that the mind is never well without faith and hope. But whatever else he may obtain without God he will still live in a world that, like a raft on the high seas, is aimlessly adrift, uncharted, unguided, and unknown. Anyone who has ever supposed this world to be so futile and inconsequential an experiment of chance and now has entered into the faiths and hopes of a vital and sustaining religion will regard with utter incredulity the idea that God has become "less essential."

If a man cannot honestly believe in God let him honestly say so, but let him not try to fool himself and us by the supposition that he is giving up a superfluity. Never in man's history has faith in God been more necessary to sane, wholesome, vigorous, and hopeful living than to-day amid the dissipating strain and paralyzing skepticism of modern life.



THE FUNERAL GUEST

A STORY

BY ALMET JENKS

TORRENCE brought the car to an abrupt stop in the tangled traffic and shut off the engine. I glanced at him inquiringly.

"Funeral procession," he said, and pointed to the left of the stalled trolley car in front of us. I leaned across the wheel and caught a glimpse of the hearse, black and silver, topped by waving plumes, disappearing up the cross street.

"Four horses in black fish nets," said Torrence. "Sometimes an affair like this lasts longer than a freight train. As an experienced motorist I've found it's no wiser to cut a funeral in two than a freight train. Let us compose ourselves, therefore, and smoke two of your cigarettes."

Between the cars massed on the right of the trolley I watched the funeral carriages passing at a smart trot. Round about us the motors were humming softly, anxious to be off.

"Look at them," Torrence went on, puffing at my cigarette and not looking at them at all, "those disreputable drivers with those distressing hats—haven't you seen them standing in portentous groups, lifting surreptitious coat tails for a wee sniftus against the long ride to the grave? And where do you suppose they get those hats? Are they ordained by some dour association of charioteers?"

Presently the trolley car in front stirred, and I heard the motors round about us wake to life. The last carriage was passing. Torrence glanced at his watch.

"Not more than five minutes," he murmured. "Five minutes for reverence—we can't grudge him that—or her, as the case may be." We wormed our way around the trolley and were off.

We were going to Torrence's country place to spend the week-end with Mrs. Torrence and several little Torrences—how many and how apportioned to the sexes I could not remember. I spoke of Mrs. Torrence and "the kids," which was all one could expect of a friend one hadn't seen for six years. Torrence, when I last knew him, before he was married, had been wayward enough to suit the most provincial visitor to town, and of a nature so agreeable and so avid for the violent slaughter of slow time, that, after a dull two days in a strange city, I had telephoned him on the chance of finding him still unregenerate. I knew he had married, but the heat of the noonday sun led me to believe that Mrs. Torrence and "the kids" must be sitting by some crowded sea, and Torrence languishing in town. As it was, I had been basely trapped into an evening in the suburbs. After committing myself to his ignoble hands, I discovered, too late, that he was a commuter—with a car just repaired and waiting to be transported.

"Has it ever struck you," Torrence went on, sliding over a cross-street behind the back of a policeman, "that there is an immense field for reform in our manner of returning dust to dust? What I object to most, aside from the fact of an absolute and irreparable

surcease, are the ceremonies attendant thereon. We aim at dignity and, illogically enough, a sense of tragedy, and achieve, it seems to me, only the grotesque."

We were now beyond the heat and traffic of the city streets. The light was fading, and a sudden breeze stirred the heavy foliage along our path. Torrence breathed a little sigh and settled more comfortably in his seat. We shot up a hill, round a corner, and silently down to a straight, empty road that stretched into the haze of evening.

"No," murmured Torrence, "when I lie in state, and the long line forms in the street, let the windows be not darkened and don't omit flowers. If two or three must gather together, let there be a modest caterer with a cool, unbaked repast and an unobtrusive punch bowl in the corner. Let there be music, certainly—brass and wood-winds, but no strings. Let them kick the rugs away and dance, and let the stags mill about the punch and rediscover unnumbered, fabulous virtues in the host who, at the last moment, had another engagement. And I, I shall be upstairs all the time, sleeping, so they would have you believe; but in my very deepest sleep I shall hear the faint lilting tune of the saxophones coming up through the floor and the pleasant sound of many voices, and I shall be glad to be sleeping—as if I had drunk too much of life and had been put to bed early. . . . And when night comes, and the lights are on—and if there must be candles, will you see that they are in Japanese lanterns strung about the porch and garden?—the music will stop for awhile, and I shall hear the clanking of dishes, and the clatter of knives and forks, and the dignified steps of tall, grave—no, not grave, there must never be anything grave—tall, courtly waiters, and the pop! pop! of that last case I had been saving for something no better than this. And someone must remember that night to give an extra bottle to the band. And there should be *hors d'œuvres* of all colors, and red

lobsters, and chicken in yellow jelly, and pistache ice cream. Will you see to that?" he turned to me anxiously. "Don't let them serve caviare on white bread . . . or black bean soup.

"I had rather an amusing experience once," he went on after a pause, "but not at that kind of an affair. Ever since, I've been a great believer in the converse of the rift-in-the-lute idea—the shadow in the glen, the thorn and the rose You can't tell what opportunities may develop out of the most depressing circumstances. I was selling bonds at the time and was rather interested in applying to my particular job, along with the more or less variable rules of the market, practical laws of psychology. Simple enough things—such as following the society columns in the newspapers, for example, and hopping on to friends who'd just been married before the first month's bills came in. And funerals—I was specializing in municipals then and I made a point of attending funerals and talking in a low voice about three and a half and four per cent. So safe, so certain—as certain as death . . . you get the idea? Suppose the corpse had gone in for Parnassus Mines or Far Cathay Oil—where would the family be now? Fortunately he had been conservative, I understood. Now take municipals, for example . . . Easy enough, you see.

"So I used to read the obituary lists regularly, and one morning I came across a familiar name—the father of a chap who used to be in our office. I was fairly intimate with the son for a while—until he exhausted his clientèle and went into one of his father's mills—and I'd often felt a little guilty that I'd made so little effort to continue our acquaintance. I felt somewhat guiltier when I telephoned my condolences, but it was the middle of a hot July and absolutely nothing stirring: one had to go out and make business, you know. I told him I hoped we'd see each other before he went back to the mill, and he was really touched, I think, and suggested that he'd

appreciate it if I cared to attend the funeral, which was to be private and very small—just the family and a few intimate friends.”

We came suddenly into the square of a small village, and Torrence paused in his story to cast an eye over the jam of homing vehicles. We writhed in and out, past trolleys, trucks, and cars, and finally past a red-faced, perspiring policeman in shirt sleeves who waved us on, up a dark hill and once more into the quiet lanes of the country.

“So,” said Torrence, settling back again. “Well, I went to the funeral. It was about my fourth funeral that summer, so I left word at the office I was going to a ball game.”

“I found myself in one of those tremendous apartment houses and, to make matters worse, the elevator was out of order, and I had to walk up five flights. Perfectly terrible—and that awful, close smell of orchids getting stronger as you mounted. When I got to the fifth floor a butler took my hat and turned me over to a tall, pale gentleman in a frock coat, who smiled and asked me in a low voice if I was one of the family. I told him no, and asked where the son was—my friend. He said that the family were upstairs, and led me along a hall into an immense room that looked like an Italian palace—or the way an Italian palace should look. I got a rather confused impression of a great bank of flowers and a number of people sitting quietly, a few in small groups, conversing in low tones. As I entered they paused, and all looked at me curiously. It was rather embarrassing, for I felt sure I knew none of them; my usual role of interloper, you know . . . and to the music of a violin, tuning up very softly in another room! Enter Mammon, shamelessly! I felt the need of a cue, naturally, and turned to my guide at the door and mentioned the son’s name in a voice loud enough for the others to hear, and asked that word be sent upstairs that I should like to see

him if he could come down. I took a seat quietly in a corner and reflected on the rotten state of the bond market.

“Well, presently the son—my friend—appeared in the door and, catching my straining eye, came over to where I was sitting. He nodded—very grave and important—to some of the others whose chairs he passed, and they stirred solicitously and greeted him in low, respectful tones. The heir, I thought, and rose with alacrity. We spoke softly about the passing of time, what we had been doing with ourselves, found neither had married—yet—so *he* put it, with a faint smile, as if he expected to be ravished out of hand. He said he thought everyone was there and that it was nearly time to start and that he should sit with me. He drew up a chair and, as nothing *was* started, began to tell me in a low voice who the others in the room were. Oh, yes, he knew them all—they had asked only a few relations and very close friends. There was Mr. Galton (who was asleep by the piano), general manager of the largest mill—he had come down on the midnight and was going back that evening—things were running at capacity again . . . and Roger Beardsley, their lawyer, next to him, looking as if he were about to become an executor, in an old cutaway coat and choker collar, and Aunt Louise and Uncle Somebody, and his cousin, Vivien, whom he hadn’t seen for years, and next to them another cousin, So-and-so Herrick, a smashing good golf player, who always turned up at family weddings and Christmas dinners quite drunk, and Goddard Barnes, manager of another mill . . . and so on. I managed to put in my delicate word about seeing him again before he went back, on the chance that he might be interested in some of our latest issues. . . . Oh! of course, he’d be glad to, might possibly be interested in investments—now. I fairly breathed security and conservatism . . . what day would be convenient . . . would he come down Tuesday for lunch? Tuesday it was.”

Torrence grinned. "Don't think me material. Summer was on us, and I did it for my little roadster. Wasn't it better that he should fall into my hands, with my decent municipals, than into those of some violator of the empyrean? Indeed, it was a far, far better thing . . . and this is Hampden, by the way," he said, motioning at a sign post, "which is not far from home, so I must get on with my story.

"To appreciate properly my next scene," he continued, missing a ditch by a few inches as he slid by a truck, "you must have the picture of that room clearly in your mind—the very high stuccolike ceiling, the walls hung with, I supposed, priceless tapestries, the early primitives by the fireplace, the late—you'll pardon me—definitive resting beneath absolutely correct flowers, surrounded by absolutely correct kinsmen and, if I do say it myself, an absolutely correct bondsman. And then absolute silence—as if by some prearranged signal. The violin was being tuned again, softly, quickly . . . whispers came from the other room. I thought to myself, a fitting ending to an absolutely correct life—everything perfect—when suddenly the room woke to rustling life. I turned, startled, and saw a new figure standing in the doorway.

"It was a woman—dressed in a deep red dress—*crêpe de chine*, I should imagine, knowing nothing about it—with a single gardenia resting like a bird on her left shoulder. She was a wonderful figure against the gray walls and the deep greens of the tapestries. She stood on the threshold, one white-gloved hand against the jamb, in the other a lacquered Japanese parasol, and gazed at us with startled eyes from under the brim of her small red hat. She was all color, from her bronze shoes to the tip of her crown. I couldn't take my eyes off her as she stood there, hesitant, as if about to turn and fly. It was perfectly tremendous. . . . Whether it was planned or not, of course I couldn't tell; I only knew it was the most effective

entrance I'd ever seen, and that she was worth every bit of it. Suddenly I heard a door shut—the outer door of the apartment, I supposed, and at the same moment the violin in the next room took up its song. The woman in the doorway looked about in a despairing way—no one had risen to offer her a seat, we were all too surprised—and then, as if her retreat had been cut off, she sank into a chair close to the flower-covered bier, full in the gaze of our curious eyes.

"I remember very little of that service," Torrence went on, after a moment. "I have a vague memory of a woman's voice singing hymns to the violin accompaniment in the next room, of a clergyman suddenly appearing, rather like a rabbit out of silk hat. And there she sat through it all, facing us, at the head of the bier, like some bad angel that had come, proudly, at the very last, to claim her dead. It was her place, now, for a few moments—before the door was closed against her once more . . . forever.

"You deplore my conclusions?" Torrence leaned over and switched on the lights. "But what else was I to think? The son, sitting quietly by my side, didn't complete his catalogue and whisper that the woman was, let us say, Aunt Patience or Cousin Dorcas. He said nothing, and I said nothing. Besides, the curtain was up. I glanced at him, once. His profile was, I thought, properly inscrutable . . . and it may have been my imagination that impressed a look of further melancholy on his features—as if this last blow were too much to bear.

"I had a good chance to examine her more closely while she was engaged in staring down Aunt Louise. It was rather amazing drama, you know: that charged room, the languishing violin, the wailing, evangelical measures of the hymn—so absolutely wrong in that entirely faithless group—and the girl in scarlet—we must call it scarlet, I think—sitting disdainfully, in perfect poise, by her dishonored dead. For she was noth-

ing more than a girl, I discovered, an amazing looking creature, really. . . . Her face was dead white, like a mask, without expression and without a trace of color except for the startling carmine of her lips. She was quite frankly painted, you know—brazenly so, as if contemptuous of more covert improvements. Her hair was very dark and cupped closely to her ears, but it was her eyes that were the most extraordinary—the lightest blue-gray I've ever seen—like no color on land or sea or in the sky."

Torrence's voice took on a sudden note of melancholy in the deepening twilight. We had turned off the main road some minutes before and were running smoothly and almost without sound along a blazing white ribbon winding endlessly into the darkness.

"Yes," Torrence murmured, and tapped the steering wheel once, sharply, with his forefinger as if to settle the matter, "it was a vision of absolute Beauty. Why, I can't say. It may have been the pure white mask of her face, or those queer blue eyes, looking so calmly at each of us in turn, or the black hair, close about her ears, like a helmet. Or it may have been her high courage, coming empty-handed into the castle of her dead lord to pay homage to that which had once been theirs—that which had transcended the laws of men—which had been sanctioned by God alone . . . which—which—oh, you know! Those were my thoughts, sitting there, while the hymn flowed about our heads. . . .

"Where did she come from? Where was the small, secret nest that closed warmly about his heart after these lofty spaces and wide rooms? . . . I looked around again, and felt a sudden, stabbing pity for that man lying under the flowers, whose face I had never seen. This—this old splendor, borrowed from an alien land, from another age, warm, beautiful, yet somehow lifeless and discordant in that great pile of granite, housing so many noisy lives—this had never been home! These walls had

never heard the precious secrets of that dead heart, the faint, hesitant questionings of the mind, the dreams and visions that were finally lost in the whirr of shuttles and looms, drowned in the black waters that flowed beneath his many mills. . . . Somewhere, safe, apart from the world, in the upper reaches of the city or hidden deep in its loins, another life had been lived. Where was it?"

Torrence grinned at me in the darkness. His voice became more cheerful.

"The question was not purely academic, I'm afraid; nor were my thoughts entirely funereal."

"Will you light me another of your cigarettes?" he went on, "for the services are over, and we are moving, slowly and without haste—except for myself—towards the door. Perhaps there is some jostling on my part, for the girl had risen and slipped out of the room before I could make my way to the door. I said a short good-by to my friend, recalled the date for lunch. The room seemed suddenly full of dark figures barring my way.

"When I got out of the apartment into the hallway it was empty, but I heard the sound of light descending feet on the stairs below. When I caught up with her, she was stepping delicately down in the semi-darkness, one hand raised against the wall. I checked—decorously. It was quite as good as a cough, for she turned and cast a questioning glance backward. We both stopped, and for a moment she stood gazing up at me out of those strange blue eyes, out of that white masklike face. . . . And somehow it suddenly became a romantic situation: we might have been two children, sneaking away from school.

"Does one go to the grave?" I asked, in, I hope, a sufficiently quizzical manner. She continued to regard me for an instant, and then the very faintest suggestion of a smile disturbed that serene face.

"‘Not this one, anyhow,’ she answered in a low, strangely deep voice for a woman and, turning, began to descend again. We went down together. We were silent through the next hallway, but when we turned once more into the gloom of the stairway, she murmured:

"‘I think I’ve gone quite far enough to-day.’

"‘Oh, beautiful, I thought. Just right! A woman of the world, if I ever knew one.

"‘No one could go farther,’ I agreed, touching her arm ever so gently: the stairs were steep and the way was dark. ‘To the very gates of death itself.’ She removed her arm—but ever so gently.

"‘You might stumble,’ I said in a low voice.

"‘You are afraid of my stumbling?’ she asked, lifting her short dress delicately for the next step.

"‘I am counting on it,’ I murmured lightly. Very lightly, but audaciously—what? Just the right tone, you know. Oh, we were quite firmly on that ground by then. She gave a low laugh, and on top of it—I give you my word—the most gentle, trifling trip—the faintest slip downward. Voluntarily, of course. That was the beauty of it.

"‘This is dangerous,’ I said, and took her arm firmly.

"‘Isn’t it?’ She was laughing softly, in the most enchanting deep tones. We came out into the street. It was the beginning of evening—the most dangerous hour.

"‘Tea?’ I said, and motioned to the doorman. ‘I think we’ve walked far enough.’ But she was very decided.

"‘Oh, I couldn’t, thanks,’ she smiled at me in a friendly way, and waited. ‘And I’d much prefer to walk—I haven’t far to go. Which is your way—up or down?’

"‘But I wasn’t beaten yet. I said, ‘Frankly, I don’t know,’ and gazed inscrutably at the fading sky. ‘This is the uncertain hour—shall I return swiftly to the office and assuage an aching

conscience, or shall I make my way northward, slowly and sadly, to my lonely flat? I don’t know,’ and I stood plunged in thought.

"‘I must hurry,’ she said, tapping her bronze foot on the sidewalk. ‘Thank you for helping me down those stairs.’ She turned quickly, and there we were walking up town together.

"‘Unquestionably,’ I said, ‘the office will be closed and my long trip would be in vain.’

"She stopped suddenly. ‘But I forget,’ and I could have sworn there was the faintest note of laughter in her voice, ‘I promised to see a girl who lives just three blocks below here. How stupid of me! So, good-night, and thank you again.’ She turned and walked away. It really was stupid of her, you know. Walking downtown, I said to her:

"‘And I forgot a most important matter at the office. I can’t imagine how it slipped my mind.’"

Torrence laughed softly, and the car shot forward in a sudden burst of speed. "‘Only five miles more. Are you hungry?’"

"‘But what happened then,’ I asked, “or is that the proper place to end the story?”

"‘Ah, don’t misjudge me,’ said Torrence, “on the contrary, it would be most improper to end it there, with such a fellow as you for an audience. No. The question of tea came up again, as I remember.

"‘Why not tea?’ I said once more, as I kept pace with her along those three blocks that separated her from her lady friend. ‘Or if the idea of tea depresses you, something cold and devastating?’

"‘For the space of a block she did not answer, and then, as we reached the curb, she suddenly stopped and turned.

"‘Let us go north, then, and on the other side of the street.’ I followed her across. ‘The sunny side,’ she murmured. We passed opposite the entrance to the apartment house, and I saw the dark figures emerging.

"‘In my flat,’ I said, after a space, ‘I

have rather an interesting piece of tapestry.'

"'Tapestry!' she looked at me gravely. 'Do you go in for tapestry? How interesting! What dynasty?'

"'A Ming,' I said, just as cool, 'and absolutely authentic. It's priceless, I'm told.'

"'It would be,' she shook her head gently, and then, very coldly, 'Aren't you making a mistake?'

"It struck me then, for the first time, that perhaps I was. A hideous mistake. She hurried on, looking straight ahead. I was gathering myself for a departure—a departure as decent as possible in the circumstances—when she spoke again.

"'It's not tapestries I'm interested in,' she said, 'but old prints—quaint old prints. I suppose you have some of them?' It was then I walked rather violently into a lamp post.

"'It's the bad light,' I said, thickly. 'As a matter of fact,' I went on, clearing my throat, and with what I fear was a distressing attempt at lightness, 'it just happens that the walls of my flat are literally covered with quaint old prints.'

"'Ah,' she shook her head again, 'I was afraid that would be the case. So, I think, if you insist on tea, we had better stop at the Melanie, which is on the next block. So many times,' she continued, in a slightly mournful voice, 'I have gone to tea or supper to look at prints, and china, and water colors, and bronzes, and brasses, and etchings, and ship models, and snuff boxes, and furniture, and—and somehow,' she said plaintively, 'they never seem to have them. Or else,' she turned to me with a smile, 'they're really quite mediocre. No,' she went on, after a moment, 'I think we can examine those prints of yours just as well in the Melanie.'

"'But this,' I protested, and my voice, I hope, rang deep with conviction, 'this, I feel, is somehow different.'

"'Different?' she glanced at me, questioning.

"'This tapestry,' I began, 'after all, you ought to give tapestries a chance.'

"But she had turned in at the Melanie. She looked back at me over her shoulder. 'I could never do justice to a Ming.' And as I followed her—graceful, I trust, in defeat, I thought I heard her murmur, 'No Mings for little Eva, *thank you!*' but of this I am not sure."

Torrence grinned at me again.

"I'm afraid I haven't time to tell you what a complete ass I made of myself over the tea table but no doubt you'll take my word for it. At the time, of course, I thought I had every excuse. Even now, I shudder to think what a horrible idiot I was. She started off very quiet over her tea, and I did the talking—aided not at all, I may say, by a coffee cup of tepid vermouth faintly laced with gin. She fixed me gravely with those queer light-blue eyes of hers under the little hat, and Heaven knows what ghastly heights I reached. She had her head tipped a little, and her hand along her cheek, and those bright carmine lips were very grave, and of course I was under a spell. I suppose I'm the last one in the world to console anyone, never having consoled myself—really. What could I do but buy her a cup of tea, wish her luck, and pass on? Not that she expected, or would have stood for, consolation. Imagine consoling this sporting, broken girl who had stood with her back to the door and stared them all down! No, I could not be guilty of that. For I felt, somehow, that when we passed out of the Melanie, as we must soon pass—so soon—I should never see her again. There was the fading light, the tea shrinking in the cup, the flutter of departure, the check, added and audited, trembling in the waiter's shirt bosom; and presently the end of all the world. Perhaps it brought the tears to my eyes, for suddenly that girl leaned across the table and said, with the slightest smile:

"'What *did* you think when I came into that room!'

"It was this," said Torrence, bowing a little in shame over the wheel, "that un-

did me. You can believe it went straight to my heart—that little confidence.

“Think?” I answered, making my voice low and confidential, and even thrilling perhaps, ‘think—’ I repeated, ‘why, only this, at first, that in that dark room among the mourners I had been vouchsafed (no, I’m afraid I didn’t say vouchsafed,—splendid word, too)—a vision of absolute beauty. What else was I to think but that the vision was eternally beautiful and, therefore, eternally right.’ A statement like that,” Torrence interrupted himself again, “doesn’t mean anything, but it rounds off and practically nobody can answer it.

“She smiled,” Torrence said, in a melancholy voice, “I thought, encouragingly—but it may be that I was wrong.

“My second thoughts were of courage,” he went on, ‘of that great spirit that faces death with a faint, supercilious smile on its face, stands with its back against the door, bleeding from a hundred wounds. Of how you had come, alone, unarmed, with death in your heart to pay homage to him who had died, to the ghost of a perished love . . .’

“The girl looked up at me,” said Torrence, “for she had been tracing squares and circles on the tablecloth, and her marble brow was wrinkled, and those light-blue eyes wide with startled surprise. I thought she had misunderstood me,” he went on in his melancholy tones, “but possibly I was mistaken. I continued:

“Do you think I did not realize what you were doing—that I do not bow down to that last splendid visit to the house you never knew? Do you remember the old Hindu custom—when the widow threw herself on the funeral pyre of her dead lord and perished with him in the flames? Did I not see you, brightly clad for the sacrifice, burn before your enemies? And now—you breathe, are alive—and yet you too have committed suttee!”

“Then,” continued Torrence, “she

rose rather suddenly, and began to draw on her gloves. I paid the check, and followed her to the door. She nodded to the doorman and he went to look for a taxi. Still inscrutable, she gazed across the twilight street. I could not let her go thus, without a word.

“Will you forgive me?” I murmured at her elbow. ‘After all I could not help but see. Don’t you understand how much I value the relationship that must have existed between you, since it brought you, in the end, to the very camp of your enemies? The cousins and the aunts and the son—and yes, even the wife . . . names, names, all of them, without import, without meaning in the light of what must have existed between you . . .’

“The doorman came up with a taxi,” Torrence went on, “and I helped her in. As I started to follow, she closed the door suddenly and spoke to me through the open window.

“Please don’t bother. I live only a short way—just tell him to go north till I find my address,” she shook her bag at me, smiling. And then, leaning a little nearer, ‘I think I owe you an apology. I was going to a tea this afternoon, at an apartment I’d never been to before. When I got to the apartment house the elevators weren’t running, and they told me my hostess lived on the sixth floor. I must have miscounted, and then too there was the smell of flowers: it did smell so exactly like a tea—and just the sort of tea I was going to! And suddenly I found myself in a room full of people in black—and the front door was suddenly shut and the music began—and then I realized where I was—and in these clothes, in this hat! I suppose if I’d had any courage—’ this half to herself,” remarked Torrence, “with what I dimly realized was a rather mean smile. ‘But I stayed,’ she said, ‘and I did get my tea after all, thanks to you.’ She spoke to the driver, the car moved forward. I must have been standing on the running board, for I suddenly found myself erect, moving without effort through the traffic. She had a

look of concern. 'Don't you think you'd better get off? Isn't that dangerous? And you will explain my dreadful mistake to your friends, won't you?'

"I suppose," Torrence said, with a grin, "I must have been rather a ghastly sight—clinging to the door handle, making myself flat. I told the driver to draw in to the curb. I got off and removed my hat. She looked through the window and nodded pleasantly.

"'Good-by,' she said. I bowed. And then suddenly she leaned over the sill, and shook her head, ever so gently.

"'Suttee!' she said—'really!'

"At this point," said Torrence, "I opened the door of the taxi and got in."

"And I think we'll stop there," he went on, "for in five minutes we'll be home." The car gathered speed. He was silent for a moment. "A dreadful thing, though, wasn't it?" he said. "Good Lord, I don't suppose there are many people in the world who would have taken it that way! What?" He glanced at me for an instant.

"No," I said, "I don't imagine so." I turned it over in my mind. "Unless—" and then fell silent.

"Unless what?" asked Torrence.

"Well," I said slowly, "of course, after all, you may have been right from the beginning." It was a peculiar story, when you came to think of it. "For instance, why didn't she go to the tea after the funeral? It wasn't too late. It was only the next floor above—or below, I forget which. Have you ever thought of that?"

Torrence said nothing for a moment. I thought to myself, no, he never *has* thought of that possibility. Rather stupid, too—why, the thing was almost conclusive.

"It seems to me," I went on, pressing my point, "that that's pretty good proof—"

"Of course," said Torrence, clearing his throat, "she may—er—have noticed me, and noticed that I was—er—so to speak, following her."

"Yes," I said, pleasantly, "that's possible." Torrence glanced at me. But I too could look inscrutable.

We turned in a driveway and presently I saw the lights of a house.

"Obviously," I went on, "she did want to have tea with you, later. But don't you see too that if she liked you, as she undoubtedly did, she wouldn't want you to think she was the dead man's mistress. Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face! Two to one—oh, three to one on the mistress theory."

The car came to a sudden stop before the front door. Before Torrence could answer, the light over the door was switched on, the door opened, and a young woman smiled at us from the hallway.

"I only got home myself a moment ago," she said in a husky, pleasant voice. Torrence introduced me to his wife. I slipped out of the seat, ducked under the top, and removed my hat. She came out and held out her hand.

"I'm afraid it's my fault," I began—"we're late. . . ." which it wasn't, of course.

"Where've *you* been?" said Torrence, busy with my bag in the back seat. I turned to help him.

"Where would I be," she laughed, "in these clothes?" I looked at her over my shoulder. She had on a gaily colored summer dress and a broad-brimmed straw hat crowned with pink roses. She raised her head and smiled at me—and suddenly I thought, where indeed? Where had she been in those clothes—those gay clothes? I stared at her. Her question was rhetorical, but something light was obligatory. But what? "A funeral?" No, certainly, that was not the answer, for Mrs. Torrence was still smiling, and now, under the light, her face was a strange, dazzling white, without a trace of color except for the bright, brazen carmine of her lips—and her eyes were the queerest light-blue or gray—like no color on land or sea—or in the sky, for that matter.



WHEN I RAISE MY ARM

THE FACTS OF MUSCULAR ACTIVITY

BY HENSHAW WARD

WHEN I lift my hand eight inches and turn a leaf of the novel I am reading, I put into operation more forces than science will ever explain. Indeed, they are so numerous and ineffable that science will never complete the mere listing of them. The human intellect cannot know much about the mysteries that are in the action of a muscle.

All our philosophers, after twenty-five centuries of most ardent analysis, cannot determine whether I will to turn the leaf or whether "I" is just a name for the joint action of some neuronie forces. Our psychologists have no conception of what an "I" is. So nothing can be said of the origin of this motion of my arm. It simply appeared from a region as unexplored as heaven.

When it first emerged into a material world it was an impulse of some sort in the outer layer of the central portion of the top of my brain. Of course, anatomy does not know the exact location of the spot; it simply has a little evidence that the motion was propagated from somewhere in that neighborhood.

It is a curious place, this region from which motions come. It is the gray matter, a pulpy blanket, closely fitting all the convolutions of the surface of the brain, not more than a quarter of an inch thick in its deepest parts and only a tenth of an inch in the more shallow parts. It covers a total area about eighteen inches square. Like all the tissues of my body, it is a mass of living cells, estimated to be more than nine billion

in number. Any curious reader may at this point pull out his pencil and calculate the average amount of cubic space allotted to each cell. I would gladly save him the trouble if such figures were not considered bad form by the other readers. But they might tolerate a diagram of the dimensions—thus: a leaf of *Harper's* is $\frac{1}{50}$ th of an inch thick; across the edge of the leaf eleven of the cubic spaces could lie side by side. The cell that resides in this space is anything but cubical; nor is it a formless gob. In shape it resembles a bit of delicate sea-moss, ramifying from a small base in filaments of extreme tenuity that interlace with the filaments of other cells.

You may now make your best guess as to whether the motion of my arm originated in the base of one of these cells (not a thousandth of an inch in diameter), or in a phalanx of them, or somewhere between them, or in some place outside the skull which better suits your pride in the human intellect. When you have guessed you will know as much as all science knows, and you will have gone far toward deciding what an ego is and where it resides. For my part, I give it up. To conceive that I am outside of my brain-cells is impossible; to imagine that I dwell within them is impossible. The source of muscular activity is beyond the reach of the mind.

Let's assume, in order to get a start in a tangible world, that the impulse to turn a leaf has somehow embodied itself in a certain one of the mossy bits which compose my gray matter. This is an

intricate assemblage of protoplasm, like all the trillions of cells in my other tissues; and it has, like them, a nucleus which directs the complicated and refined operations of the whole structure. But, unlike them, it has maintained its identity ever since it was born in my embryo—that is, it has never been renewed by subdivision into daughter cells. Nor has it confined itself to one allotted bit of space; all through my youth and early manhood it was spreading its branches farther out and forming more connections with neighboring cells.

No doubt I seem to personify these particles of my brain too much. Yet I do no more than repeat what is said by the men whose lives are spent in physiology. Their conviction grows, in spite of some recent reports, that nerve-cells are “independent,” that there is never any growing together to form continuous fiber, but that each cell retains its individuality and is merely in contact with its neighbors. “The brain” becomes to a physiologist just an abstraction, with no more meaning than a telegraph office would have if there were no operators in it. The cells are the realities that convey impulses. Each is an organism, with a life and a wisdom and an initiative of its own.

I know not how to convey to a skeptical reader this conception of a cell as the seat of all our powers of motion. However glorious a psychic entity my ego may be in the domain of philosophy and religion, it is infinitely ignorant and clumsy in its contact with matter. It has not the slightest ability to move itself. It has no knowledge whatever of how to appropriate food. It cannot put one memory and one memory together. There is no activity, muscular or mental, in which it has the slightest skill. All that my pompous psyche can do is to call upon the skill and wisdom that are in the cells. They alone know how to record impressions, how to supply sugar and oxygen to the tissue, how to smell, how to turn a leaf. I can guess that, if the whole truth were known,

they read the novels and make the astronomical calculations. They alone can come to grips with the universe through which I flounder; they alone understand how to mediate between its infinitesimal details and the nebulous monster that is “I.”

If the following brief study of a muscular action can teach some respect for cells, it will accomplish its purpose. For I am not much concerned about dimensions or oxidation processes. My own profit in learning about muscles has come from the view I get of my Gargantuan intellect and the blind way in which it supposes that the energy of the world operates in bulk. No work can be performed in the large. Every change, of matter or of mind, is effected by excessively small agents that can grapple with individual atoms in spaces far beyond our crass senses. The actual labor of raising a finger is executed by subtleties beyond my ken.

Now I will quit philosophizing and follow this motor impulse as it travels away from its intellectual home. It is in a nerve-fiber. This is a series of cells which are, essentially, similar to those in the brain. Each of its filaments is a receiving device that can conduct impulses only toward the center. For conducting impulses outward to another cell there is only one branch, called an “axon.” The impulse to turn a leaf of a novel went out of the brain along some axon, was received from this by the filaments of an adjoining cell, was carried along by them to the center of that cell, was sent out on the axon of that cell, was caught from this by the filaments of a third cell, and so on by a series of transfers till the original order for motion was finally delivered to my biceps and forearm and fingers. An anatomist who had a “laid end to end” mind could estimate rather accurately how many cells were engaged in forwarding my motor impulse one foot. The time necessary for these successive transfers of the message over one foot has been measured—about one-four-

hundredth of a second. Arithmetic shows that each cell had less than a hundred-thousandth part of a second for the accurate transmission of my automatic desire to see the next page.

We are talking of "an" impulse, as though I had ordered some one specific and indivisible task. But in reality I ordered a great complication of tasks. My biceps, for the simplest example, cannot act alone to raise my arm; it is balanced by and acts against other muscles. Many muscles about my shoulders and ribs had to be summoned to correlated endeavor, else my arm would have acted wildly. Forearm and wrist and fingers had to receive subsidiary orders, else the leaf could never have been seized properly at its edge. And these are only the most obvious of the complications. The order which started so simply as an impulse of my will had to be expanded and interpreted and distributed by the—who knows? It may have been handled in my cerebellum, which issued a dozen orders, all unknown to me, for the actual intricacies of fulfilling my wish. The spinal chord must have received some of these for further subdivision and retransmission to the several subconscious stations. All these unthinkable complications were arranged smoothly and promptly by hundreds of thousands of faithful nerve-cells whose skill eludes the most painstaking investigation. Their lives are spent in saving work for my cerebrum. Some of them will learn to turn leaves without the help of my consciousness, so that I can continue my reading to the top line of the next page untroubled by issuing orders to my arm. The cells won't interfere with my will. They leave me free to turn or not as I choose. But they will obligingly see to the turning if I am preoccupied with the remark that the glowering Benito is making to the brave little Nancy at the bottom of page 173.

Their channels of impulse intercommunicate so maziily that no research has charted them in any detail. All we can do in this article is to trace some one item

in the impulse and suppose that it reaches the biceps muscle. This vast bundle cannot, as a whole, accomplish the raising of my arm—any more than the Rocky Mountains could play the piano. It is nothing but a mass of the units that are able to utilize energy. It is a mere container of the skilled operatives, the fibers, lying parallel, like wires in a cable—more than half a million of them. They act in concert.

II

If we wish to see how the whole biceps works, we must fix attention on one of these fibers. The diameter of the larger ones is one-fifth of the thickness of the leaf on which you are now reading. Of course, each one is composed of cells. Each is a slender cylinder several hundred times as long as its diameter. Each is a highly organized individual which maintains a system of nutrition, which can perform chemical operations far subtler than any laboratory is capable of, and which has nuclei for reproducing itself as if it were a separate animal.

If some good fairy should dissect for us one of the larger fibers, more than an inch long, and stretch it on a favorable background, it would be invisible because of its slenderness. If we should magnify the fiber five hundred times, till it is fifty feet long, the width will become a whole inch, and we may see something of what the anatomists know about muscle. We can now make out, if we squint closely, that the fiber is banded in layers. It looks as if it were made of discs, each less than a thirty-second of an inch in thickness, alternately light and dark. That's all you can see.

To ask for further magnifying is rather extravagant, but we may have another enlargement of ten times if we insist. This fiber of muscle—one of the millions that helped to turn the leaf of my novel—was far too slender to be seen; it is now a cable ten inches in diameter and five hundred feet long. The discs of which it is composed are now almost a third of

an inch in thickness. Yet you cannot see much. What will you ask for next if you wish to pry farther into the secrets of muscular action?

I am not playing with this subject. The magnifying which I have done is a plain account of what the microscope can do; the disappointing result fairly represents the way a physiologist has to regard his best efforts. He cannot see far into a muscle. We magazine readers have a naïve way of saying to science, "How does a muscle work?" We assume that Science, the modern divinity with a capital S, has all such information ready to hand out in neat packages to any person who happens to feel inquisitive on some special occasion. We feel toward Science as I used to feel about the grocer—that he somehow possessed all the sugar and pickles, and that he could have satisfied my longings for nothing if he had not been selfish. A physiologist is like a grocer: he pays a price for each bit he learns; he has no access to the stores of knowledge that Mother Nature guards so strictly in the deep vaults of her treasury of ultimate facts. A physiologist has on his mental shelves a stock of names like *sarcolemma* and some figures for lactacidogen like $C_6H_{10}O_4(PO_4H_2)_2$; but these are only perishable goods that must be turned for a profit. They are not knowledge of muscular work.

Such a warning is necessary, for fear you might suppose that you were going to be led on and on to an understanding of how a muscle-fiber contracts. But it is not intended for a complete discouragement. There are several steps that we can take toward the final mystery, which reveal some interesting sights.

This five-hundred-foot cable at which we are now looking—this half-millionth part of my whole biceps—is of course an exceedingly complicated organism. And the principal difficulty in examining it is not its minuteness, but its fluidity. Its liquid constituents are not even distinguished by colors, but are blended

in a gray mass. If we should let this fiber die and stiffen, we should find that it hardened in thousands of fibrils, each about a third of an inch in diameter, like strands that compose the great cable of the fiber. Hence we suppose that the viscous fluid of the living muscle has a corresponding structure. And we must infer that the secret of contraction lies within these syrupy fibrillar strands. But as yet there is no microscope or chemical reagent with which to explore such an infinitesimal diameter in such an elusive medium.

So far as a physiologist trusts his imagination, he conceives that each one of the strands is like a rope made of alternate sections of dark and light matter, that all the dark sections are on one level, and that their combined effect is thus to make an appearance of a dark "band" extending clear through the fiber. The light sections form a similar light band. Hence results the striped appearance of the entire fiber.

Very careful observers used to suppose that the fibrils were solid and that the bands across the fiber were partitions of some sort; but a German once had the good fortune to see a microscopical worm *swimming* in a fiber. The muscle-cell opposed no bars to the motion of the worm, but maintained its fibrillar structure and its cross-bands in unperturbed viscosity.

Now that we are acquainted with the make-up of a fiber, we are prepared to view it as it lives and works with its comrades in the delicate web that envelops a bundle of two thousand of them, forming a company in the whole regiment of a muscle. Imagine you are as small as the worm, and free to move to and fro in a sheaf of two thousand cables, each five hundred feet long, ten inches thick, and banded in plates every third of an inch.

Alongside our ten-inch fiber, hugging it closely, is an inch pipe, a capillary, in which runs blood. Through its translucent wall you may see the red corpuscles of the blood which are bringing the fiber's

fuel, oxygen. And unseen, in solution in the blood, is the fiber's food—sugar. You also note that a nerve is attached to the fiber, spreading along one side and clamped on at numerous places. Here is one of the 600,000 receiving stations to which I sent messages in my upper arm when I decided to turn a leaf.

I speak of the station as if at last we had reached something fairly simple, but nothing could be farther from the truth. The station must somehow transfer its order to each of the 10,000 dark bands. They are the places where work is accomplished. *They can contract.* And when the 10,000 of them contract in unison the fiber is made a trifle shorter. And when the 600,000 fibers are shortened in unison my biceps grows shorter.

While you gaze about at the endless labyrinth of fibers and sheathing and capillaries and end-plates of nerves in this space that your naked eye cannot begin to see, I hope you won't mind if I preach a one-minute sermon. Probably it will merely echo what you have already said to yourself. I am thinking how useful it would be for all theorizers about human society if they could understand how a muscle acts. Here is a mechanism of six billion units that are organized for the lifting of an arm. The actual lifting power is exerted by these petty, unconsidered bands of dark matter. All energy—muscular or social—is applied only through the *units* of the organization. My splendid intellect, enthroned in an easy-chair and intent upon a story, can say to a sheet of paper, "Be thou turned." But my intellect would be utterly impotent if it were not in organic contact with obedient fibrils far beyond its conception. When my intellect says to teachers or aldermen, "Be this social habitude altered," it is not addressing an organism. Execution of its desire must depend on controlling human units whose motives are unregulated by my mind. Actual transfer of energy in a schoolroom or a caucus takes place in an order of being that is entirely

different from my nervous system. An infinitude of detail of human nerves and capillaries must be co-ordinated before it is of any use for me to say, "Let's turn over a new social leaf." Leaves can be turned—certainly. All I preach is that our creative intellect is utterly impotent until it controls all the fibrils of pedagogy and politics that must do the turning. Thank you for your kind attention.

III

If the elaborate machinery that you have seen is impressive while it stands still, it is astounding in operation. For the nerve impulse which gives the signal to contract is not sent into the fibers in the simple form in which it is received at their surface. The end-plates of the nerves multiply the single impulse and "trill" it. What this means I can make clear if you will imagine that time runs slowly, so that one second seems as long as a minute. Imagine also that I control a switch that will admit a momentary nerve impulse whenever we want it.

You are looking at a certain fiber of a resting muscle. I switch into it a nerve impulse. For a half of one of our long seconds there is no result; some time is necessary to adjust the mechanism. Then for two and a half seconds you watch the dark plates decrease in thickness, thus shortening the whole fiber. During the next three seconds you see the plates swell back to their normal dimensions, restoring the fiber to its normal length. Science has accurately measured those fragments of time in which a detached fiber responds to an artificial stimulus.

But no stimulus of that sort ever comes to a fiber in the body. Any command such as went to my biceps is transformed to a *series* of impulses. Watch when I turn on a voluntary message that has been relayed from my brain, and remember that you are seeing the result sixty times more slowly than a clock would show. The impulse comes.

After the first half-second the dark bands grow thin and the fiber begins to shorten. A second later another impulse comes, and there is an impulse each second thereafter. Hence the fiber has no chance to relax, for it receives three kicks from the trilling apparatus before the period of its return to normal has begun. There is continual stimulation. The fiber is kept short. Since the actions of all the fibers are synchronized, the whole muscle is kept constricted. Even the most rapid motions our muscles can make is so slow as to need this "trilling" stimulus from the nerve.

The nature of the stimulus is far beyond our comprehension. A physicist has delicate instruments that can measure the currents of electricity generated at intervals along a nerve when an impulse travels; they show that every cell is in some measure an electrical contrivance. But they do not show that the nerve impulse is primarily electrical. It is not any force that man knows how to measure or name.

As for the force which operates in the dark bands of a fiber, I think my readers ought to hear a little expert testimony, instead of riding along on the flowery beds of my easy colloquialism:

Very active chemical changes take place in muscle during contraction. These metabolic changes involve processes of hydrolysis, of oxidation, of reduction, and of synthesis, and, in most cases, they are supposed to be effected through the agency of enzymes. Very many different kinds of enzymes have been shown to occur in muscular tissue: proteolytic, amylolytic, and lipolytic enzymes, oxidases or peroxidases, reductases, an enzyme capable of splitting off urea from arginine, probably deaminases that split off ammonia from the amino-acids, etc.

For fear that such details lack dramatic quality, I will choose some vivid bits from the physiologist's account of the most thrilling and important chemical operation that went on in each band of muscle, 1/15,000th of an inch in thickness, when I raised my arm:

The formation and the consumption of glycogen in the body constitute one of the most interesting chapters in nutrition. . . . The muscular tissue has the power of converting the sugar brought to it by the blood into glycogen. It is a synthetic reaction in which the simple molecule of the monosaccharide is converted by dehydration and condensation to the larger molecule of the polysaccharide. . . . The glycogen thus stored in the muscle is consumed during its activity, and it is assumed that before it is thus consumed it is converted back into sugar by the action of the amylolytic enzyme. . . . As far as the act of shortening is concerned, the significance of the chemical reaction lies in the production of acid substances, lactic and phosphoric acid, since the mechanism of contraction is referred directly to the effect of the acid produced. . . . The theory is that a portion of the lactic acid is oxidized, and that some of the chemical energy thus liberated is utilized to synthesize the rest of the lactic acid to glycogen, the remainder being given off as heat.

I suppose your eye took one glance at the technicalities and straightway leaped over them to this point of safety. Perhaps you think I quoted a few chemistry terms in an effort to be humorous. Probably you feel that the editor should have deleted them from these urbane columns. But they have a mission. They give some slight indication of the long and perplexing labors necessary to discover every one of the items that are set down so airily in this essay and that you have read with such nonchalance. Only the most arduous application of exceptional skill by many specialists through many decades has revealed to us the general structure of a muscle-fiber. It may require another decade of the most abstruse research to learn just what happens to glycogen. It may be two decades before we find out how lactic acid induces the shortening of the fibrils that are regimented in every microscopical fiber of a tense muscle.

Would you have the present status of the hypothesis expressed for you in schoolroom terms? I will try. In every fiber of muscle is stored some

substance that the fiber created out of the sugar which the capillaries brought. When the fiber works for a second it converts this substance by two chemical reactions that are all but instantaneous, one of the products being lactic acid. This acid so acts on the surfaces of the fibrils as to cause contraction. It is then oxidized, not by the burning process that we know when a match is lighted, but in some way that is chemically similar. Thus the sugar and oxygen that the capillaries supply are fuel for a process of undiscoverable complexity.

A fiber is a kind of engine. In its operation it generates heat. If it is to work continuously, it must be cooled, like the cylinders of a motor car. In fact it is well jacketed by the capillaries which keep a constant flow of blood passing about it.

If the action is long-continued by many

muscles at a time, all the blood in the body has its temperature raised. Therefore, if we are not to be thrown into a fever by exercise, the blood must be cooled. It is exposed before a very good radiator, the skin, which has delicate adjustments for opening and closing pores to just the right extent and evaporating water just rapidly enough to maintain the temperature marked on a physician's thermometer.

This machinery may not have been called into action by my few slight motions while I sat reading, but it was ready for service at every moment. There were watchful nerve centers keeping scrupulous account of my doings. They were influenced by the impulses that went to a million muscle-fibers. They were an integral part of that lavish system of innumerable correlated organisms by which nature enables me to turn a leaf.

TO HELEN, AN EXPOSTULATION

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

HELEN, I'd be, if I could have my wish,
 A pool among the rocks where small, shy fish
 Gleamed to and fro, and green and rosy weed
 Swayed its long fringes. So I should not heed
 Your comings and your goings nor each whim
 So skilfully contrived to torture him—
 Your chosen fool. But still, as now, each day
 Your vanity would bring you where I lay
 To kneel and on my crystal face below
 Gaze self-entranced, as now; and I should grow
 Beautiful with your beauty, and you would be
 More beautiful for the crystal lights in me.
 But when, self-surfeited, you went away
 I should not care, nor could the blown sea-spray,
 Blurring your image all the winter through,
 Vex the pure, passionless water, strictly true
 To its own being. Only the weeds would swing
 Rosy and green, and the ripples, ring on ring,
 Tremble and wink above the gleaming fish.
 So would I be, if I could have my wish.



The Lion's Mouth



A PARABLE OF PUNISHMENT

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

ALL this happened seventeen years hence, when civilization had reached its apogee, or, since I am not quite sure what an apogee is, when civilization had at least put forth one perfect bloom. The flower I speak of was a Community Residence. The man who conceived it, whether sluggard or not, had evidently laid to heart the maxim about going to the ant, for he had gone to the ant, or to some other equally communal and disagreeable insect, and quite lost sight of humanity. There was a community kitchen and a community dining room and a community playground and a community nursery. Family servants had not been abolished: it would be more correct to say that the disappearance of the species—a *fait accompli* for years—had at last been recognized and their place taken by Community Ministrants, who made a bed or "did out" a room in the exact number of movements, no more and no less, sanctified by the Efficiency Experts. The beds thus made were correct but uncomfortable. But that is the logic of civilization. There was a Community Reservoir of Thought. One just turned on the radio and out flowed a stream of genteel and orthodox opinions. The only touch of humanity in the entire establishment was a relic of human inconsistency by which the line was drawn at community wives.

But the feature in which we are interested is the Communal House of Correction. This was the place to which naughty children were sent to work out the punishments imposed by their parents. As a parent, I can give my wholehearted approval to this arrangement. Every parent knows that it is absurdly easy to devise a punishment and extremely difficult to administer it. It is all very well to tell William to stand in the corner for half an hour, but it is practically impossible to keep him there. After fifteen minutes the parent is worn out and William is as fresh as paint. The Communal House of Correction remedied all that.

At the time our story opens, then, behold Edward and Arthur, two youngsters, friends, incarcerated in two separate rooms in the House of Correction, each sentenced by his mother to three hours' solitary confinement and then supperless to bed. A game of baseball that afternoon had led to a violent quarrel in which bats had been freely used and the smooth community turf excoriated. Edward's mother was old-fashioned and held old-fashioned theories of punishment. She had expatiated on the monstrosity of a recourse to baseball bats as weapons. "Why, child, you might have killed him!" She had gone on to declare that she was weary of the constant wrangling and fighting on the playground and she, therefore, proposed to make an example of Edward that would be a warning to the other children. She believed, you see, in the deterrent effect of punishment.

Arthur's mother, indoctrinated with more modern ideas, took a different line. She maintained that when Arthur was "himself" he was a good boy, and that

his frequent explosions of temper could be traced to two causes. First, the boys with whom Arthur played were rough and boisterous and pugnacious. Their companionship "over-stimulated" him. Second, Arthur had been going to bed far too late for the last few weeks. Somehow it seemed impossible to get the boy settled for the night before nine. The result was that he was nervously tired. He wasn't naughty: he was just tired. What she said to Arthur must have suggested to him some of these ideas. At any rate he got it into his head that the House of Correction was a hospital rather than a place of confinement and that he was being sent there less to be punished than to be rested and cured.

It will now be instructive to follow the reflections of Edward and Arthur respectively as they serve their sentences. Edward's thoughts ran something like this: "He hit me first—on purpose too. Just because he was mad at losing. I had to defend myself. And anyway I'm not going to stand for that kid trying to pull the rough stuff. And then mother goes and talks as if we fought every day. Why, there hasn't been a row for two weeks! Besides, we've got to fight sometimes, haven't we? That's only natural." At the end of an hour Edward had seen the light sufficiently to admit reluctantly to himself that *some* punishment was in order. Parents always said they could not afford to "overlook" things. He supposed it was natural to them to think and talk like that. Edward was now ready to come out and to be a good citizen again as far as that was in him. At the end of the second hour he was smarting under a sense of injustice. At the end of the third, his mood was black resentment. In bed at last, with the pangs of hunger sending flickering lightnings through his mental thundercloud, he spent the time until he fell asleep meditating revenge upon his whole scheme of things, with particular reference to that little beast Arthur who was responsible for the mess.

To that contemptible figure we now turn. Arthur took his medicine differently. He was sorry for himself, not as one who had been ill used, but as one who was nervously tired. That explained why he felt so reluctant to get up in the mornings and why he found the work at school so disagreeable. His teachers did not understand him. They did not realize that he was all used up and needed a long rest. Edward was just as stupid, the great rough brute! He couldn't see that if Arthur got upset over losing a game or was quick-tempered, it was because Arthur was made of finer stuff, "highly strung" his mother had called it. It was interesting to be nervous and highly strung and so to be different from other people. One might play up that idea a little to one's advantage.

Thus when Arthur fell asleep that night it was with a new and exciting concern for himself and with the satisfying thought that if he really could not help these outbursts of temper there was no use expecting him to control them.

The next afternoon Edward and Arthur had a rich and bloody set-to. The fact that both went in to the encounter with clear consciences gave power, zest, and conviction to their blows. Edward would have won, I am glad to say, but for the intervention of the Communal Gardener.

Their mothers were amazed. But I am not in the least surprised. Are you?



SHE FLOATS

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

THE ambition to float while lying upon the back in the sea is an intensely human aspiration. Swimming dogs, horses, cats, and otters never do it, and not even frogs till after death. Yet, paradoxically, the act is the nearest

to the inanimate that the human system can approach, a curious surrender as you lie there gazing naïvely upward, the plaything of the elements, inert.

My own ambition to do this thing would have died years ago from malnutrition if it had not been for the ambitions that my friends entertained for me. Each summer they made it their first business to work me up to the proper pitch, whereupon they would take me out, bestow me in the proper lines upon the waves, and sink me. I think few expert swimmers can know how much the apprentice hates to sink. My masters used to recite over me that familiar text from the Canticles of Ananias, "You can't sink." Oh, execrable fallacy! You can, you can!

"But," said my husband to me, "you wouldn't sink if you were really *in* the water. You try to stay on top."

This is true. I always did *try* to stay on top. But how Phineas or anybody else could say that I succeeded, or that I have not been really in the water!—why, I have gone down like William Beebe and sat among the tittlebats in the bottom of the sea. Also, as Phineas and his family can testify, out of sheer dog-like devotion to them all, I have learned to swim and float under water, every wisp of me submerged. But there is a limit to the time you can hold your breath at this, and the moment I came up to breathe I sank. Thus my friends were still insatiate.

Therefore, this very summer, they resolved once for all that I should learn to float—not my usual Dead Man's Float, head under water, eyes staring downward at the itinerant crabs and starfish among the ocean weeds, but proper, open-air floating, gazing upward at the gulls.

It is a pleasant moment, at a summer house party, when all the family connection, arrayed for water sports, convenes upon the sand. During those first few lazy minutes of sun on the beach, when everyone is basking and nobody splashing in, I take my natural place as an easy

colleague in the friendly groups. I can sift sand through my fingers with the best. When the first few adventurers run glibly up the springboard and dive in and go crawling off toward Australia, I try not to notice. I build sand-cities in company with the smallest nephew, or sand-pail loaves of brown-bread with the smallest niece. But this simple paradise cannot last. Sooner or later a band of experts pounces on me and leads me in.

Sinking, as all good fellow-plummeters know, is a spontaneous act. The instinct is, when under, to grapple for footing in an unbalanced, four-cornered way. Spontaneously, whenever my trainers let go of me, I sank. Bubbles rose.

"Phineas," said I at last, peering wetly at him with a fishy eye, "did you see me sink?"

"But," said Phineas, "you were trying to stay on top. I didn't say you couldn't sink if you were dropped into the water from above the water. When you hoist the back of your neck up and try to float in the air you give yourself a velocity to go down. But if you were down without any velocity you'd come up."

I moaned.

"Oh, Phineas," said I, "when *you* float you stick your head right up, neck and all. It looks like a prow-ornament on one of these Viking ships."

"It doesn't at all," protested Phineas. "A head that *looks* to be out of water wouldn't feel so. Besides, when you know how, you can do various little things to prolong the interval of instability a good deal longer than it would be safe for you to do if you were not trained."

I capitulated. "I'll have iodine poisoning if I swallow any more salt water to-day," said I, "but to-morrow you may train me."

"To-morrow," agreed Phineas, "you will float with the top of your head well under water and nothing out but your nose and chin."

Instantly I made a mental picture of this pose, and the truth dawned on me.

To have the top of my head pointing down, I should need to bend my neck quite sharply back. That night I drew little anatomical sketches and made plans.

Next morning at swimming hour I surrounded my head with a fillet of rolled chamois-skin, protecting my hair and ears. Over this I put on one of these professional gray-rubber helmets, fastening under the chin. And over all by way of art for art's sake, I wore a pretty gay-colored bathing cap, worthless for protection, but an addition to the view. With my head packed firmly thus, I could neither hear nor think, but I did not have to worry about my ears.

"Now!" roared Phineas through my sound-proof casque, as he disposed me on the waves.

With the grimness of desperation I bent my head completely backward, like one of these goose-necked adjustable electric student lamps, and gave myself up body and soul to the elements, cranium down. And the fastidious ocean accepted me on these terms. The top of my head pointed to China, the tip of my chin to the sky. Astonished, I felt the soft spring of the restless water holding me. For appreciable moments I floated, deliberately poking the crown of my head into the pillow of the sea—light, light—in my surprise and admiration of its springiness, I raised my head to speak to Phineas, and promptly sank.

But I had done it. One brother-in-law, one neighbor, one collie dog, and one husband had witnessed me.

"Now!" said they all (all except the collie) "all you need is practice. You have the right idea."

And so, such as it is, to all sinkers, I pass the idea along. Hitherto I had been aspiring to float like a pond lily or a peanut shell. You cannot do that unless you are a natural water-duck, at once light and plump, plump in an insubstantial billowy way. If you are thin, you can be no pond lily. Try it and down you go without the refuge of a supporting stem. These experts who thrust up their heads and crane about

like inquiring sea serpents are misleading. You cannot hope to do it while you learn. The ears must be sacrificed, the scalp, the throat, the jowls, the all—all but the necessary nose, and that to a wave at times.

Back with the neck, then, up with the chin. Never buckle in the center, never try to talk. Keep half-a-lungful of breath in stock within you all the time; never mind a wave in the face, and don't borrow trouble about how you are eventually going to regain your feet. You can cross that bridge when you come to it, but for now, with applauding witnesses to praise you, it is enough that you are afloat. In the opinion of your trainers, you have learned, and they are satisfied. Hereafter you will hardly be able to hold their attention when you want them to watch how well you float.

This dismissal from the limelight is a sufficient guerdon for the toil. It is something to be able to spend the rest of your life in peace. But do not suppose that, with your new ability to stay up, you can no more go down! If you should ever wish to do so, just double like a jack-knife in the center, or carelessly lift a knee, or flop a trifle to escape a breaker, or choke a little to eschew a wave. Let no optimistic human waterfowl beguile you into thinking that you cannot sink.

You can.



THE GIFT OF THE GODS

BY DONALD HOUGH

THE movement for Bigger and Better conversation is perhaps the outstanding phase of the era of Higher Intelligence which has replaced the direct and fiendish dollar-chasing of our immediate ancestors. At the moment of writing, a man in business is measured, not by his knowledge of

freight rates, but by his ability to astound his superiors or their wives by remembering the birth date and one (1) wise saying of Plato. (Adv.)

The road to business success, which has taken over body and soul the road to social success—or vice versa—is no longer a tortuous path. It is a state highway. Vast fortunes, invitations to the best places hinge on some remarkable quotation from the classics hurled into the otherwise stupid conversation like a bombshell. To travel the newly paved highway requires only a few minutes light work a day, as against the usual eight hours of our grubby forebears.

Many have accomplished this thing; many others are now plotting, behind drawn blinds, to sally forth with a diploma of Higher Talk: to grasp from the usual tongue-tied man all of the laurels of the age.

It is with considerable diffidence that I take up this valuable space to plug for my own system, in view of the Big Names that seem to be behind the plans of my contemporaries. But my friends have been kind enough to say that it is due to my own system that I am able to hold the floor in any brilliant gathering: drawing to me, as though by use of a magnet, all of the better-dressed men and more vivacious women, in accordance with the best tradition of the costly advertisements of my rivals.

In the beginning I was not much different from thousands of others—excepting, perhaps, for my mental powers, my appearance, my potentially striking personality. And then one day, at a meeting of the board of directors, I met Smith in the lobby. I had always thought Smith a rather ordinary person. After it was over I walked up to him and said, "Smith, I had no idea you knew so many Romans and Greeks and other foreigners." Smith laughed. He said—But hold on, this is wrong. I'm becoming confused. Let me start again. . . .

It suddenly occurred to me one day

that failure in the world of conversation is largely due to the tendency of the aspirant to talk of his own affairs, or to discuss matters with which his hearer or hearers is not or, are not, familiar. "Therefore," I said to myself, striking a characteristic pose, "one should talk of things of which he knows the other is also aware." For example, I noticed the man sitting next to me in the surface car was looking intently at an advertisement above the opposite seat. I fell at once into the spirit of my discovery. I opened, "They've used a lot of colored ink in that advertisement."

"Yes."

"You'll notice," I pointed out, "that the color of the waves in the background is blue."

"So it is," agreed my victim. He turned and looked squarely at me. His interest was heightening. If we had been at a business or social gathering, he would have felt as though a piece of cloth had been tied across his mouth. He would perhaps be crowding about me.

I pressed my advantage. "The text says, 'What a difference just a few cents makes'."

"Yeah," said my new friend.

That was the end of the conversation, but it set me to thinking. From such a meager beginning I devised my system. Let us suppose a man is sitting beside you in the accommodation train. He is reading the morning paper. You left yours at home for your wife. Therefore, you are pleased when your seat companion, having read the paper from murder to murder, folds it up and graciously hands it to you. Now comes your test. Do you leave your benefactor flat on his back? Do you go ahead and enjoy the paper all yourself while the owner of it is left to look out of the car window? No. To do that would be to brand yourself at once as an uninteresting conversationalist. Your eager eye at once notes that there is a big story on page one telling of a bank holdup. You turn to your audience.

"Well, the Grove Street bank was held up."

"Yes," says your companion. And permit me to point out that his reply proves him a weak conversationalist.

You peruse the paper a moment longer. "The council has refused to vote on the sewer-bond issue," you say, in order to indicate the wide sweep of your interests. In fact, you must now leap into foreign affairs. Show that your busy mind covers all. Your interests are cosmopolitan: world wide. Look quickly for something that has happened in Russia. You will find it on page three. Ah! There it is! Well make use of it.

"I see Chaliapin (mispronounce this on purpose, to dispel any illusion that you may be trying to high-hat your friend) is going to sign up with the Moscow Art Theater."

Your companion responds to the stimulating conversation. "Yes while reading the paper—I always read all of it—every word of it—I read it before I handed it to you—that's why I handed it to you—I read that item." He turns away and looks out of the window, probably embarrassed because his powers of speech are so limited in the face of your fluency and breeding.

But you are democratic. On page five a screaming headline tells you that Stengel may sign up with the Braves.

"Stengel may sign up with the braves," you remark, being careful to lend an air to the impression that you are on the inside of the big deals pulled off in baseball.

Your friend nods. He seems embarrassed. See how red his face is! He wishes he were in your class!

Now it becomes necessary for you to show the serious side of your nature. Delve into the powerful things of the world. Prove yourself a thinker. For example, there is an editorial about the League of Nations. It says in part: "The League is humanity's answer to the god of war. It is the hope of man-

kind for a bigger and a better civilization. How much more simple to adjust our differences by quiet, dignified gatherings than by the ugly method of war. The League has been endorsed by all the important luncheon clubs in the city."

Folding up your paper, you once more address him who shares your seat. You ask, "Well, what do you think of the League of Nations?"

"It's England's supreme effort to assure her permanent supremacy," replies the conversational bust at your elbow.

You laugh, and say, "The League is humanity's answer to the god of war. It is the hope of mankind for a bigger and a better civilization. How much more simple to adjust our differences by quiet, dignified gatherings than by the ugly method of war. The League has been endorsed by all the important luncheon clubs in the city."

The inferiority complex smites the consciousness of your traveling companion. He is unable to keep his emotion from his face. He feels out of place. So he gets up and goes to the smoking car, leaving you victorious. Of course, this leaves you alone. But suppose you had been at a business or social gathering. By this time the more vivacious of the young ladies would be crowding around you. And some of the finest, strongest men. In fact, the man who has just left you looked as though he would like to have crowded round you.

Granting its soundness in theory and principle, many persons have asked me if my system actually works. And then I enjoy my supreme moment. For I can point with pride to the fact that my satisfied customers may be found in all parts of the world. They outnumber the graduates of all other systems combined. The sun never sets on them. And strangely enough, neither does anybody else.



Editor's Easy Chair



NEW FREEDOM AND THE GIRLS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WITH the world so disturbed and prospects so precarious, everybody ought to be loving one another and helping one another along to make the best of a difficult job.

Do you see things going on in that fashion? Are we getting kinder to one another, more tolerant, more indulgent, more patient with different views and varieties of habit?

Perhaps so, but not conspicuously. The processes of toleration may be going on and they really are going on, but they proceed a good deal under the surface and are not yet as ecstatic as they might be, nor detected unless we mix philosophy with observation. There is, however, a rising and constantly strengthening fight against intolerance. Everyone must notice that.

It was encouraging to read in the paper the other day a spirited eulogy of Senator Reed, of Missouri, by Mencken the great lambaster. It was news that there was anyone whom Mencken approved of; but it seems that he does approve heartily of Senator Reed, holds him up to admiration as a man with real punch who sees through delusions that veil ordinary minds, and goes in hard and strong for inducing health in the public perceptions. Now, Senator Reed has put his thumb in so many eyes and pulled it out to bite it at so many respected movements, and is such a caterwauler and objector to organized virtue and dollar-spiced reforms, that it is a grand thing to have someone come

out to say that he is really a defender of faith. If Mencken loves Reed of Missouri, certainly he can love anybody, if only he gets a suitable point of view. We are told to love our neighbors. Here is Mencken loving Reed. Splendid! It is not expected that we should applaud our neighbor always. Mencken does applaud Reed, but he gives reasons. He applauds him as a valiant and defiant apostle of liberty; as a man who thinks, and who says what he thinks, and says it with vigor at a time and in places where ordinary characters neither think nor defy, but let the wild asses of regulation run over them. Mencken was delighted with Reed's performance at the Prohibition hearing in the Senate. He sees him as the champion of human life, opening fire on the hold-up men who would manacle it by rules and prohibitions.

So long as Mencken is loving Reed so vociferously we may leave that job to him, since if too many of us took a hand at it it might be overdone; but such evidences of affectionate approval are valuable from their scarcity. The approval of Mr. Coolidge has not petered out yet, but it is not vociferous like Mencken's approval of Reed. The man most approved in all the world at this moment of writing is Mr. Baldwin, the British Premier. He more than anyone else has evoked from observers the sentiment—this man will do! Indeed, his labors and the labors that he represents seem even to have had the useful effect of promoting good will between Great

Britain and the United States. The papers reported that the concern felt here over the general strike in England, and our observers' comments on it, left an impression on the British mind that was valuable to world amity; an impression that the British and the Americans can love each other somewhat harder if it becomes necessary.

WE could all love one another somewhat harder if we had need to. Why then don't we begin? Perhaps the main reason is that it is not much in human nature to love one's neighbor any harder than is necessary. In times of catastrophe natural human affection burns up a bright flame; then when things are cleaned up, it dies down again. The natural state of man seems to be a state of moderate contention. We have that state in a high degree just now because people's ideas are in such a state of change. Are there any free minds in this world? It may be doubted. All our minds are framed and held by inherited knowledge a good part of which is error, and inherited opinions a good part of which are prejudiced. We are not so very free, and should not be even if the legislators and the clergy and the bankers and the labor leaders and all our other governors would let us think and do anything we thought fit. We are only about as free as we are wise. Nothing makes us really free but one thing, and that is truth. In the degree that we see and know and follow truth we are free. In the degree in which we miss it we stay bound. Our inherited prepossessions are very imperfect forms of truth and in this turmoilsome time we are busy amending them.

And gracious! What a claw and yowl party we make of it! But considering the momentousness of the job, merely to claw and yell a little is to tackle it mildly. Hereabouts we are busy trying to settle what laws are tolerable, what are preposterous, how we may get rid of those that are not

good, and where lies the power to make those which as yet we need. The great Prohibition controversy is running on into the second state in which rum is—as it should be—a matter of secondary importance, and the real question concerns the regulation of American life. It is all to the good that the Prohibition question should take this course; all to the good that states' rights should come up again; all to the good to try out whether the Methodist Board of Morals shall rule the country and, if not, why not. But all such questions as that are merely the visible signs of operations much more powerful than they seem. The world is still digesting the Great War out of which very slowly emerges the new birth of freedom. Often we reach the possible by experiments with the impossible. We are doing that now. We have a lot of things that a lot of people wanted and are testing them. If they don't work they won't stay, and in getting rid of them we may hope to make new barriers against visitations from other things of their sort.

OUR renowned Colonel House observed the other day in *McCall's Magazine* that "the future of the United States lies largely in the hands of women." For sure it does; altogether in their hands if one would put it so. No women, no future! There is no question that women are indispensable to human futures, more so than coal, iron, gasoline, men, rum, or even water. There must be *some* water and *some* men, but scarcity in these elements can better be borne than scarcity in women.

But the Colonel was discussing the prospects of the United States as the arbiter of world peace and predicting that when once the women understood what these States might do in that line they would straightway get it done.

Well, may be! But the expectation of political miracles to be accomplished by direct action of women in politics seems not just now to be in a very prosperous condition. A good many

women are disappointed with the results of the suffrage. It has not panned out as valuable as they thought it would. No doubt that is because they expected too much and not the right kind of results. Suffrage was due and it came. A good many people opposed it because so many women didn't want it, and because they thought it would not make enough difference in political life to justify the trouble of handling it. But it has come and it will stay, and there is no important disposition to reverse it. All the same, women are bad lawmakers. They are less tolerant than men, more practical, insistent upon improvements without enough regard to cost, and as yet very ill versed in the philosophy of law. Their great office in life is to raise children and train them and they incline to train grown people in the same way. For direct action in politics they are not much good, but are most useful when they can discover a man worth backing and back him.

Nevertheless, woman suffrage is a good thing if only to have it over, and some details of emancipation of women that has come with it are splendid. Take the matter of clothes. The release of women from clothing in the last thirty years is marvelous and almost all to the good. In the June *Forum* someone tells a story of seeing a young woman in London about twenty years ago and noticing as she passed that the sleeves of her frock were of some light stuff that left her arms visible. He noticed it because it was unusual, and kept an eye on the girl for a moment or two, especially as he saw that she attracted not only his attention but that of other people. But as he watched he saw her surrounded by something like a small mob all interested and some of them jeering at her, and then he got a policeman and went to her rescue, got her into a cab and took her to her hotel. She was an American girl, filled with dismay at her adventure and extremely astonished, because she said that in New York all women were wearing

such sleeves as hers when she came away.

The year before the war when this present occupant of the Easy Chair, being at Ostend admired the women bathers in one-piece suits, a newspaper which he read recorded the mobbing of women in Atlantic City for appearing on the bathing beach without stockings. All that has changed. Here, as in Europe now, the bathing girls have beaten Mrs. Grundy and the police. There is a series of amusing pictures running in *Life* that gives the costumes of women in what *Life* calls The Gay Nineties. In the Nineties women really wore clothes, a lot of them, at all seasons of the year; and in the Seventies they wore still more: bustles and vast panoplies of silk or other dress material, and earlier than that they had crinoline and tiers of starched skirts, most extraordinary. Still earlier they had pantallettes. But now look at them! A young woman carries her summer wardrobe in a satchel. The baggage-express business is in straits. Saratoga trunks are seen only in attics. What you cannot carry on a motor car does not go. The textile trades are in trouble. The hosiery makers must be in clover, and woman has emerged to a degree that makes some people rather nervous, and the chief and almost the only remonstrant is the Catholic Church, which in the interest perhaps of celibacy, is strong for keeping women covered, neck, arms, and legs, at least in church.

One cannot be sure that there will not be a recurrence of concealing garments for women because the textile people need more money and the fashion makers must keep the fashions changing if they can for the good of business. But these current clothes are popular; doctors say they are very healthy; the ladies were never more admired, and seem likely to stick to the present modes of garb in spite of all the machinations of dress-makers.

So there is a great reform accomplished without the aid of laws, in spite

of the police and quite outside of politics. And yet votes for women probably helped it, for voters cannot be handled quite like sheep.

BY far the most compelling duty of the hour in the United States is the recovery of liberty, involving in its processes the smashing of a lot of bogus sanctities. We have developed a curious assortment of unconcionable political terrorists who, by use of organization, advertisement, money drives, and other modern means of business, have managed to fit onto us an extraordinary line of shackles. Said Mr. Albert Beveridge in an address at the opening of the Philadelphia fair:

We Americans are regulated, directed, controlled and suppressed by more legislative acts, bureaucratic rules and Government interference with every phase of business and life, than any other people that exists today or ever did exist under any form of Government anywhere on earth.

All this has come about in spite of our free institutions, because well-meaning women and men have been and are afflicted by a kind of ecclesiastical complex, and, in that state of mind, have been induced to look upon law, administration and even the judicial function itself, as aspects of religion. Such an attitude is neither moral nor intelligent—it is merely stolid and intolerant.

That is the attitude which must be beaten. The present errand of pious people is not to devise regulations nor prescribe the details of living to their brethren and sisters, but to stand fast with St. Paul "in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," and "not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

Mr. Beveridge's picture of our regulated and suppressed life may seem an exaggeration, but look at the English. They also are a modern people living in these times that we live in, but what extraordinary details of deportment they exhibit. Did the Methodist Board of Morals send observers this year to the Derby, the story of which is fresh in the

papers at this writing? If they sent them, what did they think of that great national festival? Have they any plans to abate it? Have they any hope of abolishing betting in England? For its own part, the Easy Chair hates to bet and hates betting generally, but those English people seem to get along with it. They bet, they drink, they live. They got along with that formidable strike. The papers were full of stories of their remarkable patience and good nature and how everybody took hold. They have very difficult problems, but the general opinion is that they will solve them because they are the English, used to tough problems and used to finding solutions for them. It is eight years next fall since the war ended. When the history of the United States for those eight years is written, how will it compare with the history of England for the same period? Have we, with all our orgies of regulation, done better since the war than the British on the loose? Have we settled more difficult things? Have we shown as much world leadership? We have done something; we have done much. We have created wealth and poured it out, and that has been extremely useful to Europe. By private action rather than by governmental action we have contributed to world recovery. Europe, when it is not too cross with us, undoubtedly looks upon this country and its powers as an asset of civilization. As a people we have done much. As a nation we have not greatly extended the fame of the United States.

That will come right after a while. We shall recover freedom in due time and there will be fruits of that recovery. Man never is but always to be blessed. It has been fairly good sport losing our liberties, it will be better sport regaining them. The girls and their frocks set us an example. Hats off to them for demonstrating that the impossible is merely to-morrow's job, and that where there is will enough you cannot beat it.



Personal and Otherwise



SEVERAL years ago we published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE a series of articles by *James Harvey Robinson*, which went by the title of "The Making of the Mind." Later they appeared in book form with a slightly altered title, *The Mind in the Making*. The book, as everyone knows, proved as successful as it was brilliant: more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold and it still goes vigorously on. More recently Professor Robinson has been occupied with *The Ordeal of Civilization*, to be published this fall. His confession of faith as an historian, to which we give the opening position this month, will be included in this new volume.

No man in America does more consistently distinguished work in the field of the short story than *Wilbur Daniel Steele*. His memorable story, "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," which we published last September, would have divided the O. Henry Prize for the year with a story by Julian Street had not Mr. Steele been disqualified because he had already won two prizes awarded by the O. Henry Committee in 1919 and 1921. "Bubbles" was sent us not from South Norwalk, Connecticut, where Mr. Steele makes his home, but from Europe, where he has been spending a few months.

The most penetrating literary criticism does more than discuss books: it reveals the trend of the times, the ebb and flow of ideas and opinions, as a changing literature indirectly expresses them. *Henry Seidel Canby* writes "In Time of Confusion" as a literary critic, but he gives us more than a comparison of Thackeray and Galsworthy, of Meredith and Sinclair Lewis; he enables us to see our own times, our own prejudices and preferences, in historical perspective. Dr. Canby, formerly editor of the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*, now gives part of each week to editing the *Satur-*

day Review of Literature and the rest to his professorship of English at Yale and to lecturing and critical writing.

If any one is preëminently qualified to remind women of their shortcomings in the business world, it should be the first woman invited to speak before the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth and before the Harvard School of Business Administration. *Anne W. Armstrong* (Mrs. Robert F. Armstrong), who writes us that she is "a Tennessean, one of the flop-eared yokels to whom the intrepid Mr. Mencken playfully refers," took her collegiate training at Mount Holyoke and the University of Chicago and has held executive positions with the National City Company in New York and the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester. She is now living at Emmett, Tennessee, and dividing her time between writing and acting as business consultant on special problems.

The second story of the month comes from an infrequent but valued contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *Grace Sartwell Mason*, of New York. Mrs. Mason is the author of several novels.

Last month we published the varied and entertaining "Notes of an Emigré" written from Munich by *Albert Jay Nock*, formerly of the editorial staff of the *Freeman*, whose fine biography of Thomas Jefferson has just appeared. In this issue appear further notes which he sends from Dresden. Mr. Nock's first HARPER contribution, a much discussed paper on the decline of conversation, appeared in the May number.

Full information concerning *Archer Winston* and the Contest in which his "Story in Descending Discords" took first prize is given on page 395.

The author of "Fear in Small Town Life" writes us that he prefers to remain anonymous.

Joanna Godden is one of the few books of

our time which competent critics, sparing in their use of high praise, speak of as great. In "Joanna Godden Married," the second installment of which appears this month, *Sheila Kaye-Smith's* most famous heroine appears again. Miss Kaye-Smith, otherwise Mrs. T. P. Fry of London, is also the author of *Green Apple Harvest*, *The End of the House of Alard*, *The George and the Crown*, and several other novels.

With his presentation of a new aspect of the much debated subject of science and religion, *Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick* completes his first year of association with HARPER'S MAGAZINE as a regular contributor on Religion and Life. His HARPER papers, dealing not with the doctrinal controversies of the day, but with religion as "an urgent, present power desperately wanted by men and women everywhere, being sought by men and women in all sorts of strange forms and unconventional settings, and just now trying, amid much confusion, to get itself expressed in ways of thinking and ways of action that modern folk can understand and use," will be published in book form shortly under the title of *Adventurous Religion*. Dr. Fosdick recently returned from a leave of absence abroad to assume the active duties of pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York.

Almet Jenks, son of the late Justice Jenks of the Supreme Court of New York, graduated from Yale in 1914 and practices law in New York. He has contributed many short stories to other magazines, but his far from funereal story of a funeral guest is his first contribution to HARPER'S.

A physiologist presumably knows what happens when he raises his arm but it takes *Henshaw Ward*, not a physiologist but an interpreter of physiology and other sciences, to tell the story so that the layman can understand and appreciate it. After serving for nineteen years as teacher of English at the Taft School, Mr. Ward gave up teaching three or four years ago and settled down in New Haven to write. His books, *Evolution for John Doe* and *Thobbing*, have been highly praised and his articles in HARPER'S during the past year have illuminated many a field of science.

The poets of the month, as it happens, are all English. *Austin Lee*, a recent graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, is now living in London and writing verse of exceptional promise. *A. A. Milne*, formerly assistant editor of *Punch*, to which for years he contributed short essays and sketches signed A.A.M., is best known in this country as playwright ("Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Dover Road," etc.) and author of *When We Were Very Young*; for several months he has been contributing to HARPER'S a new series of Christopher Robin Poems. *Martin Armstrong* is not only a poet but a distinguished novelist (he wrote *At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses*) and short-story writer (HARPER'S readers will remember "The Matchmaker," which appeared in our June issue).



In the Lion's Mouth appear *Charles A. Bennett*, associate professor of philosophy at Yale and author of *At a Venture*; *Frances Lester Warner* (Mrs. Mayo D. Hersey) of Pittsburgh, formerly of the English department at Wellesley College and of the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has published many of her amusing essays; and *Donald Hough* of Bear Lake, Minnesota, a new contributor.



The two brothers, Valentin and Ramón de Zubiaurre, are among the leading younger Spanish painters of our day. Both of them were born deaf; perhaps it was this grim fact, denying them the opportunity to follow the career of their father, a distinguished musician, which determined their form of artistic expression. Descendants on both sides of their ancestry from old Basque families, they have dedicated themselves to the portrayal of their own people. A number of their paintings have recently been shown in this country (they always exhibit together). The picture reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue is by the elder of the two, Valentin, whose special study has been of the peasants of his own village of Garay.

Readers of HARPER'S, being acquainted with the critical writing of Harry Hansen, who since 1923 has reviewed for us the new books of the month (excepting those published by Harper & Brothers), were interested to hear recently that he had left the *Chicago Daily News*, with which he had been associated for fourteen years, to become literary editor of the *New York World*, taking the place from which Laurence Stallings had resigned.

Congratulating the *World* on its selection, John Farrar, editor of the *Bookman*, wrote an appreciation of Mr. Hansen from which we take the liberty of quoting the following paragraph:

His attitude toward books cannot be too highly commended. He is first of all honest, with a completeness that might almost furnish a definition of the word. This honesty is the product of a carefully acquired background of knowledge, a balancing of worth, an excellent understanding of comparative literature. Such a stressing of honesty may seem to imply dullness, or a highly intellectual attitude toward books and life. Such is not the case. Hansen's opinions are sound but they find expression in a style which is increasingly marked by wit and provocative qualities. He has his own ideas but he knows also the temper and the desires of the American public. His own tastes are not so special that they carry him into the byways of book appreciation. If he wanders far afield it is to lead his public enthusiastically with him. The task of being a good literary journalist in America was never more difficult than now, at a time when the public is increasingly aware of books and increasingly interested in the new value of their publication. Mr. Hansen has cleverly combined the talents of the reporter with those of the critic. He is, himself, exceedingly modest, but by reason of this modesty which leads him to term himself book reviewer rather than critic, he emerges in my opinion as far more important to contemporary criticism than other more pretentious figures.

Mr. Hansen will continue his HARPER department, Among the New Books, as before.



The results of the Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest, which closed May 1st, are as follows: The First Prize of five hundred dollars is awarded by the judges, William McFee, Christopher Morley, and Zona Gale,

to *Archer Winsten*, of New York City, a member of the class of 1926 at Princeton University. Mr. Winsten's prize-winning contribution, "Story in Descending Discords," is published in this issue of the Magazine.

The verdict of the three judges was not unanimous. One gave first place to Mr. Winsten, one to *Mary Lispenard Cooper* of the class of 1926 at Vassar College, and one to *Walter D. Edmonds, Jr.*, of the class of 1926 at Harvard University. The distribution of prizes was accordingly determined by a point system of scoring in which due weight was given to the second and third choices of the judges. This put Mr. Winsten in first place and resulted in a tie for second between Miss Cooper and Mr. Edmonds. Instead of awarding a second prize of three hundred dollars and a third prize of two hundred dollars as originally planned, the Magazine therefore awards two second prizes of three hundred dollars each to Miss Cooper and Mr. Edmonds. Miss Cooper's home is in Flushing, Long Island, and Mr. Edmonds's in New York City.

The winners of honorable mention are Julia Godman, of the University of Oregon; Gilmore Flues, of Princeton; Roberta E. Smith, of Washburn College; Marie Macumber, of the University of Nebraska; and Tench F. Tilghman, of the University of Virginia. Miss Cooper also wins honorable mention with another story entitled "Easter."

Eighty-four colleges and universities participated in the Contest, including the great majority of the leading institutions of the country. Each submitted not over five manuscripts representing the best prose work of undergraduates during the year, the selection of manuscripts in each institution being made by the head of the English department or his deputy.

To all of those who co-operated with the Magazine in the holding of the Contest, including the judges, the heads of the various English Departments who made the selections in the colleges, and the undergraduate competitors, we wish to express our gratitude. Without their enthusiastic participation the contest could not have attained success.

The Editors, after having read all of the manuscripts submitted in the Contest (nearly three hundred in number), venture a few comments on them as a group.

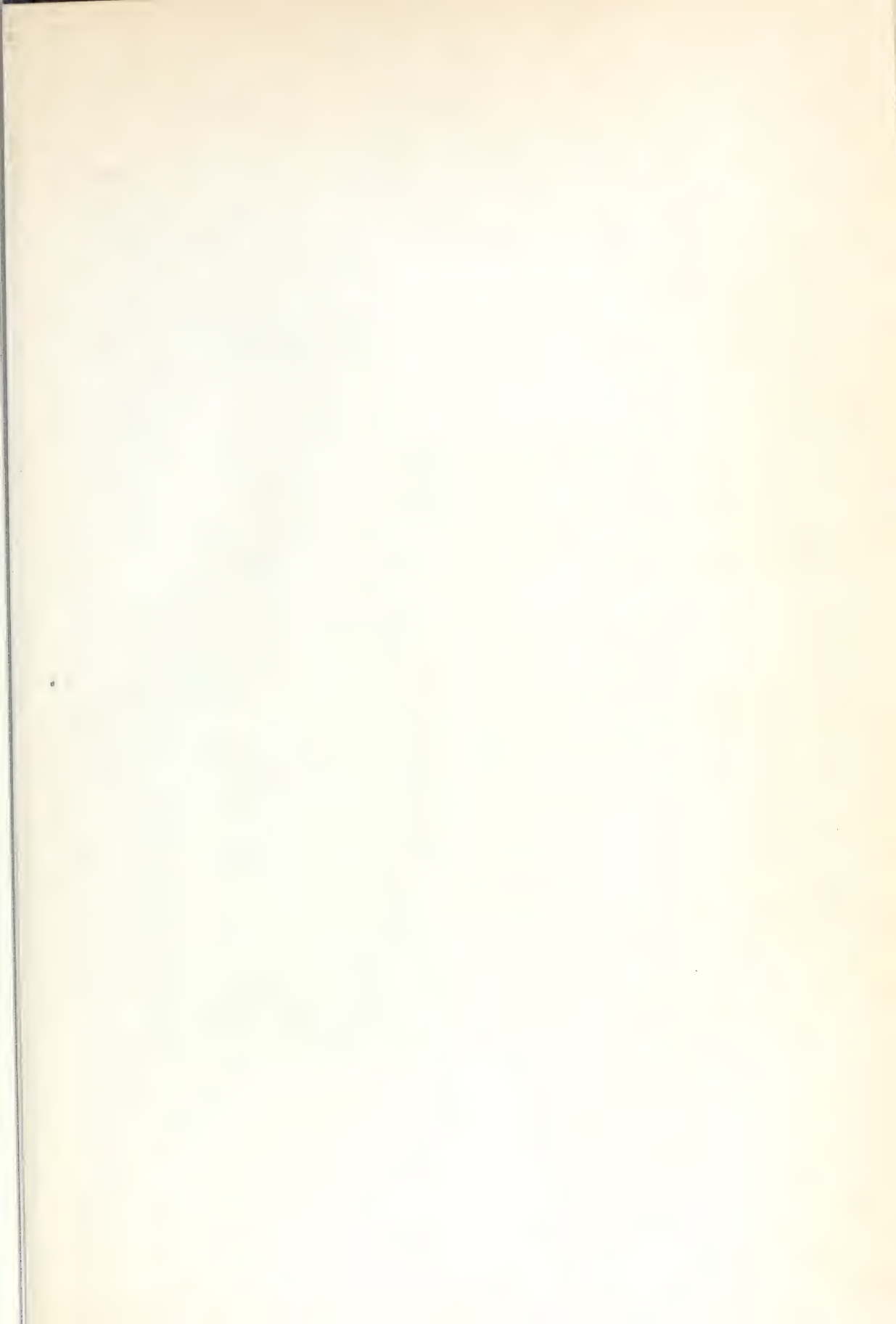
The overwhelming majority of the contributions were stories. This may have been due to the fact that immaturity perhaps is less of a handicap to the fiction-writer than to the essayist, and that consequently the best work being done in the colleges is largely fiction, or else to the fact that there is so much study of fiction-writing in college composition courses that undergraduates tend to prefer fiction as a vehicle. There were a few descriptive sketches, half a dozen one-act plays, and thirty or forty essays and articles.

One conspicuous fact was that only a handful of the essays and articles showed original thought upon the problems of college life or any other problems which the authors personally face. This was a distinct disappointment to the Editors. There were more literary appraisals, more essays on the art of the Brontë sisters or the pantheism of Shelley than comments on the life being lived to-day under the very eyes of the competitors. As one of the Judges put it, "I'd rather read what one of these young men thinks of his father than what he thinks of Byron." Making every allowance for the fact that many of the manuscripts in the Contest were prepared for classroom purposes, that professors require papers on academic subjects, and that possibly the taste of some of the professors who selected the manuscripts for entry in the Contest leaned toward exhibitions of scholarship, the fact remains that there was astonishingly little evidence that the undergraduates of to-day are looking at the world about them with that observant, critical, and understanding eye which college training is supposed to develop, and using their powers of literary expression to speak their own minds on facts and conditions which they know at first-hand. The contribution of Miss Smith of Washburn College, written out of personal experience and personal thought, was the only essay to find a place among the winners of prizes or of honorable mention.

Most of the stories which were submitted showed a similar tendency to deal with subjects remote from the personal experience of the writers. The workmanship was generally sound, although there was a tendency, natural among those whose own technic has not matured, to imitate the methods of certain well-known authors whose work is often used as a model in collegiate courses; there were for example many stories written according to the formula of O. Henry, Katherine Mansfield, or Kipling. But what threw story after story out of the running was the attempt to reproduce not only the manner but the substance of these models, to write about people and conditions concerning which the writer had only second- or third-hand evidence; about stevedores, gangsters, marital crises, archdukes and countesses, the sensations of old men facing death; the result being usually a performance empty of significance.

Mr. Winsten's "Story in Descending Discords" rose above the general level of Contest entries not on account of its technic (for as a story it is almost formless, and it follows to some extent the method of Ring Lardner), but on account of its genuine understanding of men and situations which Mr. Winsten knows about himself. Miss Cooper's stories, utterly different in method, were similar in that they dealt with familiar material.

It is a truism that to write effectively one must have something to say. Many of the contestants apparently had not grasped the fact that writing is a form of self-expression; that the promising writer is not he who merely avoids errors of grammar, punctuation, and arrangement, nor even he who is able to produce a respectable imitation of a masterpiece, but he who adapts his gift of language and of form to the presentation of something drawn from his own observation and experience. Acquaintance with masterpieces of fiction is valuable, but the first requirement is to have a story of one's own worth telling and to know one's characters and their surroundings. It would be a pity if the study of masterpieces in college composition courses obscured this obvious fact.





WOMAN AT THE PIANO

By Guy Pène Du Bois

Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

DARWIN THE DESTROYER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

IN studying the influence of Darwin and Darwinism it is well to begin by realizing clearly the orthodox religious conceptions which prevailed with the mass of mankind through the Middle Ages and well into the nineteenth century, as they prevail still in some form among large portions of the population in Europe and America. According to these conceptions the universe was created by an omnipotent, thoroughly anthropomorphic Deity. In that universe the terrestrial globe occupied a most important, if not a central and pivotal position. The globe was peopled by living beings, each created by the Deity in its particular form and kind, and all, like the whole existing universe, subordinated to man, who alone was endowed with a reasoning intellect and a moral nature. Thus gifted, he was an object of peculiar solicitude to his Creator, who interfered in every aspect of human fate, and whose favor could be secured and his wrath deprecated by prayer and by the conformity of human conduct to the divine decrees. In other words, the earth was the

primary object of the universe, and man was the primary object of the earth, and hence of the universe also.

The Copernican theory, with the later development of astronomy, showing that the earth was not the center of the universe at all, but merely an insignificant and utterly inconsequential speck in the vastness of stellar space, gave this orthodox view a shattering shock. If the earth was of no consequence, how could man's consequence be supreme? Theology, with its fortunate gift of agile adaptation, after first combating the new astronomy with all its zeal, finally worked out to a belated acceptance of what could not be resisted, and then ingeniously contrived, by huge effort of reasoning, to reconcile science with orthodox views and to restore man to his supremacy. But just when this had been happily and satisfactorily accomplished, along came Darwin, and shattered human distinction and superiority, and with them the ancient ideas of Deity, even more completely than Copernicus had done. It is no wonder that theology, exhausted

by the earlier struggle, almost balked and gave up the contest.

What interests us first is Darwin's own attitude toward the far-reaching consequences of his theory. That from the start he was conscious of possible effects is evident. He had lived closely enough in contact with the orthodox attitude to appreciate the results of disturbing it, and the deeper results of disturbing the fundamental principles upon which it was based. Nevertheless, he does not appear to have felt, or at least to have been haunted by the dread of a solitary and God-abandoned universe that afflicts some of us. His general mental attitude was so healthy and so practical that he was not too much troubled by remote apprehensions and dim spiritual possibilities. Thus he was inclined to take an optimistic view of the workings of natural selection. He believed that, on the whole, the sum of happiness exceeded that of misery for sentient beings, and he felt that indefinite progress and advancement for man was perfectly compatible with the conclusions to which his scientific study had led him. With these undeniably optimistic leanings on Darwin's part in mind, it is amusing to read Lyell's remark, that "he had frequently been asked if Darwin was not one of the most unhappy of men, it being suggested that his outrage upon public opinion should have filled him with remorse."

At the same time Darwin was perfectly aware that his theories tended to shatter the orthodox view of man and his supremacy and even the orthodox God. Especially he knew well what fierce hostility he should evoke from those who had grown up in the orthodox belief, were wedded to it by all the force of habit and tradition, and were intellectually unqualified to adapt themselves to any other. Therefore, from the beginning, he proceeded with the greatest caution and moderation of statement. This arose partly from his sweetness of temper. He had no desire to wound or destroy, except

as the truth might compel him to do so.

On the other hand, where his conclusions were clear and well established, he meant to speak out, and let the truth prevail, without regard to the feelings of anybody. He wanted to sustain no cause, to push no argument for itself; he wanted facts and nothing else. And when he feels that he has yielded too much to popular prejudice and to the desire to conciliate it, his regret is decided and he determines to do so no more, "I have long regretted that I truckled to public opinion, and used the Pentateuchal term of creation, by which I really meant 'appeared' by some wholly unknown process. It is mere rubbish, thinking at present of the origin of life; one might as well think of the origin of matter."

As regards this world, in matters of morals, of conduct, and generally of the bearing of evolution on sociology, Darwin's own sturdy moral habit and self-poised temperament made him perhaps unduly optimistic. Temptation had little hold upon him. Why should it have more upon others, even unsustained by celestial guidance and control? Yet the deadly, grinding, destroying implications of the struggle for existence do crop out everywhere, and the best intentioned efforts do not altogether disguise them, while Darwin's undue optimism as to possible consequences appears, it seems to me, in a note to the *Descent of Man*. He is commenting on an article of Miss Cobb, in which she says, referring to his ethical explanations, "I cannot but believe that in the hour of their triumph would be sounded the knell of the virtue of mankind." On which Darwin remarks comfortably, "It is to be hoped that the belief in the permanence of virtue on this earth is not held by many persons on so weak a tenure."

When it comes to the bearing of evolution on another world, Darwin's attitude is equally interesting, and equally inconclusive. To me one of the most

characteristic and suggestive sentences he ever wrote occurs in a letter to Wallace, of August, 1872 (*italics mine*): "Perhaps the mere reiteration of the statements given by Dr. Bastian and by other men, whose judgment I respect, and who have worked long on the lower organisms, would suffice to convince me. Here is a fine confession of intellectual weakness; *but what an inexplicable frame of mind is that of belief.*" The implications here are almost fathomless, but it is clear enough that to Darwin belief was not a spiritual necessity of his being, but merely came with the overwhelming obtrusion of fact.

In regard to a future life, Darwin recognized that a belief in it was needed to complete the process established here. Yet when the question of the future has been debated over and over, the result, as with other questions, is complete muddle and puzzle, and all that can be said of them is: "The conclusion that I always come to after thinking of such questions is that they are beyond the human intellect; and the less one thinks on them, the better." What at least stands out is that Darwin does not greatly concern himself with the enormous dislocation of life in this world which is likely to follow the loss of belief in another.

And again, there is evolution and God. Darwin frequently insists that he is no atheist, and that his system must not be charged with any atheistical conclusion. The belief in God is eminently useful. At every opportunity God is given fair play and a fighting chance: it rests with Him to make the most of it. At the same time, the conflicts and difficulties are mountainous and it would appear insuperable. And the result in any case, if God is left in His universe at all, is to remove Him very, very far away, and completely to demolish all sense of His intervention in the little daily actions and experiences of common life and all intimate communion and conference with Him in regard to those actions. When the

Descent of Man is published, Mrs. Darwin writes to her daughter, quite simply, "I think it will be very interesting, but that I shall dislike it very much as again putting God further off." For others besides Mrs. Darwin it reduced Him quite to the vanishing point.

But if Darwin himself was content to let God alone, so far as possible, the more ardent and zealous of Darwin's followers were inclined to hustle the Creator out of the universe altogether. This was especially true of the aggressive Darwinians in Germany. They extended the deductions of evolution to all the practical workings of human life in a fashion which Darwin distinctly disapproved. To Darwin's energetic disciple, Weismann, the evolutionary theory seemed as solidly established as that of gravitation. And in Weismann's opinion, evolution would go on creating adequate moral ideals, as it has done in the past. Hckel substituted an exuberant, triumphant materialistic atheism for the crawling superstitions of an earlier day.

In England Huxley endeavored to emphasize the complete separation of religion and science, though no one really knew better than he how fatally they interlock at every step. Spencer, in providing evolution with a metaphysical apparatus, extended its bearing into all the regions of speculative thought. It is not probable that he is much read at present, but his *First Principles* spread a wide leaven of Agnosticism among the youth of a generation ago, and I do not know where you will find a much more desolating statement of the possible barrenness of evolutionary results than in the conclusion of his Autobiography: "Then behind these mysteries lies the all-embracing mystery—whence this universal transformation which has gone on unceasingly through a past eternity and will go on unceasingly through a future eternity? And along with this rises the paralyzing thought—what if, of all this that is thus incomprehensible to us, there exists no

comprehension anywhere? No wonder that men take refuge in authoritative dogma. . . . Lastly come the insoluble questions concerning our own fate: the evidence seeming so strong that the relations of mind and nervous structure are such that cessation of the one accompanies dissolution of the other, while simultaneously comes the thought, so strange and so difficult to realize, that with death there lapses both the consciousness of existence and the consciousness of having existed."

II

After considering Darwin's view of the practical working of his discovery, it is interesting to sum up, so far as is possible in such vague and indefinite matters, one's own impression of the effect of the popular acceptance of that discovery. And here I must emphasize that I am not dealing with philosophical or scientific theories, least of all with any such theories of my own, but am simply trying to suggest what seem to me the indirect and secondary workings of scientific theory in the popular mind. It is hardly necessary to say that Darwin's own teaching cannot be held directly responsible for those workings, and that many of them he would completely have rejected. Moreover, it must also be recognized that Darwin in large measure summarized and embodied the general scientific drift of the age. Nevertheless, the evolutionary theory may be regarded as typifying and formulating all these complicated tendencies more fully and effectively than any other. How these tendencies have worked is well suggested in the pregnant words of Professor Osborn, though he is careful to insist that it is the misunderstanding, not the understanding, of evolutionary doctrine, that has caused the evil: "It may be said without scientific or religious prejudice that the world-wide loss of the older religious and Biblical foundation of morals has been one of the chief causes of human decadence

in conduct, in literature, and in art. This, however, is partly due to a complete misunderstanding of creative evolution, which is a process of ascent, not of descent."

Let us attempt to follow the workings of evolution in various phases of life and thought. Take, first, politics. The great democratic movement of the past hundred and fifty years naturally far antedates Darwinism. Its roots were laid in the eighteenth century, with the teachings of the French philosophers, chiefly Rousseau, and the practical action of the American and French Revolutions. But the views of evolutionary science fitted admirably with the intense individualism of democracy, its proclamation of the right of the individual man to assert himself against every and all others, high or low, rich or poor.

After democracy has made its way in the world, it is interesting to see the effort of theology to claim it and to urge that the value and importance of the individual is a gradual effect and an essential element of Christian doctrine. It is true that Christianity has always proclaimed the equality of all souls before God and their equal need of salvation. But it is equally true that the Church has always got along comfortably with every sort of tyranny and for centuries solemnly sponsored the divine right of kings, alleging at all times the unfailing text, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." And it is more deeply true that the natural Christian emphasis upon the importance of another world tends to create indifference to the political concerns of this, so that even in the middle of the nineteenth century revivalists like Moody could regard political movements and reforms as matters of minor consequence in face of the imminent cataclysm which would wipe out this world and its doings altogether. The most vigorous and energetic insistence on the rights of man as a mortal came from those who concerned themselves very little with his immortality.

And if indifference to the other world affected politics, it has had an even greater effect in the more general regions of sociology. So long as the poor and wretched were taught—by the rich—that their sojourn here was infinitesimally insignificant compared with the bliss that awaited them hereafter, they could endure with comparative patience. Lazarus could let the dogs lick his sores with fair content while he was comforted with the reflection that an equally bad day was coming for Dives, and a great deal more of it. But when he became convinced that this world was all, Lazarus bestirred himself, and invented Socialism and Anarchism and Bolshevism and many other isms with capital letters, which might enable him to attend to the matter of Dives right here and to see to it that, if he could not share all the blessings of the rich, at least the rich might be made as miserable as he.

Take again the influence of science in the realm of art. From the close of the eighteenth century external nature began to play a rôle in the arts that it had never played before, and the prominence of landscape in painting was as notable as natural description in literature. But during the first half of the nineteenth century this natural influence was romantic, imaginative, emotional. With the middle years the scientific tendency made itself felt, and art became more closely and intensely realistic. This is perhaps most generally obvious in the literary world, and the great novelists of France, from Balzac on, embody the scientific movement of which Darwin is so eminently representative. Most significant of all in this regard is the great epic of Zola, the history of the Rougon-Macquart family, in twenty solid volumes. I am not for a moment vouching for the solidity of Zola's science, which may be quite as fantastic in its way as the romance of Dumas. The point is that Zola believed himself to be typifying and illustrating scientific tendencies, and that the popularly accepted

notion of the struggle for existence, with all its blind and bitter cruelty, its pitiful tragedy of the warfare and merciless destruction of the animal world, was transferred to humanity in the endless pages, as gloomy as they are powerful, of the great French imaginative drama.

Thus scientific conceptions, working in the popular mind, have fixed it upon the affairs of this world, and have reduced the various phases of the other, formerly so immensely important, to a shadowy inconsistency. Science, for example, has disposed of hell with ludicrous completeness. The old material hell, as Dante and the Middle Ages viewed it, a repository definitely under ground, with devils busily engaged over boiling caldrons, has surely vanished, never to return. In the scientifically arranged physical universe there is no place for it. Even my friend Moody, whose ideas of heaven were so specific, does not attempt any such physical location of hell. And it is true that the orthodox still take refuge in moral torments, prolonged if not eternal horrors, which the erring spirit in wilful perversity inflicts upon itself. But it is doubtful if even the orthodox continue to take even these very seriously. There cannot be many persons who still suffer from the brooding gloom with which the concrete vision of hell genuinely oppressed thousands of sensitive souls in ages past. And this may be set down as a gain, since the misery to the sensitive souls was very real, while how far the fear of hell acted as a deterrent to souls of another order may be seriously questioned. But, gain or loss, it will hardly be disputed that the boiling depths of hell have largely boiled away.

Unfortunately, hell, in departing, has shown a marked tendency to drag heaven with it. The same material difficulty of course obtains here also. Moody used to proclaim that heaven was tangible, mappable, a city like New York, only with more agreeable streets and doubtless better traffic arrangements. But it

is hard for the most devout believer today to take so concrete a view. And it is not only that the pearly gates and golden pavements have gone. Their disappearance has given a rude jar to the belief in any kind of future life whatever. I am merely speaking of the average American man in the street, and perhaps of even the woman also. The negative views in such matters announced shortly before his death by so good, so upright, so in the largest sense Christian a man as Luther Burbank, are beyond a doubt the views, more or less definitely formulated, of millions of men in America today. The best they can say is that it is their business to live the life here in the most energetic, straightforward, profitable way they can, to see that after their deaths their wives and children are provided for, and to leave any other lives to take care of themselves.

And then there is the question of God, and it seems that He has a tendency to vanish also, with the disappearance of His celestial habitation, so that I feel a touch of tenderness for departed grandeur in capitalizing the pronoun. The scientific sequence of cause and effect has permeated so thoroughly the minds of even those who do not think of it in formal terms that the old feeling of the intervention of Divine power in daily affairs and the old intimate relation with a personal Father have been greatly weakened, where they have not been altogether forgotten. As Mrs. Darwin suggests, God grows farther and farther away. It is sometimes urged that this remoteness is connected with a deeper and more serious reverence, but there is great danger of revering the Deity out of existence. In the Middle Ages men treated God as familiarly as if He were a friend round the corner, but they felt Him.

Worship, at any rate, Protestant worship, tends to lose its devotional character and the overpowering sense of the Divine presence, and to become a mere polite fraternizing for social purposes. You hear many people say that

they worship God better alone in the fields than in the churches. As to some of the churches the feeling is natural enough, but I wonder how many think of Him on the golf links, except in the form of profanity, or in the hurry and swirl of traffic-crowded highways, or even in the fields, if anybody ever gets there any more. And prayer? It may be that more keep up the habit than we suppose. But with how many is it still a passionate intercession for divine help in their daily needs or a means of self-forgetful communion with the comforting, supporting, everlasting Arms? How many boys still pray to have fence-rails lifted off them or to win in their games of baseball and football? Can we possibly conceive such a state of things as is indicated in Finney's description of a revival a hundred years ago? "Indeed the town was full of prayer. Go where you would, you heard the voice of prayer. Pass along the street and if two or three Christians happened to be together, they were praying. Wherever they met, they prayed."

The most striking of all the dislocations effected by the intrusion of the scientific attitude is in the banishment of sin. Not only original sin has been swept away with the disappearance of the older theology and the establishment of evolutionary doctrines, but the uneasy, haunting torment of conscience appears to have been greatly diminished. No doubt it still, as always, chiefly harasses those who have least need of it. No doubt some persons still vex themselves to agony for imaginary sins. But the bulk, especially of the younger generation, are like the heroine of Lemaitre's play, "a little woman who without any very definite idea of the meaning of positivism, Darwinism, struggle for life, etc., lives in a moral atmosphere entirely impregnated with all these things." And as a consequence, her moral attitude undergoes the great transformation of the modern world, by which an old-fashioned sin becomes simply a new-

fashioned mistake. In other words, expediency, the belief that it does not pay to do wrong, takes the place of the old divine sanction, divine command, divine reward and punishment.

There are many who take a very sanguine view of all this. To them it seems that the old, instinctive sense of sin was stupid and caused far more misery than it cured. Expediency, or enlightened self-interest, working with the larger interest of the community, is expected more and more effectively and satisfactorily to take the place of the older categorical imperative. But to others it seems that expediency is but a chill and slender reed to lean upon when the stress of passion and temptation come. The fire of hell was often a mild deterrent enough; but it is doubtful whether remote considerations of expediency will suffice to deter even so effectively as hell-fire.

To these old-fashioned and conservative persons it seems likely that the decay of a divine origin will weaken and break down the springs of moral action and that in an enlightened self-interest the enlightenment is hardly powerful enough to abolish the selfishness. Some of these persons have even been disposed to see in the world war something at least of the culmination of evolutionary doctrines about the struggle for life and survival of the fittest; and it is certainly in the protest against these doctrines that the Fundamentalists find their best justification for attempting to set back and repress the movement of human thought, if there were any justification whatever for the unwisdom of the effort to dam the Mississippi with a sheet of paper.

III

When we turn from the popular acceptance of evolution and its workings, we may, if we choose, find plenty of interpretations of the theorists yielding a different result.

Long before Darwin's day evolution, in the sense of a larger process of devel-

opment and unfolding in the universe, had been foreshadowed and cherished by the philosophers. Not to speak of the Greeks, the successors of Kant in Germany had, each in his way, devised some dynamic explanation of the spiritual world.

Also, there are the philosophers who, obviously coming within the scope of evolution and Darwinism, transform and transfigure them with a certain divine radiance and spiritual change. There is William James. Forty years ago I happened to ride in a horse car opposite James, who was talking with all his splendid, eager enthusiasm to a pupil sitting beside him. James said that for a time he had been oppressed by the gloom of Schopenhauer's pessimism. Then he had pulled himself together and made up his mind that the true course for him was to get rid of all the evil within his own reach, so far as he personally could, and let the broader working of the universe take care of itself. Here we see the germ which later grew into the splendid fabric of Pragmatism, the belief that the Spirit, which made the world of evolving phenomena, was itself a thing of dynamic growth and force, able to create by its own native energy a future and a reality and a God that should embody its highest ideals. A parallel development appears in the "Creative Evolution" of Bergson, the theory of the creative spirit perpetually evolving in richer, more splendid, more satisfying forms, through the eternal depths of a luminous future. From the day when Darwin's views were first announced up to this very moment, up to the publication of such books as Professor Whitehead's *Science and Modern Thought* and Professor Lloyd Morgan's *Emergent Evolution*, thinkers have been busily at work devising interpretations and developments of the evolutionary doctrine, regardless of conflict and divergence, in the spirit of Professor Whitehead's admirable saying, "A clash of doctrines is not a disaster—it is an opportunity." The results are some-

what bewildering, and perhaps rarely satisfying to any but the thinkers themselves, but they are at least stimulating and suggestive.

Then there are the achievements of the clergy. As I have earlier pointed out, it took many generations of herculean effort to get the Bible and the Copernican theory into harmony, but by endless processes of the reasonable wriggling which so much amused Darwin in himself and in others the two were contentedly brought together. Then appeared this later disturber of the peace, and at first the theologians despaired. But when did a theologian ever really despair? Mankind must have God, must have Christ, must have the Bible, above all, must have a priesthood. If Darwinism did away with the first three, I ask you what would the priesthood do for a living? Therefore, the contending elements must be reconciled, and should be. Science in contradiction with religion? Fie! Never! Why, science only clarifies religion, and religion enriches and fructifies science. The marriage of the two is triumphantly proclaimed in the joyous cry of Doctor Cadman, which typifies a million others, and demonstrates that everything is for the best in the best of all possible clerical worlds: "So far from evolution being incompatible with religion, it is of all scientific theories the most easily accommodated to the demands of faith. In itself the evolutionary hypothesis supplies to all scientists and believers in religion one of the noblest conceptions of the creative mind to be found anywhere in literature. The idea of progressive development culminating in perfectibility contains the most radiant optimism extant to-day." It would be difficult to improve upon the splendor of that passage, but it offers vast food for meditation. Somehow I turn from it instinctively to the comment of Darwin upon one of his orthodox admirers, "But how funny men's minds are! he says he is chiefly converted because my books make the Birth of Christ, Redemp-

tion by Grace, etc., plain to him!" How funny men's minds are!

The optimism of the scientists is quite as persistent and perhaps a little more convincing than that of the theologians. From the advent of Darwin's theory there have been those, like Asa Gray, who persisted in regarding it as perfectly, luminously compatible with entire orthodoxy. Gray himself maintained this position with militant vigor, and Mivart, though far more critical of Darwin, contrived to reconcile the general principles of evolution with a long adherence to the Catholic Church. In our day Sir Oliver Lodge has reconciled a life of scientific research with spiritualistic beliefs, and even Darwin's co-discoverer, Wallace, ardently advocated spiritualism to the end.

Others who are not quite so extreme in their conclusions yet insist that there is no conflict whatever between a firm belief in Darwinism and a spiritual hope. Especially scientists of this type lay stress upon the benefits which enlightened scientific theory confers upon our life in this world. Evolution, according to them, teaches the splendid progress of man in the past and in the future, his enriching development, his enlarging solidarity in well-being and well-doing. When one reads these almost ecstatic interpretations of scientific possibility, one finds it really difficult to resist their rapture. Listen to the enthusiasm of Professor Conklin: "The past and present tendencies of evolution justify the highest hopes for the future and inspire faith in the final culmination of this great law in

"One far-off divine event
Toward which the whole creation
moves'."

The religion of the future is to be no worse than that of the past: who knows but it may be infinitely better? "In the past religion has dealt largely with the individual and his relation to God; its chief concern was the salvation of individual souls and their preparation for a

future life; it has been largely *egocentric*. The religion of the future must more and more deal with the salvation of society; it must be *ethnocentric*." In the charming words of Meilhac and Halévy:

"*C'est imprévu, mais c'est moral.
Ainsi finit la comédie.*"

"Unexpectedly moral at that,
It closes the comedy pat."

To be sure, there are persons to whom all this ecstasy seems more gorgeous than substantial. I cannot help thinking of the bitter comment of Leopardi on the sciolists who were busily engaged in making a happy whole out of wretched component parts: "The lofty spirits of my day found out a new and almost divine scheme: not being able to make any one person happy, they forgot individuals and set themselves to making the community happy as a whole." And he concludes:

"I know not whether to pity or to smile."

I confess that I am myself perfectly, enormously egocentric, and these *ethno* considerations appeal to me very little. In so far as the good of the race is identified with my personal comfort and well-being, I am interested in it. But my ego cries out for God simply for itself, and if it is to be wiped out like a dew-drop in the sun, words cannot express my utter indifference to the well-being of the race, of the world, and of the universe.

Nevertheless, it is probable that humanity will achieve some adjustment in this matter. Mankind has always demanded spiritual ideals and the divine presence, and always will demand them. If they are lost, it will re-invent them. If they are destroyed, it will re-create them. No doubt the speculations of the philosophers, the merry doings of the clergy, and the persistent optimism of the scientists will suffice to keep religion and the human soul and even God upon Their feet and to enable Them to carry on decorously through the dreamy flight of centuries to come.

IV

Meantime, it is interesting to consider how many of the great spirits of the last generation, and especially of those most intellectually influential, were profoundly moved by Darwinism and felt more or less its haunting gloom of destruction and its far-reaching effect. In Ibsen the struggle for existence shows in the intense assertion of the individual and his passionate emphasis of the right to live and to develop himself, and the same tendency in Nietzsche grew into the cloudy and colossal phantom of the Superman. With Tolstoi the obsession of Darwinistic conflict and survival appears in the earlier novels, *Anna* and *War and Peace*; but in the end, like Zola or John Fiske, he found the pressure too great and too horrible, and endeavored to establish an antidote for human misery in human love. In Renan the subtle, delicate, enchanting irony serves only to make the fundamental, dissolving nihilism more deep and ruinous. Or our own American Henry Adams asks evolution to educate him, and asks in vain. All it can teach him is that *terebratula* can remain unchanged in its insignificance for centuries, while man evolves, yet in the end proves to be no whit more significant than *terebratula*. And Adams goes out, like a spent torch, uneducated, in the huge, unmeaning, whirling acceleration of theories and discoveries and plain sufferings and questions that must remain forever unanswered. Yet perhaps Adams was quite as adequate to the universe as Doctor Cadman.

There are, especially, two figures, not so important for the quality of their thought, but immensely important for the influence of it, who stand out as being overweighted and overcome by the evolutionary blight. Anatole France, following Renan, filled his books and his life with gentle, indulgent, kindly tolerance, with rare human insight and sympathy. Yet beneath it all, beneath the tender lenience of Sylvestre Bonnard,

and the kindly curiosity of Jérôme Coignard, and the patient comprehension of Monsieur Bergeret, always there was the sense of the nullity of human effort and the futility of human fate. All the motives and interests of men and women are reduced to the Darwinian residuum of self-preservation and propagation, or as France repeatedly puts it, more boldly and baldly, love and hunger are the two poles of our being. And when he makes intimate confession of the workings of the theory in his own person and life, this is the result: "It is said, 'man is the lord of creation.' Man is the lord of suffering, my friend. There is no clearer proof of the non-existence of God than life. . . . If you could read in my soul, you would be terrified. . . . There is not in all the universe a creature more unhappy than I. People think me happy. I have never been happy for one day, not for a single hour."

Or take the case of Mark Twain, far more important for Americans than France, because it may safely be said that few if any authors more influenced and to-day influence the youth of America than the creator of Huckleberry Finn. Mark, like France, was the kindest, the gentlest, the most humane of men and authors. His energetic sympathy and support were given to relieve suffering and oppression everywhere. But although he was not particularly expert in science or philosophy, the virus of utter nihilistic disbelief had infected his soul as completely as that of France, and far more militantly. The destructive effects of the evolutionary teaching cannot be more fully displayed than in the arguments which Mark, to save his own credit, puts into the mouth of Satan in *The Mysterious Stranger*: "A God . . . who mouths justice and invented hell—mouths mercy and invented hell—mouths Golden Rules, and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven, and invented hell; who mouths morals to other people and has none himself; who frowns upon crimes, yet commits them all; who created man

without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon himself; and finally, with altogether divine obtuseness, invites this poor, abused slave to worship him!"

In conclusion, perhaps one may introduce oneself, not in the least as connected with all these distinguished persons, but simply as a type of a great number of average human beings, who live and suffer and have to fight their way somehow through the blinding mist of years and tears. When I was sixteen or seventeen, I read the *Origin* and the *Descent*, and I think the impression they produced has never been obliterated. It is not, it has never been, the maintenance of any deliberate philosophical theory. I am too utterly without intellectual training or equipment even to form such a thing. It is not any aggressive or militant Agnosticism. It is simply a sense of utter insignificance in face of the unapprehended processes of nature, such as Leopardi expresses with bare intensity: "Nature in all her workings has other things to think of than our good or ill." It is a feeling of being aimlessly adrift in the vast universe of consciousness, among an infinity of other atoms, all struggling desperately to assert their own existence at the expense of all the others.

Apparently this sense of struggle among individuals, struggle everywhere, among theories and beliefs, as well as living creatures, does not affect everyone with the same oppression of distress. There are natures so healthily constituted that they have the mere joy of adventure in it, and can go on forever elbowing their way through the crowd of other nothings with the splendid affirmation of their individuality in the conflict. If it is a question of theories, they can say, with Professor Whitehead, "A clash of doctrines is not a disaster; it is an opportunity." If it is a case of more material strife, they can disguise it with the ameliorations of the social instinct,

or such substantial optimism as has sustained President Eliot through his ninety years in the view that the joy of life is in "contest without conflict."

More infirm, more frail, more doubting tempers may not take it so. There is the weary horror of endless multiplicity, sweeping from eternity to eternity. There is the embodiment of the universe in one individual, and yet the sense that that individual is more fragile than the universe itself, the sense that reduces all life and all one is to a mere shifting maze and complication of fleeting sensations, held together by the vaguest gauze of memory, and liable to be scattered and disseminated at any moment by the slightest shock. No doubt the corrective for such a dissolving terror is to live intensely in one's own personality, without thinking of it, to emphasize every

moment *instinctively* the huge importance of one's ego, which, if it has its way, is at all times adequate to fill the endless spaces of the universe and to crowd out the major stars. But for some of us such emphasis is difficult to accomplish, and instead, when one is thoroughly penetrated by the evolutionary attitude, one is too apt to find oneself more insignificant than *terebratula*, because one is conscious of one's own insignificance and *terebratula* is not.

And it was Darwin, the gentle, the kindly, the human, who could not bear the sight of blood, who raged against the cruelty of vivisection and slavery, who detested suffering in men or animals, it was Darwin who at least typified the rigorous logic that wrecked the universe for me and for millions of others.





ON BEING CHOKED WITH CREAM

BY REBECCA WEST

IT IS said darkly, "There are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with cream"—and such is the sinister suggestion of the phrase, so powerful is its evocation of the harsher methods more commonly used, that it completely obscures from the mind all realization that it would be perfectly possible to kill a cat by choking it with cream provided there were enough cream and it were sufficiently thick. Even so, the present plight of the artist has been concealed from the public consciousness. In the past, as he lay starved and unvisited in his garret, sweated by his publisher and forgotten by his patron, it was obvious that there are more ways of killing an artist than by choking the artist with cream, and that society was trying them over. And so long was this the case, and so direful, that when society changed its tactics, onlookers assumed that it must be mending its ways and treating the artist properly at last. But alas, it is choking him with cream.

In a certain sense the artist of to-day is too well off. I do not mean financially, for though it is certainly true that the mass of writers find it easier to make a comfortable living than if they had been born in any other age, there are still so many who do not, that to make a more sweeping statement would be to voice an ugly irony. The other day I was shocked to find that a writer whom I greatly admire and who produces work regularly and plentifully makes an income of not more than two thousand dollars a year. In any case a writer

cannot be overpaid, for the very force which makes him a writer will make him correct this condition, sometimes even prematurely and vehemently. It is often the case that an artist is able to be an artist because some conflict is raging within him so fiercely that a certain field of life is brilliantly illuminated by its flames. One of the commonest ways by which human beings attempt to settle a conflict which has become formidable is by backing out of it and retrogressing into childhood and, as it is a characteristic condition of childhood not to possess money and to be supported by others, people who try to make this adaptation frequently fail to take advantage of their financial opportunities and live at the expense of others by debts and loans. Hence, as often as from the stinginess of society, the penniless artist.

If one examines the careers of the great writers one will find the key conflict of their natures working itself out in the sphere of finance just as tortuously and elaborately as it does in the sexual sphere. Charles Dickens, for instance, probably owed his genius for inventing character to a conflict which gave him a distaste for his own personality and a desire to escape imaginatively into other personalities, which he could gratify not only by the writing of fiction, but also, more showily and easily, by acting. By running into debt he could at once gratify the infantilism which made him want to be in a position of financial dependence, and make it not self-indulgence, but a duty to step down from the

austerer creative art of literature to the interpretative art of the stage and give public readings. He was, therefore, under a compulsion to frustrate by his extravagance every attempt society made to establish him financially. Sir Walter Scott was evidently inspired by the same sort of conflict, which in his case found relief by escape not only into other people but into other sorts of people in other ages, in short, into a romantic world; and by living extravagantly he gratified not only his infantile inclination to be in debt, but also a desire to live like one of a class which was superior to his parents' and which had its tradition rooted in the past that he had identified with romance. Finally, when in no other way he could frustrate society's intention to give him a prosperity which his sense of inferiority made him feel too impious a usurpation, he let his wealth be carried away from him by a bankrupt business. This is not, of course, an invariable adaptation on the part of an artist. Anthony Trollope's key conflict was concerned with his emotions towards his brilliant and imprudent mother, who was constantly passing through crises of impecuniousness from which she rescued herself only by sporadic efforts which ceased the moment she had coped with the present; he, therefore, practised the same art that she did, but with an exaggerated diligence and forethought for the future which made him die a rich man for his day and his profession. But in any case the artist can make some adaptation towards the fact of his financial condition, unless it actually leaves him without the necessities of life. Sexual and economic problems are the natural diet of the soul of man. They may at times be presented to it in a disagreeable and unpalatable form, but it can more or less deal with them, just as the human stomach can more or less deal with most of what it meets with in the way of food. Evolution has shaped both the soul and the stomach to profit by such opportunities as earth offers them.

II

So far as money goes then, the artist can look after himself. But there are other factors in the condition of the artist to-day to which he can hardly be expected to make an adaptation. After all, the stomach, though it can put up a good fight with many an unholy arrangement of starches and sugars and proteins, can do but little with a packet of tenpenny nails. It cannot even do anything with substances admittedly valuable, like diamonds and rubies. And though the artist's soul can triumph over the deprivations of poverty and the responsibilities of wealth, it may quite possibly find itself unable to contend with the prodigious amount of excited and encouraging interest which the public is now willing to shower upon him the moment his talent shows its head above the ground. Yesterday the tragedy of the artist was that the world ignored him. Chatterton killed himself in his garret, not because he could not earn any money by his work—since he could easily have gone out into the economically accommodating London of those days and continued to write as well—but because nobody cared a hoot whether he wrote poetry or not. To-day the tragedy of the artist is exactly the reverse. A Chatterton of our age would kill himself because the public cared so passionately for his writing of poetry that they would leave him no time to write it. He would have spent all his waking hours and his energy in reading and answering letters by which the public expressed their feelings about his work and his personality, and in submitting to the demand of the press that he should be written about by friends, acquaintances, or total strangers, with as little regard for his sensibilities as if he were not a man but a public building. Before he was able to put his pen to its real work, virtue would have gone out of him. The soul, particularly if it be of the contemplative type characteristic of the artist, has not developed any

mechanism by which it can assimilate experiences so irrelevant to itself. Of course, if he is allowed to remain a spectator, there is no experience too foreign for him to relate to what he already knows of the universe. But in this relation to the public, he is called on to be a participator, to show a constant capacity for pleasing response which comes naturally only to the interpretative artist and can be exhausted in him. Therefore, though the intentions of those who honor the artist not wisely but too well are benevolent, they must be classed with the unknown misdemeanants who in the far country of proverbs choke that cat with cream.

It is impossible to lay too heavy an emphasis on the necessity for relevance in an artist's experiences. That is far more important than any question of mere agreeableness. Joseph Conrad has told somewhere with unforgettable passion of the two ladies who "dropped in" on his country home, plop into the middle of his morning's work, dispelling forever some precious phase of Nostromo's existence, leaving an eternal gap (for moments repeat themselves in the cycle of art no more than they do in the cycle of time) in his consciousness of his theory of the universe and our knowledge of it. Had the intruders been the landlord and his lawyer come to tell him that he and his wife and children were to be ejected from the house immediately and driven out into the streets in the driving rain, had they been his wife and his best friend come to confess that because of a treacherous passion they were about to leave him, they would not have done so much harm to him as an artist. Such announcements would have stirred him to the depth of his being, made him realize what he felt about certain persons and principles, exposed as false certain parts of his theory of the universe which did not stand under this shock, and suggested to him more valid alternatives. It would have been a profound and pertinent criticism of the structure of his artistic being. But the other visit

was simply a monkey-wrench thrown into the delicate machinery. The two ladies were not sufficiently relevant to him to set anything useful going. He could not even make soup of them in future artistic work, for he would not be able to regard them with the detached vision of the artist, since he had to lose his singleness of eye in watching the conversation for the ordained times of his responses.

Now, it is the essence of the life the writer lives to-day that his relations with the friendly public constantly bring to him highly irrelevant experiences. There are, of course, experiences that lift themselves by their own beauty on to the plane of relevance. A few months ago I received a letter from a middle-aged Jewess in the Bronx telling me what the love of her husband and three children meant to her—a beautiful letter, full of the rich, warm fragrance of family affection that curls up from Jewish hearthstones as good in the nostrils as the smell of good Jewish cooking, a blend of the most sensuous pleasure that flesh can find in the flesh of its kin and a noble resolution that human beings shall not wander alone like lost sheep, that the world shall not fall to pieces, that life shall not disintegrate. That letter is as relevant to me as most letters I have received concerning my own life, just as Shakespeare's plays or Shelley's poems are. In Omaha I spent a few hours with a woman journalist, one of those lean and rangy people of pioneer stock who are to English eyes so ineffably more aristocratic than anything the professedly aristocratic South has to show, with their eye rather quicker than their voice, which all the world over is the mark of the brave man moving among unknown dangers, whether he be colonizing Englishman or frontier-pushing American. She had that characteristically aristocratic expression which you will see in the faces of some of the Cecils and in the portraits of all great statesmen of any country, of suffering from all the perturbations about life that most beset

generous and intelligent persons but concealing them under the disguise of calm and wit lest the more timid in the community should eavesdrop and take fright. I either never knew her name or instantly forgot it. But when I lately learned that she had been Belle Dewey, and that Belle Dewey was dead, I felt that pang of selfish exultation which is the sincerest tribute one can pay to a departed soul, that victorious feeling that I had stolen a march on the darkness and looted the treasure while there was yet time. Because of the extreme fineness of her character I had received something from this stranger that ordinarily one receives only from intimates. One gets a great deal more of that sort of thing than one deserves. There were those two young people who came to interview me for two New York papers the night before I sailed to Europe a month or two ago. The girl came first. She was going to get married, and she told me all about that. Then the young man came and, although we none of us had ever seen one another before that evening, we had such a delightful time that at the end I felt a childish regret that it was not this young man that she was going to marry, since that would have made it easier to keep in touch with them.

Only, one has to take the rough with the smooth; with the essentially relevant which brings its own adaptation with it, the utterly irrelevant to which there is simply no adaptation to be made under heaven. I can think of three experiences I have had within the last three years or so which can be regarded as typical of what happens all the time to the modern writer; and I defy anyone to distil anything out of them save irritation.

—, Pa.
January 5, 1926.

MISS REBECCA WEST.
Madam,

I have been conducting an Anecdote Column in a number of newspapers for some time, and the enclosed Anecdote about yourself is now appearing in the ——— *Bulletin*,

the ——— *Free Press*, the ——— *Record*, the ——— *Chronicle*, *Telegraph*, etc. . . . I hope it is authentic and that it will not displease you.

Your success makes your personality interesting to the public, and therefore if you could from time to time send me a personal anecdote for my column I would be very much obliged indeed.

Yours sincerely,

Enclosure:

SELFISH MR. FERGUSON

Rebecca West, the novelist and critic, discussed fathers at a dinner in New York.

"Fathers look on fatherhood in a selfish way," she said, "They are all more or less like Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson was a tremendous smoker, but his wife detested the habit; so he promised to swear off, and only smoked after that when out of the house.

"Well, one evening on his return home, his tobacco fell on the floor as he was taking his handkerchief from his pocket; but he didn't notice the accident and went on upstairs for a wash. Then he came down to dinner.

"He had just taken his seat when Mrs. Ferguson stalked in with the tobacco. She held it under his nose and said:

"What do you know about this?"

"With wonderful presence of mind Mr. Ferguson turned to his young son.

"Holy mackinaw!" he snarled. "Smoking at your age, hey? Come with me, you young whelp!"

"And he took the boy upstairs and gave him a sound thrashing. Then he threw the tobacco on the fence where he could easily find it in the morning.

"Gosh," he said afterwards at the club, "What a good thing it is to be the father of an upstanding boy that you can rely on in these terrible emergencies!"

Now it is quite easy to say that this is a trifling thing about which to feel annoyance; that the large-minded person would pass this over with a smile. But wouldn't a private person feel outraged if a total stranger were enabled, owing to some mysterious suspension of the ordinary safeguards of society to drag her out of her house and insist on her parading the main street of the town

where she lived wearing a ridiculous and disfiguring costume? And is my plight so much better than that when I am forced to parade through an avenue of provincial newspapers as responsible for this unpleasing combination of hideousness and pointlessness, which surely touches the low-water mark of human achievement in anecdote? But even if I could abandon all concern for my own dignity and were able to remain bland when made to look a fool in public, this paragraph would still trouble me. There is in all people a natural instinct to contradict any statement about themselves which is not correct. If John Smith hears someone saying, "I saw John Smith in Chicago last week," and he was actually in San Francisco, John Smith's natural impulse is to declare the truth, quite irrespective of its importance. This paragraph arouses that general instinct in me, reinforced by a particular anxiety. I have no right to speak at a banquet or anywhere else without permission of my lecture manager, who, if he sees this paragraph, will think I have broken this clause in my contract. But I do not know how to frame my protest to the lady who caused the mischief. I cannot insist on her contradicting the story in her columns, for that would probably get her into trouble. I cannot rebuke her for inventing it, for she could retort that the whole publicity system by which newspapers build up the reputations of authors would be paralyzed if it began to be insisted upon that all personal paragraphs have to be verified by their subjects. I cannot even reproach her for the horrid quality of the anecdote, for anybody who could bring himself to copy it could not possibly understand the injury he was doing to the person to whom he ascribed it. She probably was and is full of good-will towards me. I can imagine her singing like a lark as she tapped it out on the typewriter. Or, just as probably, she was so dead tired that she could not think of a better one. I cannot possibly hurt her feelings.

But I shall not be able to settle the matter by forgetting it. It will come back to me again and again, in press-cuttings, in the puzzled inquiries of friends who will wonder why one told a story that was not up to one's usual form, in angry letters from gentlemen who say that they have just read that fool story I told while they were traveling from Cleveland to St. Louis, and they hope I will marry a man who beats me. The thing will go on and on. And it will be a total loss.

III

There was also that New York journalist who once caused me far more trouble than I had thought any man could cause any woman not united to him in the bonds of matrimony. He came into my life—the phrase is not too portentous—shortly after I had landed in the United States on my first visit. The morning after I had lectured in a New England town I made a seven hours' journey back to New York and stayed there a night before going on to Philadelphia. I wanted to do a great many things in New York before starting on a tour in the Middle West; so when I was asked by a young man who wrote a literary causerie in a daily newspaper if he might come to see me, I suggested that he should come to dine with me in my hotel room. When he arrived I found that he had expected to take me out to dine, and had, naturally enough, therefore, brought a lady with him. She was a very beautiful lady with chestnut hair. I never learned her name. They were evidently not on amorous but merely friendly terms. Dinner was served and began with clams. The beautiful lady ate three, rose, put her hands to her brow, and said, "I feel very ill, I think I am dying." The interviewer exclaimed, "Poor girl, poor girl," and supported her to the sofa, where she lay for the rest of the evening, moaning. He said to me in an undertone, "You see, her lungs are gone," and for the rest of the evening

rapidly alternated between the acts of questioning me on literary matters, patting the beautiful lady's shoulders, and feeding her whiskey straight. It was like having *The Bookman* read aloud to one throughout the death scene from "Camille." This went on for two hours which were not unpleasant.

Three weeks later the resultant article hit me full in the face, far out in the Middle West. There were anguished letters from home imploring me to be more tactful. There were indignant letters from representatives of the authors I had mentioned in the interview. There were clippings of a vitriolic nature from both sides of the Atlantic. There is no end to the ghastly second-cousins-to-a-slander that the young man had, by something as little malicious in intent as the angle that he held his pen, made me commit. He made me say of a dead author that I considered her grossly overrated and shockingly logrolled by her bereaved husband, which, as I was using her in my lectures as an example of something very near perfection, made me seem insincere, as well as a really exceptionally rugged, no-damn-nonsense-about-delicacy conversationalist. He made me say of a certain nature novelist who writes about a certain English county that she had never actually been there; and made me express myself in terms of brutal contempt about certain other novelists. And the awful thing was that I had actually said things that were something like this: that he, having a certain strong pre-conceived notion of my personality, had been able, without the slightest intention of dishonesty, to interpret in these terms. I had indeed said that I thought it injudicious for the dead author's husband to compare her work to those of certain giants of literature, since it led people to expect her work to be massive instead of delicate. I had indeed said, when describing the personal appearance of the nature novelist, that she was comically fragile and urbane for a writer of the soil; and that I sometimes suspected it

might have been an error for her to have chosen a subject so alien from her type, and that possibly her great talent might have expressed itself more effectively if she had worked on something closer to her own environment. I had refused to discuss several books, either because I thought them unworthy of the general level of their authors' performance, or because I thought the authors unimportant.

Now about all this I could do nothing; nothing, that is, which either relieved my feelings or put me right with the people I had distressed. I could not have the matter out with the young man. Have you ever sung a note and said to a person without a musical ear, "Sing that note," and when he has sung some other note said, "No, that's not what I sang," and been crossly answered, "Yes, it is"? The argument has to stop just there. Had I written to him denying the accuracy of the interview, he would have stuck to his guns with complete faith in his own honesty and probably have been backed up, with equal sincerity, by the beautiful lady with chestnut hair. Since I could not repudiate the interview to him, I certainly could not have repudiated it behind his back. Therefore, though I sent off between twenty and thirty letters about it from the Middle West—which as I was traveling without a secretary I had to write with my own hand—I could never write anything sweeping enough to satisfy my correspondents, and many of them wrote to me again, not unreproachfully. The emotional climax of the affair came, so far as I was concerned, three months later, when I was again in New York. One night I was called to the telephone to speak to the young man. "I want," said he, "to straighten out something about that piece I wrote on you." "Come up and talk to me about it," said I, kindly. I thought that he had heard that the interview had caused trouble, as it so plangently had, and desired to express his regret, and I had a pretty picture of

myself spending a motherly hour instructing him how the unpleasantness might have been effected. But the exact words of his answer were, "No, I will not." He had called me up to ask what I meant by communicating with a London newspaper (as some mischief maker had told him that I had) to the effect that he had been drunk when he interviewed me. He had not paused to reflect that had I been imbecile enough to send out such a communication, no London newspaper would have published it, nor that he ought not to call me to account for this action till he had made sure I was guilty of it, not because he was discourteous but because he was genuinely hurt to find that I had been ungrateful for his friendly, expansive, and conscientious interview. And what could I do? I simply had to let a curtain of resentment fall between me and this young man whom I had really liked very much. And this, too, goes on and on. To this day I hear reverberations from it. It had one special and almost intolerable consequence in the pain it inflicted on one of the writers to whom I had been made to refer too brusquely. I thought but little of his work and had reviewed several of his books adversely, but I would not have given public expression to my views at that time, because he was then awaiting death from a lingering and agonizing disease. What I said would not affect his market, for it takes more than a flick of a sentence to do that; but, as I was frequently made aware during the next few months, it wounded his pride pitifully. I must write this thing down too as a total loss.

IV

Both these misadventures were brought upon me by kindly people working in all innocence; the sustained lacerations were, therefore, as nothing to those which came of contacts with hostile interviewers. These, of course, happen very rarely and, contrary to popular belief, far more commonly in

England than in America. In the whole of my experience in the United States only two interviewers showed anything but the sunniest good will when they came to see me, but in London I grow weary of young men who, being Englishmen and, therefore, feeling it demeaning to have to interview a woman, call me up crossly on the telephone to ask my opinion on questions of the day or sit in my drawing-room silently but visibly wondering how on earth I hold the position I do. Fortunately, this failing of my country is corrected by the editorial policy which simply does not print casual current news that is obviously embarrassing to public persons. But even that does not wholly relieve the occasion of its offence, for the psychological horror of a hostile interview is beyond the comprehension of the private person. Consider, for instance, that lady in New York. She called me up and asked if she might come to see me, and then and there it began to go wrong, for I, having a low-pitched, smudgy voice, very difficult for the American ear, failed to make myself rightly heard. As a result I found her waiting in my hotel lobby just two days sooner than I had expected her. I explained to her that had it not been for this mistake I should not have been guilty of being ten minutes late, and took her up to my room. I then received my first intimation that all was not well, for when I offered her tea she smiled bitterly and shook her head with an air of not taking anything from *her*, thank you. It was plain that she was embarking on her task under the inspiration of a preconceived detestation of me and all my works. It became plainer still as she proceeded with her interview, and with an insincere smile on her face, like a horrid little girl who is getting secrets out of a new girl at school so that she can run away and tell them to the other children, put me question after question that was designed to trap me into giving a foolish and indiscreet answer which she could use to damage me.

I have said that the hostile interview is beyond the comprehension of the private person. I think I am right. I think that most people who read these lines will feel that they are envisaging something more fantastically disagreeable than they have ever experienced if they try to imagine what it is like to come back from a long day's work and find a hostile stranger installed at their fireside, who sits there for so long as she pleases, obviously thinking wounding and derisive thoughts about one which she is presently going to make public in as troublemaking a form as she can contrive. It is not a situation that any living human being ought to be called upon to endure, and least of all one whose serenity is part of her stock in trade. I could not step back from her and realize what she was and why she felt like that, and lose my emotions in the peace of understanding because I had to watch without cease my own speech and behavior to see that they gave no loophole for attack. I was the less able to deal with the situation because at that time I was vexed by a chronic illness which every now and then gave me acute pain, and such an attack on the previous night had prevented me from having only an hour of sleep. I was so tired that several times I had to struggle with a yawn, which I did with proper apologies.

She stayed for an hour and a half, and then I had to beg her to excuse me, since I had to fulfil an engagement to speak at a dinner and it was time I dressed. To this she replied that if I would leave my bedroom-door open she would continue to interview me through the opening. This seemed indicative of such a powerful element of adhesiveness in her character that I made no attempt to resist. I dressed and came out to speak to her again and then discovered that my frock needed mending and went back to take it off. Just as I had stepped out of it and was clad solely in silk stockings and an undergarment, this visitant, whom I shall not easily forget, announced her

intention of leaving me. In the circumstances it was not unnatural that I used the words, "Would you mind letting yourself out?" I have not yet visited any hotel in which the sacrifice of decency to courtesy which would have been involved had I in that costume conducted the lady to the elevator, would not have led to ejection; and this was the primmest apartment hotel in New York.

The interview, when it appeared, was all I expected. It was so brilliantly written that only some hideous story of ill health or ill luck can possibly explain why the writer is not a very well-known woman. And it was extraordinarily, resourcefully malignant. The cause of my drowsiness I had explained to the lady, but my yawns were mentioned as if they were gratuitous insults on the part of a pampered and worthless foreign woman to the hard-working and righteous native journalist. "She yawned, she yawned again. Rebecca West was bored." My reluctance to answer questions that were framed to trap me into seeming a fool, and a vicious fool at that, was represented as discourteous indifference to the interviewer and the public. After having sketched me adroitly as being as disagreeable as the hero's first wife in a Middle Western novel and as the sensuousness of the popular idea of Pola Negri, she gave the final stroke by presenting my request, "Would you mind letting yourself out?" as a specimen of British insolence. But all that did not matter. What had mattered was the strain, which, without wanting to seem hypersensitive, I claim was enormous, of the two hours I spent in contact with this stranger's violent and irrelevant emotion. In point of fact, it gave me a bad headache at the moment and left me depleted of nervous energy for some days afterwards. It would be recognized as an outrage if a woman who was quietly going about her business in her kitchen were suddenly abducted by masked enemies and set down to wander in a desert all night, even though when

the darkness lifted she found herself not far from home. Just so, although the interview had no serious practical consequences, I maintain that it was an outrage that I should have been detached from the lines of thought and feeling I was following at the moment, which was relevant to my life and my work, and made to wander on the pathless desert of this unknown woman's hate.

V

There is no possible way of protecting the modern writer from these experiences. If he secludes himself from them he will seclude himself from encouragement and stimulation also. Moreover, he will imperil the economic foundations of his career, for publicity is now an indispensable part of the commercial process by which editors and publishers manage to sell literature on a scale which makes its production possible in this age. It is no more possible for an author to withdraw from publicity than it would be for one particular cigarette to develop a shrinking distaste for the bill-boards. There is as much use rebelling against the situation as there is in rebelling against the climate. It is not even a particularly tragic situation. Something will always be happening to that cat. It has had no cream at all. It is being choked with cream. God knows what will happen to it to-morrow. Anyway it has nine lives. I quite see that it is a matter of no very great importance that I have been tagged with an imbecile story and embroiled with a lot of people with whom I hoped to remain on cordial and distant terms, and hated by a total stranger as heartily as I ever have been by a relative. But if every writer of this age is exposed to such annoyances, then the resultant waste of nervous energy and, consequently, of artistic work must make very serious inroads on at least one of those nine lives.

Society would help immensely if it would realize what is going on and

say to itself when it reads such matter in its newspapers, "Now, this is not a statement of fact. It is probably not true, in the sense that it is true that William the Conqueror became King of England in 1066, that Rebecca West said any of these things. This represents the guess of a lady in Pennsylvania at the kind of anecdote that would be told by Rebecca West, whom she has probably never seen, and of whose writings she has probably never read a line, but into whose personality she has gained some insight, probably from some person enjoying equal advantages. This represents a rough impression of an interview with Rebecca West by a journalist who was nursing a sick friend at the time. This represents the emotion roused by Rebecca West in the bosom of a lady who was born with a Rebecca West complex. In fact, these are works of art which have taken a living person as their subject. The responsibility for a work of art lies with the artist and not with the subject. I will therefore not write to Rebecca West blaming her for telling an imbecile story, or for abusing her contemporaries, or for being rude to a good hard-working woman, or register these things against her in my heart. She may have done these things, or she may not. I have no means of knowing. I will base any serious judgment of this (or any other author) on her published work." That might even restore the prestige of writing as an occupation for writers, as against being photographed, lecturing, and talking over the radio, and all those other activities which society urges upon them with an eagerness that would suggest they were preferable alternatives. It might relieve the writer from the necessity of living on the periphery of his own being a diffuse existence among irrelevant experiences, and allow him to return to the seclusion with his relevant experiences which, though it has not the air of good fellowship that is part of the publicity way, is, nevertheless, the way by which he can best be of service to his fellows.



FANTASY IN THE FIRST PERSON

A STORY

BY CYRIL HUME

I THINK this will be a sad little story, for it is of my boyhood and my first love. Writing of those two things is always a sad task if one dare be truthful, because both of them were very happy once, and now both are gone. Of course, it is easy to strain after realism and to say that, if we could remember rightly, boyhood held for us as much loneliness and sorrow and disillusion as does maturity, and our first love was more unhappy than any other love which since has troubled our man's heart. This may or may not be true. I think no one can remember so exactly and unimaginatively as to be able to say for certain. And I cannot see either what difference the question makes once a man has begun, rather impatiently, to combat a sedentary plumpness, when the thirties are at hand and the forties not far off. For it is always sad to look back on anything whatever that once was even partly happy and to have to say, "Well, that is gone now. It can never come again." And of boyhood and first love every man on earth must say this. Both are always lost.

Now that I have begun, I feel almost ashamed of setting down the actions and betraying the thoughts of the three children which are to be my characters, a little girl and a pair of little boys. Granted that the little boy I intend exposing most shamelessly was once myself, and so I have a kind of right over him. Yet the other boy long ago was my best friend, and the little girl once seemed to me to possess all beauty and

all perfection—my first love. Or, if I come to that, what right have I even to reveal the inadvertent confidences of the boy I used to be? He was a shy, sensitive boy with a passion for reticence, and he would suffer damnably if he knew. If he knew he might ask me, "What right have you, with your dull sneering assumption of grown-up omniscience, to bare my heart so clumsily? Are you my superior by so much?" And I am afraid I should be too confused to answer him. But that boy is long since dead (as, I suppose, are those two other children) and he can speak for himself only in my morbid conscience now. So I excuse myself by saying that all writers are of necessity sneaks and spies upon humanity, and by promising the uncomfortably reproachful child to do my best by him.

I must ask forgiveness also of those two other children and of the man and the woman they have become. The boy is, I know, happily married now, and if he chances to read this story and looks back for a moment thoughtfully over the wall of years and adolescence, he will say, "The fellow is writing of another person, not of me." So he will forgive me. But what of that very lovely little girl who once held our two hearts' devotion? Well, of her I shall betray least, young Lilith, because naturally I know least about her. But in any case I think she too would forgive me, for surely by now she has forgotten her old self, just as her boy adorers have so nearly forgotten. Perhaps even, if

she sees this bit of writing and it causes her to recollect a little, she will smile, not without complacency, and show it to her husband.

The name of the other boy was Alonzo, although I believe his people were Scotch; and I think it is a tribute to his likeableness and strength of character that the rest of the boys in the school never called him anything but Steve. Steve was a few days older than I (we were eleven at the time) though several inches shorter, a dark spry little fellow with an impish face. I remember he had extraordinarily large and pointed eye teeth which looked as though they must puncture his under-lip whenever he grinned—which he did conspicuously and often. He was a fast runner and played a fine game at one of the wings on the Junior soccer team.

For the three years we knew each other Steve and I were closer, if not better friends than, I imagine, has been possible for either of us to become with other people since. The time we could devote to it! It seems to me we must have been together twenty-four hours of the day. We were in the same form to begin with and had desks next each other. We shared our bedroom with two other boys, but even here our cots were side by side. Not content with this, we arranged to have adjoining places in the study-hall and in the dining room, and our free time was passed entirely in each other's company. In the winter we walked to the ice pond or to the sliding hill together. In autumn our cleats made a double track across the black cold-steaming earth to the football field. And in the spring our metal spikes clattered in unison over the sun-yellow stony path to the baseball diamond. In order to accomplish this co-existence it was often necessary for one of us to wait in boring idleness while the other completed some school task, but I cannot recall that either of us ever failed to wait, or that afterward we thought the sacrifice worth mentioning.

Naturally, our thoughts and inclina-

tions ran parallel much as our bodies did. We developed similar tastes and antipathies. The same things excited us. For a time we had a passion for circus acrobatics and used to strip down to our long underwear in lieu of tights and perform remarkably pointless stunts. Sometimes we talked vaguely of getting permission to equip our bedroom with trapeze and flying rings. And one unfortunate Saturday morning we practically wrecked the school drying-yard trying to walk tight rope on the clothes-lines. In winter we had a common igloo and a dually discovered cave on rocky little Mount Tom. We smoked flaring newspaper-and-oakleaf cigarettes in the autumn woods; and sometimes on precious spring holidays we risked dreadful punishment by going off together and swimming in the Sound.

Steve and I attended dancing class together and were identically smitten and disorganized by this phenomenon. . . . Mr. Warren's dancing school met every Friday afternoon in the assembly hall of the Parish House. This was a large gloomy room with many alcoves where shy or indolent dancers used to secrete themselves until an almost insanely exasperated Mr. Warren snatched them out again upon the polished publicity of the dance floor. Mr. Warren coincided exactly with my childish conception of the devil. He was a graying middle-aged gentleman who always seemed upon the point of peevishly regretting better days. He wore a sharp vandyke beard and black silk knee-breeches, and had no calves to his legs. And if Mr. Warren was the devil, then certainly that assembly hall was a convincing replica of hell—we children being the damned souls. Mr. Warren would draw us up in two lines, the girls facing the boys. Then he would strut briskly on his toes up and down the lane he had formed, clapping his hands and making unkind remarks, while a spinster in the corner tormented a hateful and unvarying tune out of a consumptive piano. When this degrading line work

was over with its slidings and pointings, things became rapidly worse. It was not enough that some of the boys had already been sufficiently humiliated by being forced into Eton suits. But now Mr. Warren leered evilly and called out, "Take partners!" This meant walking up to some pleated and ruffled and loathsomely willing little girl, putting your hand on your stomach, bowing, and saying, "May I have the pleasure of this dance, if you please?" Then the little girl smirked and bobbed and replied, "Delighted, I'm sure." Then you'd have to put your arm around her and take her cotton glove in your own cotton glove even though the feel of it put your teeth on edge. And you'd have to dance round and round as long as the music played, with Mr. Warren clapping and complaining, and all the mothers along the wall whispering sentimentally. Mr. Warren had no tail, but there were little curled horns of gray hair at his temples.

I think no one—we least of all—ever doubted that our hatred of dancing school was genuine. But when it was over, and Friday night's dinner and study-hall were ended, how wonderfully it was transmuted in our memories! Then dancing school became for us something glamorous and very beautiful, a fountain-head of romance, the single link between reality and the ethereal world of our imaginations. We would draw upon it for characters which we wove into that year-long epic we used to whisper at night when it was dark in our little dormitory.

The two other boys in the room told stories too. However, Steve and I were always a little impatient of any story but that one heart-shaking epic we had built together. We dragged our beds close and turned our backs upon the other boys, and whispered—whispered sometimes until a remote clock far off in the quiet house had struck eleven. We would enter our huge cruising triplane which could be transformed, merely by pulling a little lever, into an automo-

bile or a submarine. We would soar and speed impatiently until we came again to that lovely country our fancy had invented. To reach that country we always had to fly up out of sight of earth beyond the clouds. Presently a sweet vertigo would come over us. Our plane would plunge down through the clouds again and we would wake to find ourselves spiraling lower and lower toward a certain dear lake. So you see, we never knew exactly how we had entered that country. It must have been our hearts that guided us so unerringly above the clouds. Our plane would light on the wide lake shore, and the Lady of the Lake, the Queen of that country, would come up to greet us with her nymphs and nereids. Friendly bears lurched down out of the woods, and docile antelope, and merry dogs. Great tame fish basked like carp in the clear lake water, and we boys swam among them with the nereids. The Lady of the Lake floated white beside us in the sunny ripples, laughing with us, loving us. Here and there in the woods around the lake vast ruined palaces of marble lay in the midst of wild parks. We used to loiter along their terrace and down their corridors, laden with fruits and flowers bright as metal, until suddenly into the classic repose of those palaces fear would well up suddenly from passages underground. Then we would cast our fruits and flowers away, and run back to our lake shore again, ready like otters to take to the safe water. As we fled through the woods, one of us had glimpsed a member of that gorilla band which hated us. Always below the sunlit beauty of our country this peril lurked, ready to spring upon us and slay us and steal away our nereids and our lovely Queen. But the warrior bears were friends, and all the shy antelope stood sentinel for us. We were alert besides, and agile and brave and cool-headed. So we always managed to take to the water in time, or to soar up above the savage gorilla faces in our plane as though on Pegasus. But sometimes we

would come back to our lake to discover that in our daytime absences the Gorilla Band had managed by foul stealth to carry our playmate friends away. Then we and the bears made stern war and delivered them back into their happy lake. . . . Sometimes we grew weary of frolicking in the shallows or diving into the deep cool where no weeds grew, and we would bring the Lady of the Lake with her attendants up with us in our aeroplane. But they might not stay with us. We must always take them back to their golden beach, and kiss them all good-by, and return to school alone.

But what have such dreams as these to do with dancing school, with Mr. Warren like Satan making existence a burden? This: Many a night when dancing school was over many a primly sleeping little maiden was snatched from her slumbers by the faun fantasies of two whispering schoolboys. Then the great plane was hung and trailed with garlands, crowded with grave children which the tale endowed with an unearthly beauty and a kind of innocent projection of maturity. Loud propellers beat the perfumed air. There came a run, a lift, a rush of wind. The clouds dropped close. A pearl mist shut us in, and through the mist followed a wake of petals.

Of course, our voyages were not made all of happiness and color. Child cruelty, child humor, and child burlesque had places there. For instance there was a little brown plump girl in dancing school whom Steve and I called "The Juicy Pear," because we loathed that unfortunate little girl out of all reason. Why then did we ravish her from her slumbers in her starched nightdress and lure her with us on our voyages? Simple enough. Once or twice when we were long lost above the clouds, and ravenous, her tender succulence proved welcome to us. Very often when the engine became dry and hot so that we were imperilled or delayed upon our impatient journey, we fed her to the

engine as to a mincing machine. And she proved excellent lubrication indeed.

All of us little boys went to dancing school for the first time that following year on the street car as usual, with our pumps in our pockets. Steve and I sat side by side, saying nothing because grown people were within earshot. But each of us was conscious that the other was speculating which of the little girls we knew would be back this year. Of course the first of the lot to board the car was the Juicy Pear, browner and juicier than ever. She greeted us so brightly that we mumbled and blushed, and all the mothers craned their grins at us. Our souls shuddered. We said nothing, but a wordless promise flashed between us that to-night our engines should not lack for lubrication. Then . . .

The wonder of our lives entered the car and sat down beside her mother across the way. And in that instant we loved her finally, completely. I think her mother suspected at once. A wise short lady, twinkling through her glasses at the small boys who tried not to look at her daughter but still looked, who tried to seem indifferent but still obviously adored. The little girl herself—Well, the fact is I cannot recall exactly what she looked like, except that she had brown eyes and very beautiful brown hair and a sweet mouth. If I were to see her now as I saw her then, I suppose I should say, "What a fine healthy-looking little girl to be sure!" But then her beauty hurt me and frightened me and made me weak.

I felt Steve trembling beside me, and I knew that he was thinking just as I was thinking, "Is she on her way to dancing school?" Obviously she was, as were all the rest of the children in the car. As a token of her intention she was carrying her slippers in a little silk bag with a drawstring. But even this was no reassurance for our anxiety, and we hardly dared breathe until at last we saw her sedately join the huddle of little girls at the far end of the Assembly

Hall. Steve and I grinned at each other with clenched teeth, and fumbled at our stomachs. Involuntarily I made a small noise in my throat. . . .

It irritates me now to remember such a fact, it irks my masculine pride to have to set it down, but Steve was the first to summon sufficient courage to speak to her. When at last Mr. Warren ogreishly called, "Take partners!" Steve hurried unhesitatingly to the new adorable little girl. I saw him pause and bow stiffly before her. I saw his seat—I record this detail with conscious malice—jut out sharply below his ridiculous Eton jacket. I saw the little girl bob with half mature grace. Then they danced off together. Later in an intermission Steve walked stiffly past me. His face was flushed, his eyes moist. He was grinning so broadly for exultant nervousness that his sharp eye teeth seemed at last actually to have punctured his under lip. When we were abreast he hissed without turning his head, "Name's Helen!" And he had passed me. As I say, I am conscious of a slight jealous humiliation as I record this fact. In retrospect I resent Steve's audacity. But at the time I had no such thought. Because of the circumstance of our age Steve and I were yet in that state of innocence (an innocence, quite frankly, more physiological than intellectual) which put anything like genuine sexual jealousy quite out of the question. Hence it seemed in no way incongruous to us then that we, while loving her, should still be friends, or even that each of us should make the other sole confidant and adviser in the matter. Of course, it would be untruthful to pretend that there was no emulation between us. When February the 14th came, with valentines for both of us addressed in her round cheerful-looking writing, we debated for hours over the slight difference in these favors, and hence the possibility of an implied preference. I maintained then, as I do now, that mine was the gaudier fabrication. Again, when Mr. Warren an-

nounced the coming of a cotillion with favors and formal partners, and Steve obtained Helen's promise for the occasion before I was even half-done communing with my emotions in an alcove, we argued that also. Steve's arguments in this case amounted simply to "*Now! Do you see?*" while I (always, I am afraid, a hesitant and a lurking lover) urged, with what I still consider sound logic, that he had been successful merely because of his agility and lack of common reticence. Similarly, when I emerged from my alcove, primed with emotion and nervous apprehension enough to beard the devil (my way again), when I had not ineloquently demanded Helen's photograph of her, and got it from her the very next week, then it became my turn to say, "*There now!*" while Steve insisted that if he had only thought of doing such a thing himself, the situation had been different. And it was characteristic of our mutual relationship and of our attitude toward Helen that during the cotillion she was as much my partner as Steve's, and that my picture of her stood upon our common chest of drawers as a common shrine for adoration. Finally, by previous amicable agreement, we went to Helen both at once, and having seated ourselves on either side of her, flatly demanded that she decide between us. It is not likely that any word of hers could have altered our attitude toward her or toward each other. However Helen obviated even this slight possibility of discord by implying with charming candor and gratifying enthusiasm that not she nor any woman could ever make so difficult a choice. She hastened to add also that there was no one else within a hundred million miles of us. Somehow this satisfied us.

Reviewing the above paragraph in the light of a somewhat maturer experience, I am convinced that Helen, uncoached, could never have attained to such heights of wily impartiality. Her mother impressed me even at the time as an appallingly wise little lady. Her

eyes, whenever they turned toward Steve and myself, giggled through her glasses at us and seemed to read the primer page of our psychology at a brief glance. But now, upon reflection, I am inclined to doubt, not the extent, but the profundity of her wisdom, which I think could not have been over-rich in understanding. There used always to be a very kindly mockery behind her glasses, a mockery that, as I now remember and interpret it, was compounded of affection and grown-up "amusement" which, analyzed, is plain contempt. And I would be willing to wager that to this day Helen's mother considers *Seventeen* or *Penrod* quite sound pediatry. . . . Could she have looked deeper into the hearts of those two small boys, I think she might have laughed as frequently, but with a more wistful and a less superior amusement. Her eyes behind her glasses might have twinkled every bit as bright, but not entirely with mirth.

But how look into those hearts now that they are changed beyond any recognition? In the loud confusion of the pulses which drum so tumultuously and so differently now, one can only remember a little and hope to keep a little of the truth. But I remember two very simple earnest spirits brimful of love, and of a love no less worthy and strong because there was in it none of that fierce hunger which breeds jealousy. Love without desire: Love without selfishness. And what greater love can any man have? . . . Still, to our elders it must have been laughable while it lasted, and it did not last so very long. All naïve earnestness is laughable to the grown sophisticates whom the years have taught to build up a wall of laughter and compromise against pain. And if that earnestness is driven by some generous power which shames the wise little subterfuges of maturity, the laughter rings all the louder for it. How short a time, too, the loves of childhood lasted. Yet was it the child's heart which was at fault, or nature who altered that heart with growth, and finally stole

it and left a changeling in its place? Myself, I think that for a while those two small boys deserve to rank as lovers with Tristram and with Launcelot. And, for the worship she commanded of them, Helen was Helen indeed.

Well, now I must laugh a little too, considering how we must have appeared to the grown-ups around us. Either we were full of silly portentous earnestness, or else all giggles. To the British Latin-master who sometimes threw black-board erasers at us, we represented merely exasperating vacuity. Our hair stood on end. Our clothes jutted away from our slim necks and everywhere else hung limp. Sometimes our ears were shadow-ringed. Our hands were grubby with chalk, pencil-lead, and other more miscellaneous grime. I remember how untidily Steve's nose used to run in cold weather. For myself I must have been an unbearable little prig with my look of conscious virtue and my small but constantly paraded store of erudition upon the subject of natural history. We were never beautiful. Sometimes positively hateful. Doubtless, we were always bothersome. And like all urchins we must always, by our very presence, have suggested vaguely the existence of natural processes only imperfectly controlled. . . . Still, though I despise Wordsworth, there was a glory in us.

I remember sitting drowsily in class of a spring afternoon. A slow sunny wind poured in at the windows, warm with sounds of an idle world. Presently my drowsiness entered deeper into me. It became spiritual. Then everything around me faded out of focus, and there remained only a background of sweet uncooling wind and bee-humming. I breathed slowly. I was aware of a pulse everywhere under my skin. I was thinking of Helen again; musing, praying, until I was abstracted almost out of consciousness; moving away onward, onward in a colored translucency, scarcely more sentient than the juices of spring moving through a sun-soaked leaf—

until I was awakened rudely by the whack and puff of a hurled board-eraser or by the nausea of longing under my diaphragm. I glanced at Steve. Steve too! He rolled his eyes at me. We exchanged a weak smile. Ah, Helen!

We never brought much reality to our loving. Instead we ran to symbols. For instance there was Helen's cypher which we invented and cut into all available material such as hockey pucks, fence-rails, baseball bats, and our own fore-arms. This cypher, an N superimposed upon an E, contained all the letters of Helen's name and was meaningless to most people, so we delighted in using it. We employed other symbols also of speech and gesture and inscription, but I forget them now. . . . Outside of dancing school we saw Helen only by the merest chance, but even there we said little to her about our state of mind. I wonder what she could have thought of us, because we would rather have died than use the word "love" even in private. Actually we "did" nothing at all about the whole thing.

Of course Helen entered immediately and overwhelmingly into our treasured epic. But even here we were surprisingly ineffectual in our handling of the situation. With her coming the pagan spirit vaped out of our poem. Our voyages came to be like Sunday-school outings. One of us drove the plane while the other sat with Helen and rather embarrassedly pointed out the sights. Our lake held little magic now. The bears had hidden in the woods. The antelopes and dogs had all trooped away. Even the gorillas had migrated to haunt some paradise of richer enchantment. The Lady of the Lake and her nymphs, gone too. And on the whole that rather relieved us. So we simply rode around through the clear sunshine in our plane, wearing our Sunday clothes. . . . But we regretted nothing. We had discovered a greater magic. Our hearts were heavy as rain-drenched lilacs with love for her.

During the school term all our time

was laid out for us so that there was no opportunity for Steve and me to seek Helen out. But my home was in the same town as hers, and one would naturally think I should have gone to see her during vacation time. Still I never did. I suppose, as I supposed then, that if I had expressed any desire to do so things would have "been made easy for me." Without a doubt there would have been amused telephone calls with Helen's mother. There might have ensued a party or some such horror from which I shrank. Or, if I had simply gone to her house, my return home would have been greeted with questions, and my anguished embarrassment would have been interpreted as guilt. An investigation of the mystery would have followed (I should have kept silence until the end) and at last relieved laughter for a crowd of grown-ups. So there was nothing for me to do even if I had really wanted to do anything, which I think I did not. I can remember seeing her only twice during vacations. Once in winter we encountered on the street car. We said "Hello." She was wearing a small fur hat which I think must have been mink. A dark tail hung down beside her cheek. I would have given my life then for the courage to join her. Instead, I left the trolley before I had intended to. Once in the summer I pedaled madly past her house on my bicycle. (An impressive sight, I thought, with my behind off the saddle, lurching as I pumped.) Helen was standing at her gate with a couple of other children, and she waved to me. I had hoped for this. I had intended stopping and speaking magnificently to her. But I pretended not to see, and dashed on. . . . And I loved her all day long, every day for three years.

I went to camp that summer, and while I was there my family moved away to a distant town. When I heard the news I thought regretfully of Helen, but the adventure of returning to a new home was a compensation. Helen and

I began writing to each other occasionally after that, funny, banal little letters, signed "love." Her letters were a joy and a torment to me. I valued them too much to have the heart to destroy them, but when I was through reading them I was always faced with the problem of hiding them where no one would discover them and be moved to laughter. Having no more explicit privacy than most children, I was forced to the expedient of secreting them in the attic. Whenever any one went up to the attic after that I had miserably to go up too, and I would suffer horribly until whoever had been busy there came down again. Then I would rush to find a new cache for my little packet. I destroyed Helen's letters long ago in the ardor of a subsequent heart-spasm. But I have her picture still. I know exactly where it is, in what box in which trunk, but I am afraid to look at it any more. I should hate to find Helen plain or to catch myself snickering at her hair-ribbon.

That winter Helen wrote asking me to be her partner at the dancing-school cotillion. The necessity of divulging this sacred and shameful news to grown people agonized me for days, and I think I should have let her letter go unanswered rather than face the ordeal but for the fear that her mother might communicate with my family and so discover my discourtesy. But when I had actually pricked myself to the point it was far pleasanter than I had dared to dream. No one even guffawed, and an older brother was even glad to bring me because he had friends to visit in the old town. I remember little about the cotillion, except that I had become noticeably taller than Helen and was very proud of the fact. Also, I was puzzled throughout the whole affair by an air of aloofness and mystery about her. It was as though some secret had been whispered in her ear since our last meeting, and for her the riddle of childhood had been solved. I felt myself left alone, wondering, wishful, and afraid.

The music, the sticky refreshments,

the colored confetti, and lights of the children's party were over. We sat in the dark of a slowly rolling limousine which was first to take Helen to her house, and then deliver myself and my older brother back to New York. My brother sat in one corner, moody and abstracted. I suppose he had failed to catch the friends he had come to see, or else he was simply bored. Helen sat between us. None of us spoke. I peered at her. She seemed to be staring straight before her with her lips parted in a slight smile. I felt that she was expecting something of me, and I had a great longing to discover whatever thing it was that made her smile so in wise expectancy. I was puzzled and shaken. My mind groped for that magic gesture I must perform to cause the night to flower with flame and music. "I shall know then," I thought. "I shall know then what she knows." And I felt like crying. I thought, "I will kiss her cheek." But I had never dared. Besides my brother would see. Then the car stopped at her gate and we said good-by. She entered her house sedately, still smiling. . . . I never kissed her and I never saw her again. Still I wonder sometimes what magic must enter a man who has kissed his first love. Or is the greater magic never to have kissed her?

One further picture: It is autumn a year later. Now I too have learned that secret which in an instant illumines childhood and robs us of it forever. The earth is more terrible to me now, a thousand times more lovely. I have discovered the horror of reality and the drunken joy of true enchantment. I move alone through the world, sullen and shy with adolescence. Those in authority over me wonder whatever in the world has come over the boy. Nightmares, my good folk, nightmares and disastrous visions! Do not touch him now! He is a little mad and, therefore, holy.

A hot autumn night with rain on the garden leaves. I am alone in the

house. My family is out somewhere for the evening. It is my study time. I find myself walking along the upper hallway past the stair-well. I have just lost my hold upon a vision. I am afraid to go up to my room on the third floor. I pause at the stair's foot and listen to the rain on the roof. Downstairs again. The house is silent. In the kitchen the clock beats. I can hear rain on the leaves in the garden. I go to my father's study and sit at his desk. I take a pencil and draw a foolish caricature. I toss it aside and try to draw the beautiful face of a girl, but the effort is grotesque, horrible. I cover it with a new sheet and begin to draw a monstrous obscenity. Before I am half finished I glance over my shoulder and quickly tear the three drawings into very small pieces, stirring them into the wastepaper basket. Then I am writing as I have never written: "Oh Helen, Helen! Help me! I love you. I know

that secret now. Help me to bear it!" I cannot recall the letter that I wrote to her, but not those words surely. Yet my heart cried those words, and something of that cry must have sounded in the words I wrote. I ran out into the dark rain with my letter and posted it at the street corner before I should have time to be ashamed. . . . She answered me very promptly, a gentle affectionate letter. No, she had not forgotten me. She still thought of me very often.

But in five days I had traveled too far beyond my writing mood ever to recapture it. Before me lay the hollow land of adolescence where all things move and all things change. I never answered her kind letter.

All that is left now of my heart's green sickness is a photograph which I am afraid to look at any more, and a persistent magic which stirs me still at the name of Helen.





THE DRIFT OF HUMAN AFFAIRS

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "The Mind in the Making"

THE chief part of man's life is remembering. He is ever busy day and night recalling his past joys and woes. His memory enables him to quarrel with his record and plan its improvement. All his explaining and aspirations depend upon his power of recollection. All learning consists of accumulated memories, whatever one's lot in life. The physician, lawyer, and man of business; the electrical engineer, the musical composer, the philologist—each has his special stock of reminiscences upon which he bases his procedure. So we are all perforce historians, constantly recalling the past, or else we land in the insane asylum.

The professional historian differs from the rest of mankind in his attempts to extend his memory far beyond the ordinary range. He is not content to remember what has been going on in and around him during his lifetime, but must needs get hold of ancient records, unearth ruins, and exhume the dead and buried. *What we call history is an enlargement of our current recollections.* It far outruns our personal experiences and the tales told us by our contemporaries, which constitute the bulk of most memories. Now, since all insight and understanding evidently depend on memory and the use we make of it, the rather invidious question arises, does this exceptional enlargement of the historian's memory tend to make him an uncommonly wise person specially equipped for finding his way about in the maze of life and qualified to advise his fellows?

Two of our most distinguished recent presidents were historians, but it is doubtful whether it was a popular recognition of this fact that led to their elevation to office. It must, however, have had some part in giving them a world renown which others operating upon a narrower margin of memories have failed to achieve. Our whole civilization is a historical product, and it is the business of the historians to impress this on our minds and make it a commonplace of thought and practical calculation. So far they have not met their obligations very satisfactorily. The reasons for this are not far to seek.

A few months ago an American historical student, Professor Clarence Alvord, contributed his "Musings of an Inebriated Historian" to that sprightly magazine, *The American Mercury*, in which one is supposed to speak his mind, regardless of common prudence. Mr. Alvord has devoted a great part of his life to editing documents relating to French settlements in the Mississippi valley and has written two volumes on British colonial policy in that region. He tells us that as a professor he performed the acts that were expected of him "and in great quantities," but as he looked back on his labors they seem to him vanity, as well as similar labors on the part of others. The *Zeitgeist* proffered him a cocktail "mixed with ingredients of powerful efficacy" which brought him both the conviction that historical study was futile and the courage to express this view with no reservation.

"The gin was distilled in the hellish fires of the World War, the French vermouth was the essence of propaganda, the sweet Italian vermouth was the aroma of pragmatic philosophy, and the orange juice was squeezed from the cynical soul of Henry Adams." Alvord rightly claims that the World War was a test which our historians failed to meet. They were the victims of every delusion shared by the most simple-minded. A few, it is true, made some pertinent if feeble reflections, but in general they employed their enlarged memories to attest the prevailing misapprehensions; to reinforce national feeling, and fortify the indiscriminate denunciations of the enemy. Some of us, it is true, now like to imagine that we put on the war paint as late and as sparingly as we durst.

All this only means that history teachers are much like other people. They are indisposed to permit the results of their special studies to alienate them from the notions which pass for virtue and common sense in their communities. They have, as Mr. John Hobson has recently pointed out, quite "genuine class sympathies and interests," like everybody else. The tendency of teachers to conform is the result not of coercion, but comes no doubt, as Mr. Hobson conjectures, from their prevailingly timid and conservative disposition and their anxiety to stand well with the doers—professional and business men for whom they have a secret admiration. "They are not so much the intellectual mercenaries of the vested interests as their volunteers." In any case when they teach and when they write they are apt to be dominated by academic notions of dignity and respectability rather than a desire to use their historical knowledge to set their students and readers to thinking about and criticizing established habits and ideas.

Yet I am inclined to guess that no inconsiderable number of college history teachers to-day, after a cocktail with components less virulent than those of Alvord's, would express full concur-

rence in his conclusions. They might suspect, however, that the trouble lay a good deal in the kind of history Alvord had in mind.

In the previous issue of this magazine I explained that, as the years went on, history had come to seem to me a more and more vital matter; that it should not be regarded primarily as an accumulation of information about the past, but as a means for cultivating intellectual freedom and sagacity. This precious historical-mindedness, so essential to estimating man's plight, has hitherto been rare even among historians. It is a realization of how things come about that counts. It opens our eyes wider upon matters as they now stand and at the same time suggests more ingenious ways of forwarding their improvement than we are likely to discover without its aid. The past loses its sacredness and we are no longer its slave. We become free to reconsider and even to neglect its dictates when we realize their often quite stupid origin and their thoughtless transmission to us.

But taking history in the usual sense—that is as a record of the past doings, conditions, institutions, feelings, and faiths of mankind—are there not certain instructive trends to be observed in human affairs? Does not the recollection of man's former conduct yield important hints of the habitual ways in which he acts? Are there not valuable conclusions to be drawn from the ways things have gone which make clearer the ways they are now going and are likely to continue to go? This is not a new question by any means, but we have reached a stage of thought and knowledge which makes it wise to reopen it with the hope of finding better answers.

II

In the eighteenth century, to go back no farther, the German poet, Herder, turned aside to establish certain "laws" of history, which should form a sort of human parallel to those laws of nature that were beginning to impress even

poets. As time went on came Hegel with his *Philosophy of History* which claimed that each distinguished civilization of the past represented a stage in the development of the World Spirit, which was evidently becoming more and more noble-minded and sophisticated through the ages and was utilizing the genius of the German peoples to exemplify its highest achievements up to date. More recently Benedetto Croce has again traced the story of the "Spirit."

The "philosophy" of history, as represented by these and many less notable writers, is held in abhorrence by those who engage in, or at least revere at a distance, historical research. They are convinced that those who have philosophized most confidently about history had no more than superficial and antiquated information about the past, and that they were inevitably rearing their majestic structures on misapprehensions. Toil and patience are necessary to collect and present such facts as may be discovered about the policy of an ancient king, or even the origin and effects of a single one of his edicts. I have on my desk the history of a mathematical manual used for centuries in medieval schools, the *Introduction to Arithmetic* by Nichomachus of Gerasa (who lived in the first or second century). The account of the life and philosophy of the author, his authorities, the complicated story of the manuscripts of the work, and the explanations of the many commentators who have, through the ages, sought to interpret it fill about two hundred large pages, with hundreds of foot notes giving references to the sources. This is an instance of how much trouble it is to find out about one popular old text book. The late Professor Thomas Francis Carter, dead ere his prime, spent years collecting information on the invention of paper and printing in China and its spread westward. Our present civilization is based on paper and printing, and hitherto we have had very sketchy and erroneous ideas as to how its foundation was laid in the early

Christian era in a remote and often ignorantly despised country.

It is no great trick for one so minded to stake out a claim in historical hinterlands and to work so hard and find so much that those seeking the soul of history in a handful of out-of-date manuals and books of reference appear to him wholly negligible if not absurd.

Yet making full allowance for what is still undiscovered and not likely ever to be known, and for all that is tucked away in nooks and corners where it escapes even assiduous students of the past, is there not after all an astonishing amount of historical information available which will in all probability never be seriously revised? It seems to me that there is. For some decades the standards of historical criticism have been high and are not likely to be raised. Gibbon with all his patience and insight seems to a historical student of our day to have played somewhat fast and loose with his sources. And yet, compared with his predecessors and contemporaries, he was astonishingly exacting.

In the interpretation of what is known and is being learned two great changes are in progress, but scarcely as yet beyond their beginnings. One is the growth of historical-mindedness which will enable future writers to give history far more importance than hitherto in the useful enlargement of our memories by showing not so much how things were as how they came about. The second is the appreciation of the current discoveries in regard to man's nature contributed by biologists and psychologists and reinforced by anthropologists.

To offer a single example—the rulers, heroes, sages, saints, and conspicuous rogues of the past are now being reckoned with as human beings rather than as historical celebrities. They had mental and bodily disorders and dislocations even as we have. These must be taken account of in our historical explanations. Gibbon relates with evident pleasure various anecdotes which had for him the gamey relish of indecency. To the

historian who possesses some little acquaintance with abnormal psychology, the pornographic becomes scientific. We are now in a much better position to estimate Nero or Theodosia than was Gibbon; even godly men like Luther and Calvin bear looking into.

An Australian physician has recently shown that Joan of Arc was a tomboy before she was a saint, that the black pox which afflicted Henry VIII played a great part in English history during his reign and down to the present; that the hardened arteries of Charles V had their importance in European history; that the manifold disorders of James I, and the distaste of Frederick the Great for bathing are by no means negligible in estimating their careers.

These considerations lead me to dissent heartily from Alvord's conclusion that history is necessarily vain. It has hardly had a show so far. Mr. Wells in his *Outline of History* has set a new standard for historical writing. He reaches a very large number of readers and can hardly fail to influence their opinions in a beneficent way. It is easy for the professional historian to quarrel here and there with his statements, perspective, and allotment of space, but who among them can equal him in his insight and felicity of expression! The mood of his work seems to me a harbinger of great things to come.

III

A few years ago Professor Cheyney of the University of Pennsylvania discussed before the American Historical Association the very question we are here asking: In our present imperfect state of historical knowledge do certain tendencies in man's ways emerge which may enable us to understand his habits better and to attain to a more intelligent method of improving his ideas and practices?

Professor Cheyney cannot come under the suspicion of being a catch-penny philosopher; he is a real historian who would pass muster among the strictest sect of the historical Pharisees. His

two volumes on the later years of Queen Elizabeth's reign sufficiently prove his capacity for research and understanding. Most tentatively and modestly, in the address above referred to, he suggests six "laws" which seem to him to be illustrated by the course of human affairs.

The first of these is what is known as the continuity of history. It is generally recognized by all who deal with the past. It means that in the great majority of cases one generation goes on doing and believing what the previous one did and believed. It is not true that there is nothing new under the sun. This carries the law too far. But the new prevails gradually and partially and, compared with the traditional, bulks much less even to-day than is usually believed. As examples, the Protestants in Luther's time agreed with the adherents of the older Catholic faith in most respects, and still do from the standpoint of an outside observer, such as a Japanese Buddhist. The radicals of the French reign of terror were in the main unconsciously conservative, as are the Bolsheviki. We still adhere to a division of the day into twelve hours, as established by the Babylonians, and of the circle into three hundred and sixty parts. The efforts to reform the calendar or get rid of primitive inches, feet, furlongs, grains, pennyweights, and the rest meet an opposition in this country which no recommendation of the convenient French revolutionary metric system can at present overcome. Our mile is based on the thousand paces of a Roman legionary.

We are far less sensitive to inconvenience than to the unusual, which is, of course, an inconvenience in its beginnings. Some hated to face the prospect of "getting up an hour earlier" every morning when the daylight-saving plan was introduced against the protests of the defenders of God's time. Custom is the god all of us revere except a few who have come to see the casual way in which habits get formed and the pertinacity with which they are transmitted from generation to generation.

Professor Cheyney's second "law"—and it should be said he has many reservations about the use of that term, and I have many more—is the impermanence of nations and states. Kingdoms, empires, city-states come and go, and now and then reappear on the map, as in the case of Poland, Serbia, and Bulgaria. One does not have to go back to the political changes of the Nile valley, Mesopotamia, India, or China to find illustrations. A comparison of the map of Europe in Louis XIV's time and that of to-day will give adequate modern instances.

Then, third, there is the general unity and interaction of humanity. As historical and anthropological investigations go on this fact becomes more and more securely established. Each people in any age owes a great part of what it has and thinks to older and often very remote peoples. The "diffusionists" among the anthropologists such as Elliot Smith and the late Doctor Rivers point out many astonishing instances of the migration of inventions and customs. They feel that it is so hard for anything new to be found out and get adopted that it is safest to assume that innovations are imported rather than that they arise independently. This sense of indebtedness might, as Mr. Wells urges, become an important moral sentiment in forwarding a real brotherhood of man. It is a special aspect of the continuity of history which our blustering patriots and nationalists are too ignorant to realize.

The fourth "law," at least in modern times, is the steady prevailing of democracy. Politically this has exhibited itself in the right extended to all men and women to participate nominally in the selection of their governmental representatives. There are some impressive indications that the notions of free government held by nineteenth-century liberals may be superseded before the end of the twentieth. But the right to vote is but a by product of a far reaching tendency toward social equalization and uniform-

ity. There is socialism, "equal opportunity for all," "social justice," mass production and its agent, advertising. Business men talk in terms of "service" and social duty. Underlying these manifestations of democracy are the public school, the ability to read, and the whirling printing presses.

Professor Cheyney's fifth point, the steady enlargement of liberty, is associated with the previous one. It will cause some complicated reflections in many minds. It is true that the grosser forms of slavery and serfdom have gone, and their disappearance is impressive. Moreover, since the French Declaration of the Rights of Man in 1789, most national constitutions have proclaimed various kinds of freedom; and we like to think of the United States as begotten in Liberty. Just now, however, there seems to be a sort of revulsion against personal freedom, not only in Russia and Italy, but in the United States. In this land of liberty we have many "defense" leagues; conscription and the Lusk laws are still fresh in our minds. The Ku Klux and the Fundamentalists are busy securing to everyone the imprescriptible right to believe what one's ignorant neighbors believe. Aldous Huxley has wisely said that liberty is something not *given* but *taken*. This is likely to remain true. Genuine tolerance demands a degree of intelligence which outruns that which even exceptionally sophisticated persons possess to-day. There are, nevertheless, various modern circumstances which tend to promote liberty and self-determination.

I should be inclined to substitute for Professor Cheyney's "Freedom" quite another word, namely "Possibility." Our age, owing to all sorts of novel devices for disintegrating routine and tempting invitations to escape from it, offers us more choices than ever before. Mrs. Grundy finds it impossible to be ubiquitous in a large city. Even in smaller communities she cannot listen in on every telephone conversation in a public booth or chase every runabout or

flivver. It is not her fault; circumstances have got too much for her. Like Chaucer's widow, she is "sommel stope in age" and not spry enough to keep up with newer and more ingenious ways of eluding her virtuous attempts to make everything right and proper. And then the psychoanalyst says things about her motives which quite upset her. She is no longer so sure of herself.

Modern conditions and possibilities and the multiplication of options are producing an emancipation far more fundamental than the mere legal freeing of slaves and serfs. A full half of the race, the women, are tempted into occupations and varied activities which were closed to their grandmothers or did not exist a generation or so ago. Formerly, according to both earthly and heavenly law, husbands were encouraged to think that they owned their wives and their children. "The Family" and "Marriage" have been a good many different kinds of things in the past and they promise to undergo new changes as time goes on. This will not be due to the prevailing of wickedness, as the clergy would have us believe, but to an altered situation.

The children too are involved. Modern psychologists think of a child as far older at six than was formerly believed. Bertrand Russell in his new book on *Education and the Good Life* holds that "character" is pretty completely developed at that age. The effect of modern social and economic conditions on the views and relations of boys and girls is explained, on the basis of long and intimate experience with the actual facts in a large city, by Judge Lindsey, in his *Revolt of Modern Youth*.

The sixth and last "law" which Professor Cheyney mentions is the decrease of gratuitous cruelty and the widening of human sympathy and kindness. With this I agree, but with many reservations. We do not publicly impale or eviscerate or burn or decapitate or break on the wheel the enemies of God, the king, and society, as formerly. And only

when a holy war comes on do we blow them to pieces. On our breakfast table we find piled up appeals to help relieve the sufferings of the sick, destitute, and erring. Being prone to explain changes in human practices and moods by taking into account altering conditions, I suspect that the fact that we are so squeezed together nowadays makes it impossible for us to be so indifferent to our neighbor as once we were. This accounts for some new decencies and seeming understandings. Disease is now known to be transmissible and to come from an infected fellow creature rather than from either God or the devil. Black and white, Jew and Gentile, oriental and occidental have to snatch the same seats and hang to the same straps in the New York subways. This foments a sort of enforced brotherhood of unavoidable competition and interlocking misfortunes. This does not mean that I underrate the unmistakable increase in benevolence; I am only explaining that it now rests on a more solid foundation than that of mere exhortation to love our neighbor as ourselves. If "love" should be interpreted "understand" it would become a scientific ambition with most revolutionary consequences.

But there is certainly a very sour and ugly strain in men, women, and children which, given the right stimulus, will under many pious disguises, express itself in cruelty of word and deed. Even gentle souls will suddenly become acrid, and exhibit a ferocity which is a correlative of their successful repressions. Fear and jealousy and envy are in their hearts as in those of the more openly inhumane. Many of the most successful films have their scenes of torture, their voluptuousness of cruelty. "Sadism" is a rather new word for a class of very common and inveterate reactions of human beings. Every day brings illustrations of it in the newspapers. We are, however, making progress through a fuller understanding of this horrid element in human nature.

IV

So far I have followed, in general, Professor Cheyney's lead, although he is not to be held responsible for my elaboration of his six points. To the six it seems to me one might add a good many more—so many more that I can only hint at them.

One of the most important of these is the trend toward secularization, or the reduction of human affairs to earthly standards. There are no longer many kings by the grace of God. The treaty of Vienna in the early part of the nineteenth century was concluded in the name of the Holy Trinity; that of Versailles, a hundred years later, invokes no celestial benediction upon its stupidities. Education has to a great extent escaped from the control of the churches; ecclesiastical courts, which before the French Revolution settled a wide range of cases, have largely disappeared. Legislative assemblies may still be opened with prayer, but rarer and rarer are the appeals made to the Bible by lawgivers.

The belief in supernatural beings still prevails, and openly to question the existence of God is still unusual and shocking. But Satan and his hosts are becoming mere shadows of their former selves. Their malignant rôle as tempters, storm raisers, and disease producers is pretty much played out in our western world.

The so-called free thinkers of the eighteenth century held that a belief in a future life of rewards or punishments for the deeds done in the flesh was essential to maintain the morality of the multitude; otherwise men and women would cast off all restraint and obey the impulses of the moment. Whether confidence in the survival of our personalities beyond the grave is declining I do not know. It has been reinforced in recent years by what is known as "psychic" phenomena. At any rate much less is said about the terrible alternative between heaven and hell, and morality is gradually being shifted on to a new and, what seems to me, a firmer basis, namely that

it pays, in this world as well as in the next, if such there be. But morality itself is assuming a different guise from that familiar to the moralists of past days.

Whether the growing knowledge of man's nature and origin and of the resources of the world in which he lives will ultimately destroy the old and spontaneous belief in supernatural beings it is impossible to say. The increasing possibilities of our earthly existence and the disturbance of long-established routine in thought and action conspire to give this mortal life an ever enlarging and absorbing interest. Nor is this interest necessarily "materialistic," as is sometimes hastily inferred by the "spiritual." It may bring with it quite as noble aspirations as any preached in the past.

The bringing together of all the peoples of the earth is a very new thing under the sun. The daily news is, with trivial exceptions, common to the whole globe. President Wilson could talk to the world at large with as much ease and more assurance than he could address the Senate. All this suggests a unification of mankind impossible in the past which may take the form of unprecedented coöperation or of rivalries and struggles which will make earlier wars look like feeble forecasts of what is to come.

Were there space here I think that I could make out a fair case for the guess that the World War which began in 1914 may prove to be the last of its species. We are at least gradually coming to see that "war" has become an old name for a new thing, as amply exemplified in the last great instance. The extension of conscription coerced the most gentle and unwarlike into the lines; noncombatants, however far from the scene of battle, were, as never before subject to sudden death and mutilation; the nations' whole economic systems suffered unprecedented derangement and imminent bankruptcy. And more impressive still is the assurance that all is ready to intensify these horrors should another general conflict occur. Consequently

war never before appeared to so many as not only a crime, but what is much more important, a most atrocious farce.

To judge from the way in which witchcraft, slavery, and active religious persecution disappeared—all ancient and sanctified and seemingly *permanent* human institutions—the doom of war may possibly be near at hand. At any rate the forces making against war are far more potent than ever before. It may be that we shall need one more lesson. Perhaps if New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome could be shattered by means now in hand and their peaceful inhabitants suffocated, it might bring the rest of mankind into a chastened frame of mind suitable to an honest reconsideration of the implications of war as now practised.

Man was originally an utterly improvident animal. He had no inclination to store up provisions like a squirrel. He was no more frugal than a horse. An empty maw was his chief incentive to activity. He spent a great part of his life wandering about in search of something to eat. His leisure was the lethargy following a good gorge. His only form of "investment" was bringing down a sufficiently large animal to outrun the appetites of himself and his hungry companions. What the socialists call the exploiter and capitalist is the modern representative and successor of a long line of inventors who have taught men frugality in some degree and made possible active leisure as over against savage apathy. Were the ingenuities of these inventors done away with, human life would be reduced once more to that of the racoon—saving his honor. Viewed in the light of man's history, our present system of industrial organization based upon an ever-enlarging mechanism of credit is one of the most astounding inventions. With all its defects it holds great promise for the further liberation of mankind from the hazards of the past. As yet it is an experiment the results of which cannot be foreseen. It has produced socialism

and may very well before long discredit it both in theory and practice. The lot of the overwhelming mass of mankind has always been miserable; our present industrial and financial system did not create poverty and over-work; it has somewhat alleviated them already, and is likely to be utilized, with various modifications and changes of attitude, in their further reduction.

V

These historical memories must suffice, for there is not space for more. They seem to me to suggest an attitude toward general and individual betterment very different from what most of us have been brought up on. The fundamental fact is that almost all leaders of humanity still feel that the new should not only rest, as it inevitably must, on the old, but that it must be in unquestioned subjection to sanctified tradition. The International Eucharistic Congress is a recent instance of this. Modern methods of transportation and publicity were utilized to republish, amid gorgeous ancient pageantry and popular acclaim, one of the fundamental doctrines of the Medieval Church.

The world is, however, assuredly turning out to be a very different place from what it was conceived to be in the Middle Ages; human possibilities have expanded beyond belief, and man himself as well as his heaven and earth has little resemblance to the pictures of him which have been furnished by his moral guides. *Is not the moral overrating of the past our besetting danger?* As yet our emotions have not caught up with our present situation and information. We have the great task before us of gradually replacing archaic aspirations, abhorrences, tastes, and scruples by others which shall conform more closely to the actual facts as now understood and the actual conditions in which we live. Otherwise, our struggles toward the good life must perforce be feeble, hesitant, and ineffective, as indeed we find them to be.



I PREPARE TO FACE FIFTY

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

"AND your age?" asked the doctor. I told him, adding, "And oh, how I hate it."

"You needn't when you look it so little."

"It isn't the looking it I hate," I replied. "It is the being it. Now don't quote that senseless old maxim 'A woman's as old as she looks.' The years are gone. That's the rub. They won't come back. That's what hurts. And don't talk about the compensations of age. It is not youth I want. It is time. And there's too little left."

This conversation took place ten years ago. In the interim I have turned the corner. I look my age. I am middle-aged. Fifty is upon me. And fifty years from seventy years leaves twenty. Twenty years only that I may count upon in the allotted threescore years and ten. And if fate prove niggardly, not even that. Perhaps only fifteen negotiable ones. I mean by that years which by a voluntary act of will I may exchange for experience.

If suddenly one faced a banker who said, "You will have only so many dollars for fifteen years, and not another cent can possibly be yours under any circumstances whatever," what would one do?

Probably nine persons out of ten would immediately set down a list of their necessities for that time, compute what they would cost, discover what would remain when they were paid for, what they most wanted in the order of their desires, and check off those that they chose to satisfy. Nor would any one of them budget this amount accord-

ing to theories set forth in a book as to the percentages one should spend under the various items. Guided by a stern intention to get all possible out of that limited amount, they would budget it according to their utmost needs and strongest desires.

My situation is similar. At fifty I am faced by a grim reaper who says to me, "Twenty years at most are yours for the enjoyment of this thing we call mortal life." What shall I do about it? Shall I go on as I have come? Shall I continue in that blind assurance of the young that time is without end as it seems without beginning? Shall I act as if what cannot be done to-day may be accomplished to-morrow? Shall I waste these years on people who bore me, squander them on employments that satisfy no desires, sacrifice them to the ideas of others?

My life to date has not been exactly aimless. I have never been a drone nor a fritterer. Back of me are the attainments of an average woman who has been wife and mother and housekeeper and citizen. The years have brought the pleasures and the pains of any everyday life which sees one's common needs supplied, some tastes gratified, some luxuries acquired, some emotions exercised. But looking back I realize that I started out on my journey up the years as if it were an endless one, as if I could afford to waste hours upon hours on nothing but waiting, days upon days on routine that led nowhere, and—if the minutes were added together—weeks on nonsense and so-called diversion. I gambled recklessly with my cards, ex-

pecting, if I lost, to get another hand. And all the time I leaned upon a quite irrational faith that sometime my life would prove worth while. Although I never put it into words or faced it as I am facing fifty, I had an idea that somehow I should reach the crown of a hill and beyond it would lie a promised land. Enough merely to be climbing up.

Now I suddenly know what that crown is. It is the age of fifty. And I know also that if there is a promised land it has got to be in front of me. If I don't find it now I never shall. So I had better face this fifty, acknowledge it is gone—whether squandered or treasured—forever, and plan what to do with this promised land, how to spend this last precious twenty, fifteen years left to me.

II

To begin with, I realize fully that I must face it alone. Age is not popular, not even middle-age. It is recognized no more in conversation than in fashions, and never acknowledged. "Age," said a friend to me the other day, "is a state of mind. One grows old only when one recognizes it. Feel young and act young and you *are* young." I looked at those present. Though the youngest in years, I was the only one who had reached middle-age. From slim ankles to bobbed or simulated bobbed hair they were all resolutely young. The slight sagging of the chin could not prevail against the glow of youth in their cheeks, the golden glint in their hair, the smoothness of the temples, the straightness of hips and legs.

And no wonder. Each week sees them, as it sees hundreds of thousands of other women, spend three hours or more in preserving the appearance of youth. Nor are these hours offered on the altar of vanity. By no means. They are offered in all conscientiousness on the altar of self-respect. "A woman owes it to herself and her family to look her best." And to most people her best means her youngest. Such is the cult of youth to-day.

Thus the daily hours of massage, the nightly patting in of cold cream and the weekly strapping with which the middle-aged practice the cult. I write this in no sense of criticism. I, too, have my favorite system, my regular appointment. If any guilt is attached I am as guilty as any.

But now, suddenly from the brow of that fifty hill, I begin to compute. Three hours a week become in a month twelve hours—a longer day than I can now work with comfort. In twenty years it is two hundred and sixty days, or three thousand one hundred and twenty hours. Do I wish to spend so much of my twenty years on this cult of youth? Of course my answer must depend either upon what I desire to do with the seven thousand three hundred days remaining to me or whether I can find something more profitable to do with them. Other women would perhaps answer these questions differently. Perhaps I am a miser with my years. But I must confess that I cannot see value received from this pursuit of youthful looks. Fifty's youthful looks will cause no one to look at me a second time. They will bring me no admiring glances to feed my vanity. They will bring me no higher price for my work. They will make my husband no fonder; for affection after fifty rests on something other than complexion. They will make my children no more proud and devoted; they will not add to my emotional satisfaction. And certainly they will not add to the pleasures of the mind. No, I shall not waste three per cent of my twenty years on the pursuit of smooth pink cheeks.

A similar question is the one of weight. Wherever two or three of the elderly are gathered together sooner or later the conversation reaches calories: how to remain slender or how to reduce. "I should scorn myself," said a friend so lovely that no amount of flesh could make her unlovely, "if I let myself gain a pound. I weigh daily. If I gain a few ounces I cut down on my food ac-

cordingly. I simply will not allow myself to become any fatter."

Is it worth the time and worry involved? A daily weighing, a looking in the book for the tables of calories, an ordering of the proper food to convey the proper amount of calories, the interruption of work and thought by the whisperings of hunger, the stoppage of work and thought to conjure up will power to deny the requests of this hunger, the ensuing clash between "I want" and "I must not," "I will" and "I won't," luncheons refused or turned into contests of will, dinners ignored with inroads on contentment: shall I squander my precious twenty years on such psychologic-gastronomic engagements? "Only a few moments a day!" says my friend. Yes, but I figure what those few moments a day will add up to in twenty years, and it does not seem worth while.

"I don't feel a bit older than I did twenty years ago," said a woman of sixty the other day.

"One should not," said another. And I suppose some women do not, those who think about the same things—clothes and parties, an occasional trip and book—and do exactly the same things—cook, sew, and entertain, play cards and golf—as they did twenty years ago. Nor do they do those things any better than they did twenty years ago. The strange thing to me is that they do them with the same gusto. They are just as eager over clothes and the styles, as thrilled over receipts and fresh peas, as serious over bids and doubles, as indefatigable over scores and tournaments.

Now, to me this is very unnatural. I cannot understand how people can do the same thing for twenty years in the same way and get the same keen enjoyment out of it that they did when they were learning how to do it, when there entered into their feeling a sense of mastery and of novelty. Benefit? Yes, but not enjoyment. I do not think they do. But they keep on with the pretense of enjoyment, a pretense to themselves

as much as to others, because to drop it would make them face the fact of leaving youth behind. Though they do not realize it, they are doing these things just as they go to beauty parlors and count calories: To practice the cult of youth. They cannot or will not face the alternative: to prepare to face fifty.

Now I, frankly, do not feel the same as I did twenty years ago. Moreover, I do not want to feel the same. For even if I felt the same, I should not, I am convinced, get the same pleasure from those feelings. And what I want is to get the same *amount* of enjoyment rather than a diminishing amount of the same *kind* of enjoyment out of my activities. I use the word enjoyment in a broad sense, to include all experience, whether that of attainment, acquisition, emotion, or exercise. But I do not expect to get that enjoyment from the same pleasures or the same feelings. It can't be done. Repetition is not discovery, and no amount of affirmation can give to the former the thrill gained from the latter. So, if I am to get out of these twenty years any enjoyment commensurate with that of youth, I must get it either from new experiences acting on old feelings or from new sensations that appeal to different feelings.

Perhaps some people do feel the same at fifty as at twenty. Perhaps they have the same sense of wonder, the same joy in winning a game or beating a competitor. And so perhaps they can enjoy repeating these experiences in some new field.

With such people the facing of fifty is comparatively easy. They can continue as in the past the pursuit of things *per se*, they can but increase their ambitions to meet their increased appetites. They can die pursuing. And far be it from me to criticize them. It remains to be seen which of us has the most successful middle-age.

But with some of us facing fifty is different. We are not satisfied that this remaining twenty years shall be a mere repetition of those that have gone

before, even though the things sought and acquired be on a larger scale. We want something different. Isn't there something else before us than a mere repetition? We might wish to repeat our youths if we could. But merely imitate them? No. Spend this twenty years in an effort to produce an illusion to ourselves? No.

With some people new experiences will produce the desired pleasure. Perhaps the stay-at-home will become a traveler and new sights will produce the desired thrill. We all know the middle-aged maid or widow or widower who has turned globe-trotter. Perhaps a new environment will do it, California instead of Maine: The Western Coast swarms with the middle-aged newcomer, lonely but curious. Perhaps a new interest will do it, biography instead of editing, as with Edward Bok, or "Peace on Earth" instead of women's fashions. And wise indeed are these people. They, too, are facing fifty resolved to plan those twenty years, not merely let them happen.

I might be inclined to try some of these new experiences myself as I face fifty if they were within my reach. But fifty does not mean isolation. It does not mean freedom from family demands or the ties the years have formed, nor does one wish that it should. My children have not left the home. My husband has his business. And I am tied to them both by duty and by desire. There are also financial limitations. Fifty brings no alchemy that enables one to plan one's life as one might try an uncharted sea. I can only alter my course according to limitations imposed by the wheel in my hand, the craft under me, the shoals and currents around me. But what I may do is to decide in what direction I wish to steer and how to get the maximum of enjoyment in the steering. There would be none if I forgot either the limitations of my craft and the course, or my companions.

Now for me the pursuit of such new experiences as globe-trotting or change of

residence is doubtful. They may come. Fifty does not close doors. Doubtless I shall go to Europe several times if I desire, and do other delightful things I do not now foresee. But in the meantime I do not mean to sit down and wait for them any more than I mean to repeat the experiences of youth, for now for the first time I must be economical of time. Each day must count. I must plan for satisfaction possible here, now.

III

How shall I get it? The answer lies in my confession: "I do not feel the same as I did twenty years ago." These new feelings—may they not be an asset instead of a liability? May not the satisfaction of them, the exercise of them yield new joys, different but as worth while as those of youth? May not that old line we quoted in the nineties, "The best is yet to be," have something of truth in it?

Let me be specific. The dominating idea of my youth, as I look back on it, was preparation. Not only in the matter of education and manners, but back of reading and activities, entertaining, home, was the idea of learning, of improving, of developing, all in preparation for something to follow, not in Heaven but on this earth. Even when we gave parties we struggled to make them better than the last, to improve menus and food and service. Certainly in house furnishings we strove to learn, to improve our taste. Always before us was that will o' the wisp, perfection, because there was always the hope of time to reach it. If we admired the gracious charm of a stranger we felt we could cultivate it. If we envied a blue-stocking her erudition, by study we could acquire it. If we coveted the grooming, the house, the taste, the efficiency of some friend, by effort we could achieve them. That it was always to be to-morrow did not affect our attitude of mind—that of preparing, improving, developing. But gradually it has been made plain to me

that this to-morrow will never come, that as I am to-day so shall I be twenty years from now. Understand, I do not mean that I may not improve or grow in the next twenty years. I certainly expect to. But I know that I shall grow and improve along the line already laid out—that I shall not change my style, my type, my talk. In the difference between acceptance of this fact and the belief that “all things are possible” lies the difference between thirty and fifty, between youth and middle-age. To those of my contemporaries who still look for the Prince to ride up and disclose a crown beneath his fedora, who still expect pumpkins to turn to coaches, this seems a tragic difference. But as I face fifty, I wonder if it is. May the acceptance of this truth not bring its own joys?

Again to be specific: Now that I know that I am as I am, that my brain tissue is no longer impressionable, I can substitute for Struggle, Selection. Only those who have struggled realize what a joy this substitution is. Instead of striving valiantly for a color sense, one can choose the colors that one loves; instead of endeavoring to understand a classic, one can select the book one likes. And since struggling for improvement leads very naturally and almost inevitably to assuming a success one has not yet won, I need no longer pretend an excellence I do not have. I may say frankly that I do not like the play, the book, the old walnut, the short skirt, instead of fabricating an appreciation, a lip admiration, of the high-brow play, the subtle book, or the latest fashion. All this will sound indefensible to the young. They will confound this freedom with the stupidity, the narrowness, the complacency, the provincialism of their contemporaries who do not seek to improve themselves. But indeed it is far otherwise; it is wisdom, cosmopolitanism, breadth, vision for the middle-aged to accept themselves. For it is this acceptance of themselves that leads to their enjoyment of themselves. This

acceptance, this relaxation from struggle, is not to be confused with idleness or abnegation. Instead of development, what they wish is attainment. And to realize this they will seek to squeeze the utmost out of what they are and have.

Again to be specific: As I prepare to meet fifty I shall inventory carefully the tastes I have and seek to satisfy them; the abilities I have and seek to utilize them so as to bring me the largest returns; the needs I have and seek to satisfy them. Take, for instance, this matter of my physical surroundings. For thirty years I have had aspirations to own a house that should express the very best in taste, produce the very most in comfort, and reach a certain scale of elegance and luxury. Again and again I have postponed what I might have to-day in favor of what I would have some day. “Some day—some day—” To-day I realize that if I am to get any pleasure out of a home it must be now. So I shall proceed at once to plan the nicest house I can afford. Twenty years ago I should have bought a large house and been content to wait for furnishings. I should have planned to complete a room a year. I should have bought service plates this year and expected to get Venetian goblets the next. I should have put all my furnishings budget into one handsome couch, counting on next year's going into a desk. Not so, as I prepare for fifty. I shall consider all my assets and pitch the scale of the house and furnishings so low that I may furnish it complete. And this not entirely because I do wish to enjoy it for the whole twenty years. For some people even at middle-age would have more pleasure in anticipation than in a realization that might mean satiety. But I know myself—call it a limitation or not as one pleases: I adore completeness. I want things whole. A vacancy, a lack, an incongruity is iron to my soul. So I shall no longer punish myself. I shall strive for a small complete home because the completeness means more to me than

a larger handsome one left unfinished. Twenty years ago I did not know this of myself nor why I tried constantly to secure earrings to match pins and curtains to match rugs. Even ten years ago I would not have acknowledged it. Now I frankly confess it and organize my plans to satisfy it.

I shall gratify my tastes in lesser matters. Once I might have asked advice as to the best taste in colors and designs with a feeling that I ought to like them if I did not and that association with them might perhaps improve my taste. But not now; as I face fifty I shall choose the colors that please me, that do something to my brain, if not indeed to my soul. I shall have a house that is not Priscilla's or Chippendale's or Recamier's or even Victoria's, but my own.

Nor will the home be only an expression of my passion for completeness. It will be in a sense my creation, my work, my place of memories. In each of us, I am convinced, is a desire more or less animate, to make something, to create something, to leave something behind us.

The pioneer to a new country spends his energy winning his place in the community and acquiring his share in the spoils. His life is given to grab, fight, competition. He makes the town or firm profitable; he gets all he can from it. But after him comes another generation that wishes not to exploit but to build, not to despoil but to beautify. Our youth is like the pioneer. Middle-age should be like the second generation.

Whether we like it or not, what we do in our youth is for a purpose. Our homes are nurseries, dormitories, eating houses. They are equipment for our battle to succeed, are strongholds whence we sally to our contest. But in middle-age they are our reward. Instead of acquiring, we can expend. Instead of competing, we can create.

The houses themselves show this. Look upon the cottages of the newly-wed. Pretty and charming as they are, in some mystical way they indicate their

transient character, the fact that they are a means, a way-station. And then look at the houses being built everywhere by the middle-aged. Even when tiny and simple they aim to become "places," they are designed for permanence, as an end in themselves in beauty.

Does this seem an extravagant claim? I ask you to go with me to a little town where I was once a newly-wed. The charming little cottages that my contemporaries and I built are wearing out, they are running down at heel, they are being cast aside; but those houses built at the same time by the middle-aged stand out to-day as places. They are being altered, it is true, but they are being used and loved and "pointed to with pride" by their new owners. And the erstwhile occupants of those cottages afore-mentioned, when they are not taking over these houses built by the middle-aged of yesterday, are building themselves houses of the middle-aged of to-day, places of beauty and completeness and permanence that shall not be a means but an end, are doing it not in competition for a reward but as a reward in itself.

This, I take it, is the great satisfaction of middle-age, that one need no longer struggle for rewards but may reward oneself by doing what one desires.

If one has joy in his or her undertaking the mere act of doing is reward enough. The young and would-be young tell us that the joy is in the struggle to excel and commiserate us on the middle-aged weariness that refuses longer to struggle. But if the removal of this struggle to excel leaves us joy in accomplishment—have we not gained rather than lost?

IV

Having planned my surroundings to help me satisfy my tastes and to leave behind me a creation, I shall proceed to enjoy the pleasures of my mind—not the pleasures of Plato's mind—nor Mencken's—nor any other mind. If I have a mind I should by this time have

discovered what pleases it. Music does not. It serves as a nice anodyne by means of which I can wander away on wings of thought. As such I shall use it, but I shall no longer try to understand music or assume an appreciation that is not mine. Painting pleases it only a little, but color much. I shall concentrate on color, and when I see some combination or shade that gives me joy I shall not scruple to buy it or to fling it across my room. The greatest pleasure of *my* mind is analysis, either peering into the minds of others or giving my mind to theirs, looking through their eyes, following their ideas. In other words, books. And so, as I face fifty, I plan to give the major part of those years to the enjoyment of books. I shall build my house so that I may live among them. I shall order my life so that I may devote myself to their study.

But I do not mean by this that I shall retire from an active life to one of reading and meditation. Achievement of some kind would be necessary for me. Once again let me reiterate—I am not retiring. I am attaining. I am realizing on what I am and have to-day, and mean to utilize what I have so as to bring in the largest returns. Inventorying my abilities, I find that I have two that are negotiable. One is ability to organize and the other is the ability to write. To sell my organizing ability means politics of one kind or another, and politics take me too much away from books as well as home. This decides me. I will write about the books I read. I will make a business of reading.

Like everyone else who can scribble, I have long aspired to write something worth while, some phrase, some page that shall live. When I was thirty I knew I should become a great novelist. Facing fifty, I know I never shall. Does that discourage me? By no means. I have merely exchanged hope for knowledge. Although I know I shall never be a great writer, when I inventory what ability I have I see that if I settle down

and give ten of these twenty years to the business of writing, I can probably afford to spend the last five—if God is good to me, perhaps ten—writing the kind of books that I want to write.

Why not write the books now, you may ask? For one thing I can't afford yet to speculate, and any book I do now would be a speculation. Besides, my idea of perfect bliss is to write one book that shall say exactly what you want to say and leave its future to Fate. That is a luxury I cannot yet afford. Perhaps others are more fortunate and can do that at fifty. For me it must remain a joy of old age.

Think not that my twenty years will be wholly devoted to reading. I shall make room for other joys. I love a game of bridge. I've never had time to enjoy it. I shall now plan for it. I love the country and silence and space. I have never had time to enjoy them. Now I shall make a place for them—proportioned to the joy gained—and thus shall I provide the "exercise" necessary to keep myself fit by means of something I enjoy. If I loved golf, I should count it in, but I have never liked physical contests of skill—because I have no skill. How I suffered in my youth because I was not a good dancer, a good sports-woman! Facing fifty, I have no time for doing things because "they are the thing to do."

V

Even in this matter of looks, middle-age is not without its pride. One can look middle-aged and attractive, even handsome. There are women who first know beauty after fifty and rosebuds that grow into more beautiful blossoms. But they do not do it by remaining dried up or even preserved buds. There is a beauty of the bud and a beauty of the bloom and a beauty, too, all its own of seed or berry. But such beauty is the beauty of character, of fruition. We have all seen the "pretty" forty-fivish women with the well-preserved cosmetic complexion and carefully dyed hair

fade into insignificance and inanity beside the handsome middle-aged matron with the withered complexion, the plain parted hair. To discover that one's beauty is not merely color and firm skin must have its own advantage.

And the tolerance of middle-age! Surely it brings its satisfaction, a tolerance that springs not only out of the cooler blood of maturity but from the understanding of one's self. It must be hard to be severe with others in the face of one's own defeats and failures. This tolerance is supported by that delicious sense of irresponsibility that comes when the meridian is passed. We have done our best or our worst by fifty or are on our way to it. And if we were not, the young are so close upon our heels, they push us so hard for leadership, that it is somehow easy to slip it on to their shoulders and rest from our labors.

Perhaps this sense of detachment is the greatest joy of all: being able to sit back and watch the mistakes of others with no sense of responsibility. For my part I'm willing to try it.

Nor does all this mean a separation from youth, a monastic life, or confinement to companionship of the aged. I trust I have not made the program seem one of abnegation—of Retirement—for if I have done so, I have missed my point and written of old-age—not middle-age. What middle-age means to me is first the period of selection—second, the period of attainment or realization, using the word in the sense of "realizing on one's capital." Selection, because one no longer tries to take everything as it comes, but selects what one wants. Attainment because one ought to begin to "cash in."

Do not forget that this is the way *I* face fifty, not you, or another. Other tastes, other selections; for other temperaments, other attainments. I write this in the first person not to present either my selection or plans as models for others but as examples of selection and attainment at work. Most women, I think, can make fifty a dividing line be-

tween continued drifting and selection, striving and realization, though not all. It so happens I can. But some women and many men will push right past fifty without a pause. Their goal, perhaps, was fixed when they were thirty or they may see it in sight or they cannot yet "cash in." But because fifty is a dividing line to me I do not mean to imply it is the end—the high peak of my life, my zenith. Do not forget the book.

Remember, I could have chosen otherwise without spoiling my thesis. I could have said, "I prefer politics. I mean to stop writing and give my time to a political program; run for Congress and choose for my reward a seat in the Senate." It happened I did not. But I do not forget that many a man and one woman at least, turned their backs on politics only to be turned round again. It was in 1912, was it not, that Carrie Chapman Catt planned to get out of active suffrage work? Selection—that's the point! selection and realization.

Perhaps I seem to have chosen selfishly. But what my selection is does not affect my thesis. Certainly fifty, no more than thirty, is without hope that its work may be of value to others—fifty no less than thirty has demands that give opportunity for sacrifice. But who, indeed, prates of them except Pharisees and Pepyses?

VI

Because it turns away from the pursuit of youth, do not confuse my idea of middle-age with abnegation. In fact, the most interesting and sensible middle-aged woman I ever knew never became old and never retired. People, especially younger people, always remarked how young she was. But she was not young. They thought she was young because they enjoyed being with her. But they enjoyed being with her not because she looked young or acted young but because they felt her interested and sympathetic as their competing contemporaries could never be, because they

looked up to her, because she always interested them in what she had to say of her interests, books, studies, travels. Because she was so different in point of view and activity from them, there was possible a relationship of give and take between them. They thought she was young because she liked to be with them, but she liked to be with them not because she felt and acted like them but because she felt superior to them, richer, riper; it pleased her to be able to give to them; it stimulated her to feel the difference. It is true she did not want to live in her past. But neither did she want to live in the youth of her young friends. She wanted to live in her present middle-age. A busy, full, interesting middle-age of reading the books she had always wanted to read, of studying the things she'd always wanted to study, of playing the cards she loved, of seeing the places she liked, of giving to others of her erudition and experience, of serving those she loved, of being—in short—an elder; a peaceful middle-age because it was not

agitated by struggle, and a full one because she used it to express herself as she was. She was content to look her age, to dress her age, to live her age. She was content for others to recognize her age, to yield her the respect she felt due to it, to give weight to her words, to value her experience. In return she carried it with dignity, poise, and appreciation of all it had brought her.

She died at seventy-two without having any mental symptoms of old age. People called her young because she read the new books and played the new conventions and wore the new fashions and studied. But she did these things not to pretend youth or with the gusto of the young but with the tolerant amusement of the middle-aged, doing in Rome as the Romans did. She would have scorned to have exchanged her knowledge of life for the enthusiasm of youth. Except for her I might not be able to face fifty so cheerfully. But she has made it seem to me, as she has to many, a promised land.





LA BELLA GINA

A STORY

ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

ONE met the lady, as it were, by installments: first the dog Bijou, emerging from the *ascenseur* like a jack from its box, wheezing; next the harassed little lady-secretary—or was she a *duenna*?—in leashed pursuit; next the maid Annette, very French and voluble, personally conducting the footsteps of greatness; last, but by no means nor in any respect least, La Bella Gina herself, leaning upon the arm of her devoted but practically invisible little cavalier, the Marchese. It was always an effective entrance; a gay wave of the hand for the gentleman at the desk, a coquettish smile for the staring lobby at large, and for us, who had come so far to be the guests of her Italy, a charming, courteous inclination of hospitality.

Then the Signor Direttore would hurry out of his office with a daily bouquet provided by the management; the concierge, so haughty with others, would abase himself backward before her; and the cortège would pass out into the street, there to be greeted by a small cheer from whatever public happened to be gathered about; flower-sellers, beggars, cameo-vendors, quarreling groups of *vetturini*, and the like. The latter would leap each to the box of his carriage, lifting a hopeful whip; but Madame Gina, wagging a forefinger sideways in sign of friendly negation, as at a too insistent gallery, would turn her teetering footsteps in the direction of the Pincio, leaning partly upon the willing Marchese, and partly, à la Tosca, upon a cane.

The secretary and Bijou would fall into line behind; or possibly, according to the whim of Bijou, they would lead the procession, at the run; and only Annette was left, gazing after them commiseratingly and shaking a well-coiffed head.

"Has it not of pathos?" she murmured to me on one occasion, observing that I too watched this daily little parade with interest.

"Pathos?" I repeated. I supposed her reference was to the diva's lameness, which had appeared to my skeptical American eye rather histrionic than pathetic; due perhaps more to the tightness of the lady's high-heeled satin boots than to any more serious infirmity.

The maid sighed. "Eh, that it should be La Gina, La Bella Gina herself, thus marching on two feet like anybody, like you or me!—trotting along the *pavé* with no more *réclame* than the *sale bête Bijou*" (evidently Annette shared my lack of enthusiasm for the poodle of the profession). "She who in a manner of speaking has not set heel to ground since the day of her debut at San Carlo; whose carriage princes have been proud to draw, yes, and millionaires!—I who speak have seen it thus. But now, upon those exquisite feet which sculptors beg to model, she makes along rough streets the promenade, like any *Anglaise*. Daily, as you see!—It is the imbecile doctors who have done this thing."

"In order to overcome her little lameness, perhaps?" I suggested.

Annette snapped her fingers. "The lameness, what of that? A habitude, a gesture! At her age, Madame finds the cane *un peu distingué*. No, it is for the—how shall I say?" Expressive hands fluttered about her person, indicatively. "The conformation, hein? the embonpoint. When last season an ankle sprained itself, as you remember" (it did not occur to Annette that anyone, even tourists from the Antipodes, could be ignorant of this event), "Madame was for some time confined to the sitting and reclining postures. So, the catastrophe commenced. Diet made nothing. My God, what misfortune! The smallest *gâteau*, the merest *souçon* of whip-cream on the morning chocolate, and sprang! off pops another hook from the brassière. Madame increased, literally, before the eye. How it was tragic!"

"But," I said consolingly, "she carries her weight extremely well, and she is no fatter than many other opera singers."

"That is true. And it is not as if she were a coloratura, what? To the deeper voice must be allowed the wider latitudes. However, it is not with the appearance one concerns oneself; assuredly, with such beauty, appearance need not be considered—other than to add a dash of rouge here, a drop of belladonna there. It is the voice, *voyez-vous*, the voice itself! What if La Gina were to become short of breath in the upper register? Picture to yourself if she were compelled to wheeze, like the *sale bête* Bijou?"

I admitted that this would be indeed a misfortune.

"Therefore," shrugged Annette, "she makes daily the promenade. Also, she starves—it would bring tears to the eyes to see. What fortitude! Never a bon-bon, not so much as a pot of chocolate for the *déjeuner*. Only *café noir*—picture to yourself, on an empty digestion!" (She made a face of abhorrence.) "And to what avail? Ah, Mees, I ask of you as one woman to another, to what avail?"

I gazed critically after the retreating

figure of the diva, hobbling heroically on toward the Pincian Gardens, three weary blocks away. She had indeed developed, beyond repair, a sitting-figure; or as it is known to my compatriots, the middle-aged spread. And quite seasonably. While it was difficult to detect other symptoms beneath the thick liquid-white of her face, the thin geranium-red of her lips, and the varied glories of her hair, I could not but recall that her debut at San Carlo must have taken place at least thirty-odd years earlier.

My eyes and Annette's met in mutual regret, and we shook our heads together. A bond of sympathy was established between us: sympathy for a fellow-woman in distress.

It led to other conversations in passing, Annette being one of those to whom breath seems given entirely for purposes of conversation. La Bella Gina (I wondered whether the song had been named for her, or she for it) was making a pilgrimage, "as usual at this time of year." They merely paused at Rome, en route from Naples. . . . I should not have thought the singer so devout. One did not like to ask at what shrine she intended to pay her devotions. Or was it perhaps at the tomb of some lost loved one? Annette's manner, in speaking of the pilgrimage, seemed appropriately grave and subdued.

Monsieur le Marchese, also as usual, was accompanying them on the pilgrimage, although stopping at another hotel; which I thought extremely delicate of the little gentleman. He had made many journeys in the train of Madame, it appeared; had followed her triumphs even to the Americas, and to Mexico. It was on the latter occasion that he had taken with him his two young sons, in order that they might have the advantage, the inestimable privilege of intimate association with such an artist, such a woman of the world. But yes, Annette assured me, the young noblemen had indeed appreciated the privilege, Madame being excessively fond of

children, particularly of boys. She had fed them sweets all day long. There had been afterwards a letter from Madame la Marchesa herself, thanking Madame Gina for her kindness to the little noblemen.

"What! from their mother?"

But it appeared Madame la Marchesa was their grandmother.

It seemed to me an interesting and unusual relationship. I said so.

Ah, yes, agreed Annette; such fidelity through so many years deserved its reward, *n'est-ce-pas?*—a better reward than La Gina had felt herself able to bestow, she being wedded to her art.

"And of a discretion *incroyable*. Picture to yourself!—never so much as an hour alone tête-à-tête with monsieur; always a third person in attendance!—myself, or Signora the secretary, or the little noblemen—"

"Or the dog Bijou?" I murmured.

"Or the dog Bijou," she assented seriously, "who has, if nothing else, a nature of the most jealous. . . . 'While I value your attachment, my Boncelli, above pearls and rubies' (I who speak have heard her say this to monsieur, although pearls and rubies are her favorite gems) 'still, a man may not serve two masters; particularly if a woman. The competition deranges. My heart'—she said to him, just like that—'is in my larynx, *cher* Boncelli, in my diaphragm. These are your successful rivals.'—The poor Marchese!"

"You think," I asked, "that there is no hope for him whatever?"

She shrugged. "Hope, yes—but what a sad little hope! If ever the voice fails, then only will the Marchese receive his reward. He is content to wait. What patience! Each year now we make the pilgrimage; and some day, when the test is unfavorable . . ." She gave a deep sigh. "Even La Bella Gina grows obviously no younger. Ah, yes, for him there is hope—*hélas!*"

The good creature seemed torn between sentiment for this model lover and for the exigent voice.

When next I passed the little gentleman, I looked at him with a new regard. He had seemed before rather a negligible quantity, in his dapper yellow gloves and high-heeled patent leathers; rather like an alert elderly crow hopping along under the wing, as it were, of a resplendent pouter-pigeon. But such faithfulness, such undiscouraged devotion to an ideal which he might well have found somewhat faded, lent him dignity; argued powers of endurance which commanded respect. He engaged sympathy, too; and it was to his matrimonial aspirations, rather than to the famous larynx, the too-exacting diaphragm, that one wished success in the forthcoming test, whatever that might be.

I was surprised to find the party at Pisa some days later, when we came to the grave old scholars' city; stopping at the Hotel of Neptune, whose unpretentious, restful atmosphere seemed a trifle primitive to appeal to the highly cultivated taste in hotels of a Madame Gina. But there they were, in full possession, Bijou, the harassed lady-secretary, and all, with the Marchese still in discreet long-distance attendance. He was the guest, so Annette informed me with some pride, of Monsieur the Archbishop of the diocese, his cousin.

There was an air of tension, of peculiar gravity about the party by this time. I fancied that the pilgrimage was wearing toward its close. Yet I could think of no particular shrine to be visited in the vicinity, nor of any famous singing master nearer than Florence to whom La Gina might be bringing the sacred voice for its test. There were no waters to be taken: on the contrary. As a resort of either health or fashion, Pisa was nil; and I could not believe the diva a mere tourist in her native land, searching for atmosphere, leaning towers, and the like.

Very early the morning after we arrived, one heard them stirring; they were always easy to hear. Apparently the promenade was about to take place.

But at such an hour? Only natives were abroad, market-women rattling barrows of melons and ripe purple figs over the cobblestones; goats, the milk wagons of Italy, being made vociferously to yield of their wares; watchful-waiters already manning the walls of the sleeping Arno, with bamboo poles, in hope that the early worm would catch the fish at last (there can hardly be more than one fish left in that ancient and enfeebled stream). The real Pisa, that of the tourists, would slumber on for at least another hour; or endeavor to do so.

Yet Madame Gina, who never appeared in public until after the midday siesta, was unmistakably up and doing; one recognized her deep chest-tones addressing Bijou, evidently about to be left behind: "Na, na, *piccolo mio!* mother's jewel cannot accompany us to the mass, it is not for such as thee. He must remain in his little bassinet and masticate his little ball, like a good dog of my heart, while his Gina who adores him goes forth alone to the ordeal!"—here the deep chest-tones faltered and broke.

"Ah, ah, you tear at my heart strings!" sobbed the voice of the lady-secretary. "See, *carissima*, you are *not* alone! Are not *we* with you?"

"Courage, but courage," came the firm, efficient murmur of Annette. "Myself I have not a doubt but that things will go quite well, even better than last year; when, as you remember, Madame was slightly *enrhumée*."

"*Cara mia*, how you console me!—Signora, pray do not sniffle again; it is a noise I detest! Quick, my cane! Am I to wait here forever?"

I hurried to the window. Outside stood an open *carrozza*, half filled with flowers; beside it the Marchese, tugging at his mustache with nervous yellow gloves. His doglike eyes, turned upon the door, had an expression of mingled hope and apprehension. Certainly this was no mere promenade.

Suddenly I understood. The moment of the test had come!

I hurried into some clothes and followed—not a difficult thing to do since everybody in the street had been seized with the same idea. Market-barrows, milch goats, and fishermen, all of us hastened along together in the direction of the Duomo. At its doors I recognized the flower-filled carriage, empty, surrounded by interested spectators.

"Have we then a wedding?" they asked one another. "A first communion?"

"No, no!" replied somebody. "Did you not recognize her? La Gina, La Gina again, in person!"

The great doors of the Cathedral were not yet open, but I managed an entrance by means of a tip and a lesser door, of green baize; in some such manner, perhaps, as sinners may enter Paradise. My cavalcade was there, having a mass all its own, near that ancient swinging lamp whose constant motion gave Galileo the idea of the pendulum. Level rays of a new-risen sun, through prismatic glass, touched to pure glory the rich interior: the black-and-white striped marble of the walls, the mellowed sculptures, the old, dim saints and madonnas who are forever young, the burnished silver splendor of the altar. They knelt in a row at its rail: Gina and the other two women with black veils over their hair, the Marchese beside them, yellow gloves and a large plaid handkerchief neatly disposed in the high top hat at his feet, and beside him the driver of their carriage, in a black Fascist blouse; all of them receiving the Communion together at the hands of a sleepy priest. I lingered a moment, to register the picture in my memory.

Suddenly they rose and filed out past me, in the direction of the Baptistry. Annette and the secretary walked with bent heads, as if in prayer; but behind them Gina moved rather splendidly, with lifted face and a fine, exalted smile on her lips, a victim going forth to some self-appointed sacrifice. She had forgotten her cane, I saw it leaning against the altar-rail; nor did she avail

herself of the arm of the Marchese, who followed at her elbow.

I waited outside, for at last I knew what was occurring: La Bella Gina, like many another singer before her, had come to try out an aging voice by the test of the Baptistry's famous echo.

"Good luck!—Oh, good luck!" I whispered under my breath; not this time to the Marchese, waiting like a neat little crow for its pickings, but to the gallant old artist, facing perhaps the end of her career.

What sounds came out to us there in the young dewy morning! what trills and birdlike scales, invocations, fragments of arias—sometimes a trifle off the key, but how impassioned! Great, golden, contralto organ tones, soft whisperings of pure attenuated melody, all multiplied, repeated, continued on and on by the incomparable echo. It seemed to me, and to those who listened with me, a glorious exhibition of what the human voice could do. We smiled at one another happily.

"It goes well, eh?" asked my neighbors of one another and of me. Everybody seemed to realize what was happening. At times they could not resist applause.

"*Ancora, madonna mia!*" they shouted. "*Brava la Gina! La Gina bella, bellissima!*" In their humble persons, all Tuscany was at her feet.

Suddenly there fell a silence. Nobody moved or whispered. The door of the Baptistry was opening.

The singer came out alone, still with that calm, uplifted smile; but in her eyes as she gazed at us, those too expressive eyes of her race, was the look of a dying Mimi, of a terrified Carmen at bay. Behind her the others wept, even the Marchese, who blew his nose with candor.

Seeing the unexpected audience, she bowed quite charmingly; she had at all times and everywhere a most gracious stage-presence. Then her tragic gaze encountered mine.

"So, my dear! thou?" she remarked

familiarly, although we had never before exchanged a syllable; perhaps it was my sympathy she recognized. "Well, it is over! The years have conquered. I am done! The voice of Gina"—she made us a little cheery gesture of despair—"is no more."

"Ah, ah! you break my heart!" sobbed the lady-secretary.

The priest, the verger, others about her were quick with disclaiming protest. The coachman vociferated praise. Annette called upon her God with tears to witness that never in life had she, she who spoke, heard a high F attacked with greater purity.

"And what," shrilled Gina, turning upon them with sudden viciousness, "what do you know about it? Hein? I ask you! Always you lie to me, you flatter, you deceive! *Sapristi!* I trust none of you! Only the echoes do not lie, flatter, deceive, they being straight from Heaven. In the upper register I sharpened—do you hear? I sharpened! What have you to say to that? And the *sostenuto*—my God, there *was* no *sostenuto*! Add to these that in the middle register one had a huskiness—ah, bah! It is I who hear! Myself who am the judge, myself whom I trust! Not you—and you—and you!"

She snapped her fingers furiously under the nose of each of her attendants in turn, including the priest.

But the storm passed as suddenly as it had arisen. She turned upon the Marchese a rainbow smile; rather a wry attempt, but arch, and kind, and singularly sweet. I recalled how she had fed his young sons with sugarplums.

"For you, my friend," she murmured (and the smile took us all into their confidence) "this is perhaps not altogether an occasion of tragedy; eh?"

He tried visibly to utter a suitable disclaimer, to find some tactful protestation of regret, but it was useless; sudden happiness shone out from the man like a radiance. He could only bow over the hand held out to him and salute it reverently. The audience cheered.

Then, tucking her arm beneath his, he led his capture proudly away toward the flower-filled *carrozza*. It was a noble exit.

That evening we were aware of unusual activities afoot in the hotel of Neptune. Waiters scurried about, under a good deal of personal direction; through a half-closed door into the grand salon, which is used as a rule only for wedding parties or masked balls, we caught glimpses of a table laid as for a banquet. I presently encountered Annette, also scurrying, but able as always to pause for a brief exchange of courtesies.

"My God, was it not pathetic?" she demanded of me, referring to the morning's experience. "And to-night, she celebrates defeat with a fête. What a gesture!"

I agreed with Annette. It was a gesture. "But she will have at least the pleased support of the Marchese," I commented smilingly.

The maid smiled back at me, as one woman to another. "Ah, yes, that! And also of Monsieur the Archbishop, who comes to the *festa* in person, since he is of the family Boncelli.—Ah, Mees, if I could but show to you what a necklace Madame has received! Of pearls and rubies, *par exemple*, as big as my two eyes!" She made them very big indeed, to do justice to the princely offering. "And even I"—she touched complacently a brooch at her throat—"have not been neglected. It is the reward, one sees, of a sympathetic nature."

"How charming of him!" I exclaimed, delighted with such sentimental forethought on the part of the Marchese.

He must have had the gift about him in readiness, since simple old Pisa would hardly be able to provide at such short notice a necklace of pearls and rubies as large as Annette's eyes.

"He has been carrying it *en poche*," she assured me, "for twenty years! Touching, *n'est-ce-pas*? And it is now quite *démodé*. But we shall have the gems reset."

"So the engagement is to be announced already?" I asked. "The nuptials will soon follow?"

Annette looked puzzled. "Pardon?"

"Their marriage," I explained. "I thought possibly the Archbishop cousin might— Surely," I interrupted myself, puzzled in turn by her expression, "you told me that when her voice failed your mistress had promised to marry the Marchese?"

"Ah?" Annette gave a nod of comprehension. "That, no; it is a misunderstanding. What, in such case, would monsieur do with the wife he already has, the mother of the young nobleman? And Madame Gina, too—can you conceive that one of her rich nature should content herself all these years with combing the tresses of Saint Catherine?" She laughed a little, pleasantly. "Eh, no, it was not of marriage that I spoke," she said with a tender sigh, "but of love. Assuredly the poor Marchese deserves at last his happiness. . . . Yet at what cost to the world, what cost! The voice of Gina, that voice of velvet edged with little silver bells, never to be heard again, never again! Unless," she added pensively as she hurried away, "upon the concert stage of America, perhaps—who knows?"



THE NEW DECADENTS

BABBITT STARTS TO REFORM

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

RECENTLY there came to me from a city which I have long known and admired for its fervent American normalcy, tidings of such unusual import as to suggest to a naturally timorous mind the impending dissolution of an era.

A friend brought them to me when, as occasionally happens, he stopped over between trains to invigorate the lonely leisure of an editorial office with the gossip of a world of busy men. In his own community my visitor is famous as "the most regular fellow in town." He has a reputation not only for being ready and willing to join anything for anybody but also for being able to get almost anybody to join anything for him. On account of these rare gifts he has assisted at the births, sickbeds, and triumphs of more civic, service, and commercial organizations than any living contemporary.

Under these circumstances I quite naturally asked him first what movement for bigger and better impossibilities he was organizing now.

"Nothing," he said with an unexpected jauntiness. "The organizing game is going to pot."

He knew, he went on, because a few weeks before he had been chosen for the solemn duty of telephoning to twenty-five leaders of his community and securing their attendance at two successive dinners for the discussion of a certain civic project.

The auguries were propitious. The gentlemen were congenial and of the same level of prominence. The project

required nothing of them in uplift enthusiasm, sustained moral effort, or financial support. It was delicately conveyed that the party would be wet.

Nevertheless, it fozzled. "They were afraid," my friend explained, "that if they came the organization lightning would strike them and it would turn into some new kind of a luncheon club." Only eight of the twenty-five showed up at the first dinner, and the second was never held.

Still more scandalous, by my friend's account, was the conversation of those who took the risk. They discussed with admiring gusto rumors that one of the absentees was resigning from the Kiwanis Club and the Chamber of Commerce, because as my friend put it, he has "been converted by the *American Mercury*" and desired more time to attend to his business. They talked of Mr. Mencken's *Prejudices* and Mr. Sinclair Lewis' novels. They concluded amiably and with no dissent that in pillorying the back-slapping and forced ballyhooing orgies of business gentlemen in comradeship, Messrs. Mencken, Lewis, and their tribe "were doing the service clubs a lot of good."

"But what about the red peril?" I asked not without malice. "I thought you organized, constructive-minded people were the last thin white line against the apocalyptic beast."

"The only red peril rowadays," he aired his new sophistication, "is more luncheon clubs."

A few days later there came to my

desk the marked copy of one of those numerous national periodicals which, ostensibly devoted to the dissemination of better business methods, actually cultivate their field by flattering the business man's pet complacencies. The article suggested for my attention reminded its readers that, far from being a source of shame, it should be a cause for pride and glory to the regular he-man to be a booster and a Babbitt.

Critics might sneer, it went on unctuously, but the Babbitts' constructive genius alone had built American civilization and made it superior to all other civilizations. Did not these scorned men of worth comprise the only class in the republic which paid its bills and lived with one wife? Did they not, single-handed and with mighty toil, produce the wealth which made it possible for these narrow-chested critics to educate themselves into finished knockers of the good, the true, the efficient, the patriotic? Were they not actually providing these degenerate parasites, who criticized only because they could not be successful go-getters themselves, with a market for their works of bolshivism and destruction?

Finally, the way to stop this vicious and dangerous flippancy was for a little group of would-be sophisticates and approval-seekers among business men—worse than the critics because they were renegades to their class and their intelligent self-interest—to stop giving the professional yelpers a market.

I clipped this wisdom and mailed it to my friend with a marginal query. Had he joined the new decadents?

II

Whether or not the taunt was justified, the sociological horizon is crowded with signs that the new decadence is increasing. Its growth, indeed, is historically foreshadowed. This will not be the first time the American business man has proved that no builder of a nation's destinies was ever so sensitive to criti-

cism, so easily changed in mannerisms, ideas, and *mores* by harsh words and unkind ridicule.

For example, in the republic's romantic youth, when its aristocracy aped the social traditions of feudal Europe, the business man labored under the reproach which had afflicted the bourgeoisie almost from the hour when social traditions were invented. He was "in trade," and trade was, for inexplicable reasons, a low station. Hence, the colonially descended first families in the northeast and the flamboyant plantation peerage of the south patronized him as a good but humble creature in their literature and failed to invite him to their more exclusive parties. Mr. Babbitt's great-grandfather thereupon proceeded to remove the slur by becoming a social leader himself.

Perhaps this ancestral victim of the inferiority complex had no natural inclination for the bland joys of ballroom dictatorship, but the attainment was worth the incidental pangs. If the pangs and the difficulties were too great at home, somewhere he must go where he could be "as good" as his scorers.

Thus Texas and the wilder frontiers of the old South claimed him and, there, assisted by the chaos of pioneering and the later crash of insecure social values in the Civil War, he proved that store-keeping was as genteel and elevated as planting. Or scourged out of the North Atlantic states by his sense of humble origin, he descended upon the new towns of the Middle West, won wealth and pre-empted a new social leadership, all his own and uncontested.

Pushed on by his wife and daughters, he mastered the arts of dining out, of polite entertaining, of round dancing and dignified euchre-playing in mixed company. Often he cultivated connoisseurship in wines, horses, and locally amusing flirtations.

From the Alleghenies to the Pacific growing little cities swarmed with these resourceful Mel Harringtons, these self-made arbiters of elegance whose social

lives were devoted to disproving an ancient reproach. Here a wholesale grocer audited invitation lists with an almost fanatical eye to gradations of prominence and tones of breeding. There a Nordic clothing merchant censored rowdy manners. Furniture dealers set the pace for fashionable gayety in the consulship of Chester A. Arthur. In their old age, patricianship sat so securely upon them that as a matter of course they became first presidents of the new and swagger country clubs. Perhaps they had forgotten that in the republic of equal opportunities but by no means of equal social positions the reproach of "trade" had ever existed. Certainly their sons and grandsons never heard of it until confronted by the desolating blasts of modern sophisticated literature.

Thus on the first apt occasion, the go-getter's courtly ancestor proved his ability to give his critics what they wanted. Another occasion was for a long while lacking, but it came.

The era of the business man's demi-deification culminated in the campaign of 1896. There had been rumbles of heresy before, in the abortive labor movements of the '70s and '80s, in the two Cleveland victories, in the Populist uprising, and the free silver cult. But now that prosperity had returned and the country could afford it, the disillusionment spread to all society. There was a sudden turning against the old folk heroes by the humble employes and the climbing "little fellows" who before had yearningly admired the lordly ways of the Crcesi, local and national; had worshipped their very corruptions as the symbol of "smartness," their hideous mansions and formal manners as symbols of aristocratic worth. Journalistic typewriters found tongue and, with the august Roosevelt for master of the hounds, the full frowzy outcry of the muck-raking pack burst upon the ears of a delighted republic.

Amid the bedlam, however, the accusations could be plainly distinguished.

The business man was a narrow, brutal, soulless monster of rapacity, lusting after the sweat of his employes, the impoverishment of his customers, the ruin of his competitors, undermining the virtue of politicians, the integrity of government, accomplishing the rack and ruin of all that was earnest and forward-looking in the face of human nature.

The grandson of the self-made old-school gentleman who had so exquisitely responded to a subtle social slight was no personage to miss the implications of this direct frontal attack. He would again show the world that America was a country where these social critics got what they wanted.

Was he harsh with his employes? Behold the business gentleman, stung to the quick by the accusation, putting on welfare programs, getting behind the Y. M. C. A. and the local recreation efforts, and thereby removing the cause of his stinging.

Was he grasping toward his customers? At the height of the muck-rake age there was formed the Rotary Club of Chicago, with the motto, "Service above self." Though no one yet knew it, this foreshadowed countless imitations and the most glorified orgy of self-advertising service seen on earth since the early days of the mendicant orders.

Was he merciless to rivals? He would prove his Christian love for them by journeying from the ends of the continent to meet them in national conventions where, in more or less deep potations, he would resolve that he and they had common interests, and in roaring ditties of boon companionship would exalt their mutual affections with the sentiment that "Old George Smith, he ain't what he used to be."

Was he the boss of governors and the debaucher of legislators? He would remove the curse by following the zealously reforming Roosevelt, by banding himself with his kind in local young business men's leagues to see that only the earnest and the "clean cut" should serve the people. He would form

Chambers of Commerce to show municipal government where it should go and how much of the responsible taxpayer's money it should spend. Was he the foe of the national virtues? Watch him attach himself to the efficiency cults, the prohibition movements which proposed, by law, to extend compulsorily the blessings of his new virtues to the reactionary and reluctant.

In a word, that apostle of the twentieth-century mannerisms and conformities, George Follansbee Babbitt, was born in the year of the first Rotary club—the child of the muck-rakers by the guilty and repentance-seeking conscience of the muck-raked. He was the darling pledge of American business that it can give its critics what they want.

Alas, I fear his days are numbered, because a new generation of critics now wants something else.

III

Such an alarming prophecy rests, fortunately, upon more than a thinly attended dinner at which the conversation was mildly unorthodox. From the constant defensive and propitiatory tactics of charter members and from the introspective clamor of the official organs, it is clear that the soul of what has been perhaps too ritualistically called Babbitt is in a ferment. It seethes hardly less with a desire to blunt the edge of satirical criticism than with a yearning for what experts in its efficiency jargons might call a new direction of development.

Indeed, one's sensations on consulting the recent files of the *Rotarian* and four or five of its leading imitators are those of a sudden descent into a mild Bedlam of printed self-consciousness. One encounters eagerness to prove that the American business men, in luncheon clubs assembled, stand for all the demonstrably solid virtues, that criticism is intolerably unjust and can only proceed from a desire to tear down each and all of our fundamental institutions.

Yet often on the next page one is touched with pleas that the misunderstanding should be explained away to the critics by public announcements that the service clubs, far from being the parents of standardization, are the nurturers and the brightest hope of individualism in the contemporary republic. A little farther on one reads a savagely self-analytical review of the spirit of these organizations leading up to the confession that the ostentatious and too loudly speaking exponents of "the service spirit" justify the criticism and that something ought to be done about this.

Some of the gentlemen—especially the letter contributors—write in high temper, and few if any write with personal detachment. Some debate with one another openly, others clash with the chance gusto of wandering planets. Between the clashes the mind of the mere investigator tends at first to a genuine bewilderment.

But, with fuller study, the struggle begins to take on definite proportions and directions. Out of the welter of opinions and remedies the central fact emerges that the creature so universally called Babbitt is as conversant with the current castigation of his codes and social activities as he was of the muck-raking onslaughts of twenty years ago.

If the testimony of his printed oracles is to be accepted, the *American Mercury* and the fiction of the Sinclair Lewis school bulk almost as large on his intellectual landscape as his business. Indeed, if the number and vehemence of the references be taken into account, such gadflies bulk even larger than his alleged-to-be-beloved *Saturday Evening Post*. And always, whether he react to the gadfly's torments with wrath or with candid self-examination, his concern as to what his critics are saying about him, and as to their justice in saying it, is profound.

Furthermore, his desire for the critic's approval appears to be winning. Although the great house-organs of the service clubs are open forums for the

discussion of organization problems, and as such necessarily admit much contentious and protesting matter, it is plain that, with both official and editorial blessing, tactics are being modified in the direction of conciliation.

Has it been part of the criticism that the stricken Mr. Babbitt was an isolated provincial and proud of it? If so, Mr. Babbitt, via his Rotary club, will show them. To achieve this, all of Rotary from San Diego to Bangor bustles this year—a trifle self-consciously, but nevertheless bustles—to attain its famous and hitherto admittedly neglected Sixth Object. This is nothing less than its effort to bring about better international understandings, not only through club contacts and correspondence, but through actual study of political and social problems abroad. Hence, the luckless members no longer practice their voices for merry noon songfests and denunciations of the local communists, but actually bone up on the political principles of fascism and the Mexican agrarian question to the point of being able to discuss these matters with almost as much sophistication as they brought to the late tax-bill debate.

Again is it alleged that Babbitt is an intolerant apostle of standardization, yearning to pattern himself on some fair go-getting archetype and to cram the rest of society into the same mold? Then watch Rotary's editorial inspirers—followed by hasty flurries of imitation among the journalists of similar organizations—lead out their campaign for a bigger and more ardent individualism. Why the very plan of membership, it is proclaimed, this representation of all the known forms of commerce and the professions on the muster roll, is a symbol that the service clubs are the patrons of variety in human tastes and temperaments.

If standardization has crept in here and there, it is a perversion of the principles of a fundamentally individualistic order. If the service clubs are to achieve their beneficent purposes in

society—they still admit they have them—they will do so, the *Rotarian* has recently discovered, never through the pressure of the mass, but through the distinctive actions of each member acting for himself.

There are rifts, to be sure, in this program of intensive self-development, as when the last international convention of Rotary solemnly recommended by resolution that the American brotherhood obey the Volstead act and quit making humorous remarks about it. Nevertheless, it has become a dangerous time for a member to write in suggesting that the clubs take a firm and public stand even for such hitherto respectable objects as the home town's moral and social improvement. The last gentleman to try this was painfully bombarded with letters informing him that it was not the purpose of Rotary to reform society.

Finally, is the villain of the intellectual's epic accused of self-righteousness, of a disposition to gloat ostentatiously over his virtuous achievements and to flaunt his glorious fellowship and peculiar folk ways a little too publicly and noisily? If so, editorial and official persuasion now leads him as rapidly as possible toward quashing these indictments by penance and personal amendment.

Again and again, he is warned by his mentors not to "tell the world how to do it." In his international relations he is cautioned not to entertain the hope of re-molding foreign civilizations in the one hundred per cent American image.

Of late he has read a graphic warning of the dangers latent in his former assumption that because President Bob's administration provided Hometown with a bigger and better swimming pool, President Jim's administration must carry on the precedent by providing it with a bigger and better brass band. He is being openly discouraged from seeking space in the newspapers for his accounts of his public benefactions and righteous resolutions. Hence, his local

news space quota declines with the highest official blessings, and the reporters who formerly served the clubs as official press agents now have one more free luncheon hour a week—to many a caustic city editor's relief.

Above all, Babbitt is being lectured on being more businesslike and restrained in his rituals of fellowship, less obvious and sophomoric. Thus the official organs tend more and more to boast that the last international convention was as quiet and serious as a bank directors' meeting, that fellow hotel guests hardly knew a convention was on. In fact, so gloomy and restrained was the last world-gathering of Rotary that one delegate protested by open letter that he missed his old-fashioned good time. He was promptly jumped on by members who accused him of lacking the "new spirit," and evidently thought of him as lacking in decent maturity besides.

IV

Nevertheless, symptoms of the new yeasting are not predominantly journalistic. With a growing volubility, the vaguely thoughtful soldiers of the late army of standardization are beginning to talk the language of individualism as well as read it. In fact, it seems more probable that conversational disapproval of the standardization-urge produced the editorial abandonment of it, than that the literary leaders of Babbittry courageously and of their own accord instituted a crusade for a bigger and better non-conformity on which the gods of social transition now begin to smile.

Into this obscure evolutionary change diverse factors appear to have entered. There were always in most communities a few business and professional personages of some local eminence who stood apart from the open revels, the giddy publicity, and the violent conformity pressures of the organized boon-bearers and discreetly but persistently satirized them. It was frequently noticeable that major local magnates remained suavely aloof;

and the ways of major magnates are everywhere worthy of prayerful observation. Of late years this body of patronizing dissent has tended rather rapidly to augment itself. Youths entering the business and professional world since the war, and brought up on the literature of protest rather than that of flattering approval, are openly cynical. Here and there a dribbling of disillusioned and resigned service club members spread the heresies—alas, not infrequently, by means of small but choice burlesque organizations.

Precisely while all this was going on, the worth of standardization judged by its sacred token, Results, began to be cast into doubt. Standardization had conferred, for example, the blessing of prohibition upon a de-individualized republic. But prohibition either didn't work and thus set up a backfire of lawless individualism horrifying to standardizers, or it did work and proved to the standardizers how drab and depressing their regime could be.

Also, it was suddenly discovered that standardization could be something more than a convenient device for defining what a workman should not drink for his efficiency's sake, and what good men and true should think about the flag and the labor problem. The Ku Klux Klan, the anti-evolution world-savers, the labor unions, the farm bloc, half a hundred manifestly silly or oppressive reform movements suddenly began adapting the standardization technic to their own peculiar, and frequently annoying, uses. It suddenly grew clear to the more far-seeing Babbitts that standardization not only worked one way, did not even stop with working both ways, but could be made, with the help of zealots, legislators, and policemen to work almost any idiotic way. The danger of even the mildest and most beneficent form of fascism was seen to be that somebody might come along some fine morning with a symbolical whip in his hand and successfully "fascize" you.

Finally, along with the original glamorous confidence in the sure "Results" of standardization, there petered out also the more obvious motives for its soul-of-the-nation-saving activities. After the war and its emotional hang-over were done with, it was difficult to represent ecstatic conformity as necessary to military victory. After the Coolidge landslide had checked the late Senator La Follette's timid advance toward black anarchy, it was not plausible to say that every righteous citizen must think, dress, and behave like the president of his Chamber of Commerce, or the republic would become prey to red revolution. The fundamentally sane apostles of standardization began to realize that the mere fact of their ever having cherished such assumptions made them slightly ridiculous.

So quietly at first, but with hints of a gathering crescendo, began the conversational propaganda of de-standardization. One began to meet gentlemen, not critical outsiders but personages high in their various service orders, who gravely granted that the process of re-making the world in Mr. Babbitt's fair image was "going too far." One encountered scorn and ridicule for the cruder practitioners of the conformity codes—the fine confidential superciliousness of the aristocratic Rotarians toward the imitative organizations; the dismay and indignation of all the service clubs over the wanton eagerness of impetuous fundamentalists to enact religious standardization legally. Through such confessions as one receives on these and kindred topics runs a note of half-humorous, half-shamed deprecation—like that of the wives of a city's first magnates who observe the ladies of the lower mystic orders imitating their fashions of dress and mannerisms a bit extremely and several months too late.

If any sense of guilt underlay the new attitude, it must be relieved by the quick adoption of a scapegoat, and the scapegoat was found. During the war the four-minute patriotic orator became

the epic hero of our rising fascism. For at least half a dozen years after his discharge from the military service he traded for prominence in the bolshevist menace, less subtly but hardly less magnificently than the estimable Mr. Coolidge himself.

Now suddenly on the lips and publications of the men of service he becomes a by-word, almost a villain, the false prophet who has led the people astray into worship of the gilded calf of mere rhetoric.

The periodicals devoted to a broadening of the Babbitt vision berate him as the "loud speaker"—1926 American for the "false alarm" of 1912. The flippant burlesque him in open meeting. The serious-minded inform you in confidence that he does not accurately represent his organization's genuine spirit. He hangs on to his glory only in the smaller metropolises of the backwoods. Elsewhere he has been demoted from office and its speech-making perquisites.

He is tolerated only as college juniors tolerate the classmate who can not rise above the fatuous enthusiasms of his early youth to his new and proper dignity. Hence, in any city within mental shooting range of the centers of sophistication, it is a fairly safe wager that President Al of Kiwanis cultivates the restraining suavity of a Harvard professor and that President Hal of the Rotary subscribes to *The Nation*.

Moreover, the followers know this and are proud of it. Indeed, one of the symptoms of the new decadence is their eagerness to conciliate the critics by bragging about it.

For example, an old friend, a loyal "organization man" from the corn belt, descended upon me recently, bursting with an account of how a district official of his order had recently won election to that high station. There had been threats of a contest, and one of the declining breed of standardizers had hastened to the candidate to secure his pledge that, if elected, he would set a

good example by pledging himself to observe and verbally respect the 18th amendment.

"I'll set a good example, your grandmother," the candidate had replied tartly and in the hearing of an able group of gossip-spreaders. "Everybody knows Jim Jennings takes a drink when he wants it and isn't going to fall in love with the Volstead Act as long as there's a good bootlegger left. In other words, Jim Jennings is himself, and if you elect him, you're going to get himself on the job and not a phony imitation of a W. C. T. U. Chairman."

The news of this rebellion spread, the opposition collapsed. The ribald Mr. Jennings was unanimously elected, as my friend gleefully expressed it, "on the one hundred per cent Be Yourself ticket."

This, however, is but a sporadic item on the list of conciliatory efforts. One needs to have only the slightest local standing as a mocker, and the "organization men" of one's acquaintance make haste since the first of last January to admit that much mockery is just. True, they blame it all on the new sociological villain, "the loud speaker." He it was, they imprecate his all too recent memory, who made the novel *Babbitt* a short four years ago only too true. But he's gone now, thank goodness, and grounds no longer exist why broad-minded citizens like the really up-and-coming service club men and their critics should not get together and agree that this is rapidly becoming the best of all possible worlds.

As they talk on, this happy consciousness of their new liberalism swells almost to gloating. They flaunt their fine scorn of the go-getting systems which lately so intrigued them, declaring that their salesmanship is not a matter of mechanical technic but of making good with the customer in the most individualistic way you know how.

They tell in an almost epic manner how a Rotary convention got the unfortunate Mr. Sinclair Lewis on its platform, and gave it back to him as

hot as they took, and in the same spirit. They prove their yearning for bigger and better sophistication by expatiating on the deep regret of the Chicago club, the mother of Rotary, that Mr. Mencken could not accept an invitation to address them. Mr. Mencken, I gather, declined on conscientious grounds, and so far as I know the transaction was private. Nevertheless, each Rotarian I have met during the past forty days repeats the edifying incident as though it were the choicest bit in his current folk poetry.

Midway in all this, the magazines formerly devoted to the standardization cult, tuned in, and already their passion for the new individualism approaches the fervor of a crusade. Midway, too, a certain expression, not slang precisely, but carrying all the cheerful undertone of a genuine popular slogan, began its progress toward ultimate universality. I suspect that it arose out of the flapper's demonic possession, which includes, as every student of destructive forces recognizes, the dire capacity for burlesquing even herself.

However that may be, "Be yourself" is the charmed phrase which threatens to make the new decadence irresistible. When, as seems imminently probable, it becomes as common to the cigar vendor and the international butter and eggs convention as "don't take any rubber nickels," I fear that the conformity compulsions of Mr. Babbitt will be as dead as the tradesman's humility of his great-grandsire.

When, however, the new decadence reaches this exotic stage, the incurable optimist must believe that another school of social criticism will rise to face it. Time and the knocking instinct may be trusted to wither lunatic individualism into a new conformity with the same caustic breath with which criticism now threatens to wither mad-cap conformity into individualism. But in a land where the critic gets what he wants, with a bonus, social criticism must remain classed near the top of the hazardous occupations.



THE BREATHING SPACE

A STORY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THOSE elevator boys—if they would only let him be. But they wouldn't, you could bet your life they wouldn't. Not now since they knew how to get beneath his skin; not since they'd learned the way by which they could torment him. They waited for their chance until the entrance hall was empty. Then, if there came a time when they were not on call, and when he wasn't holding back a door, or fetching bags and bundles in or out, or chirruping for taxis, why they were always at him. But low at first—between themselves—so that he scarcely noticed.

"Tain't so."

"Ain't it, you boob? Ask Mr. Lyndstrom here."

And though his back was turned, he felt his neck burn red. If he could only stop his ears against the shame of what he knew was coming.

"Ask Mr. Lyndstrom here." A whisper wheezed from leather lungs. It set the bare vault echoing. "Ask Mr. Lyndstrom here. He's been a deep-sea diver, he has. He's the guy can tell you anything. He'd otta. He's seen God."

Why had he ever told them anything at all?

Well, you had to talk to someone, didn't you? And what kind of talk was that: "Yes, madame." "No, madame." "Yes, sir. Very good, sir." Having a civil tongue in your head—that was what the superintendent called it. Not putting yourself forward. Knowing where to stop. Not volunteering any-

thing. All right, if that was what these people wanted, he could serve it to them. Only being at their beck and call was one thing, and not thinking was another. As you stood there at the door just looking out, what about yourself? What about the thoughts that came alive inside of you, knocking at your brain and wanting to get out?

And those kids—it had been such fun at first to have them come up close, to have them want to listen with their eyes excited, shining.

A deep-sea diver, gee! That took some nerve if anybody was to ask them.

Nerve! He'd set the record, he had. When they wanted someone to go down and get the goods, he was the man they'd always sent for.

Suddenly, before their youth, he had felt the old excitement shooting up through him, rushing over him and swamping him. They mattered still, the risks he'd taken and the things he'd done. They mattered more than anything. Getting tips and giving satisfaction—it had thickened in his throat. He could have spat out on the marble floor his deep contempt for them. No, by God, they weren't his job.

But those kids—they didn't give a hang for him, except to ask him why he'd quit, and quit to be a hallman.

And just for a moment he had had to plunge about, for even there they'd almost had him. Still, as man to man, they knew already just what women were. Women. They liked places that they knew, walls that shut you in, and

rooms all filled with little things they could see with their eyes shut. His wife, she hadn't wanted him, she'd said, slopping round in all that mess and muck below the sea. She hadn't wanted him down there and seeing sights not fit for any Christian. She was always tugging at him till she'd got him up and landed him just where she wanted him. Hallman in a Park Avenue apartment house. Done for, that was what he called it. Safe, she called it, on dry land.

The kids weren't interested in her. Before he'd even finished they'd piped up:

Say, what did he wear?

For the first time he'd forgotten that he couldn't bear to look about; that he couldn't bear to see flashed back at him from every side a shrimp in a blue uniform, a uniform that, spot or tear, it would be taken from his wages, that was covered with gold braid and dinky buttons there for nothing. He'd told them of a uniform made so it served a purpose. The slightest thing about it wrong, and you got more than a call down. A slim chance you stood of ever coming up.

His helmet—how did it fit on? they'd asked. How was the air pumped into it? Screwed into it, was he? But suppose some guy, just for a joke . . . ? What would happen then? Would he have to die inside of it? And when he went down, did he plunk down like an elevator with the weights off? How far had he been down? Naw, not in fathoms. Take those buildings opposite.

He had only had to close his eyes, to turn his thoughts inside, and drop down slowly after them. There it was, all safe. And not a murky dusk that oozed in through the windows, but a dusk that reached out cool, and clean, and glimmery. No boundaries and no horizons. Space enough to breathe in. Bigness. Peace.

What was the scariest thing he'd ever seen?

The scariest thing he'd ever seen?

He knew now what they'd wanted. Movie stuff. Cuttle-fish that spilled out streams of ink, an octopus that twined long arms about your air tubes. Well, he'd seen them, too. And just as well as not he could have told about them. But cuttle-fish and octopus, they didn't seem to count. Not beside that force that could blow the banners of the seaweed all one way in the draught of a great current; that could build up cliffs like spires and crumble them; that could take a million years to cut and dredge a channel, and still have time to make the funny, flattened fish that scampered off when you got close to them, or to bring its weight to bear on making without crushing a single little barnacle that scarred a rock. It pressed upon you from all sides, no end to it and no beginning. It let you feel the bulk of it. It came pushing something open wide, filling, flooding some place deep inside of you. When you thought about the bottom of the sea, you couldn't leave it out. It wouldn't have itself left out.

What was the scariest thing he'd ever seen?

So big you couldn't catch it with a name, and yet he'd answered, "God."

Full in the face he'd got the snicker of those kids.

Gosh, that was a good one. God sunk in the sea bottom. Any feller knew, of course, that God was jus' like Santa Claus. But if He was anywheres at all, it stood to reason that He wasn't sunk in the sea bottom. Off his nut, they'd said he was; just off his nut.

Maybe. Up here—no more than he could get a grip upon the marble floor—he couldn't seem to get his balance. But at any rate that force which went so certainly upon its way below the sea—he couldn't find it on Park Avenue. With everything cramped close, divided into little bits, there wasn't any room for it. It needed to reach out. It needed space.

Not that up here there wasn't force at work. Only—take it now—standing,

looking out between the times when he had to touch his cap and put his body flat against the door and show somebody past him, it was men's force that you saw working. Working at top speed, jostling, crowding, driving, as though there wasn't any time behind or any time ahead of it. It was split up in a million little parts and exploding at a million different points.

And not that it couldn't build up spires like cliffs and tear them down again. You only had to step outside and look up at the hacked and jagged skyline. But when cliffs were still alive, growing, dying, they didn't have hard edges. They weren't all ugly lines and angles as though you'd turned a ruler this way, that way. They bulged in boulders that showed fight, resisting. They wavered into ledges. They gave way in caverns washed out in scoops and curves. No, those cliffs below the sea might crumble, but they wouldn't topple. They reached down, reached deep; they still belonged to that which they were part of. These great towers were built of stones, chipped out in blocks and separate. Send a gush of ocean in about their base, you'd see how long they'd stand. Dead rock, they were. Dead rock.

And that gut between the towers that took the flow of traffic now huddling crosswise and now up and down—how long would it stay set and straight as the floor of a deep channel? Scoured here to its bed rock and heaped up there with sand, with just one tide there'd be a swing and curve to it. What's more, that drifting flotsam would be driven all one way, washed out of sight.

All the same, beyond the plate-glass doors there was something that was scary too. You couldn't say there wasn't. Only, if you stopped to think, you knew that it was something worse than fear you were afraid of. Think how you didn't like to cross a street, what with the chance of something darting, whizzing at you. Below the sea you'd had close squeaks, close shaves,

and still you'd faced and fought whatever'd come to you, without crouching, without jumping from your skin, and peering back. But there whatever'd come had been somehow a part of that which you were part of. If it got you, it was only bigger than yourself and stronger. Here, you'd be crushed out by something bigger maybe, stronger, but not even natural. There'd be a meanness and a kind of shame about it. His wife—no matter what she felt, she hadn't any right to make him risk it. A man, if he had any right at all, had the right to choose his risk of death.

"Heh, Mr. Lyndstrom, lookit."

So all the while those imps were sitting quiet on their marble bench they had been thinking up some devilment. But what had he to do with sleazy, pink editions of the evening paper? He knew the kind of thing that they were full of: rich women getting a divorce, hostesses whose jewels had been stolen, millionaires let in for dirty blackmail, side lights on baby vamps.

"Lookit, lookit."

Grubby fingers—they were pointing to a scrap down in the lower corner. He'd be damned if he would read it.

Stuck before his eyes how could he help it?

"S-29 rammed and sunk off Montauk. Crew of thirty-four . . ."

Even so, what of it? A man's death that. To such a death a man went proudly.

But "Navy calls on divers. Ain't you going, Mr. Lyndstrom?"

"Navy calls on divers." How that message turned the thousand years that he had been away into a second. A call to him in those words; and clear and strong, without a doubt, his mind was flashing back the answer. Beneath his weighted feet he could already feel the movement of the water stirring. Far away and distant were the voices jeering at him. They could reach him but they couldn't hurt him.

"Quittin', ain't he, when he gets a chance. Afraid he is of seein' God."

Wasted hours and, save for looking up a train, how endless. "Yes, sir. Very good, sir"—as though next night they'd find him there to run the silly errands they thought of such importance. If they'd ever had to keep an eye upon the calm before a spell of dirty weather, they would have known a storm was brewing in his mind. But at last he'd rid himself of them—and of the imps. He'd rid himself of the blue uniform that buttoned in the man he hated. He'd folded the blue uniform and put it back; it held as much as they had ever owned of him. Without a word, not to his wife, and not to anyone, he'd made a getaway. He had escaped.

But between then and now there'd been a train that crawled out of the night into the morning, that jerked and ground its brakes at every shed tucked in beside a farmhouse. Milk-train they called it. Only this time it should have known that it was running on a different errand; that it had more to do than stop its jog to take on milk cans. He had tried to drive it forward with his will. He had tried to prod it forward with his body. And all the time the thought that it might get him there too late. . . .

Beyond the sand cliffs was the sea at last—bluish in the dawn without a stripe of wind upon it. On such a day you went down like a plummet. A fair, proper day for diving. The waves were stretching to a thin and single curve before they broke upon the beach. There, too, were the salvage boats. There were the barges settled low beneath their weight of derricks. Stationed, so you'd think, at either end to mark a grave—only he knew better. They were already in position. They were sweeping cables underneath to make a giant cradle.

But without him they didn't dare to start their hoisting. His job to swing off the ladder down the shot rope. His job to reach those cables and to see they were well placed.

To hire a skiff to row him out, to scurry up the ladder, and now he was

aboard, to waste no time, to find a suit and get himself put into it. But he couldn't understand—he wished to God these men would stop their kidding. Show his pass? Hell, did they take him for a cub reporter, big with watching? He was a diver, that's what he was. Attached to the Navy?—well, no, not any longer. Who had sent him?—how explain, how ever tell them that he had replied to a command more urgent than an office order? What name?—Lyndstrom, Otto Lyndstrom. What did they mean by nothing doing, by telling him his name was not on any list?

And, as though he weren't there at all, things were going on without him. It was only that they couldn't stop to put him off that he was left there, standing close beside the heaving air pumps. The strain of faces tight and hard with listening for those far-off, muffled messages. And when they came, the anger of sharp voices. "Thirty fathoms deep. . . ." Suppose she was. Before she dragged and settled with another turn of tide, they'd got to feel below her ribs and get her harnessed. "God damn it all, the men below—they said they couldn't make it." He could. He could—only not a soul would listen to him. They'd got to bring the divers up. The pressure was too great for them. But not for him, no, not for him, if he could make somebody hear him. "Get ready a fresh diver—just a chance." Through deafened ears he heard himself shout out and claim it. "Aw, get to hell." As though he'd been a fly that buzzed and bothered, they had brushed him by.

Then to hear a voice he knew, the voice of one of his old crew.

"Sure, I know him. Sure, he's got a right here. If I get crocked, you send him after me. Hello, Lyndstrom. Homesick, eh, and watching from the bleachers? Come along, and lend a hand."

To lend a hand—to dress the man who'd got his job, that wasn't what he'd come for. He'd come to go himself, to stand a moment at the edge, shut in

from men, alone and reckless, and then—just by a plunge—to chuck the world with its thick human crowds and little purposes, to take all risks until he felt again the giant force that moved below the surface, until he felt the thrill that was part terror and part joy.

Yet he was tagging like a dog, that figure tightening, swelling with its own importance. He could stave off the worst if he could only find that body soft, if he could feel a scorn for it. But stripped, its muscles ran and flexed and came back neatly into place again. Its surface had the polished hardness of his own when he had taken pride in it, when he had kept it as the tool he had to work with. He must think about that body as his own if he was ever going to stand this: rigging it with woolies, hauling sweaters on it, kneeling down to tug on weighted boots, and then—before he set the helmet on—jumping up to fix the shoulder pads.

But if that body really were his own, those pads, he'd have them thicker surely. A voice was nudging at his mind. "Suppose some guy, just for a joke . . ." Funny how those devils' words came back, and how they started secret, quiet calculations. Ten fathoms, yes; and twenty possibly. But thirty fathoms never. He knew. He knew as certainly as though he'd felt the helmet settle on his shoulder blades, bite through them too, close down upon them like a vise and clamp them with a force you couldn't brace against. He knew as certainly as though he felt the grinding crackle and the snap. But, instead, the helmet was now heavy in his hands. It was another man who'd feel the weight of it. "Suppose some guy, just for a joke." But it wouldn't be for any joke. "If I get crocked, you send him after me." Those imps had given him his chance.

Yet that clogged voice that still could rip and break through all his plans . . . If it had been another's voice he would have throttled it.

"Hold on a jiff. These pads . . . There's something wrong."

The smile, the silly unbelieving smile that came across a wadded shoulder. The silly words that stung, and maddened him, and silenced him.

"Me or you, who's wearing them? Look here, who's going, me or you?"

So this was what it had been like for those who'd leaned and watched above the sheer while he had made his way below the water. There they'd hung and stared at lines now taut, now slack that coiled away below the waves and slid beyond where you could follow them. There they'd stayed and stared at yellow bubbles, fizzing up and flattening out upon the surface—at yellow bubbles breathed up from how far below?

And all the time they'd stared, he had been seeing—what? So many things came back. Not the Big Thing, but the little things. A clumsy turtle blundering God knows where, with its great ferry boat to move, and nothing but its tiny claws to paddle it. A wisp of sea moss sailing past, its stem erect, its branches red and furry. Ribbons of brown kelp, the whole bolt of them unrolled and plunging, shaking. A shark with blunted snout and with its fins laid back. A scallop with palms clapping. A school of fish that grazed a pasture overhead, their tails all turned one way, their silver bellies gleaming. A sea horse standing on its tiny tail, with its neck arched, upreared—the nerve of it, the plucky little nerve of it. Himself—at least the part which he had lost, was there with them. This that watched above—what was it but the beached and emptied shell?

But the bubbles—they were coming up so faintly now. Why he could even count them. Three, four, five, and six, before they spluttered out and stopped. And men were tugging, hauling at the lines. He could tell them what they'd find: a helmet cold inside, yet slippery with sweat, a face with lips puffed out, eyes staring. But other men were shouting in his ears as though they'd never make him hear them. They were crowd-

ing round and jostling him. Would he go down and try his luck? Did he think that he could make it? No time to lose, if they were going to get her up with men alive inside of her. How about it? Would he take a chance?

The feel of wool that made his flesh crawl. Hands were at him. They had stripped him, they were dressing him. No second given him to test his body out. His head was butting through an opening. "Those pads—you've got to double them." And wide awake he was, it seemed, and not just talking in his sleep, for hands were answering his commands, were fumbling at his shoulders. The helmet—it was being lowered. Cut off, he felt the outside turn and twist and screw of it. The air line tucked beneath his arm. The lead slung on his breast, his back. The heavy dragging weight of him as he sagged down the ladder. The faint signal tap upon his helmet. Then the step off and the plunge.

He could watch the sunlight rise and fade away. The outlines of the hulls were now spread blurs upon the surface. All about him was a strange half-light, a glimmery, green dusk. At a single gulp the sea had taken him and had included him. How dim it was, how cool, and through its league-long curves, how deep and distant. The moving shapes that came and went, they came and went so soundlessly. No walls to shut them off, no doors to open, no exits and no entrances. They all belonged. Down here a million, million things made One. And it wasn't just the lead upon his feet, upon his breast, that drew him down and down so that the rocks swung quickly up to meet him. The bubbles he breathed out—they should rise singing to the surface. He was back in his own world. He knew what he should find. He knew where he was bound.

Only first there was his job. . . . Queer, as a job, how little he had really thought of it. He'd been thinking of his need, of getting back and going down. But somewhere below and trapped, men

perhaps were still alive. And if they were, they would be waiting for his coming. Not just waiting and just hoping, but as sure of the small driving force in him as he was sure of the great driving force beneath the water. He'd got to reach them, hadn't he? He'd got to answer when they were so sure of him. Never mind this drumming in his ears. It wasn't that he heard. It was as though they'd called on him by name.

But let him have a little separate purpose of his own. At that the ocean seemed to rouse itself. It was too great for any hurry. But since he'd set his will against it, it let him slowly have the weight of it. He was the object of its whole advance.

And now as he slid down, the distances were playing tricks. The peaks of rocks—through driving sand how far away they seemed. How close they came and thrust at him without a word of warning. Kick from the bushy tufts along their sides and keep his service and his air lines free. Swing out from them and reach that ledge. Brace against it, sway, and catch his breath. A cup, it dropped away beneath his feet. Try to follow it, the deeper currents had him. The tear and strain of them. The drag and pull of them. And all the time, the numbing, settling pain that bored into his nape and shoulders. Should he say the word for help? His spine was being bent. His spine was buckling. Forward and back that force was driving him and hoisting him. Give in to it and go with it. . . . No use to fight against it, was there? What had he to fight with but his body that was being beaten, that was being coiled and twisted?

What had he ever had to fight with? His body? Damn his body. He hadn't time to rescue it. Nerve, that's what he'd had. The nerve that wouldn't let him quit.

A trough of sand below. Moonlight could fill a valley pale like that. Only nearer this was more like snow that had been piled and ridged, each grain of it asleep. And breaking through the

drifts that lay along her flank, there was the sub! Even through the dusk, there was the swelling line and curve of her. Lying on her side she was—like a shark that he'd once knifed, its belly slit and gaping. Men alive in her at either end—small chance.

But on that chance he'd got to reach her side. To make her side, he'd got to take the sloping angle to her at a zigzag. Lose and gain. Give way a moment. Wrench back and then drive down. Somehow he was nearer now. His lines were tugging at him slack. And though he couldn't feel the sand, his feet had touched the surface of the world. They had touched and sprung up from the very bottom. The humped shadow of the sub was looming close beside him. He had dropped close by her stern.

Flash his light on her, the feeble little thrust of light that wouldn't even start the shadows. The cable at this end was placed all right and grappling tight—no danger of its slipping and its spilling. But to edge himself along the length and reach the bow. . . . The violence of will it took to make each twist and turn, and then to have it end in just this foolish fumbling. He wanted to press forward—he did press forward with his mind. It was only that his feet refused to stir with him. He wanted to put out an arm just to see it, thick and solid, reach the steel that must be thick and solid too. But a sledge that he couldn't see drove in between. Flat like a blow, it struck at him and beat him back, and yet went flowing past him. What was more, the force behind it was now clutching at his breath. It was draining out his strength and with a steady suction. The taps in him were all turned on.

If he could only rub his eyes, make sure. . . . With that running slab of weight upon his head, how had he ever got here by the bow? And the cable swung beneath—had he really dragged the secret of its safety from it? Then for the message of "all set." Back came the answering signal. Soon there would be a heave and quiver. The

hoisting derricks would be starting at their work.

Again a signal. So he'd overstayed his time. As though he didn't know that, with his body calling him and warning him. But surely he could take a moment for himself. He'd got to see, make sure. Before he left he'd got to stare about him in the stillness. . . .

Like a silver map it was, only that there weren't four boundary lines to stop it. With its little dips and rises, its huge valley beds and slopes, it went curving into space, a space too great to follow or to understand.

And so they'd called it ugly, had they? A mess and muck? A sight not fit for any Christian? Suppose he laughed at them into his mask? Would they ever guess why he was laughing? Would they know it wasn't madness, but a message he was sending from the bottom of the sea?

For it was safe from them, that map that ran and flowed away on every side. They needn't think they'd ever have the chance to swarm across and claim it, to stake it out or chart it. They'd never clog its avenues or pave and curb its rights of way. And the vault that blocked the sun above so that there wasn't any shine or sparkle—not with any Broadway blaze of lights would they ever make it cheap or drive it backwards. The low dim stretch of it. . . . Below its hush, the shadows had it to themselves. They were safer than the night's. All about him too the rocks were bulging up as they had bulged for centuries. Ages back they'd had their big excitement. Now they might sink back again, be broken up, and smoothed away, but only by a huge slow handling. Even so their bases would be left, foundations of the earth to keep her swinging to her course. And the power that scarred them, ground them down, and scooped them out, that felt and filled each crevice in them—no man could ever harness it or drive it for his purposes. No, nor lessen it. Not by the fraction of an inch.

Strange how that power could seem to fill and charge the empty places in him too! He was breathing quick. But it wasn't just the depth that stretched his heart out wide. Something happy, something wild and reckless, was rushing, churning, through his heart. He had to wait. . . . He had to wait until it brimmed him. It was rising in him like a tide.

But behind it there ran fear that swayed and surged, that had strange motions of its own. He was being lifted bodily. He was stumbling, floundering in the draw of changing currents. The whole valley bed was shifting. Loose and terrible, the force that shaped it was reshaping it. The sand was seeping into runnels—grooves—beneath his feet.

And why was it so still? Movement was suddenly so awful when he couldn't hear the sounds that went with it. Why, there ought to be a sighing in the sand that curled along the floor in eddies, a whisper in the spirals that were rising, a whistle to the gusts that blew them into

every nook and cranny, a deep echo from the caverns into which they swept. The roots that clutched the cliffs above were breaking loose and straining out. As they unfurled there ought to be a ripple and a snap to them. The sea growths now were standing up and springing into life. There ought to be a murmur from the shuffling of their boughs. The curved crest of the dunes was lifting like the comber of a wave and blowing back. Ridge after ridge, the dunes were merging, dropping silently, and sweeping after it. And the current, veering from its course and carving out a different channel—as it came flooding towards him down the valley, it should send a rolling thunder and a boom before it.

Something had flung a veil of sand across his mask. But before the current struck he had to break the awful, spreading silence of its coming. A power too great to call by any word . . . and yet a breath so thin it couldn't reach was going out of him. His lips were forming for a name. . . .

TO AN OLDER WOMAN

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

I LOVE you—not because you understand
 That there are old, crushed dreams in me,
 And not because you sense my loneliness
 And give me of your sympathy.
 For you, whose eyes are soft with conquered grief,
 Can see in mine no look that's sad.
 I love you, friend, because you think of me
 As someone very young and glad!



BARNUM AS LEGISLATOR

BY HARVEY W. ROOT

THAT P. T. Barnum, whom America is accustomed to think of only as a showman, was generously endowed with a remarkable and many-sided ability which would have made him dominant in any line of endeavor in which he chose to exert it is nowhere more clearly shown than in his record as a member of the Connecticut Legislature. This interesting episode occurred during a sort of interim in his career: a time with no great projects on hand and when, for the moment, he was able to drift comfortably with the current, concerned only with the routine affairs of his many and varied interests. The early days of struggle and hardship were far enough in the past to be merely a more or less interesting memory, along with the discovery of his showman's ability, the experience with Joice Heth, travels with Signor Vivalla, and other, similar beginnings. It was something more than a score of years before, with only promises and a reputation for character and ability, that he had bought the American Museum and made name and fortune. Only a few less since he had spent those interesting and eventful seasons in England and on the Continent with Tom Thumb, becoming the friend and acquaintance of notables and persons of accomplishment and distinction wherever he went. Fifteen years had elapsed since he had been the means of bringing the celebrated singer Jenny Lind to this country and creating one of the greatest sensations of his period, yet in 1865 when the simple entry, "P. T. Barnum, Showman. 55," was made in the membership list of the General

Assembly of his state, there were still five years which must pass before he would begin his twenty years' experience as a circus proprietor and inseparably identify his name with that business and "The Greatest Show on Earth."

It was a striking figure and personality sure to attract attention in any gathering, this showman with a world-wide reputation, just at the prime of life, who went up to Hartford from the shores of Long Island Sound in the spring of 1865 to share in the work of the Legislature; for Barnum was big physically, as well as mentally, with the type of head and shock of hair made familiar by Sumner and Webster portraits; a person whose keen intellect and varied knowledge were valuable assets in the deliberations of any body of men, but who, in spite of repeated opportunities, had not hitherto allowed himself to be drawn into public office. Any handicap due to his lack of political experience was more than offset by his broad knowledge of human nature, his extensive experience on the lecture platform, his long familiarity with large affairs, his ability to approach a problem and think it straight through in a simple, sane manner, and his large sense of humor. Add to this his boldness and the fact that his viewpoint was essentially modern—so much so that his stand and speeches on matters which came before him were wholly in line with present-day thought—and one begins to realize why, from the first day, he was the outstanding figure of the session.

To understand thoroughly his changed attitude toward taking part in public affairs it is necessary to recall the intense feeling, mistaken judgments, and terrible bitterness—happily forgotten now—which the long and weary years of Civil War had nurtured, the indefinite and disturbing rumors which filled the air, and the almost fanatical zeal with which the people of the North sought to improve the condition of the negroes. In his younger days Barnum had been a Jacksonian Democrat and an enthusiastic one, though with acute misgivings after the Kansas strifes of 1854, but clinging to the party until secession threatened in 1860, when he joined the Republicans. From the first breaking out of the war he eagerly supported the Union cause. Too old to enlist, he sent four substitutes in his place, contributed largely toward the support of agencies for the comfort and care of the men at the front, and in addition was an active member of the local "Wide-Awakes" and the Bridgeport "Prudential Committee."

Just as the southwestern portion of Connecticut was infested with Tories during the Revolution, so, during the Civil War, it had a large and noisy percentage of "Copperheads." Among these was a son-in-law of Barnum who had been nominated as a candidate to the State Senate much to the annoyance of his famous father-in-law. One of the principal matters to come up in the Legislature was the question of ratifying the Amendment to the United States Constitution abolishing slavery. Barnum has said, and it was currently reported at the time, that the determining factors in his decision to go to the legislature were the fear that his son-in-law would be elected and vote *against* ratification and the hope that his own vote *for* it would, in a measure, save the reputation of the family.

Although Barnum was Bridgeport's most prominent citizen, it was as a representative of the town of Fairfield that he went to the Legislature, owing to the

vicious Connecticut system, which still holds, of apportioning representation by towns instead of population; in 1865 the boundary line between the towns of Bridgeport and Fairfield passed through the city of Bridgeport not far from its center, and Barnum lived just over the Fairfield side of the line. The showman's election did not follow any political excitement or campaign. He was nominated on the 24th of March. A local paper commenting on his candidacy the next day, said it was a "capital nomination" and observed that "those who have the good fortune to serve in the coming Legislature with Mr. Barnum will remember him as one of the most agreeable companions, while they will find that he will do every duty of a legislator in A No. 1 style." A few days later the same sheet in discussing the son-in-law's political chances said, "the indications at present are that the young man will hardly be permitted to occupy one of the mahogany seats in the Senate chamber *this* season. P. T. has got a *sure* thing but David's chance is a 'leetle unsartin,' so the people say." This prediction proved correct, for when the ballots were counted on April 3rd, Barnum had a nice majority while the son-in-law was thoroughly defeated.

II

Connecticut politics, and often the best interests of the state, were suffering much from the pernicious intermeddling of the railroads, a condition which had existed for some time and has not yet been entirely eradicated. But in contrast to the single ownership of to-day, Connecticut railroads were then the property of several independent companies which combined with, and against, one another to control legislation and secure to themselves many advantages. The evil was obvious, open, and scornful of any opposition. The Legislature convened a month after election. Barnum, like many of the older members, went to Hartford the night before it

convened and, although he had never taken part in the process of legislation which proceeds in public on the floor of the House, or in the more subtle and sometimes more effective, but altogether private processes which precede these, he was, nevertheless, too accustomed to sensing situations to be altogether at a disadvantage. He had not been many hours in the capital town before he detected the movements of wires which were setting the stage for the election of a speaker the next day.

Two candidates were in the field and Barnum did not watch long before he was convinced that one of them was being supported by a combination of railroad interests. Seeing in this "no promise of good to the community at large," and believing a railroad company, like fire, "a good servant but a bad master," he talked the matter over with a few friends and decided to make an effort to defeat the railroad "ring" in caucus. He had never seen either of the candidates and had no purpose of his own to serve in the matter except to oppose the influence of the railroads over legislation, a sinister domination of which he must have been well aware. How astute was his management of the affair can be judged by the fact that at a caucus, held later that night, in a controversy over the speakership, which a New Haven paper the next day spoke of as "quite animated," he succeeded in defeating the railroad candidate and electing his rival. Surprise would be altogether too mild a term to use in describing the chagrin of the railroad men. Barnum said that they had "had their own way in every legislature since the first railroad was laid down in Connecticut and to be beaten, fairly startled them"; and no one familiar with the history of Connecticut's railroads and legislatures can question the accuracy of the statement.

Barnum's advance to a leading position in the House was rapid. He had defeated the railroads in a most important move the night before the session

opened; he had persuaded the successful candidate for speaker to resist the tremendous pressure which was brought to bear on him by both parties and to displace the man whom the railroads had kept as chairman of the Railroad Committee for a number of years; and, foreseeing a long contest with the railroad interests, he had refused the chairmanship of several important committees and accepted that of Agriculture which would demand but little of his time. The amateur was making progress.

Of the major matters which were to come before this session of the Legislature that of ratifying the Federal Amendment in regard to slavery easily took first place in the minds of the members and of the public generally. It was the first matter of any consequence to be taken up after the organization of the House. The bitterness caused by the war had grown even more bitter since the election in April because of the assassination and death of President Lincoln. The sentiment in favor of ratification was more determined than ever and there was little open opposition. The terse formal report of the action in the House, which most of the papers published the next day in fine print, read as follows:

Mr. Welch called up the resolution ratifying the Constitutional Amendment.

Mr. Barnum advocated its passage.

The resolution was unanimously passed with great applause.

But if thus disappeared the matter of the Federal Amendment with no voice raised against it, not so a proposal to strike the word "white" from the suffrage clause of the State Constitution. Opposition to this was real and determined; and when the resolution came to a vote, with only three absent, the supporters of the measure had but a couple of votes more than the necessary two-thirds. The debate was impassioned on both sides. Barnum remained silent until several of the opposition had spoken, and

then in a speech which shows his ability as a legislative debater he defended the resolution. Assuring the Speaker that he would not notice at any length the "declamation" of the "gentleman from Milford" because he had heard nothing from him "approaching to the dignity of argument," and declaring that he agreed that the white man "sacredly cherished" the right of suffrage and for that reason wanted to see it extended to every "moral and educated man in the state regardless of color," he went on to score his opponent for seeming to be determined to "always keep the negro a vessel of dishonor" while the Republican party proposed to "give him the opportunity of expanding his faculties and elevating himself to true manhood." Then turning toward the "gentleman from Milford," Barnum observed:

"He says he 'hates, and abhors, and despises demagogism.' I am rejoiced to hear it and trust we shall see tangible evidence of that fact by the abandonment of slavery by his party as the mere trick and trap of the demagogue."

Referring to the Milford man's assertion that negroes did not go to school in that town and he had found only two colored children among all the white pupils, Barnum commented that it was probably because it "was unsafe for a colored child to venture into a white school where the political opinion prevails which elected the gentleman from Milford."

A fear that the negroes, if given the suffrage, would continue to demand more and more until white boys would be marrying colored girls had been expressed by the Milford representative, and Barnum, seizing upon the statement, raised a laugh by declaring:

I perfectly agree with the gentleman in his tastes. I should not like to have my children marry with negroes, but the gentleman may remember that when his sons propose to marry with negroes the black girls may have a word to say in objection to such a proposition. It is a matter of taste, and the tastes of the colored women may not be found sympathetic.

Having thus, with a few keen thrusts, destroyed with ridicule the effect of his opponent's speech, he suddenly became serious and eloquent, stressing the thankfulness he had felt for, and praising the "wisdom" of the "gentlemen of the opposition" in bowing to the "logic of events" a few days previously and not opposing the ratification of the National Amendment. Again he wanted to appeal to the "wisdom and loyalty" of his "Democratic friends," he said, and explained that he used this term because he was, and always had been, an "out and out Democrat," defining his democracy as a belief in "the greatest good of the greatest number; for equal and exact justice to all men, and submission to the will of the majority."

Then driving directly at the meat of the resolution, he reminded the Democrats of the House that the whole matter resolved itself into the simple question of whether the legal voters of the state were to be allowed to decide the question of colored suffrage. "You may have your own ideas," he told the opposition, "or be in doubt upon this subject, but surely no *true Democrat* will *dare* refuse permission to our fellow citizens to decide the question," and he assured them that he was "amazed" that men "calling themselves *Democrats*" should oppose granting such a "democratic measure."

This appeal was followed by some analysis of the policy of giving the vote to the negro, and in doing so Barnum laid down the following maxim, more pertinent to-day, if anything, than it was sixty years ago, and applying not only to the negro but every other race as well.

We cannot (he said) afford to carry *passengers* and have them live under our government with no real interest in its perpetuity. Every man must be a joint owner. The best inhabitants of any town are the householders. The only *safe* inhabitants of a free country are educated citizens *who vote*.

Picking up a copy of the minority report on the bill, he assailed its authors.

"Do they insist," he asked, "that the negro is a beast?" If that were the position they took, then he must admit that they were right in their reasoning that the negro could develop no inventive faculties or genius for the arts, "for," he declared with biting sarcasm, "although the elephant may be taught to plow or the dog to carry your market basket by his teeth, you cannot teach him to shave notes, to speculate on gold, or even to vote the falsely-called 'Democratic ticket,' and certainly there is plenty of proof that very little more than instinct is necessary for the last operation."

Then harking back to the time when Connecticut had revised her constitution, he boldly and bluntly charged his native state with a sordid act. Pointing to New York as being a city where *principal* was studied much more than *principle*, and aldermen robbed by the tens of thousands, he said it had been willing to "eat dirt" for South Carolina slaveholders for the sake of South Carolina cotton; and Connecticut

was willing to eat her share of Southern dirt for her share of Southern trade. A treaty of political alliance was formed between Northern demagogues and Southern man-stealers, and when the South Carolina whip was cracked, and the Connecticut brethren were informed in 1818 that the interests of Southern slavery demanded that no colored persons should be admitted as voters, the Northern lick-spittlers inserted the word "white" in our State Constitution. No other New England state so demeaned herself, and now Connecticut Democrats are simply asked to permit the citizens of this state to express their opinion in regard to reinstating the colored man where our Revolutionary sires placed him under the Constitution.

Once more turning to the statements of the opposition, he noted its expressions of great love for white blood and wondered if it would be willing to let a mulatto vote half the time, a quadroon three-fourths, and an octoroon seven-eighths of the time. "If not, why not?" he asked.

Then becoming serious again, he appealed to the Democrats to prove their loyalty, their love of the Union and the people, and their democracy, of which they "spoke so flippantly," by letting their "masters, the people, speak." He assured his hearers that he was "no politician" but had gone to the Legislature solely for the honor of voting for the two amendments: one for driving slavery out of the country and the other to allow men of education to vote regardless of the color of their skins. He declared that being able to support those two measures was all the "glory" he asked "legislative wise" and that all he desired was to do what was right and prevent what was wrong. "I care nothing for any sect or party, as such," he asserted, "I have no axes to grind, no logs to roll, no favors to ask. I believe in no expediency not predicated on justice, for in all things—politics as well as everything else—I know that honesty is the best policy."

Whoever the men were who made up the membership of the House, whatever their political belief, they must have formed a new opinion of the showman as he stood there and said to them in closing:

Certainly in the light of the great American spirit of liberty and equal rights which is sweeping over this country, and making the thrones of tyrants totter in the old world, no party can afford to carry slavery, either of body or mind. Knock off your manacles and let the man go free. Take down the blinds from his intellect and let in the light of education and Christian culture. When this is done you have developed a man. Give him the responsibility of a man, and the self-respect of a man, by granting him the right of suffrage.

III

The two questions which had lured Barnum to the Legislature being satisfactorily out of the way, his interest was aroused by the mass of other measures and matters which, having been pushed aside for several years by war

problems, pressed for attention. Not only this, but he set in motion several bills of his own. Connecticut at the time was enjoying the luxury of two capitals, and among the first things which Barnum did was to offer a resolution appointing a committee to "take into consideration the subject of one capital and one State House." This resolution passed, but another recommending Hartford as the capital city, and one inviting cities and towns in the state to make proposals for building a new State House were tabled.

The logic, the satire, and the plain speech of the gentleman from Fairfield, together with his readiness at any time to cross his rapier with any member on any measure, must have been a terrible and continuing nightmare to those members long accustomed to "putting things over" in the "regular way." One day an act of incorporation was before the House, and Barnum attacked the many indiscriminate special charters being granted by the State. In defending his position he said:

I know something of the way in which these things have been engineered under the general law. There was a concern which was represented to me as exceedingly prosperous with about half a million dollars of clear profit on hand.* I was thus induced to invest; and it turned out that the concern was really about half a million dollars in debt—and it cost me about half a million to get out of it. Now if any one says he has anything to do with *clocks* I shall *strike*. I only wanted to show how some of these things are managed.

To a man accustomed to pushing matters along, the easy-going methods of the Legislature were irritating; and when, toward the end of a week, a motion was made that adjournment be until Tuesday, Barnum was instantly on his feet with a motion that the House meet on Mondays and work the week through until Saturday noon, declaring that by so doing with a regular morning and

afternoon session, the Legislature could finish its entire business in three weeks. The Barnum motion won, but soon afterward some of the farmer members were talking of adjourning until fall; and again the member from Fairfield held the House to its job, declaring that he was for having Saturday and Sunday sessions if necessary to finish the work. Then in a few days came a bill to amend the State Constitution so the Legislature would meet in January instead of May. This change was urged on the ground that in the winter the members would have more leisure to attend to the business of legislation.

"The beauties of the winter season for legislation," Mr. Barnum said in attacking the measure, "can be seen at Albany, where the lobbyists, having leisure at that time, are thicker than they are here, though they have invaded us here like the lice and frogs of Egypt; but make this change and the lobby agents would be thicker than the mosquitoes in Stratford—would be greater 'suckers' and present longer 'bills.'"

IV

An interesting sidelight on the possibilities included in the operation of Connecticut laws and justice in 1865 is furnished by the record of what was known as the "Sherwood divorce case," a matter which occasioned a long and bitter debate in the House and which gave Barnum an opportunity to have a large part in freeing a woman from what he termed a "systematized attempt to crucify a poor woman by technicalities." The facts as brought out in the debate were as follows: A woman of good family had been stricken with typhoid fever when twenty-one and left in an emaciated and feeble condition from which she did not recover. She lived single until she was fifty-four when a man by the name of Sherwood, a bankrupt, who knew that she had been left ten thousand dollars by her people, persuaded her to marry him.

*A reference to his unfortunate connection with the Jerome Clock Company of New Haven.

When she refused to give him her money he succeeded on some sort of plea in getting an order from the Court directing her to do so; and as she persisted in her refusal he had her sent to the Fairfield County jail and locked in a cell for contempt of court. There she stayed for six months. The Superior Court interfered and liberated her but the husband actually succeeded in having her imprisoned again. Meanwhile the woman had applied for a divorce and carried her case to the Superior Court, which had refused to grant it. A bill had, therefore, been set in motion to grant her a divorce by special act of the Legislature. This bill the husband was opposing in an effort to keep the woman in jail until she gave him her money, even if it were the rest of her life. In some way he had been able to secure so much support that the majority report of the Committee on the bill was for him and against the woman. Although the couple lived in Fairfield, Barnum had no personal knowledge of the matter until Sherwood's counsel called upon him to upbraid him for taking no interest in the case. Barnum listened to the lawyer, was convinced that there was something wrong about the affair, and the next day carefully investigated the whole thing for himself. The woman's plea was opposed by some of the members on the ground that they must not pass "snap judgment," by others because the divorce bill would interfere with power belonging to the Court, and by a third group who tried to have the matter referred to a special committee. But in the end the speeches of Barnum and his associates made their impression, and the divorce was granted by an overwhelming vote. A Bridgeport paper in its account of the case said:

Mr. Barnum then showed how she was deceived, abused, sent to jail for months, etc., for the sake of getting possession of her money. He spoke very eloquently on the subject, and the case as he exhibited it presented a vast amount of total depravity and

brutality in the character of the man Sherwood. The passage of the resolution will release the injured woman and give her rights which she can not obtain from the courts unless she sacrifices her property.

V

From the first it was evident that the railroad lobby was to be Barnum's special quarry while in the Legislature and all through the long session he relentlessly fought it and its employers. Only those who are familiar with the manner in which railroads ever since they existed in Connecticut have controlled its Legislature and with the far-reaching and daring methods which they have employed to accomplish their purpose can fully appreciate the amount of character and ability it took to stand up and openly defy them and expose their schemes as Barnum did in the early summer of 1865. At first there were minor skirmishes; such as a resolution of the gentleman from Harwinton ordering the Railroad Commissioners to report information which they seemed to be withholding touching the real condition of the road. Mr. Barnum was doubtful:

I am not sure but here is a "contraband in the fence," but I am in favor of an overhauling of the subject and would favor the resolution. Let them give us all the light they can. Let us hear how many accidents have occurred; whether there was a narrow escape from one the other day at Norwalk bridge where they have but a single track and where the meeting trains came within ten feet of smashing one another. Let us have what light we can get, but we can not expect much when we remember that one of these commissioners is in the employ of the same road.

A few days later he appeared before the Railroad Committee in favor of certain bills and protests against the "tremendous influence" that was brought to bear on the Legislature by the railroad interests and their scores of paid attorneys, especially insisting on the immediate discharge of the State Rail-

road Commissioner, who had "hired himself" to the New York and New Haven Railroad as clerk in their office at a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars per year. So matters moved along with frequent small shots until the important railroad bill of the session came up, a bill which among other things had nicely concealed in it a scheme to raise commutation rates. Barnum at once loaded it with amendments and then, after waiting for its sponsor to defend it, he made a long speech attacking the railroads in the boldest and most caustic manner and with a wealth of information which must have caused enthusiasm among his friends and chagrin and anger among his opponents.

I regret exceedingly (he said in opening) to differ with the gentleman from New Haven for I esteem him a most honorable gentleman, one who desires to do exactly right by everybody, a man of sound judgment and unclouded intellect. Indeed, I am unable to account for the very objectionable bill under consideration, if it was written by him, except on the hypothesis that for this once, in the language of scripture, "too much learning hath made him mad."

Admitting that the railroads were a vast and increasing interest with great sums of money invested, he argued that when they declared annual dividends of "twelve to twenty per cent," the public had interests as well, and the owners could not expect all the benefits. Instead of the railroad bill, "tied up with red tape and stowed away in the circumlocution office," he urged his amendment which simply provided that the railroad should not make "fish of one and flesh of another."

"Increase your way fares as much as you please," he told the railroad representatives, "twenty, thirty, fifty, or a hundred per cent, but increase your commutation *in just the same ratio*. That is all we ask."

Waving in his hand a letter signed by hundreds of commuters living along the line of the New Haven road, who feared that an increase in commutation

rates would depreciate their real estate, Barnum declared that it was the business of the Legislature to remove that fear by compelling the railroad to increase commutation rates only in the same ratio that it did way fares, and added to the discomfort of the railroad men by observing:

"We know they dare not charge five dollars fare from New Haven to New York, for steamboats would successfully compete with them, but all they dare increase their way fares we are willing they may in the same ratio increase prices of commutations."

He quoted Captain Brooks, of Bridgeport, as testifying before a railroad committee that the first president of the New Haven road had told him that the road's plan was to induce thousands by low commutation rates to build homes and settle in Connecticut and after a few years to raise the prices so high that not even steamboats could compete. This, Barnum declared, was still the intention of the road. "And, Mr. Speaker," he said, "they have done meaner things than this. They have taken one of the railroad commissioners who swore to do justice between the people and the railroads, and have employed this railroad commissioner as a private clerk in their office in New Haven! What is this but packing a jury? And yet they want to leave all decisions to their clerks, the railroad commissioners."

Such refreshing truth and boldness were something entirely new in Connecticut's Legislature, especially in regard to railroad matters, and must have had a most disturbing effect upon some of the listeners. Nevertheless, Barnum proceeded to attack the road's lobby. Its paid attorneys, he said, were invading the Legislature worse than the lice and frogs of Egypt that crawled and hopped into the bed-chambers and kneading troughs of Pharaoh's people.

They button-hole members at hotels, at the head of the State House stairs and even in their seats in this hall. One of these paid agents confessed, very reluctantly, under

oath before the railroad committee that although in the pay of the New York and New Haven Railroad he tried to pack the railroad committee by getting a particular friend appointed chairman and that although he failed in that, he still succeeded in getting him on the committee. Yes, Mr. Speaker, and he did not even blush when he made this confession. I blush for him.

Warning his hearers that men, either individually or collectively, would abuse power if allowed to possess it long without restraint, he cited the control which the Camden and Amboy railroad had over the Legislature of New Jersey, pointed out how railroad monopolies in New York and Pennsylvania had swayed the legislatures of those states, and insisted that the same unprincipled power was log-rolling and ax-grinding in the Connecticut Legislature, following his charge with the statement, "I own thousands of dollars' worth of railroad stock and am no commuter, but I go for the *right*, and though it is no pleasant task to encounter the foul emissaries of corrupt incorporators I am determined to stay the plague and I call on honest legislators to join me in the good work." It was a call that many a representative who heard it, however much his conscience might approve, had little stomach for accepting.

Expressing regret for errors made or offense given in the heat of debate, he accused the railroad directors of having poured the "poison of personal slander" into the ears of various members of the House. "Railroad sycophants," he said, "go whining about asking members 'if Barnum has talked to them.' But 'Barnum' has no private 'talk' about legislative affairs. What I say in one place I say here, openly, and am ready to 'proclaim it from the house-top.' I am for justice and public right against sneaking hypocrisy, log-rolling, and ax-grinding, and I know the noble and honest members of this assembly will go with me."

Then, having exposed the evil features of the railroad bill, he deliberately with-

drew his opposition and allowed it to pass. This was a bit of legislative strategy on the Showman's part, based on a belief that the bill would never get through the Senate, a belief justified by the action of that body, which did not cast a single vote for it. This procedure cleared the way for a bill of his own which soon followed and which the New Haven road did everything in its power to defeat. This bill provided:

No railroad company, which has had a system of commutation fares in force for more than four years, shall abolish, alter or modify the same, except for the regulation of prices charged for such commutation; and such price shall, in no case, be raised to an extent that shall alter the ratio between such commutation and the rates then charged for way fare, on the railroad of such company.

Barnum spent hours and days working to get support for his bill. It began to look as though it would be defeated. Gradually the lawyers who were members of the House went over to the side of the railroad and, in spite of most patient and careful explanations of the importance of the measure, numbers of the members from the country districts did the same. Finally Barnum was assured that the bill would pass in the Senate if he could get it through the House, and he decided to make the attempt. The 13th of July was set as the time for closing debate on the measure and putting it to vote. When the time came there was much excitement around the capitol and all the passages leading to the room in which the House held its sessions were crowded with railroad lobbyists. There was more or less speechmaking on both sides, and then Barnum rose to defend his bill.

It is a fascinating mental picture one forms of the moment—the handsome and famous Showman, in full vigor, standing by his desk in the dingy old capitol building and defiantly accusing members before him, and the great and powerful companies whose interests they were serving, of dishonesty. Coolly, pointedly, and deliberately, he empha-

sized the points at issue; showed how the railroad had induced commuters to settle in Connecticut and an increase in the value of real estate had followed; set forth the commuters' rights in the matter; ridiculed the idea that the road could not continue to carry them as it had done; referred to the room they were in, "crowded with railroad lobbyists," as an "admonition to all honest legislators" that it was "unsafe" to let the railroads alone to do as they pleased. There was a pause while every eye was fixed on the speaker and every ear in the room was strained to catch his words as he gathered himself to spring the sensation which was to drive home his argument.

"These railroad gentleman," he said after a moment or two, "absolutely deny any intention of raising the fares of commuters. But now, Mr. Speaker, I am going to expose their duplicity. I have had detectives on their track; for men who plot against public interests deserve to be watched. I have positive proof that they did, and do, intend to spring their trap upon the unprotected commuters."

Drawing from his pocket a couple of telegrams, one from New York and the other from Bridgeport, he read that the Directors of the New Haven Railroad the day before had held a secret meeting in New York and voted a twenty per cent raise in commutation rates in order to prevent the blocking of their plans if Barnum's bill became law. Dropping the telegrams on his desk and addressing the Chair, he said:

Now, Mr. Speaker, I know that these despatches are true; I see a director of the New York and New Haven Railroad sitting in this hall; I know that he knows they are true. If he will go before the Railroad Committee and make oath that he don't know that such a meeting took place yesterday for exactly this purpose, I will forfeit and pay one thousand dollars to the families of poor soldiers in this city.

In consideration of this attempt to forestall the action of this Legislature, I offer an amendment to the bill now under consideration by adding after the word "ratio," the

words, "as it existed on the first day of July, 1865." In this way we shall cut off any action which these sleek gentlemen may have taken yesterday. It is now evident that they have set a trap for this Legislature and I propose that we spring the trap and see if we cannot catch these wily railroad directors in it.

Then taking advantage of the opposition's astonishment and the dramatic moment which he had created, he called out:

"Mr. Speaker, I move the previous question."

The bill and its amendment passed with a rush. The showman had beaten the railroads in their own stronghold.

VI

A few days later the session adjourned. It had been the longest one held in Connecticut up to that time and one of the most important. With its close Barnum had planned to end his legislative experience; but one of the directors of the New Haven road lived in Fairfield, and when spring came he declared that Barnum should never go to the Legislature again. Such a challenge could not be ignored. Barnum was nominated and in spite of all the director's influence and exertions was elected, and went back to Hartford at the opening of the 1866 session. In contrast to the previous one, little of major importance came before it, and Barnum was content to let matters take their course except when he had an opportunity to prod the railroad interests. One such was furnished by a bill which sought to enable the Shore Line road to bridge the Connecticut River. This was opposed by the Hartford road. In speaking on the measure Barnum said:

Desperate efforts have been made for the last few weeks by a large lobby to prevent this bridge being built and I am surprised that if the only interest to be affected is that of navigation such efforts should be made. The trouble is that the Hartford railroad is going to be affected. It is railroad against railroad. The navigation which is to be

affected is the navigation by railroad. The fears of Hartford on this question are imaginary. The arguments against the bridge are all old-fogey ones. The great cry on the question is that Hartford will be affected. Yes, it is Hartford. The State had better have been called the State of Hartford and the town of Connecticut.

I like Hartford. I like to see them hang together. I would not like to see but a few of them hanged separate. I believe, as Cushing said, the iron horse is a democrat. I believe it is a democrat which will cross this river and that too on a bridge. There are legislators here who last night had speeches on their tongues in favor of this bridge who are now going to speak against it. Hartford has come down and shown them three golden visions and their conversions have been more sudden than St. Paul's.

The great bridge on which the Shore Line trains cross the Connecticut is proof of the soundness of his judgment, but it remained for another legislature to give the permission for its building.

No opportunity was lost by Barnum, either in the sessions of 1865 and 1866 or of one in 1879 which he attended, to inject a note of humor into the day's work or to poke a bit of good-natured fun at associates who took themselves too seriously. In a discussion of a proposition to meet in the winter he observed that any body of men who met in winter in the State House then in use would never meet again. "They would be frozen to death. Whether that would be a loss or not is a question."

One day he interrupted proceedings with remarks about his fondness for catering to public curiosity, and then as the members were beginning to wonder what it was all about, explained that he saw a United States Senator in the hall and he thought his associates would like to hear from him. The speaker declared a recess and the Senator made a speech. A dull debate on taxing the property of educational, religious, and benevolent institutions was dragging along when Barnum rose in his place and solemnly offered the following amendment:

"That P. T. Barnum's great moral

show, being an acknowledged public educator, shall be entitled to the same exemptions from taxation that are extended to other moral and religious institutions."

After the roars of laughter had subsided he said if the bill were to pass he wanted his amendment adopted because he was entitled to be classed with all conspicuously great moral establishments. He would, however, withdraw the amendment.

A bill of his to prevent slaughter-houses within a hundred rods of a highway shows present-day views of sanitation; his idea of vicious methods of competition and his sense of fair play are evident in a bill to oblige railroads to transport rails and ties for one another; and that he was constantly thinking fifty years ahead of this time is shown by his introduction of a bill in 1879 to do away with capital punishment.

Barnum's record as a legislator was one of definite accomplishment such as no man need be ashamed of. It is doubtful if a fairer analysis of his service could be made than the following which appeared in a Connecticut paper at the time:

The fact is simply this, that Mr. Barnum went to the Legislature wholly unaccustomed to that kind of business; and although he had to cope with those who added to knowledge, capacity, and legal acumen, entire familiarity with the routine of legislation, yet following his ideas of right, regardless of what plans those ideas might interfere with, he soon became such a power in the House and gained the confidence of the members by his common sense views and able elucidation of them, that he has come out victor in several of the strongest contests in the House. The people of Connecticut are under great obligations to him for breaking down the railroad combinations which have so long infested the Legislature and sought in various ways to control it. When the members of the House return to their homes it will be with more exalted ideas of P. T. Barnum and his character for frankness, intelligence, and uprightness than they felt before seeing him when they had nothing to judge him by except his much abused reputation as a showman.



UPHOLDING THE CONSTITUTION

BY THE REVEREND JEREMIAH HEVENWARD, D.D.

THE importance of the issue of prohibition cannot be appreciated as long as it is regarded as a mere effort to suppress a social evil. It is this, of course, but it is much more. This warfare against the powers of darkness is belittled by those who persist in speaking of it as if it were a mere exercise of the police power in putting a stop to rum-selling and dram-drinking. If it were no more than this, prohibition could be rated on the moral level of any experiment in social reform, and considered subject to modification according to the way it might be found to work. The question would then be competent whether its results justified the absorption of so much national energy, and whether some other way of getting at the evil might not be better. But questions like these are forever closed, for prohibition is an integral part of the fundamental law of the land. The issue is whether the fundamental law of the land shall be obeyed—nay, more, it is whether reverence for the Constitution shall continue as an essential element in the Christian character of the American people, inspiring them with a proper sense of their mission of enlightenment among all the nations of the earth.

When this issue is drawn, there can be but one answer. All the material resources of the country and all its collective spiritual power are not too much to be cast freely into the balance. Therefore, every Christian patriot should rejoice and take courage as he sees the nation embattled in defense of no mere measure of public policy, but to maintain the integrity of our matchless Consti-

tution. What an ennobling spectacle it is! In devout recognition of the blessings whereby Providence has raised us up to be incomparably the greatest civilization in the world, our faithful rulers are pouring out millions of dollars, putting thousands of heroic lives in jeopardy by sea and land—those who police our coastal waters, ports, and international highways, and those who carry on the work of search and seizure where illicit liquor is made or marketed—all to safeguard the bulwark of our liberties from disrespect and profanement!

In the present crisis a devout spirit can hear the Divine voice uttering the dreadful pronouncement, *Now is the judgment of this world!* There has long been a dangerous spiritual apathy among our people. In the midst of their prosperity, like Jeshurun of old, they have been grievously indifferent to spiritual things, careless, cynical, disobedient, bringing the law into contempt and despising its discipline. "Presumptuous are they, self-willed," as the blessed Apostle says, "they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." This contagion has penetrated everywhere, especially among the young. As the humble shepherd of a few souls in a village so remote and isolated that one would think it might be spared, I have been bitterly grieved to see this spirit of waywardness enter and take possession even of mere children. Our boys and girls throw off the wholesome restraints of home and family life, and set their feet in the way of destruction. They buy liquor and drink it, glorying in their shame. Under its influence the bonds of decency are so

far loosed that they laugh and jest and sing ribald songs in derision of the law that they are breaking. When I reprove them, they have sometimes told me in their sinful slangy way, like the wicked boys who derided the prophet Elisha, to go chase myself. Sometimes they say that they are but taking pattern by their elders, and this, alas! is true—and not only by the weak and sinful among them, but by some whose lot I had always hoped was numbered among the righteous. In my struggles against this spirit of contumacy in our little rural community, I have often been overcome by terror at the thought of what it must be in the great cities where every vice is loosed, and every temptation to sin and crime is rampant.

Some of my vestrymen have told me that I ought to preach religion and, as they said, "let politics alone and not bother my head about the Constitution." I have never preached politics in the party sense, nor gone beyond the admonition of the Apostle to "put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates," and again when he declares that "the powers that be are ordained of God," and urges his converts to "obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account." The Church has officially declared it to be the religious duty of a Christian to "honour and obey the civil authority," and it is incumbent on a faithful pastor to remind Christians of this duty. Besides, what more uplifting thought could there be than that of our President and Congress and all others in authority as watching for the souls of the Christian people under their care, and conscious of their responsibility to God "as they that must give account"?

In speaking of the Constitution to my people I hold up that wonderful document as being in the first instance the work of men incomparably devout, presided over in their deliberations by that pattern of Christian grace and virtue, George Washington. These men were

ever conscious of the pentecostal presence in the midst of their conclave, and ever prayerfully submissive to its guidance. From that time to the present the Constitution has gone on broadening both by amendment and by precedents established through the decisions of wise and righteous judges who relied on Divine guidance, like those who ruled Israel in the days of Saul. No one, I am sure—and I bear witness to it before my hearers—can contemplate our country's marvellous, almost miraculous, progress to the forefront of all the peoples of the world, and not believe that its fundamental law was conceived in superhuman wisdom and its development carried out by the grace of superhuman power. All peoples, nations, and languages now look up to us for that which is beyond all our wealth, beyond the unrivalled well-being of our citizens, beyond the stupendous proportions of our population, commerce, and industry. They look up to us for the spirit of true Christian morality that inspires our laws and customs, and for our unending labors in Christian self-denial to extend that spirit over the face of the whole earth. It is the deepest impiety not to recognize an inspired authority, like that of Sinai, in the body of law upon which such a civilization is founded. When the true patriot considers the blessings showered upon our land, he sees them only in the light reflected from the Holy Scriptures upon the pages of the Constitution, and says, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy Name be the praise."

Yet our people have forgotten this, and for a generation they have chosen to be wise in their own conceit, until of late wicked men have risen up among us who treat the Constitution by the light of a pretended historical criticism, as a purely secular document. Some of these, I grieve to say, are men in most responsible positions, who have the guidance of the young committed to them as teachers and professors in colleges. They commit the dreadful sacrilege of saying that the authors of the Constitution had sordid

interests at stake and wrote the document to protect them, and finally secured its ratification by political methods that were no better than knavery. I could not think that God would bear with this presumption, but in His infinite wisdom, as I now see, He did. Some of these teachers, indeed, were dismissed from their posts, but they continued to spread their abominable doctrines over the land through books and magazines, and they aroused no popular resentment. Great lawyers and judges and men of affairs condemned them, but no consuming flame of Christian jealousy flashed up among the people. One would have said that any care for the sacredness of our fundamental law had disappeared from among us.

But God's ways are not as our ways. In His own good time, as the Psalmist says, He maketh the fierceness of men to turn to His praise. "The law is slacked," said the prophet in his despair, "and judgment doth never go forth, for the wicked doth compass about the righteous; therefore wrong judgment proceedeth." Even so it seemed with us. But God had prepared an appointed instrument wherewith to rouse us from our apathy and to draw the line of separation between the righteous and the wicked. That instrument was the great Constitutional question of prohibition, and now in the fulness of time He has brought it forth.

The conscience of the American people is thus at last definitely awakened from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to the remotest confines of our land. The issue of battle is drawn! On the one side are those who for the satisfaction of their own ungodly purposes, set themselves against what they presumptuously call "the encroachments of Federal authority." These men are bent on sapping and mining our national solidarity and making their liberty a cloak for detestable license. They would reduce the Constitution to a form of words devoid of force or meaning, and so manipulate the smaller political units as to bring

forth confusion and every evil work. On the other side are those upon whom rests the spirit of our godly ancestors who through the agency of the Constitution welded the colonies together into a unity that should be then and forever indissoluble.

Shortly after the Constitution was established, that great and good man Alexander Hamilton, in his inspired foresight, proposed to bring the forces of righteousness together into a militant national organization called the Christian Constitutional Society, which should have the twofold object of (1) maintaining the Christian religion, and (2) maintaining the Constitution of the United States. He outlined its work as follows: first, to carry on a concerted effort in all parts of the Union "to secure the election of fit men." Second, to conduct a campaign of education, both by use of the press and by the establishment of schools and institutions of learning which should be presided over by men of tried and proven fidelity. His fellow-workers thought such a measure unnecessary. They underestimated the power of the enemy in seducing the people from an enlightened Christian obedience. We see now that he was wiser than they; and now, before it is too late, is the time for such an organization to be formed, ready to battle for the Christian religion and its expression in the Constitution, with both the weapons of the flesh and the weapons of the spirit.

It is upon the field of prohibition that the impending campaign in defense of the Constitution is to be fought out, and there is every indication that the forces of righteousness will triumph gloriously. Those who expect to nullify the Constitution through State action will go down to ignominy with the secessionists of half a century ago; for an irresistible power of Christian patriotism is rising in the land and coming forward "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But this is only a beginning. When the first campaign is won, these forces will proceed farther to a second battle-

ground where the enemy is far more strongly entrenched, and there the war will go on until the other great stain put upon the Constitution fifty years ago shall be wiped out. Then, and only then, shall the world see that this nation is undivided, and of one heart and one voice in its homage to the Constitution and to its glorious emblem, the Stars and Stripes.

It is a matter of shameful knowledge that there is a precedent for the attempt at State nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. When the last great constitutional question—the question of the right of property in human beings—was fought out, and the Christian morality of the nation so nobly vindicated in the desperate battles of the Civil War, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were duly incorporated into our fundamental law. These provide that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; and, further, that the right to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Nothing could be plainer than the meaning and intention of these enlightened decrees; yet what has been their fate? Several States—I shall not name them, for their names are written in the book of Divine remembrance and in the memory of all right-thinking citizens, against the day when judgment shall go forth—several States, I say, by the astute trickery of pettifogging legislation have knaved these provisions of the Constitution into abject nullity. I need only mention the notorious “grandfather clause” to show by what infamous machinations the sacred document has been held up for nearly fifty years to the derision of the seditious. It is well known that over one great section of our country, which again I need not name, our fellow-citizens of Negro blood are despoiled of their political rights, their privileges and immunities abridged, and

wholesale corruption spread abroad, by means of these bold devices. Is it any wonder that contemporary plotters against the integrity of the Constitution are encouraged to take the same way of State nullification in their evil designs upon the Eighteenth Amendment? If an overruling Providence were not manifestly interposing to defeat such an enormity, might we not see State legislatures decreeing that prohibition should not be enforced against any citizen unless his grandfather had been a proven teetotaler?

I would not be understood as arguing for a literal interpretation of the Constitution, any more than I would argue for a literal interpretation of the Scriptures. This would be mere obscurantism, leading to absurdity. The Scriptures say in one place that “Judas went out and hanged himself.” In another place they say, “Go and do thou likewise.” In yet another place they say, “What thou doest, do quickly.” From this it may be seen that only a reactionary and illiberal spirit would reject the ministrations of reason sanctified by faith, when endeavoring to interpret the written record of any operation of the Divine will. The Constitution must be interpreted by the light of reason, but of a right reason—a reason which recognizes in the Constitution “the movement of the Divine Power which gives unity to the universe, and order and connexion to events,” as the devout historian Bancroft so well says. An obscurantist literal interpretation of the early Amendments called the Bill of Rights, for instance, instead of being unifying, orderly, and connective in its tendency, might easily be made to countenance what is subversive, disorderly, and disruptive. The Bill of Rights cannot be understood as granting unconditional freedom of speech, of the press and of assembly, or the unconditional right to bear arms, even though its literal wording may appear to grant them. The condition is obviously implicit that these rights are to be enjoyed only in pursu-

ance of some just and righteous purpose, for otherwise they would tend to anarchy, and to that state of society which prevailed in Israel before the days of the Judges, when every man did what was right in his own eyes. Therefore, under the Constitution these rights are carefully administered by the interpretation of wise and upright judges, as it has been from the beginning, and their interpretation has the force of Constitutional law.

But returning to the point, our duty as Christians and citizens is plain. Let us associate ourselves together, rally to the support of the Constitution on the impending issue of the Eighteenth Amendment, and then march on to attack the more inveterate spirit of sedition which has nullified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The task of extirpating this more ancient evil will not be easy. Resistance will be unto blood and unto death. But let us not be dismayed nor tremble before the task, for it shall be an atonement for sin and a vindication of righteousness that shall find abundant favor with God. As we have put our navy into service to make the Eighteenth Amendment respected, so let us at once put the army into service to compel respect for the Fourteenth and Fifteenth. If the army is of insufficient size, a call for volunteers would bring an overwhelming response. Using the words of that truly Christian statesman and patriot, the late Mr. Bryan of happy memory, in such a cause as this "a million men would spring to arms overnight." Just as the right of

peremptory search and seizure is now justly upheld by the guns of our navy, so we should occupy the contumacious section of our country with our troops and reduce it similarly under martial law. Our decree should be laid as sternly upon our generals and captains, if need be, as the decree laid upon Saul to "go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

Up! then, and be doing! and the Lord will be with us. He will not leave us nor forsake us, if we set ourselves zealously about the work. It is written that "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the ungodly unto the day of judgment to be punished, but chiefly them that walk after the lust of the flesh, *and despise government.*" When the entire armed forces of the United States shall be sent forth to suppress those who "despise government," it will be an earnest of Divine favor, and it will be rewarded as when the Lord delivered the Canaanites and Perizzites into the hand of Judah, "and they slew of them in Bezek, ten thousand men." Then shall our people's feet be again set firmly in the ways of our fathers, and the vision of the prophet shall come to pass, that God "will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning"; and our nation will go forward with renewed energy in its Divinely ordained mission of extending the Kingdom of Righteousness among all peoples.



THE DOGMA OF "BUSINESS FIRST"

BY STUART CHASE

ONE hundred and twenty-six years ago my great-great-grandfather was living in a farmhouse with a pitch to its back roof and a great fireplace, ovened and wainscotted, in the town of Newburyport, Massachusetts. He lived in a community that raised the bulk of its own food, built its own houses out of local materials, and spun and wove most of its own clothing. Withal, it was good food, durable and comely clothing, and housing of a unique and lasting beauty. On High Street were the square white houses of the ship-builders, and out along the country roads were the farmhouses with their well-sweeps and their dipping eaves. And lovely as were the houses of the ship-builders, lovelier still were ships (soon it was to be clipper ships) which they built. In fact, upon an astonishing amount of the materials which passed through the hands of the men and women of Newburyport, and the other New England towns—upon iron work, pewter, glass, woodwork, textiles, masonry—was stamped an authentic and enduring beauty which all the banalities of the traffic in antiques cannot efface. Reasonably well fed, snugly housed, and with articles to his hand for daily use which now are jealously guarded in museums, my great-great-grandfather lived his life. Anon he hitched up and went over the hills to the town meeting. The steam engine was yet to come, the first textile mill was yet to be built in New England, the industrial revolution was waiting to be born.

A century and a quarter later, after the most stupendous increase in the

technical arts which the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see, I look about the place where I live in New York City, and out of the window of that place where the sun never rests, and wonder what, in terms of the life more abundant, the industrial revolution has done for me. How much more rewarding, not only in respect to beauty and the things of the spirit, but in absolute material comfort, is my existence than that of my great-great-grandfather? My housing is drearier and more inconvenient, my food is softer and less succulent, my clothing is uglier and infinitely less durable; the day-by-day pressure of the sights and shadows and odors about me is depressing, and cumulative in its depression.

In the matter of income, my great-great-grandfather was not above the average of his community; quite possibly, as a farmer, he was below it. The joint income of my wife and myself is probably three times the average of the community in which we live. Compare the average householder in New York to-day with the average citizen in Newburyport in 1800, and where does the advantage, in terms of the good life, lie? Look abroad out of these sullen canyons to other cities—Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans—to the suburban cubicles which girdle modern cities, to Main Street, to the farms of the cotton belt and of the tobacco belt, aye, to Newburyport and its outlying farms as they are to-day. What tangible improvements in well-being, beauty, and happiness has a century of unprecedented invention brought to the inhabitants of these

places? I ask the question. I know that it has brought some well-being, perhaps a great deal to some people. But, looking into dead walls from my apartment window, I wonder again what are the gifts which Arkwright and Stevenson and Watts have placed in my hands. The amazing thing is that I should wonder at all. There is a machine now which can make plows thirty-two times faster than the blacksmith of Newburyport could ever fashion them, a machine which can make cotton sheeting one hundred and three times faster than my great-great-grandmother could ever spin and weave it, and we have in the energy released by the engines and turbines of America, the labor of three billions of slaves, or nearly thirty servants for every man, woman, and child in the country. Engineers have assured us that technical knowledge is now available, which—if it could be put to work—would banish poverty, double or treble the standard of living, turn ugly cities into noble cities, and by means of giant power and decentralization bring the culture of the town to the countryside.

Why has this not been done? Why do I look out at my blank wall, why are millions infinitely worse housed in slums, why does the tobacco grower of Kentucky abandon the losing struggle against the marching weeds? This is a question not lightly to be answered, a complex and baffling question. But my guess is this. It has not been done because an economy like that of Newburyport, for all its lack of engines, was well within the range of human capacity to administer, being in fact the immemorial economy of self-sustaining groups the world round; but the economy of the machine with its immense distances of transport and its great clots of workers who make no food, and of food growers who make nothing else, has proved to date, except in time of war, to be beyond human administrative capacity. Or better, under the prevailing system of business enterprise, it is held that the machine needs no master

with an eye single to the welfare of the group; and whatever potential administrative capacity there may be accordingly never gets a chance to function. The prime charge upon every politician is the welfare of business in terms of monetary profit; only in passing and incidentally may he regard the welfare of the whole community. For it is held as axiomatic that what is good for business is good for everybody; what hurts business, hurts everybody. When Adam Smith spoke of the "invisible hand" which directed this consummation, he little realized that he was founding what has come to be almost a new religion.

Thus God and Nature formed the general frame

And bade self-love and social be the same.

The learned Smith and the business men and the politicians may of course be right. Perhaps by scrupulously safeguarding self-interest and anarchy in business we do secure more in net welfare than we should by any other method. All other methods are, to date, largely a matter of theory because, since the coming of the machine, business anarchy is the only method which has been tried. The Russian experiment is too young to give any sound evidence on either side. But what we may conclude without fear of contradiction is that if business anarchy is the best way to regulate the machine, while it may keep a few more of us alive per acre of crop land, most of us have not gained anything compared with Newburyport, if, indeed, we have not lost. If this is indeed the best way, it is painful to contemplate the results of any other way. Where would a hundred years of co-operation or state socialism or some combination of these two with laissez-faire have landed us? With two-thirds of the families of America now beneath the line of the United States Department of Labor's budget of health and decency, presumably most of us would have long since starved to death had the three billions of power slaves been in any other hands than those of

business. Not many of us die of starvation and perhaps, Mr. Coolidge, that is proof enough that yours is the wisest way.

Whatever its ultimate wisdom, anarchy is by definition and by practice wasteful. Nor should business anarchy reflect any exception to this rule. It may not prove unprofitable to take inventory of certain major leakages and losses which are implicit in the going economic structure. Down what blind alleys has technical knowledge gone; what dams have choked and diverted the free flow of invention and discovery; what are the three billions of slaves concerned with that they have not time to destroy these slums, uproot these weeds, build me a decent house in a noble city?

II

The factor which is primarily responsible for the dispersion of energy is, I suppose, the lack of community and regional planning. That the rush of the pioneers to conquer a continent must inevitably be planless is as manifest as is the fact that absence of plan makes for an incredible volume of waste. Cities sprang up on the wrong sites, crops were grown on the wrong soil, factories were built in the wrong places, railways paralleled and choked waterways, forests were butchered to the glory of fire and flood, long hauls displaced short hauls, gas wells blew their billions of cubic feet into the air, pools of unemployed workers began to form, while the machine diluted its output with a tremendous tonnage of ugly, flimsy, shoddy, jerry-built, and generally adulterated products. "Everything turned to profit. The towns had their profitable dirt, their profitable smoke, their profitable slums, their profitable disorder, their profitable ignorance, their profitable despair. The curse of Midas was on this society: on its corporate life, on its common mind, on the decisive and impatient step it had taken from the peasant to the industrial age. For the new town was not a home where man could find beauty, happiness,

leisure, learning, religion, the influences that civilize outlook and habit, but a bare and desolate place, without color, air, or laughter, where man, woman, and child worked, ate, and slept. This was to be the lot of the mass of mankind; this the sullen rhythm of their lives. The new factories and the new furnaces were like the Pyramids, telling of man's enslavement rather than of his power, casting their long shadows over the society that took such pride in them." Thus the Hammonds conclude their exhaustive study of the coming of the industrial revolution to England. It was not greatly different in New England or generally in urban America.

Of all the great American cities, only Washington was planned for comfortable living rather than for selling real estate by the front foot. No local region has ever been planned at all and, save for a brief interval during the World War, no budget of national requirements has ever been cast, or the productive capacity to meet these requirements assessed. It is only the sheer fecundity of the machine which has permitted such a sprawling, haphazard growth. If every engine stripped its gears to-morrow, in a few days most of us, in our present geographical location, should begin to starve. In a month we should be dead. Without steam and electricity Newburyport could take no such chances in hurling its people to the economic peripheries, could afford no man power wasted on the shoddy and the jerry-built, could tolerate no excess industrial structure—twice the fields or twice the blacksmith shops or twice the shipways which normal demand called for—nor maintain the luxury of a reserve squadron of unemployed workers. Its economy forced a moderately accurate adaption of production to requirements, and the dependability of the plan is evidenced in the time which still remained, after stark necessities were met, to elaborate and beautify, and stamp upon the output the seal of craftsmanship.

To plan for a continent is a harder task than to plan for a town. During

the pioneering decades it was folly to ask for any plan at all. But as the Pacific was reached, some rough appraisal, some conscious attempts at co-ordination were certainly not beyond human capacity. Regions have been planned from Mesopotamia down. More American cities might have followed Washington—and Paris. Waterways might have been aided instead of strangled. The people through their Government might have controlled the exploitation of natural resources. As invention and the technical arts expanded, the co-ordination of national economic life might have become the more competent and accurate. Dreams, yes. But only so was it possible to outdistance Newburyport, only so could the fecundity of the machine create an accelerating reserve of welfare for the whole community. But the religion of private enterprise said no.

Take New York City for example. The congestion of its streets puts a premium on death and injury, and adds enormously in transportation cost to every article the city dweller buys, and to every structure built. I know a building where four hundred bricklayers stand in rows, trowel in hand. Yet so great is the pressure of traffic below them, that never more than a single hour's supply of bricks can be stored in advance—which means a constant stream of trucks delivering hand to mouth. And when the trucks are halted in a traffic jam—as they often are—the masons stand idle. But that idle time goes into the cost of the building. As land values shift, it has become a recognized practice in New York to look on construction as a short-term investment. Thus, instead of lasting its hundred years or so, buildings erected twenty, even ten years ago—perfectly sound buildings many of them—are being torn down and scrapped. New buildings spring up, only to be scrapped, undepreciated, in their turn. Consider the colossal cost, the gigantic waste of such a program. Consider the cost of digging a subway, which, when it is finished, far from reliev-

ing congestion, has only accelerated it. Consider the cost of furnishing water, gas, sewage, electricity, telephone service, foodstuffs to a city so badly planned; think of the unbelievable number of bottlenecks through which all these services must pass. Think of the plumbing which has to be renewed on the average every eight years, at a labor cost twice that of the original installation. Yet the technical arts can tell us how to install plumbing which will last a generation. Consider the absurd terminal facilities, the half-loaded milk wagons, the hauls and the cross-hauls, the additional cleaning due to the lack of smoke prevention. Above all, consider the enormous parasitic population of New York: the middlemen, the speculators, the ticket scalpers, the prostitutes, the bootleggers, the dope peddlers, the flunkies, door openers, wash-room dusters; the purveyors of the ultra, the modish, and the snobbish.

In Newburyport there were no parasites, there were no problems of congestion, of subway building, of cross-hauling, of short-term housing investments, of idle bricklayers standing four hundred in a line. There were no seasons of unemployment when half the clothing workers walked the streets. There were no business cycles. There was no importing of bulk foodstuffs over half the world. There were no spirited campaigns, supported by expert psychologists, for the smashing of sales resistance. There was no installment buying. These merry things cost unbelievable sums of money—and what is more to the point than money, they cost *man power*. What the machine, what the industrial revolution have done in effect is to permit New York City to support a large population of idle, an enormous population of working parasites, and a colossal extra force of useful workers kept busy by the congestion and planlessness of the urban area. No little of the energy of the three billion slaves goes down this trapdoor. The technical knowledge is available to plan cities, to plan regions. Mr. J.

Russell Smith alone, one suspects, could tell us how to double living standards. But there is no private profit to be made from such plans. They are proscribed.

III

I am convinced that it is the lack of regional planning which constitutes the main reasons for my failure to gain on my great-great-grandfather in anything like the ratio that productivity per capita gains. Most of the productivity goes into bridging the fissures in the underlying chaos. But this is a large, general and, no doubt, an arguable indictment. It is possible to outline certain other leakages of knowledge more specifically.

Consider for instance the concern of the science of physics, chemistry, and biology with modern warfare. As everybody knows and as corporation income-tax returns make quantitatively evident, war is good for business. War has always driven some men mad, but never, until modern science took charge, has there been such a malady as "shell shock." Science as applied to warfare is well on its way to shrivel up the nervous systems of those it does not kill. Gone in battle are the virtues of strength, determination, skill at arms—aye, of courage. A little man with a leaky heart valve pushes a button somewhere miles away, and the strength and skill and courage go hundreds of feet into the air together with fragments of arms and legs and viscera. Of the ten million killed and the twenty million wounded in the late crusade for democracy, how many received their hurt in hand-to-hand struggle such as the Romans knew? Probably not one per cent. The ninety and nine were stricken by the engines of science.

Furthermore, with the development of psychology, the importance of civilian morale in war time is being given its due weight—which means that applied science must not only be directed to the destruction of armies and navies, but to the

destruction of the civilian morale that supports them. Which means the wiping out of cities, the utter terrorizing of general populations, behind the lines. Competent technicians are at this moment giving their undivided attention to the most efficient means of destroying London, Paris, and Berlin. Yet when it was recently proposed in Washington that army engineers should design, and army privates should build a bridge across the Potomac, thus salvaging a little of their technical education for the community, the construction industry rallied to a man, and in convention assembled, resolved that the project was an abomination; that construction undertaken for any other end than private profit threatened the whole fabric of the republic. So the army engineers were happily permitted to go back to their plans for blowing the bottom out of the Suez Canal.

Consider next the extent to which the technical arts have been overborne by quacks bent on the profitable exploitation of new knowledge. On the skirts of every advance in physics, chemistry, biology, and medicine hangs a well-organized group of astute men of business ready to capitalize with useless and often dangerous drugs and devices the wide publicity which the new discovery has received: vaccines, radiations, glands, salvarsans, vitamins, and even the electron. Let J. B. S. Haldane, the noted English biologist, state the case: "For every dollar which we can spend on research and publicity together, the food-faking firms have a thousand for advertising 'scientific' foods. . . . The faker is already on the market with radiations to cure rheumatism and make your hair grow. These are mostly harmless, but probably the sale of X-ray tubes which may cause cancer, will some day be as carefully regulated as that of strychnine. . . . There is no serious reason to believe that any of the rather expensive products of the sex glands now on the market, and often prescribed by doctors, are of any value except as faith cures."

Consider the mauling which science receives at the hands of the high priests of the Nordic saga. In primitive society men who rose to the chieftainship of the tribe looked suspiciously at aspirants from the ranks. So they frequently invited in the royal medicine men to help them hold their power. To-day men of property, of so-called Anglo-Saxon stock, and thus possessing prestige and power, find their possession threatened by radical labor movements, by an incoming hoard of shrewd foreigners. They appeal, as always, to the medicine men. But a little difficulty presents itself. The emergence of science has delegated to a twilight zone the gods and myths invoked by the old-time medicine men. Science is on the throne. Softly; what does the commonalty know about science? Only enough not to blow out the gas, and to read scientific supplements in the Sunday newspapers. Good. Science, for the mass of men, is only a new mysticism; a shift from elves in glades to elves in molecules and air waves and germ plasms. And with a zeal which would have distinguished them in the days of the Aztecs, the modern medicine men proceed to "prove by the aid of science" that the Nordics are the anointed race, that present class distinctions are eternal and unchangeable by virtue of the chemistry of the germ plasm, that heredity is everything and environment nothing. In brief, they summon science to support each and every prejudice of the American man of property. Meanwhile, on some of their pronouncements science has come to no conclusion at all, while on the balance the drift of impartial evidence points to diametrically opposite conclusions. More and more, for instance, particularly since the behaviorists began laboratory experiments on new-born babies, it appears that environment as reflected in acquired habits, is the shaping influence on character. But gullible millions swill down this witchcraft, and thus is the new knowledge traduced again.

Consider the predicament in which

applied psychology has landed. Psychology is not yet a full-fledged science, but it has made important and far-reaching advances in the past few years. The behaviorists, the psychoanalysts, and the industrial psychologists are laying the basis for profound changes in the technic of group control. Where is this new knowledge being principally utilized at the present time? In the offices of advertising agencies. To-day as never before the man with something to sell knows how to turn into cash three fundamental aspects of human nature: the desire to attract the opposite sex, the desire to exert power over one's neighbors, the desire to get safely and honorably to heaven. In brief, the higher salesmanship has captured applied psychology, horse, foot, and guns. And the very knowledge which might render us significant help is turned against us to create new wants, new desires, new forms of waste. (Some psychologist should write, as he starves, a monograph entitled: *How To Build up Sales Resistance*. No one will read it now, but in a hundred years he will have a statue in the market-place.)

The consumer at large has to-day no standard of reference by which he can determine quality of goods. Only through the painful and wasteful method of trial and error can he hope to separate the shoddy from the sound. The shoddy makers can say as impressive things about their product as the conscientious manufacturer. A certain roofing concern fabricated a great stock in anticipation of Government orders during the war. The stock, after careful test, was rejected as inferior. Nothing daunted, the company, by means of a high-pressure sales campaign, disposed of the whole order to the general public. Yet here and there in well-equipped laboratories an enormous volume of data as to consumer products and their relative values for specific uses is being accumulated. The Bureau of Standards at Washington has been making such tests for years. As a result, the federal

government saves a hundred million dollars annually by purchasing materials, not on the stimulation of high-pressure salesmanship, but according to specifications laid down by the Bureau. For building materials, textiles, clothing, soaps, cleansing fluids, lubricants, motors, paper stock, ink, stationery, hardware, leather goods—for nearly every kind of thing which the common citizen uses—the government pays a lower price for a more durable product—a price *below* the usual discount for quantity orders because of the standards and specifications determined by the Bureau.

To date, unfortunately, it has not been the policy of the government to release this knowledge to the country at large. Imagine the tearing of beards in the business world if it should. The Bureau of Standards in its laboratories has found out which makes of textiles stand up and which go to pieces, which paints and varnishes are good and which are bad, which inks keep their color and which do not, what types of filling station pumps invariably give short weight; but so hallowed is the conception of private business that this knowledge has remained locked in government files, serving only government purposes.

"Sure," said an ex-Ford employee, "if I went on tightening up nut number 999 any longer, I'd have become nut number 999 myself." Industrial standardization is one of the mightiest achievements of the new technology, but it is a two-edged sword. Applied with due regard for the human equation, it promises the elimination of untold duplication, confusion, and waste, and a tremendous gain in the general standard of living. Applied only from the point of view of the maximum profit in dollars, it can readily become an unmitigated curse. True to the formula of business *über alles*, it is the latter course which industry has pursued to date. Thirty years ago when Frederick W. Taylor was laying down the principles of Scientific Management, motion study was frankly an experiment. It promised well from

the standpoint of increasing output, and nobody knew what it would do to the employee. To-day we do know. Not completely and finally, but psychologists in industry have already developed the general laws governing the effects of rhythm, sound, vision, fatigue. They have estimated that of the million man-years lost annually in America by industrial accidents, a full half of them is preventable. We have a body of knowledge sufficient to fix the limits of factory standardization. Is it applied? It is not. With very little exception it is unutilized, wasted knowledge.

Nor is the standardization of the goods which the factory worker makes in much better state. Obviously, the great values here are maximum standardization in all intermediate processes: standard gauges, measurements, tools, supplies—combined with minimum standardization in those end products where variety adds to the spice of life. As Cornelia Stratton Parker puts it, "I see no reason why the æsthetic spirit of the nation would be degraded if we all used 21-inch sewer pipes instead of some 22-inch, but I don't want to see all women wearing the same hats." These values find little place in the going business structure. There is an appalling lack of standardization in intermediate processes and in end products, like sewer pipes, where standards have only virtue—a lack fostered by trade secrecy and the desire to secure competitive advantages. The United States Chamber of Commerce so far forgets itself as to assess this waste at one-quarter of all industrial effort in America. Meanwhile there is over-standardization in many end products where variety is essential. Standardization is a magnificent technic when rightly used, but in the hands of the business motive it has so far succeeded only in running amuck.

One more item, and our inventory of the perversions of knowledge, while by no means complete, must end. Under the acquisitive organization of industry, society shares in new engineering devices,

but only to a degree, and only after a period of maximum obstruction. Chief Clerk Woolard of the United States Patent Office states the case, "There are countless numbers of patents which, if in operation, would much cheapen the articles they could produce, but they are intentionally shelved to prevent competition. Concerns operating under old inventions for which they have expended great sums to erect plants, buy up these new and cheaper methods to prevent competitors from getting hold of them. They then tuck them away in their safes, never to be used."

New inventions may not only be suppressed; they may be presuppressed. A concern may get patents on a whole series of processes in order to tie up the field for the next generation or more. The weighing scale industry is said to have secured advanced patents (by taking them out on some foolish toy) sufficient to close the door to anyone else for twenty years. The ultimate social loss of this one case alone has been estimated at a hundred million dollars.

IV

A member of the United States Tariff Commission in a recent book has put the challenge squarely up to us: "The business world knows no waste unless the saving can be accomplished at a profit. What cannot be salvaged at a profit is not waste in the economic sense. As well talk of the waste of atmospheric nitrogen." And there we are. To release the data of the Bureau of Standards would be alarmingly unprofitable for many corporations. To restrict patent monopolies would stagger the balance sheets of many more. To put the army to building bridges congeals the vitals of the private contractor; to liquidate the blah of advertising would shrink untold dividend checks; to make durable goods would lessen turnover. For every obstruction, every hindrance to the free flow of knowledge has been, so far as may be, capitalized at substantially what the traffic will bear. It earns a

profit and is not waste in the business sense. To break its grip and bring technology to the direct relief of the community is treason to business principles and, therefore, unthinkable.

But as the inventory of planlessness and thwarted knowledge unrolls before us it almost moves us to the brink of treason. Why should we bow meekly before a dogma which, measured by its concrete results, has netted us so little in a century and a quarter? Why should we accept as an act of faith the somewhat preposterous theory that a few hundred thousand business men, each working within the high walls of his own back yard with never a look at the world outside, can provide the community at large with more and better food, shelter, and clothing than anyone else ever could?

Why dogma at all? Why does it have to be pure individualism versus pure collectivism, or pure coöperation? Why all the blood and tears over the "thin entering wedge"? Governor Smith of New York wants the state to develop the waterpower of the St. Lawrence, which the state owns. Owns, mind you. He is willing to let the distribution of that power remain in the hands of private business. Technically the combination is admirable. The dams and the turbines can be built and operated more economically by the state than by any private company, while distribution can quite possibly be handled more economically by those already skilled in the technic. Yet for this proposal, Governor Smith is held little better than a Bolshevik. Mr. Charles Evans Hughes on behalf of the Petroleum Institute has just petitioned the Government to let oil production go on committing harikari—at the rate of three needlessly wasted barrels for every one reclaimed—because private enterprise must not be interfered with.

On all long-term projects dealing with the exploitation of natural resources, private business simply cannot afford to wait to exploit them systematically and

with a minimum of waste. Forests have got to come down, oil fields gush, the cream to be skimmed from coal and minerals, instant! The principles of profit demand it. Yet whenever and wherever it is proposed that the community handle such exploitation because only the community has the resources and the credit to develop the project according to technically sound principles, the thin opening wedge is brandished, and a thousand editors sniff treason. And so with any fundamental proposal for community planning.

There are doubtless many things that private business can do better and less wastefully than anyone else can do them. There are other things which the community through its government can do best. And still other things which co-operative groups within the community can excel in. It does not stand to reason that there is any one divine way of economic behavior for one hundred and

sixteen millions of people over three thousand miles of continent. The assumption of high sanctuary by the theory of business anarchy is undoubtedly as much stuff and nonsense as one hundred per cent state socialism.

It must be more than a little of a bore to be a business man dedicated to a lifetime of unrelenting greed. No wonder he and his fellows go into conference, or play golf on the slightest excuse, or take specials to Florida, or wear paper hats, or grow maudlin about Service. There they stand, each in his own trough, a herd across whose backs no statecraft can hurdle. Good, decent citizens mostly, but their dogmas are costing us all that the machine and the industrial arts and the billions of power slaves might have done for us.

And I guess—it may be a wild guess—that until we smash those dogmas Newburyport will continue to hold its own.

KNIGHT-IN-ARMOR

BY A. A. MILNE

WHENEVER I'm a shining Knight,
 I buckle on my armor tight;
 And then I look about for things,
 Like Rushings-Out, and Rescuings,
 And Savings from the Dragon's Lair,
 And Fighting all the Dragons there.
 And sometimes, when our Fights begin,
 I think I'll let the Dragons win . . .
 And then I think perhaps I won't,
 Because they're Dragons, and I don't.



BRIDE OF QUIETNESS

A STORY

BY ELMER DAVIS

SAY what you like against Irita Bradley (and much has been said, here and there, at one time or another, by this person or that), I hold her in grateful memory. Whatever damage she may have done to me, at one critical moment she saved my faith in the universe. As the rest of it gradually fades out I cling to that.

I hadn't seen her for fifteen years till I went back to reunion at the little co-educational college where she and I had been classmates in the prehistoric epoch—the Old Stone Age—in other words, before the war. It was commencement day; so much of our class as had reassembled for the anniversary was falling into line for the alumni procession—the flabby, graying, middle-aged citizens, men with paunches and spectacles and bald spots, women with sagging faces and figures that had already sagged beyond recovery, who had once been the famous class of 1911; and I was abysmally depressed. It wasn't that I hated to be reminded that I was fifteen years older than I had been fifteen years ago—that was no longer news. But it had never occurred to me that all the others, my high-spirited friends of the years when we stood on the threshold, were fifteen years older too.

I had seen few of them since we graduated, for I went East while they stayed at home on the prairie; but they had lived on in vivid memory, the gay companions of those bright years when I had been happier than I was ever to be again, when for once in a lifetime the gap be-

tween aspiration and accomplishment had not been ruinously broad. I remembered them as I had known them then; they had lived on, for me, in the timeless beauty of figures on a Grecian urn. Now they were dead, that whole gallant company—killed in an instant, massacred *en masse* by the machine gun of reality. By brooks too broad for leaping the lightfoot boys were laid, the rose-lipped girls were sleeping in fields where roses fade.

No doubt the John Kimball they had known was quite as dead, and no doubt some of the men and women who had liked me fifteen years ago were rather distressed by that. But their distress left me unmoved; I felt no fellowship with these strangers. As the procession started across the campus I dropped out of line. I wanted to get away, alone, to reconstruct my universe. And as I turned a woman's voice laughed at me.

"Hello, John. . . . Why, I do believe you don't know me."

Know her? I had known her double, fifteen years ago; though the girl I knew coiled her masses of chestnut hair around a wire rat, wore ankle-length skirts that left her legs to inference, and in general tried to look like a young lady (and succeeded, till you saw her eyes). This girl who would never pretend to be a young lady, whose cropped curls fluffed in the June breeze, whose golden chiffon stockings would have stopped a G. A. R. parade in 1911, had the same eyes—green-gold, lazily mocking.

"But," I gasped, "you can't be

Irita Sanford's daughter. She isn't old enough."

"Thank you! No, I'm not my daughter."

We had fallen out of the procession marching across the campus, and as I looked into the green-gold eyes I felt that she and I had fallen out of the universal procession which marches inexorably on to the common destination—that we stood alone in a magic country where Time was not.

"Come, John, don't look like that. Don't you remember the night you kissed me, right over there by the sun dial, after the commencement dance?"

"Irita Sanford!" I murmured. "No—Irita—what is it?"

"Irita Bradley. . . . Oh, yes, I've been Irita Bradley for twelve years. . . . I'd wondered if you'd come back for the reunion."

But I wasn't interested in myself; nor even, at the moment, in her. I could think of nothing but the Miracle.

"But, Irita! How—how— How do you do it?"

"How do the others do it? Poor things, aren't they dreadful? You see, I hadn't seen them for fifteen years either. But we must get back into line. My husband's around somewhere, but I'd rather talk to you."

Again we two strolled across the campus as we had strolled fifteen years ago, and so far as I was concerned the crowd did not exist. For here was Irita, just as I remembered her, the only person in that numerous gathering who was of an age with the absurd personality inside me that had insisted on remaining young and wide eyed, obstinately refusing to grow old along with its fleshly cortex. Flabby men and fading women crowded around us, but she and I walked alone in the Lost Paradise. The rest of the Grecian urn might have been shattered beyond recovery, but Irita lived on, a still unravished bride of quietness.

"And you've never married?" she asked me when the exercises were

over and the crowd was dissolving in groups and pairs. (We were still a pair.)

"Of course"—I tried to be playful—"any man who remembers you—"

"I have a memory too, my friend. That night you kissed me at the sun dial—when we'd just graduated—I told you that if you'd stay in the Middle West six months longer I might get around to falling in love with you. But you wouldn't wait. You had to go off to Washington and into the diplomatic service. I thought you'd be an ambassador by this time." She saw something in my face. "But maybe you are," she added hastily. "I never read the newspapers."

"Why, haven't you heard?" I asked her. "I'm coming back here—to the college."

"To coach the football team?" She was amazed.

"Nothing so dignified as that," I confessed. "I'm coming back as dean and professor of European history. I've been out of the diplomatic service for years, and teaching at Harvard."

"Harvard? Well! I love this old college; it threw a good education at me and it was nobody's fault but mine if none of it stuck. But to come back here from Harvard—"

"But I'm to be dean—second in command to old Doctor Akeley. He's been president for thirty years and some of these days he'll be gathered to his reward. Assuming that I do the deaning to the general satisfaction, I'll be the next president. . . . I find that as one approaches forty, one yearns to be president of something—it doesn't much matter what. And I was born a thousand miles too far west to be president of Harvard."

"Isn't that a scream! You in place of old Doctor Akeley! I've seen some queer college presidents, but— Then we'll see lots of each other, won't we? We're going to be here too."

"We?" I asked.

"Sam, my husband, and Junior and I.

Sam's just been appointed professor of the history of art."

I stopped and stared at her.

"Irita Bradley! Bradley . . . Your husband isn't S. E. Bradley?"

"Why, yes. Do you know him?"

"No—but everybody knows about him." She shrugged her shoulders, politely skeptical. Of course, S. E. Bradley's book, *The Law of Symmetry in Line and Curve*, was not what you would call light reading. But the few superior persons who understood it (which doesn't include me; I only browsed around the edges) said it was the biggest thing of its kind since Lessing's *Laokoon*; it had already revolutionized the approach to theories of art all the way from Praxiteles to Picasso.

"But why is he coming here?" I asked her. "I love the old college too, but I'd never dream that it could get a man like S. E. Bradley. Every university in the country must want him."

"We've been at most of them already," said Irita. "We move around."

That worried me. If a man as great as S. E. Bradley moved around he must be a trouble maker, and I was coming back to take care of all the trouble. I wished I could meet the man, look him over; but he was nowhere in sight and I had to catch a five-o'clock train.

"So you have a son too?" I asked her absently, still speculating.

"Ten years old," said Irita. "Why not? I wish professors' wives could afford six, or even two."

"It seems absurd," I explained lamely, "when you're so utterly unchanged . . . Irita, how do you do it?"

"I don't do anything special. Perhaps that's it. I don't worry. Let other people do the worrying."

That ought to have warned me, for things being as they are, there is a good deal of worrying that has to be done by somebody. But who could be warned or worried when he was looking at Irita?

I came back in August and settled my books and furniture in our little college

town's one and only apartment house. The food problem troubled me, for there is no such thing as domestic service in these parts; but it troubled me no longer when I had found the Campus Tea Room, breakfast a specialty, just around the corner. For the Campus Tea Room was owned and operated by Mabel Martin, who also belonged to this class of 1911; and I had remembered her cakes and waffles through fifteen years.

I didn't know Mabel, however, when I came in for breakfast the first morning and she slipped down from the cashier's desk to shake hands with me. She had been fairly lush and opulent in the old days but she had put on at least fifty pounds since then.

"Say it," she sighed. "They all do, the ones that have been abroad. I look like an English barmaid. And why not if I want to, I want to know?"

"Not at all," I lied, blushing. "But why—how do you happen—"

"To run a restaurant? Doing my stuff, John—the one thing I can do well. I could have lived on my income, and dieted, and kept around a hundred and twenty-five, and gone on being a college widow. But I'd rather eat my own cooking, let nature take its course, and be an old maid. I used to be proud of my voluptuous figure, but it brought too many bees buzzing around. Nobody could call me voluptuous now in this age of the boyish form."

I laughed; this was the same old Mabel, who always said what she thought and did more thinking than most of us.

"Have the Bradleys moved to town?" I asked. "And have you seen Irita?"

"I've seen her," Mabel sniffed.

"Isn't she glorious!"

"You may call it glorious. I call it indecent; but then I'm only a sentimental old maid."

"What's indecent about it?" I demanded hotly.

"When you're thirty-six it's silly to look eighteen. She reminds me of a vampire that keeps young by sucking blood. . . . Have you seen her husband?"

"No, and I'm anxious to see him."

"Don't worry," said Mabel. "You will."

I saw him the next morning when I came into the Campus Tea Room for breakfast. But I didn't know him; indeed, at first sight I didn't notice him. All my attention was absorbed, inevitably, by the boy who was with him; Achilles and Siegfried must have looked like that at the age of ten.

"Who's that?" I asked Mabel as I paused at the cashier's desk to bid her good morning.

"Irita's kid."

"I might have known it," I said. "But—the other?" She nodded.

Yes, it was true; the undersized, baldish, spectacled man who was breakfasting with this golden lad was S. E. Bradley, the world's greatest authority on the laws of beauty in line and curve.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is Irita sick?"

"No-o-o-o." Mabel's scornful whisper seemed to echo down the corridors of Time on its way to the Recording Angel. "These two eat breakfast here every morning. Irita never gets up till half-past ten."

Half-past ten. In our town everybody got up at half-past six; in our rural college classes began at eight. Fresh from Boston, I knew I should find it hard to keep these hours; but even at Harvard professors' wives rarely sleep till half-past ten.

"So that's how she does it!" I exclaimed. "Why not, after all?"

"Why not? There's just so much work that has to be done in this world. If Irita doesn't do her share, somebody must. You see who does. I told you she reminded me of a bloodsucking vampire. You see who furnishes the blood."

"He does look rather drained," I conceded. "Still, getting breakfast isn't all of life."

"It's part of it," said Mabel grimly. "I don't like to get up early myself, but I do. Customers want breakfast and I

must keep faith with my public. A married woman's public is her husband. I can't imagine anything worse than a wife that won't get up unless it's a wife that won't— But, there, there! I expect that's one thing that can't be said against Irita. . . . But they're saying plenty. The whole town's taking sides."

"Naturally," I observed irritably, "all the women would hate a woman who looks fifteen years younger than her age."

It occurred to me as I said it that this was not precisely tactful, though Mabel, to be sure, didn't look over thirty; but she didn't mind.

"You may know a lot, John," she said compassionately, "though if you do you've learned it since I knew you; but you don't know it all. Mark my words, there'll be trouble in this town before the winter's over."

"Trouble?" I growled. But Irita had admitted that they moved around. This homely retiring pattern of a dutiful husband and father couldn't be a trouble maker; and of course it wasn't Irita. No, it must be the other women who made the trouble, the women who hated her because she slept in the morning and stayed young.

"Never mind," said Mabel. "You and I are a couple of old maids. We'll be out of it."

But if there were trouble in the college, or in our little college town, the dean couldn't be out of it. . . . The Bradleys had finished their breakfast; the boy picked up his cap and went out, the man came over to pay the check.

"Pardon me—isn't this Dean Kimball?"

"I'm afraid so," I admitted. "I'd hoped it was only John Kimball, but people who used to call me Johnnie call me 'sir' now." He smiled absently.

"Irita spoke of meeting you in June. You must come and see us. But I wanted to ask you—I find the catalogue sets me down not only as a professor, but as Curator of the Museum; and I can't find the Museum."

"It's in the attic of Philosophy Hall,"

I told him. "Curating it needn't worry you; there's nothing much but a photograph of the Parthenon and a cast of the Venus de Milo."

"There's something in that," he observed. "One or two things, but the very best. I'll call at your office later if you'll be in."

He drifted out, lighting his pipe, and across the street to the campus.

"Only eight o'clock," Mabel sniffed. "He and the boy don't dare go home for two hours and a half; they might wake her up. They've even got the iceman trained for an extra dollar a month to tiptoe up the back steps. . . . Hello! What's this?"

Rod Mulford who owned the College Drug Store had come in and was ordering breakfast. Now Rod Mulford had a home and a wife; she ruled him with an iron hand but took as good care of him as any good manager might be expected to take of the productive assets of the corporation. If Rod had to go out for breakfast something was wrong; and Mabel and I, who had known them both in college, descended on him solicitously.

"Sallie isn't sick?" Mabel asked. He looked up with a murky frown.

"Sick? No, she isn't sick. She's asleep. She says she's going to sleep every morning till half past ten."

Choking with anger, he looked away, out through the front windows, across to the campus where the world-famous S. E. Bradley prowled aimlessly.

"It's all his fault," Rod snarled. "Damn him! The dirty scab!"

"Aha!" said Mabel softly. "The trouble begins."

Once begun the trouble grew, inflating and expanding and ballooning till it overshadowed us all. For in our town where everybody was comfortable but nobody was rich, where even the most prosperous could get no domestic service because the hired girl was a species as extinct as the mastodon—in our town, the duty of man, and of woman, was thoroughly defined and understood.

The husband made the living and the wife kept house. Usually she had time enough left over after keeping house to go to church, to the movies, to dances, to college football games; even, in the faculty households at least, to keep up a certain amount of intellectual interest. Usually she did, but if she didn't that was her bad luck, just as it was her husband's bad luck if he couldn't make enough money to make both ends meet. In neither case did the bad luck justify lying down on the job. There were no drones in our hive.

Sallie Mulford must have felt that, for after the third morning Rod breakfasted at home. He may, often enough, have got his own breakfast; but he got it in his own kitchen where his shame and hers were decently concealed. In our town bed and board went together; sending your husband out to breakfast was the equivalent of an announcement of separation. A few days were sufficient to warn Sallie that she must bow to the opinion of the community.

But Irita bowed to no opinion; she let people think what they liked over her sleeping till half-past ten, her sketchy and half-hearted housekeeping when she did get up; she let them think what they liked while she went serenely on being Irita, our sole representative of the Privileged Classes, the only one among us who professed to earn her food and shelter not by doing, but by being. She was a living denial of everything we believed and exemplified, as incarnate a blasphemy against our local deities as a Communist in the Chamber of Commerce or an atheist in church.

Of course that made trouble—a trouble that was indefinable at first, a mere sense of uneasy tension, of something wrong everywhere that nobody spoke of, at least to a bachelor like myself who was outside the theater of the civil war which was being fought out in every marital household. But gradually I saw what was going on; I saw, and was amazed.

I had supposed that women who

showed their age would hate a woman who didn't show her age, that good housekeepers would despise a careless housekeeper, that dutiful wives would have nothing but scorn for a wife who made her husband do half of her work as well as his own. But they didn't. Slowly the horrid fact appeared that few of the hard-working women of our town really liked work; they had merely grown into the habit because all the women they knew did it and had always done it. But when Irita came along and ostentatiously rejected the first duty of the day, that of leaving a warm bed to get her husband's breakfast, the other women regarded her with rather frightened admiration. She was the Woman Who Dared; the Liberator, the Lysistrata who had broken her shackles and shown them all the way.

No, they didn't imitate her; every one would have liked to imitate her, I imagine, but each was afraid of what the others would say. But from the occasional frightened abrupt confidences of married men I gathered that life in most of the households of our town would have been easier that winter if the women had actually slept till half-past ten instead of merely wishing they dared.

I had supposed, moreover, that the women would not only despise Irita but pity Sam. But they didn't. They ignored Sam; he was only the person who had had to be put in his place as an example to husbands. But the married men didn't ignore him. Not a husband in our town who went to bed every night wondering if he'd have to make his own coffee in the morning, but damned Sam Bradley as a Judas who had betrayed the working class. They hated Sam but, so far as I can gather, they didn't hate Irita. They merely wished that their own wives who still got up at half-past six, albeit reluctantly, looked a little more like her.

So life was not exactly easy in our town that winter. There were too many delicate topics which had to be avoided,

so many that people began to grow out of the habit of talking at all. It was easier to avoid dangerous ground if you didn't see much of the Bradleys; so the Bradleys were invited out very little, in our small-town society where everybody else was invited out all the time. Most of the women and some of the men would have liked to see Irita; but in our town wives and husbands didn't go out separately, and nobody wanted to see Sam.

It was a winter of discontent, an era of bad feeling—how bad I knew well enough, for I was trying to be neutral. As dean I had to be neutral, to keep our faculty and its wives harmonious, to smooth over any particular piece of trouble that came my way; but beyond that I liked Sam Bradley—and I liked Irita. Entirely too much.

I don't know just when it started—probably that commencement day when I first saw her. But I first began to see what was the matter along in November, when old Doctor Akeley held his annual faculty reception in the President's Mansion. It was a big brick house, old-fashioned despite periodic reconstructions, which had been the President's Mansion even in my student days; a solemn house and a solemn party. There was half-hearted dancing, and a thin and abstinent punch, and a good deal of perfunctory small talk aimed at keeping the seriousness of the general dissatisfaction from old Doctor Akeley, who was too aged and deaf to know anything unless you shouted it in his ear. The men barely spoke to Sam but all of them wanted to dance with Irita; the women—a few of them—were patronizingly amiable to Sam, but all of them were eagerly cordial to Irita whom they so seldom saw elsewhere. I counted it quite a triumph when I bore her off after a dance to a glassed porch, well heated, strewn with rugs, and half lit by a couple of heavily shaded lamps.

We sat on a couch in a remote corner and stared down the long empty vista of the sheltered porch.

"Goodness, what a big house!" said Irita. "And to think that some of these days you'll be living here. You'll have to marry then. Absurd to think of your living in the President's Mansion with only a couple of servants, even if they do cost as much as associate professors."

"I may not do it," I told her moodily. "They want me to come back to Harvard. A full professorship—not so bad, even if there's nothing beyond. This return to the past hasn't worked out so well as I expected."

"Nor mine," she sighed. I was uneasy; for though Sam and Irita must know the trouble their coming had stirred up, they never talked about it. But she didn't bring it up now. "Oh, you'll look so funny living in the President's Mansion!" she laughed. "Do you remember the student reception in our senior year, when you kissed me right here on this very porch?"

I began to feel warm and prickly.

"There aren't many sectors of the local landscape where I haven't kissed you," I reminded her. "I—I was crazy about you once, Irita."

"So you were, but I supposed you'd forgotten. There must have been so many since."

"One or two," I admitted. "But—Oh, I hate falling in love!"

"Why?" The green-gold eyes were quite unfathomable.

"For the same reason that I hated getting drunk, on the one or two occasions when I tried it. Because it makes me furious to lose control of myself."

"Oh! Yes, I can see that. Still, there's always the question, what do you do with yourself when you have control of it?"

She certainly had me there. I hadn't done much. But perhaps it wasn't too late, even yet.

I liked Sam Bradley, though he never said much to me, nor indeed to anybody but his son. Sam was raising that boy by hand, and with astounding results;

he was three years ahead of his age even in our excellent public schools; he looked like a coming superman. Not, as Mabel Martin used to remind me, that even a superman would like getting his own breakfast.

Mabel differed from the general view of the Bradleys; she despised them both, Irita for sleeping in the morning and Sam for letting her. So she and I had little to say to each other, but that was not surprising; by this time few people in our town had much to say to each other, especially husbands and wives. Our community, in fact, was undergoing a silent reconsideration of woman's economic position in the family and in society, and its reflections were the more acrid because nobody dared speak them out. So more and more I took to spending the free evenings of a bachelor in the only household of the town where there was no silent bitterness, because the question of woman's economic position had been settled long ago—with Sam and Irita.

They were glad to see me, too; for they saw few people outside of the more general parties. Our town had not definitely made up its mind about them, but one thing was clear—they were different, as different from the type and as defiant of the general standard as if they had been living together in what the newspapers (perhaps too optimistically) call unwedded bliss. So most people politely dodged them and they had all the more time for me. Two or three times a week I came over to supper (Irita cooked it, very well, too, and we all did the dishes), and then we played a rubber of bridge before Junior went to bed, and some three-handed afterward. I must say they seemed a happy family, which was a rare sight in our town that winter; and they took me into the family, which began to make me very unhappy.

For always before me was this flawless springtime beauty of Irita's, the only familiar thing I had found in the Lost Paradise. I knew now that I had come

back to the old college because I had been happy there once and subconsciously felt that I should be just as happy again, because I expected all the old emotions to flow back. But I had changed; everybody and everything had changed except Irita. None of the old emotions had survived the dry rot of time except that old emotion for her.

At first I told myself that this was a mere sentimental echo, then that I should be a fool to fall in love with a married woman and a scoundrel to fall in love with my friend's wife; and then came an interlude of sheer blind rage when I had to admit that I had lost control of myself once more. I stayed away from them, pretending pressure of work, for a miserable fortnight. Miserable—for now and then I saw her on the street, and each time the impact of her changeless youth brought back the whole complex of the memories of fifteen years ago, the Golden Age, when I had been adjusted, and happy, and young. If she hadn't looked the same it would never have happened; but she did, and it did.

That couldn't last. Three or four times she and Sam asked me over for supper and bridge; and then quite suddenly they quit asking me over, they began treating me with the reserved casual politeness they showed to the rest of the town. I knew why—they thought that I too had bowed to the general opinion.

For by this time our town had quietly, by a sort of tacit universal agreement, made up its mind. This sort of thing wouldn't do. Woman must do her work in the world. Our women all agreed on that—some of them because God had so appointed it, some because an enlightened view of the interest of society demanded it, some because they suspected that if women stopped working they might find it hard to persuade men to work for them. If Irita were so selfish as to refuse to do her share, and Sam were so spineless as to let her get away with it, that proved

nothing except that the Bradleys were an impious and blasphemous couple whom any society, any town, any college would be better off without. One by one the households of our town agreed on that, but under the reconciliations were spots of memory still sore to the touch, and every sight of the Bradleys served as a reminder. I was beginning to hear—for as dean I heard everything—that our town would be far happier if the Bradleys moved on.

Whether they heard it I didn't know, but they must suspect it; and when I stayed away they must think their last friend had gone over to the enemy. I hated to think that Sam believed that; I couldn't endure the suspicion that Irita believed it. So one afternoon I called up and invited myself over to supper, and the singing joy in her voice completed my ruin. I had been so busy being surprised at what had happened to me that I hardly had time to wonder if it was happening to her too. But now—

I strode out of my office, across to the athletic field. It was one of those warm days in late February when spring seems to have gone into rehearsal, when a sudden sun brings steam from the thawing earth and imprudent buds to the trees, and early candidates for athletic honors out to run around the sodden cinder track. I climbed up on the bleachers and watched the runners, and presently somebody sat down beside me.

"Irita tells me you're coming to supper," said Sam. "That's fine."

"Fine," I agreed, trying not to blush. "I've been so busy—I don't like all this administrative work. I'm thinking of going back to Harvard."

"Don't blame you. I wondered why you came here. Oh, yes, I'd heard a little about your work in the East."

"I came here," I told him in sudden confessional mood, "to turn back the clock. And it won't turn. You see, at Harvard I was only one of a herd, a little frog in a big puddle. But out here

I could succeed to the presidency. . . . And then all these people remembered me. I used to be an All-State quarterback. I'd rather have been that than honorably mentioned for the Third All-Eastern. It was my peak, these college years here—better than being second secretary of a legation, writing in correct French notes about nothing for a minister to sign; better than being lost in the crowd at Harvard. But I'd expected everybody else to stand still and wait for me. They didn't. Who cares now who was All-State quarterback in 1909? Silly impulse. A complex—the Grecian-urn complex. What the psychologists call adult infantilism."

"We all have a touch of it," said Sam. "I understand—but I'm glad you found out. Because time won't stop; the old clock keeps right on ticking. . . . I may move on myself, next year."

"I never understood how we could have got you here." I didn't dare say any more.

"Irita had a touch of your disease." (If he only knew!) "But I'm tired of small colleges. I could go to Columbia—but—I don't know."

"I should think Columbia would suit you. A big university—"

"Can't trust Junior to the public schools of New York or Chicago—any big city; and we can't afford good private schools. Of course there are big universities in smaller towns—Princeton, Ann Arbor; but big universities expect you to write. I've done my writing. One book."

"But what a book!" I exploded. "For two hundred years every mathematician and art critic in the world will be talking about it."

"Maybe. But it's all I had to say, and I made the mistake of saying it right at the start. Most men have about one good job in them, I suppose; after that they might as well be chloroformed."

"What would you do," I asked suddenly, "if you could do anything at all that you wanted?" He grinned.

"Buy the Metropolitan Museum in New York. I'd throw away half the stuff in it—not sell it, burn it. A big bonfire in Central Park; and then I'd live with the other half. . . . But things being as they are, I try to do a good job as curator of the museums I can get. . . . Well—we'll look for you at half-past six."

He clambered down the bleachers and walked away, the man of one book who had shot his bolt too soon. Pathetic—or it would have been pathetic if I could have thought of him as S. E. Bradley, and not as the husband of Irita.

The lazy mockery was gone from her eyes that night; she was contented and happy. We were all happy. As they came out on the porch to say good-by Sam had to answer the telephone. I stood with Irita, draining the fragrance of the false spring, looking up at a wind-swept sky of stars that burned like her eyes. I kissed her, with all the voltage of triple-distilled memories and a complex of fifteen years' growth. She shuddered in my arms and jerked away.

"I advise you—not to do that again," she said tonelessly.

"Why not?"

"Because if you did I'd kiss you back; and then—"

"And then?" I asked. . . . But then Sam came back to bid me good-night.

I strode away across the campus, running into one or two necking parties of students who fled in horror at finding the dean on patrol. I wanted to tell them to come back and not mind me, that I felt that way myself. For by now my disease had progressed to the really dangerous tertiary stage: I no longer hated losing control of myself, I was convinced that I was absolutely in control of myself, that I was behaving quite sanely, adjusting myself to changed conditions as any sensible organism should.

I loved Irita; she loved me. Well? We couldn't stay here after a divorce and remarriage, but great universities

far away wouldn't mind that, and with her I was ready to go. I should take with me all that I really valued in the Lost Paradise. . . . Her husband and child? Practically, they got along without her now. For—it was appallingly clear—she hadn't loved Sam for years. If she had, she would have got up to get his breakfast.

Not that I'd ask her to do that; luckily, I had gone out for breakfast all my life. I would give her no occasion to regret her first husband. . . . She could see Junior as much as she liked, and Sam too; he'd be bitter at first, but in time the old three-cornered friendship would be rebuilt. For of course it would all be done decently and without scandal—no sneaking embraces while the husband was out, but only frank friendly discussion of the new situation that was an accomplished fact.

And with Irita I might do something with myself at last, become a noteworthy frog in one of the larger puddles. . . .

So I mused, wandering, till the chapel clock struck three, and came home to lie wide awake and continue my pleasant reflections till the alarm clock told me it was time to hustle out for breakfast at the Campus Tea Room.

Mabel waved me a greeting as I gulped black coffee.

"You look worn out, John. You're working too hard. Foolish."

"My job overloads me with detail," I explained. "I—I'm thinking of going back to Harvard." I expected her to be astonished, but nothing ever astonished Mabel Martin.

"Harvard has its points," she said. "So have we. You can't have everything."

"No, but I can pick out what I want, and go after it, and get it."

"Some do and some don't," said Mabel. "Lucky if you can see what you don't want. I'll bet it's easier to go out for breakfast if you don't leave a lazy wife snoring between the sheets."

"Mabel, you're crude."

"It's a crude world," said Mabel. "I didn't make it."

I taught a class at eight o'clock, and was busy with office work from nine to ten; but every moment of those two hours I was seeing again the frightened gladness of Irita's eyes as I kissed her. Ten o'clock. She'd be up by now—she couldn't have slept well last night, of course; and Sam had a class from ten to eleven.

Now was the time to talk things out with her; then we could tell Sam, as gently as possible; and then— A quiet divorce, for desertion or something like that; Sam could go to Columbia, where he belonged, and with no wife to support he could afford a good private school for Junior.

While Irita and I— Stumbling, trembling with excitement, I went down the side street to her house; I rang the bell and waited an unconscionable time till she opened the door, dishevelled and yawning.

"You!" she gasped, not very hospitably. "What a time of day!"

But she stood aside and I walked in. Now I was trembling with embarrassment, for she was obviously just out of bed. In her faded rose negligee and tousled curly hair she was the most beautiful object I ever expect to see; but I wasn't in the mood to appreciate beauty just then. This was no setting for cool dignified discussion; the scene had a guilty look. I knew I ought to go and come back when she was more suitably clad. Still—

"I—I thought we ought to talk things over," I stammered. "I love you—"

She stood still, breathless, her eyes closed; this time she kissed me back.

"Oh, this is absurd!" she whispered presently. "After fifteen years!"

"But you look just the same," I told her. "Just the same."

Her lips thrust upward, seeking mine; we held each other. . . . The door opened behind us; over her shoulder I saw Sam's face in the hall mirror.

Abominable. Disgusting. Here I had

prided myself that all this was to be done decently, with no sneaking embraces, and now Sam had caught me kissing his wife in her negligee. I remembered, now, that he had no ten-o'clock class on Thursday; all the same this humiliating episode would never have happened if the damned woman got up at a decent hour of the morning.

But the situation had to be faced. I tried to command my voice, but he beat me to it.

"Well, John—sooner than I expected." She tore herself from my arms.

"I hate you!" she flared at him. Her heavy-lidded eyes turned to me, blazing. "I hate you both."

"You'll feel better after you've had some coffee," said Sam. "Better make yourself some while John and I talk things over."

"G-good idea," I agreed with chattering teeth, realizing that my muscles if not my brain had expected him to shoot me. "J-just what I came for."

"I don't doubt it," he said, and somehow I felt that he really didn't. "Sit down." He set the example and lighted his pipe.

Irita lingered, regarding us sullenly.

"It seems to me I might have something to say about this," she complained.

"Do you think you'd better?" he asked. "At Amherst, you remember, you didn't help much. . . . Oh, yes—" (to me, as I stared at him in horror) "Oh, yes, this has happened before. Perfectly natural. Men fall in love with her everywhere we go and she can't help responding occasionally. I've seen this coming for weeks—before you did, John, I expect. Don't blame you at all. I don't look like a fit mate for her. And I'm not, but I'm a damned good husband. I'll let her go whenever she wants to go—provided the man she goes to will take as good care of her as I do."

"I'm prepared to do that," I said firmly. "She can—she can sleep as late as she likes."

"Now," said Sam, "as a matter of fact she's been unfairly blamed for that. It

was my idea; I knew sleep was the best preservative of youth. It was hard work to win her around to it when Junior was a baby; but I set my foot down. However, that's only part of it. You've seen what happened here. We've made trouble in every household in town. Well, it happens everywhere. That's why we move around."

"It wouldn't happen in Cambridge," I insisted, but my heart was cold.

"I'm not so sure of that. Cambridge is a fairly large town but a professor and his wife move in a fairly small circle. Your friends' wives will find out that she has special privileges, and they'll want them too. They'll probably perceive, on thinking it over, that it won't work in the average household; but they'll never forgive her for enjoying privileges that they can't afford. Then you'll have to move on. For after all no wife likes to get up at half-past six. Neither does any husband, for that matter, but somebody has to. And nobody can understand why, peculiarly, it ought to be her special privilege."

"Why?" I asked, wondering wildly if she had some incurable disease. Sam looked at his wife and grinned; she looked at him and flushed, and I knew that somehow I'd given the wrong answer in an oral examination.

"Because she's Irita," he said quietly.

I stood up and waved my arms.

"Look here! You're trying to pretend you love her more than I do. But you don't. I've loved her for fifteen years. She saved my soul when I came here and saw what had happened to the rest of my old friends. She never changes—a still unravished bride of quietness; she's just the same, the girl I've always loved. I love her still."

"I know, I know," he said soothingly. "You've built your Grecian-urn complex around her. She's more than Irita to you—she's everything you meant to be fifteen years ago, and aren't. She's your Lost Youth, and the Good Old Days. To me she's just Irita. . . .

Well, John, I admit you offer her something nobody else has ever offered. And if she wants you and you're willing—and able—to pay the price, you can have her."

"I'm willing—" I began, but he cut me off.

"Oh, of course you're willing, but can you? Remember it means that you'll have to go out for breakfast every morning of your life while your beautiful wife sleeps peacefully on in a warm bed; that you'll have to plan everything—everything—not for your convenience but for hers. For you're under more obligation than I am to preserve her beauty; your whole complex is built around the fact that she still looks just as she looked fifteen years ago.

"It won't be easy, John. Taking care of a beautiful woman is a fine art; it has to be learned by long practice. You're going to be damned sorry for yourself now and then; and what will be harder to handle, she's going to be damned sorry for you—now and then. She'll want to get up at half-past six to get your breakfast, and scrub floors; she'll want to do the things other wives do. But if you let her she won't look like the Irita you've loved for fifteen years; she'll begin to look like other men's wives.

"You mustn't let her, even if she wants to. You'll have to take care of her—and you'll have to be prepared to move on from one job to another, to know that in every town you may live in all the married men will hate you and all the married women will despise you; and that Irita will love you desperately about two weeks in each year and the rest of the time will be thinking, off and on, about divorcing you to marry somebody more exciting."

"What of it?" I shouted. "What if she is a symbol of all my lost hopes? I love her anyway. I'll stand anything for her. She's worth it. I want her—at any price."

"Yes, they all say that," said Sam wearily. "You've got the right spirit if

you can master the technic. . . . Well, Irita?"

She rose and went to her husband and put her arms around him.

"Sam, you're the only man who ever understood me. The only man who ever really loved me. The only man I've ever really loved."

Stooping, she kissed his bald spot. I fled.

Love is insanity, but unlike other forms of insanity it admits of a speedy cure. Two months later I had recovered far enough to ask Sam Bradley a question that was gnawing me. (For we were still good friends, Sam and I; even Irita and I were beginning to be friends again.)

"Sam, after all, what do you get out of it? For making all possible allowances for that two weeks a year when she loves you desperately, still—"

"Well, it's this way, John. I'm like Mabel Martin. I do my stuff. . . . Remarkable woman, that Mabel Martin. Very intelligent."

"Never mind Mabel Martin. I'm asking about you."

"Why," said Sam reflectively, "any man of sense gets rid of his complexes as soon as he can; he finds out what he can do, and then he goes and does it, regardless. . . . I said my say in that one book, and for a while I felt as if I had no more excuse for taking up room on the earth. And then I found another job that only I could handle.

"I love beauty—beautiful things, beautiful people. I'm a joke to look at, myself, but I saw that in Irita I had a specimen worth preserving. So I learned how to do it. I suppose I could make a million a year rejuvenating fat rich women if I surrounded my formulas with a little medical hocus-pocus. . . . I'd like to own the Elgin marbles and the Vaphio cups and most of the paintings of El Greco, but I can't. However, I've been lucky enough to live with Irita and to keep her beautiful. In my small way I'm a curator of a museum. And you ought to thank me, you and everybody

else who has been cheered up by her beauty—all you sentimentalists who need a symbol.”

“But what do you get out of it?” I persisted. “Aside, of course, from this sense of public service.”

“Why, I get Irita.” (Yes, I mused, he certainly did.) “I can’t work miracles; she’ll fade some day. But there’s Junior—he’s a superior person. If I bring him up right and preserve Irita’s beauty for a dozen extra years, I’ve done my job.”

“But,” I protested, “is it worth being driven out, as you’re being driven out

here, as you’re driven out everywhere?”

“I’m going to Columbia,” he said. “We’ve managed to get Junior a free scholarship in a good private school; and maybe New York is so big that nobody will care when my wife gets up or where I eat breakfast. If it isn’t, we’ll move on. . . . Worth it? Well, I think so; but that’s beside the point. There are only two kinds of people in the world—the ones who let the others worry, and the ones who do the worrying that has to be done. The sons of Mary and the sons of Martha. I’m a son of Martha and I do my stuff.”

THE TAINT

BY ROBERT GRAVES

B *BEING* born of a dishonest mother
 Who knew one thing and thought the other,
 A father too whose golden touch
 Was “think small, please all, compass much,”
 I am hard put to it to unwind
 The early swaddlings of my mind.

*Agree, it is better to confess
 The occasion of my rottenness
 Than in a desperation try
 To cloak, dismiss, or justify
 The inward taint: of which I knew
 Not much until I came to you
 And saw it then, furred on the bone,
 With as much horror as your own.*

*You were born clean; and for the sake
 Of your strict eyes I undertake
 (If such disunion be allowed
 To speak a sentence, to go proud
 Among the miseries of to-day)
 No more to let mere sweetness weigh
 As counterbalance in my mind
 To being rotten-boned and blind,
 Nor to leave honesty and love
 In both only for you to prove.*



WHERE DO WE GET OUR PREJUDICES?

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

WHAT, if you will pardon my asking, does the word "Bol-shevik" mean to you? Or "Nordic"? Or "Jew"? Or "Catholic"? Or "German"? Or "Mexican"? Or "tariff"? Or "pacifist"? Or "militarist"? Or "prohibition"? Or "automobile"? Or "motion picture"? Or "chewing gum"? Or any one of a thousand other words?

One answer you may safely make. They do not mean the same to you that they do to me, or to your uncle, your wife, your next-door neighbor, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Ford, Mr. Wayne Wheeler, Mr. Wrigley, Douglas Fairbanks, or the milk man. We assume that there is such a thing as the English language—and perhaps there is. But each of us speaks a different dialect. All we say is like an imperfectly heard conversation over the telephone. The connection is always poor. We are always getting the wrong number. This is because every important word has to carry around, in addition to its dictionary definition, the meaning that each one of us has attached to it as the result of his life's experiences. "Automobile" signifies one thing to a man who is in the hospital recovering from an argument with one, and quite another to a man who has just made a successful speculation in General Motors.

In order to get at the basis upon which these generalizations rest let us assume that a representative group of the readers of this magazine—say twenty or thirty—are given such a list of words as I have mentioned, though preferably a much longer one. Each will receive a large

sheet of paper, which will look something like this:

Directions: A. Read through the words and phrases listed below. Consider each one not more than five seconds. If it calls up a disagreeable association, cross it out. You may cross out many or few words. Work as rapidly as you can, but be sure you cross out every word which is more annoying than pleasing, more antagonizing than appealing, more distasteful than attractive.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Nordic | 26. Chinese. |
| 2. Disarmament | 27. Reserve Officers' Training Corps |
| 3. Jew | 28. Quaker |
| 4. Prince of Wales | 29. West Point |
| 5. Immigrant | 30. Radical |
| 6. Protestant | 31. Non-resistance |
| 7. Pole | 32. Independence of Philippines |
| 8. World Court | 33. Treaty of Versailles |
| 9. Ku Klux Klan | 34. War Veterans |
| 10. My Country Right or Wrong | 35. National Security League |
| 11. Roman Catholic | 36. Protective Tariff |
| 12. 100 per cent American | 37. Turk |
| 13. Mohammedan | 38. Armenian |
| 14. Socialist | 39. Slav |
| 15. Nationalism | 40. Mexican |
| 16. Propaganda | 41. Fascisti |
| 17. America First | 42. Russian |
| 18. American Legion | 43. French |
| 19. Made in Germany | 44. Italian |
| 20. Pacifist | 45. Greek Catholic |
| 21. Monroe Doctrine | 46. Irish |
| 22. Defense Day | 47. Mussolini |
| 23. Foreigner | 48. Preparedness |
| 24. League of Nations | 49. German |
| 25. Japanese | 50. Patriot |

The result will be that we shall get, not the sober second thought upon which all good citizens are supposed to

act, but the emotional impulses upon which, to some degree, we all do act.

Next we will ask how the pleasant or unpleasant pictures arose in each individual's mind. We may begin with the impression that we have already weighed the pros and cons with regard to these more or less controversial subjects—that our processes of decision have been purely mental. But before we are through, if we are entirely honest with ourselves, we shall see that our conclusions are, in fact, the result of a mixture of thinking and feeling. Every word is topheavy with what we have seen and felt.

Any representative committee of the readers of this magazine would be expected to be open-minded on inter-racial or international questions. Let us suppose that we are trying to measure the exact extent of that open-mindedness. We each take a sheet of paper on which is printed:

According to my first-feeling reactions I should willingly admit members of each group (as a class, and not the best I have known, nor the worst members) to one or more of the relationships under which I have placed a cross (X).

(If you are wholly unfamiliar with any one of the groups, you need make no marks for it. Note that crosses may be put in any number of the six columns.)

	1 To citizen- ship in my country	2 To my church as full members	3 To my street as neighbors	4 To my em- ployment as fellowworkers	5 To my club as personal chums	6 To close kinship by marriage
British.....						
Chinese.....						
Czechs.....						
French.....						
Germans.....						
Italians.....						
Japanese.....						
Jews.....						
Mexicans....						
Poles.....						
Russians.....						

Again, if we are honest, we may find that our instinctive attitudes do not conform exactly to what we have been accustomed to regard as our opinions. And again, if we dig deeply into our emotional life, from childhood up, we may find that the key to our state of mind lies in some ludicrously trivial episode.

The first of these tests I have cribbed from Mr. G. B. Watson, of Teachers' College, Columbia University. The second was invented by Prof. E. S. Bogardus of the University of Southern California. Both have been widely used in a study into the sources of public opinion which is now being conducted by *The Inquiry*, of New York City, under the direction of Mr. E. C. Carter. Mr. Carter and his associates are trying to throw light on what it is that makes our wheels go round.

Mr. S. M. Keeny, working under Mr. Carter's direction, tried a variation of the Watson test on a thousand persons. These "martyrs to science," as Mr. Keeny calls them, were selected from groups who already happened to be interested in the discussion of public questions. They were above the average in education and intelligence—as much so, probably, as the subscribers to this magazine. This is important to remember. We are not dealing with the ignorant or the subnormal, but, if I may indulge in a bit of intellectual arrogance (I shall be less arrogant before I am through) with ourselves.

Of Mr. Keeny's thousand thinking Americans, put to tests such as these, 98 per cent crossed out "Bolshevik," 90 per cent crossed out "Turk," 50 per cent crossed out "Mexican," and 30 per cent crossed out "immigrant." That is, these words had unpleasant associations for those fractions of the group. It was fairly obvious that some of these reactions of distaste—whether justifiable or not is beside the question—could be traced to the newspapers and the motion pictures. We may not think we believe what we read in the newspapers, but if we read it often

enough we do believe it. The films are even more persuasive, for they carry the illusion of reality. To see a Mexican, Japanese, or Russian villain on the screen is only a little less convincing than seeing one in real life. For the immature mind (and all minds are immature at some stage) it may be just as convincing.

The results, on the words just mentioned, and on nearly all racial or national names, are almost the same the country over. When the unpleasant reactions to the mention of a foreign nationality decline perceptibly it is a sure sign that some unusual influence—usually an educational one—has been at work. In the City Normal School of Rochester, New York, courses were given in the history and culture of a number of races. They proved interesting and enjoyable. Consequently the hate-and-fear reactions of the students, when given the Watson test, were abnormally low. Their former racial attitudes had been altered by a little judiciously furnished information.

But at least half of Mr. Keeny's cases had—fortunately for our present purpose—escaped this civilizing process. Some of their prejudices were still sufficiently intact to be examined. With Mr. Keeny's permission I am able to present a few of their confessions. Some of them may appear fantastical, but the whole point is that the insides of what we call our minds, if we examine them courageously, *are* a little fantastical.

"When I was a little girl," a woman wrote, "just starting to school, someone told me that in all the Catholic churches the Catholics kept weapons and ammunition in the basements, all ready at the slightest provocation to make war on the Protestants and kill them. The same person told me that she knew a Catholic lady who had said that she could wade in Protestants' blood up to her knees with a smile on her face. I have had Catholic girl friends since then, some of the best friends I have known, but I could never get rid of my first impressions."

Another correspondent, a college stu-

dent, found it hard to eliminate the picture of a Catholic as one who "hoped to wade knee-deep in Protestant blood in a religious war." Multiply by a few millions and we have the Ku Klux Klan.

"I have always had a prejudice against foreigners," another letter ran. "When we lived in the East and went to Massachusetts each summer we would pass Poles and Italians owning and working farms which our forefathers owned. This sight of the foreigners always aroused in me an intense dislike of them." The dislike stuck. It affected the writer's thinking on all subjects connected with "foreigners" and "foreign" countries.

Then there was the story of Henry B. "My early childhood," this confession began, "was spent in a suburban district of the city of Chicago, and in this place there lived but one family of Jews. This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. B., and their son Henry. As we were neighbors Henry and I used to play together until one fatal day. While playing house I happened to break one of Mrs. B.'s white milk pitchers, for which Henry admonished me and frightened me terribly. . . . From that day I never played with Henry again, for I both hated him and at the same time was afraid of him. . . . Since my childhood days I have had many pleasant dealings with Jews and Jewesses. Yet when one mentions the name 'Jew' I am liable to grow very angry or condemn the Jewish race in a terrible manner, for then . . . the recollection of my childhood experience comes to mind."

A trivial incident, no doubt, but a million such trivialities make a mountain of prejudice. Put this beside it: "When I was quite young my mother read me the story of *Oliver Twist*. I remember quite plainly how angry I became when I learned the full extent of Fagin's operations as affecting Oliver. There was also a picture of the old Jew, showing him in all the horror imaginable—stooped, filthy, ragged, sly, sneaking, all

the worst possible traits. Then I saw a few years ago Lon Chaney play the part on the screen. This performance capped the climax. Since then I have looked upon most Jews with somewhat of aversion."

One of Mr. Keeny's correspondents disliked Spaniards because he had read of Spanish cruelties in the conquest of America. To another, a Jew, the word "Turk" called up "a vivid picture of a malignantly cruel, black-skinned man in oriental garb who stood triumphant over the prostrate body of a blood-stained victim." A boy of twelve tied a can to a Mexican's dog, was terribly alarmed when its irate master chased him, and now, as a grown man, still feels "a natural repugnance whenever I see or hear the word 'Mexican.'" One woman admits "a rather decided prejudice against the negro." She adds, "I don't know why I have this feeling, unless it is because when I was a small child a story was told me of a white girl who was kidnapped by two negro renegades. The picture, even to-day, is very vivid to me."

A child acquired a lifelong fear and dislike of Mexicans because, when she was six years old, her father went to Mexico City on business and during his absence her mother "frequently voiced apprehensions for his safety."

"When the word 'foreigner' is mentioned," another young lady admitted, "I think of limburger cheese. In grade school an immigrant girl of respectable family sat opposite me. During school hours she was continually eating limburger cheese, keeping a great smelly piece in her desk. I was talking about it to some friends. They laughed and said, 'Oh, well, she's a foreigner.'"

Sometimes the pictures are too personal to generalize about. A certain woman finds the mention of "flag drill" disagreeable. Is it because she is defective in what a member of the American Security League might regard as patriotism? Not at all. "This feeling," she writes, "is probably due to an

incident that occurred when I was about seven years old. On one occasion our class gave a flag drill. All the girls wore white fluffy dresses except me. I didn't have any, and so had to wear an old blue striped dress that I had always greatly disliked. I was very much humiliated, and my heart ached for a white, ruffy dress. . . . From that time to this I have invariably associated flag drill with an old blue striped dress, and it is a decidedly unpleasant association."

II

In all these cases the incidents lay sufficiently near the surface of the memory to be readily brought up. In most cases they were *always* brought up by the mention of certain words. Just how far these pictures controlled the individual's actions is not easy to say. Probably it was more than the individual himself, or herself, realized. Nor is it a simple matter to determine why certain incidents should be remembered so vividly, and not others. Nor can one more than guess at the forgotten experiences, each doing its share toward determining our emotional attitudes, that are buried in our subconscious minds. At the best that is a job for the psychoanalyst. It does seem certain, however, that much which our conscious minds seem completely to have forgotten still helps to guide our opinions and our prejudices. The weight of evidence is that the trail leads back to the experiences of childhood.

Mr. Bruno Lasker, also of *The Inquiry*, has analyzed the results of a questionnaire on race attitudes in children. The data seemed to indicate that we are not born prejudiced. Nature does not plant in our hearts such convictions as one youngster expressed: "The Italians are a very unclean and sneaking race. The Chinese and Japs are a stealing and distrustful people. The Mexicans are a stingy and conspiracy people. The Portuguese are a very bloodthirsty and dishonest people. Germans are hateful

because of their love for war and bloodshed." Or these: "Chinese, too crafty. Cannibals, eat up people. Serbians, not clean people. Germans, war makers. Turks, torturers."

Children acquire beliefs like this exactly as they acquire their language, their games and their gang traditions. They learn from their parents, their school teachers, their companions, and, as they grow older, from motion pictures, newspapers, magazines, and books. Being human, they learn what isn't so just as thoroughly as what is so and believe it just as firmly.

The most primitive form of race prejudice is fear—the savage's hostility to a member of a tribe not his own, the child's dread of a stranger who differs in some marked way from its own father or mother. But even this doesn't seem to be inborn. It is put into the child's nature by some outside influence, or influences, after the child comes into the world. Let a parent manifest race prejudice by a word or even a gesture, or a facial expression, and the child will imitate. Race prejudice may begin before the boy or girl has learned to talk.

When the child is five or six years old the fear may turn into hostility—a race riot in miniature. There will be a stage when foreigners are merely absurd and amusing. Finally, among children of different races attending the higher grades of the same school there will be jealousy arising out of the competition for marks and honors. By this time the child of the "superior" breed has learned that the child of the "inferior" should be kept in his place. Groups form, sharp social lines are drawn, and the chasm between black and white, white and yellow, or "American" and "Wop" is likely to become permanent. Even though in a fit of deliberate liberalism we try to bridge it in later life, we frequently cannot.

Most of us don't try. We merely rationalize. The middle-aged business man who swallows the Nordic gospel hook, line, and sinker to-day, may be-

lieve that he got his reasons from Lothrop Stoddard, or that his shrinking from contact with the lesser breeds is the will of God. But the chances are that he learned it all at school, along with his arithmetic and geography, or at home, along with his table manners.

Girls, being earlier responsive to group traditions and loyalties, are found to become race conscious sooner than their brothers. As they grow older the social pressure arising from a dread of intermarriage becomes stronger. They begin to fear, not without reason, that broad-mindedness in their relations with the "inferior" races may cause them to lose caste. A boy's caste, somehow, seems less fragile. Yet boys of sixteen are commonly found to be more snobbish than boys of twelve. There has been more time and more experiences with which to build prejudice—to educate in jealousy and dislike.

All this affords a hint as to how our opinions get into us. They are not made what they are by heredity. They are not produced by accurately digested facts. They are all that our lives are—colorful, unreasonable, egoistic.

But what, aside from the natural interest in playing a game, is the use of knowing this? Simply that we may come a little closer to real thinking, the greatest game of all. It is not until we get out just such a mental mirror as these tests provide, and look ourselves squarely in the eye, that we realize how far we are from unbiased thought, and how fascinating the thinking process might be made.

As this is being written a general strike is going on in Great Britain. I take two morning newspapers. One of them continually irritates me because of what seems to me the prejudices shown by its correspondents. With the other I feel a warm glow of sympathy. It is on my side. Though I try to weigh the evidence carefully, its reports seem to me nearer the truth than those of the other paper. But have I actually given the subject judicial consideration? I sus-

pect not. If I deliberately pull up my opinions by the roots and examine them I find clinging to them fragments of my own life—early friendships, early antagonisms. I have greatly admired So-and-So, and he has influenced me tremendously. I know what he would think of the strike, I still want his approval (though he may be dead, or thousands of miles away), and so I try to think as he would think. And he is but one of many influences, pulling me in the same direction.

I live, let us suppose, in a factory town. A strike is going on. I pass along a certain street and see the strikers brutally knocked about by the police. My emotions are aroused. I become pro-labor. I may even develop into a Socialist or a Communist. But assume that I take another route and hear a peculiarly unattractive orator—a foreign one, perhaps—making a speech. I go a little farther and come on a crowd of strikers beating a “scab.” In this case, too, my emotions are stirred up, and unless other and more powerful influences act upon me, I may ultimately join the Chamber of Commerce, vote for Mr. Coolidge, and throw up my hat for Mr. Churchill. These are, necessarily, crude illustrations. Yet the forces which actually do shape some of our most important beliefs are certainly no less haphazard.

The liveliest issue in America at this moment is prohibition. I have an opinion with respect to it. Of what is this opinion composed? I seem to distinguish a number of components. Item one: a great-uncle, a man of brilliant promise in his youth, who drank himself to death in late middle age. Item two: John Bailey, reeling down past our house on a Sunday afternoon, falling helplessly over a barbed wire fence and being carted off to the lock-up. Item three: certain poetic allusions to wine, which I came upon in early youth and which call up visions of

the vintage in ancient Greece, of the Mermaid Tavern, of good talks across a spotted tablecloth. Item four: an argument *for* prohibition by a man I didn't like. I add up these and other items, subtract the minus quantities, and have what I call an opinion. It may be reinforced with a selected lot of sociological and economic data, but it is not based upon such data. I really don't feel that I ought to be allowed to vote on any prohibition measure. My only comfort is that neither ought very many others. For I do not believe that what I may call my political turpitude is beyond the average.

We are accustomed to think of the nation as *making up its mind* on great public questions. On the theory that masses of people can and do make up their minds in a rational and purposeful way democracy rests. But if the line of thought we have been following means anything, nothing of the sort occurs. Remove the lid from a great political upheaval—remove the catchwords and slogans, the verbal insignia of class and occupation—and something like chaos appears beneath. How crude are all political tests when we examine even one individual, selected more or less at random! Our elections, courts, and legislatures are the clumsiest of recording instruments. They can measure only undigested lumps of opinion; they cannot dissect and analyze and so come at the truth.

But what is necessary, I take it, is not the abolition of democracy or the installation of new political machinery. We need humility, especially among the so-called leaders of opinion. We need tolerance—and not so much that tolerance which is a Christian virtue as that which arises from a scientific recognition of the high percentage of fallacy and irrationality in our own beliefs. The wisest man at this stage of the world's affairs is he who knows that none of us is wise.



HINTS FOR THOSE ABOUT TO TRAVEL

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

A YEAR or two ago a lively book was published called *The Happy Traveller*. It is not an indispensable work if you have booked your passage, or are on a ship's articles, for only Providence can help you then, but it is a cheerful companion if you would know what long journeys are like in parts, without making them. Its author, the Rev. Frank Tatchell, proved he had seen enough of the world to satisfy a crew of able seamen. He had seen it from the by-roads, the high roads, the decks of local trading ships, and the windows of third-class railway carriages. He had seen it because, apparently, he wanted to; and he had enjoyed it all, or most of it. He had some heroic advice for those who, he judged, might be infected by his own enthusiasm, and indeed his book would induce many young men to pull on their boots forthwith: "Be cheerful and interested in everything," he tells us; and, "Do not bother too much about your inside."

But what I sought in his volume was not the Malay for Thank you, which he gave me, but what set him going. Why did he do it? There is a word, frequently seen in glossy narrative, "Wanderlust." The very lemmings must know it. It excuses almost anything in the way of travel lunacy, even to herding with Russian emigrants for fun. It is used as a flourish by those who hope we shall fail to notice that they are uncertain what to do with themselves. Mr. Tatchell, however, does not use it once. Yet you see him hustling through the bazaar at Bharno, where you do not meet many tourists; and he discovers

that the half-castes of the Society Isles are especially charming, though he does not pretend that it is worth while voyaging to the South Seas to confirm that; or he peeps into the Malayan forest long enough to note "myriads of leeches in all directions humping and hastening towards the traveller." He certainly saw those leeches.

He saw them *hump*. But why did he foregather with them, and go to smell Bharno? For out of so varied an experience he returns but to assure romantic youth sitting on the bollards of our quays and gazing seaward wistfully, "Elephants dislike having white men approach them from behind." Or of this, "If you should become infested with fleas, sleep out on a bed of bracken one night, and in the morning you will be free from the pests." Such fruits of travel seem hardly enough. Mr. Tatchell himself was decidedly a happy traveller, and the cause of happiness in others—his book can be commended in confidence—for he admits that his method of enjoying himself in a strange bed is to sing aloud the aria, "Why do the Nations?" But he does not tell us what sent him roving, nor does he produce any collection of treasures, except oddities such as the warning to white men about approaching the behinds of elephants, and *Vinakka vinnakka!* (Fijian for *bravo*.)

Perhaps those little curiosities are enough. We are pleased to hear of them. What else was there to get? It would be very hard for most voyagers to explain convincingly why they became restless, and went to sea. Some do it to get away from us, some to get away from

themselves, and some because they cannot help it. I shall not forget the silliness which gave me my first sight of Africa. The office telephone rang. "Oh, is that you? Well, we want you to go to Algeria at once." I went downstairs hurriedly to disperse this absurdity. But it was no good. I had to go. And because I was argumentative about it, they added Tripoli and Sicily—which served me right. After all, while in Africa, one is necessarily absent from Fleet Street. I should have remembered that.

Mr. Tatchell tells us that even a poor man, if he does not leave it till he is in bondage to the income-tax collector or the Poor Law officials, may see all the world. I suppose he may. With sufficient health, enterprise, and impudence, a young fellow could inveigle himself out of it without paying a lot of money to the P. & O. Company; though it wants some doing nowadays, under the present rules of the Mercantile Marine Board and the seafarers' unions. Shipowners do not lightly engage to pay compensation for accidents to inexperienced hands whose sole recommendation is that they want to see the world so wide. As for getting a berth for the voyage cheaply, it would be foolish to suppose that agents for passenger ships are willing to forgive the fact that you are poor, and will shake Cornucopia about freely. Why should they? You have to pay across the counter in exchange for a ticket, and at the post-war rates. If anyone doubts that this is a hard world, let him cut the painter at Port Said, with a shilling in his pocket, and note what will happen. In some difficult regions you must travel on foot with the natives, and live with them; and that costs very little, even in a land otherwise expensive, but those unsophisticated coasts must first be reached. That simple way of a nomad is all very well in the wilderness, but I think any reasonable man, however thirsty he may be for a draught of primitive Life, would hesitate before sequestering himself in native cities like

Calcutta and Singapore, counting cannily the lesser coins, and traveling about there in third-class carriages. I noticed that even Mr. Tatchell shrank from the prospect of getting from island to island of Indonesia with the deck passengers. I am not surprised. One is easily satisfied there with an occasional hour on the lower deck, in converse with a picturesque native elder. But to eat and sleep there for weeks, among the crowing cocks, the banana skins, the babies, the dried fish, and men and women spitting red stuff after chewing betel nut! It has been done, I believe, but the shipping companies and all their officers set their faces against it. They do not encourage Europeans to travel even second class in those seas, though there is hardly any difference between the cabins of the two classes. Of course, if one were anything of an Orientalist, it would be ridiculous to keep to the first saloon with the Europeans when there were Arab and Chinese merchants in an inferior saloon of the ship.

I do not know how one plans a long voyage, and maintains the excellent plan scientifically through all its difficulties. I have never done any planning. A ship seems to have drifted my way at last by chance, and then, if I did not hesitate too long about it, I went in her, though always for a reason very inadequate. One bitter and northerly Easter I read, because gardening was impossible, Bates' *The Naturalist on the River Amazon*. The famous illustration of that spectacled entomologist in trousers and a check shirt, standing with an insect net in a tropical forest surrounded by infuriated toucans, fixed me when casually I pulled the volume off a library shelf. The book had not been specially commended to me, but its effect was instant. And the picture that artful naturalist drew of the pleasures of Santa Belem de Para, when contrasted with the sleet of an English spring, made me pensive over a fire. I had never seen the tropics. And what a name it is, the Amazon! And what a delightful book is Bates'!

Yet when I enquired into this enticement, Para might as well have been in another star. One may go cheaply to Canada, and risk it. That trick cannot be played on the tropics with impunity. I had the propriety to guess that. Then, one night, a sailor came home from sea, and just before he left he spoke of his next voyage. They were going to Para, and up the Amazon; and up a tributary of that river never before navigated by an ocean-going steamer. "Nonsense," I said, "it cannot be done—not if you draw, as you say you do, nearly twenty-four feet. And it means rising about six hundred feet above sea level."

"You can talk," the sailor replied, "but I've seen the charter. We're going, and I wish we weren't. Sure to be fevers. Besides, a ship has no right inside a continent."

I began thinking of Bates. My friend turned up the collar of his coat before going into the rain. "Look here," he said, "if you have any doubt about it, you may take the trip. There's a cabin we don't use."

I never gave that preposterous suggestion a second thought, but I did write, for a lively morning newspaper, my sailor's mocking summary of what that strange voyage might have in store. The editor, a day later, met me on the office stairs. "That was an amusing lie of yours this morning," he said. I answered him that it was written solely in the cause of science and navigation. What was more, I assured him earnestly, I had been offered a berth on the ship for the proof of doubters. "Well," said the editor, "you shall go and prove it." He meant that. I could see by the challenging look in his eye that nothing much was left about which to argue. He prided himself on his swift and unreasonable decisions.

Somehow, as that editor descended the stairs, showing me the finality of his back, the attractive old naturalist of the Amazon with his palms at Para, toucans, spectacles, butterflies, and everlasting afternoon of tranquillity in the forest of

the tropics, was the less alluring. This meant packing up; and for what? Even the master of the steamer could not tell me that.

It is better to obey the mysterious index, without any fuss, when it points a new road, however strange that road may be. There is probably as much reason for it, if the truth were known, as for anything else. It would be absurd, in the manner of Browning and Mr. Tatchell, to greet the unseen with a cheer, and thus flatter it; but when circumstances begin to look as though they intend something different for us, perhaps the proper thing to do is to get into accord with them, to see what will happen.

There was no doubt about that voyage, either. I take this opportunity to thank an autocratic editor for his cruel decision one morning on the office stairs, a trivial episode he has completely forgotten. It is worth the break, and the discomfort of a winter dock, and the drive out in the face of hard westerly weather, to come up a ship's companion one morning, and to see for the first time the glow of sunrise above the palisade of the jungle. You never forget the warm smell of it, and its light; though that simple wonder might not be thought worth a hard fight with gales in the western ocean. Yet later, when by every reasonable estimate of a visitor accustomed to the assumption as though it were eternal—savage, flamboyant, yet silent and desolate—the voyager begins to feel vaguely uneasy. He cannot meet that lofty and somber regard with the cheerful curiosity of the early part of the voyage. He feels lost. St. Paul's cathedral does not seem so influential as once it did, nor man so important. And perhaps it is not an unhealthful surmise either that man may be only a slightly disturbing episode on earth after all, and had better look out; a hindering and humbling notion of that sort would have done him no harm, if of late years it had given him pause.

Well, something of that sort is about as much as one should expect to get out

of the experience, that and the ability to call for a porter in Fijian or Chinese. But is it not sufficient? It is hardly as tangible as hearing earlier than the people at home of the wealth of oil at Balikpapan, or what comes of getting in at the Rand on the ground floor. Even as book material it is not so sparkling as Lady Hester Stanhope, or as exciting as sword-fish angling off the Bermudas. Nor does it provide any inspiration, once you are home again, to get to work to plant the British flag where it will do the lucky ones most good. There seems hardly anything in it, and yet you feel that you could not have done any better, and are not sorry it turned out just so.

Besides, there were the men one met. It would not be easy to analyze the impulse which sent one traveling, an impulse strong enough, if vague, to overcome one's natural desire to be let alone. What did one want, or expect to learn? It would be hard to say. But you are aware, in rare moments, that you have got something almost as good as a word about a new oil-field, through some chance converse with a stranger, about nothing in particular. For it might have been night in the Malacca Strait, with little to give reasonable conviction of the realities except the stars, the tremor of the ship's rail, and the glow of a shipmate's cigar; and the other man might not have said much. You had previously noticed he was not that kind. But his casual relation of an obscure adventure—rather as if the droning of the waters had become a significant utterance—gave an abiding content to the shadows.

II

Travel, we are often told, gives light to the mind. I have wondered whether it does. Consider the sailors. They are supposed to travel widely. They see the cities of the world, and the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. And—well, do you know any sailors? If you do, then you may have noticed

that not infrequently their opinions seem hardly more valuable than yours and mine. Yet it must be said for them that they rarely claim an additional value for their opinions because they have anchored off Colombo. They know better than that. They know, very likely, that all the cities of the world can no more give us what was withheld at our birth than our unaided suburb. As much convincing folly may be heard at Penang as at Peckham. The sad truth is, one is as likely to grow wiser during a week-end at Brighton as in a "black Bilbao tramp"

"With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail,
From Cadiz, south on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new."

The fascination and illusion of that Out Trail! The other day, a man, a wise and experienced traveler, who knows deep water better than most of us, who has hunted whales, and even enjoyed being out of soundings in literature, overheard a voice near us on a dock-head exclaim in delight at the sight of a ship outward bound, "I wish I were aboard her." He said to me quietly, "I felt like that, too, but really, you know, I don't want to be aboard. I'm a little bit afraid of the sea."

So am I. That is one thing, at least, I have learned in travel. I do not love the sea. The look of it is disquieting. There is something in the very sound of it that stirs the apprehension we feel when we listen to noble music; we become inexplicably troubled. It is not the fear of mishap, though that may not be absent. It is more than that, for after all one is much safer in a good ship than when crossing the road at Charing Cross.

It may be a surmise of one's inconsequence in that immensity of sky and water. And our inconsequence has not been always obvious to us. The ministrations of a city nourish the pride of the

social animal and yet make him a dependable creature. Turn him into the open and he shrinks from all that light. The dread problems that our energetic fellow men create in the cities or plains make us myopic through the intensity of our peering alarm. We become sure that even the empyrean must watch our activities with grave interest. Yet we may be deceived in that; for on blue water one cannot help noting that the sky does not appear to act with any regard for our interest, and the sea itself is so inscrutable, so vast, and moves with a rhythm that so diminishes one's own scope and measure, that a voyager may imagine he is confronted by majesty, though an impersonal majesty, without ears or eyes or ruth. That is not comfortable to a sense of self-importance.

Do we travel to learn such things? Of course not. The promise to diminish a feeling of self-importance in a traveler is not one of Messrs. Cook's happy inducements. We do not travel for that. If we get it at all, we are welcome to it, without extra charge. You must pay more if you want to have a cabin to yourself. There are additional charges, too, if you would deviate from the schedule of your voyage. Should you put off at Penang for a week, and continue by the next ship, that fun must be paid for. Eager still for the end of the rainbow—which, so far on a long voyage, you have not reached, to your surprise and disappointment—you leave your ship at Barbadoes, consult the chart, and judge that what you really want is at Curaçoa, at Surinam, at Trinidad, or some other place where you are not; and at a great expense of time and money you go. No use. There again you find that you have taken yourself with you. No rainbow's end!

I have often wondered what people see who travel round the world in a liner furnished with the borrowings of a city's club-life and other occasions for idling; Panama, San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong-Kong, Batavia, and Rangoon, all those variations of scenery

for the club windows; and so home again. What do they see? The anchorage of Sourabaya is no more revealing than that of Havre, if warmer: a mole, ships at rest, some straight miles of ferro-concrete quays in the distance, flat gray acres of the galvanized roofs of sheds, and a tower or two beyond. True, there are the clouds of the tropics to watch, and a Malay polishing the ship's brass. Only the mate and the captain are at lunch, for the others have gone ashore. You may make what romance you can out of that.

The others have gone ashore? All the great seaports I have seen have been very much alike; and these liners rarely stay at one long enough to make easy the discovery of difference. You have no time to get lost. You arrive, and then an inexorable notice is chalked on the blackboard at the head of the ship's gangway, to which a quartermaster draws your attention as you leave the ship. The old city is two miles away, and the ship sails in two hours. No chance, you see, to get comfortably mislaid and forgotten. Besides, you run off with a car-load of other passengers. Unless the car skids into a ditch the game is up.

Well, after all, that grudging sense of disappointment comes of intemperance with fascinating place-names and illusions. We expect to have romance displayed for us, as though it were a greater Wembley, and it is not. Travelers who "dash" round the world, as the febrile interviewers tell us, who dash across the Sahara or the Atlantic, then get into other speedy engines and dash again, expectant of a full life and their money's worth, might as well dash to Southend and back till they run over a dog; or dash their brains out, and thus fulfil their destiny. But I am not decrying travel, though sailors, I have been made painfully aware, are much amused by the expectations of those to whom a ship is an interlude of variegated enchantment between the serious affairs of life. I enjoy travel, and a little of it now and then is good for us, if we do not

make demands which only lucky chance may fulfil.

The best things in travel are all undesigned, and perhaps even undeserved. I had never seen a whale, for instance, and recently was watching the very waters of the Java Sea where one of them might have been good enough to reward me. Nothing like a whale appeared. Too late for that sort of thing, perhaps. This is the day of the submarine. Or perhaps I stared from the ship listlessly, and with no faith, not caring much whether there were whales and wonders in these days or not. Anyhow, my last chance went. On my way home, while just to the south of Finis-terre, I came out of my cabin a little after sunrise merely to look at the weather (which was fine) and a tiny cloud, rounded and defined, was dispersing over the waves, less than a mile away. Shrapnelling? Then a number of those faint rounded clouds of vapor shaped intermittently. The ship was in the midst of a school of whales. There was a sigh—like the exhaust of a locomotive—and a body which seemed to rival the steamer in bulk appeared alongside; we barely missed that shadow of a submerged island. The officer of the watch told me afterwards that the ship's stem nearly ran over it.

That was a rare incident, however, and perhaps not worth counting. Yet all the significant things in travel come that way. Once in heavy weather I

saw a derelict sailing ship; our steamer left its course to inspect her. But she was dead. There was no movement aboard her, except the loose door of a deckhouse. It flung open as we drew near, but nobody came out. The seas ran as they pleased about her deck fixtures. It was sunset, and just when we thought she had gone, for she had slipped over the summit of an upheaval, her skeleton appeared again in that waste, far astern, against the bleak western light. I felt in that moment that only then had the sea shown itself to me.

It is the chance things in travel that appear to be significant. The light comes unexpectedly and obliquely. Perhaps the gods try us. They want to see whether we are asleep. If we are watchful we may get a bewildering hint, but placed where nobody would have expected to find it. We may spend the rest of the voyage wondering what that meant. A casual coast suddenly fixed by so strange a glow that one looks to the opposite sky fearfully; the careless word which makes you glance at a stranger, and doubt your fixed opinion; an ugly city, which you are glad to leave, transfigured and jubilant as you pass out of its harbor; these are the incidents that give a sense of discovery to a voyage. We are on more than one voyage at a time. We never know where Manoa may be. There are no fixed bearings for the City of Gold.

The Lion's Mouth



MOVE ON! MOVE ON!

BY CAROLINE ELIZA VOSE

TRULY, we had the worst state-room, my dear. It was something terrible, and I was sick all the way home, deathly sick, and had to stay in it almost every minute. We had two bad storms, and the ship tossed about like an eggshell. Oh, it was a perfectly frightful voyage. Why, the Captain said he'd never known it to be so rough." Pretty Mrs. Blabson shuddered.

She and her husband had just returned from a pleasure trip to Europe, and I was making a welcome-home call on her.

"Let's see, you'd never been in Italy before—didn't you love it?" I asked, my mind going vividly back to the drive along the Appian Way, to the glorious gardens of Tivoli, and to the Ducal Palace in Venice.

"Yes, only it's so dirty, my dear, smelly and dirty, and I didn't care for the food either. Mr. Blabson hated it, too. I don't see how the Italians stand it."

"But surely Rome must have given you a thrill," I persisted.

"Well, of course we weren't there very long and I had a splitting headache one day. Whenever I think of Rome I shall always think of that headache. Mr. Blabson was worried about me. He—"

"Did you go into Germany this time?" I interrupted rudely.

"No. Mr. Blabson wanted to, but I said I would not go. Perhaps some people may have forgotten the war. I haven't." Mrs. Blabson's tone indicated that possibly I might have. "For my part I felt it too keenly to— Excuse me a minute. That's the man for the draperies and I want to speak to him."

Mrs. Blabson left me alone in her rugless, drapery-less living room, the condition of which she had profusely apologized for. She'd had to take the rugs up, for she'd found moths in them, yes, moths, and she was sending her draperies to be cleaned. She sent them every spring. Besides, she and Mr. Blabson were to open their summer home in about two weeks and it was hardly worth while to do much to this town house—except clean it, of course. Mrs. Blabson is a neat woman.

When she came back into the room she began, "There, I do want to tell you about our stay in Paris, my dear. We enjoyed it so much. We were in the sweetest hotel, not large, but comfortable and cheap, ridiculously cheap. There were the nicest people there. A lot of Americans." Mrs. Blabson spoke as if Americans were a rare treat to her. "One couple, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins from Cincinnati, a banker and his wife, were awfully congenial. We just went around together all the time. Mrs. Tompkins and I did heaps of shopping—the Paris shops are so fascinating—and in the evening we four played bridge. They both play a corking game, and it's so seldom a man and his wife both play good bridge."

I wondered why Mr. and Mrs. Blabson hadn't stayed at home and played bridge with the Wickhams next door. They both play well, but I merely said,

"I hope after you get back from Beachmere this fall you are going to be in town with us a while."

"I can't tell yet. I suppose Mr. Blabson will want to run up into the woods for a few weeks in October. We usually do, you know. And then next winter we may go South. Mr. Tompkins told us about a place they go to in Florida that's very exclusive. It's kind of a club and you have to be recommended and all that sort of thing, and he and Mrs. Tompkins are going to recommend us. When they were saying good-by, Mr. Tompkins called out, 'Don't forget those bridge dates you have with us in Florida next winter!' By the way, my dear, *do* you happen to know of a cook? I am trying everywhere to get a cook to take to Beachmere and I am having the worst time. I've engaged a second maid who is going to be fairly satisfactory, I think, and our old chauffeur came back to us, which is nice. I do wish, though, I could find a cook. A good experienced cook is so important."

I heartily agreed that all the cooks I'd known, whatever their character and experience, had considered themselves most important, but murmured that personally I was far better acquainted with ignorant general-housework girls, and then to change the subject, inquired, "Did you see the Tippmans while you were gone?"

"Yes, we saw them in London, invited them to dinner with us—pretty poor dinner, too. Mr. Blabson kept apologizing for it. We were awfully disappointed in the place we took them to. We thought it was going to be nice."

"When are they coming home?"

"Oh, they've practically decided to stay another year, and I don't blame them one bit. As Estelle said, they can live so much better and cheaper almost anywhere over there than they can here that it's foolish for them to come back and open their house. That house is pretty big for those two women, and now that servants are such a problem they're

better off in Europe. I think Addie would like to come home this summer, but I don't believe they will, that is if they can find somewhere to go. They've traveled so much there aren't very many places left that are new enough to interest them."

Involuntarily I gasped. The plutocratic, travel-surfeited Tippman sisters, owners of a charming house here at home, wandering around Europe desperately searching for unvisited places in which to eat, sleep, and save their money, and the Blabsons spending their time having their town house cleaned, closing it, dismissing their servants, going to Europe to meet Americans and play bridge, opening their summer home, closing it, going to a luxurious camp in the woods in the autumn, going South in the winter to play bridge, returning to open and clean their town house, and trying to decide what to do and where to go during March, April, and May—frankly, this was quite beyond my limited, feeble comprehension.

And yet the Blabsons and Tippmans are not unique. Oh, no, they belong to a merry group of movers, among whom are the automobile movers. I mean not those who move automobiles, but those who are moved in and, apparently, by automobiles. To this class belong my next-door neighbors, the Plumptions—though, to be exact, they are seldom next door, and they are fast becoming neighbors in the Biblical sense of the word only.

The Plumptions are governed by automobiles, roads, and hotels which naturally lead them up hill and down, and over the rough places as well as the smooth. Despite the fact that the Plumptions cover a fabulous number of miles every year, they can't always go where they want to go. If they hear of a particularly good road they feel they ought to travel over that, be the scenery as ugly as a nineteenth-century mourning-piece chromo; or sometimes if they hear of a hilly, rough piece of road, they must perforce travel that to prove what

phenomenal stunts their car can perform on "high" and what marvelous springs it has. Just the other day while they were at home for a brief between-trips stay Mr. Plumpton, during a lengthy, illustrated lecture he delivered to me on a certain road which evidently resembled a much be-bunkered golf course, declared emphatically, "Why we rode along as smoothly and easily as if we'd been in a baby carriage, in a baby carriage, and that's the truth. Now would you believe it!"

I assured him I'd gladly believe it—for I am a great believer in everything—but at the same time I'd like to know how long it's really been since stout, middle-aged Mr. Plumpton has personally tested out the riding qualities of any baby carriage.

Without my having to ask, of his own accord, Mr. Plumpton triumphantly told me he'd "driven his advanced six, seventeen thousand miles, yes, sir, seventeen thousand miles"—or was it seventy thousand miles?"—"without having the carbon cleaned or the valves ground. How's that!"

Of course it's all right with me—I hope it is with you—only I'm not familiar enough with carbon to decide whether it's advisable to keep it spotlessly clean or to let it get a bit soiled perhaps in order to take away that new look, while my snap judgment on valves would be to have them ground often so as to prevent their becoming dull and blunt.

Now the Plumptons do not motor about in any lighthearted, joyous manner, stopping where and when they will. They do not seek out quaint, undiscovered places or stay at funny, interesting little inns. Never! The Plumptons plan their trips with rigid meticulousness, and are stern with themselves. They must "do" a certain number of miles in a certain length of time. What of it if the delicate, sweet-smelling apple blossoms are at the height of their short season? What of it if exquisite changing lights are playing over the distant mountains, or the buttercups are a riot

of gold by the roadsides? The Plumptons can't loiter to enjoy them. Not they. They must be ever speeding on and on—on "high" if possible. There's a hotel the Blithers have told them about where the chicken dinners or the pickled pigs' feet dinners—one or the other—are delicious, and they must get there before the dining room closes, or they must "make" fashionable Maplegoose Farm by seven-thirty. Wired for reservations? Of course they wired. If you don't know that's necessary, Maplegoose would be wasted on you.

So the Plumptons motor about, strictly according to schedule, from conventional hotel to conventional hotel, from well-known roadhouse to well-known roadhouse, and then later furnish, free of charge, detailed accounts of their trips to friends, relatives, and chance acquaintances.

The Skipwells don't always move in an automobile and they don't move far, but from June to September they move almost constantly between their summer and winter home. They have a cottage at Sillyvale, fifteen miles out of town, where many of their town friends have cottages, because as Mrs. Skipwell says, "We must get out of the city during the hot weather, and we like going where our friends go. We love the country. It's so much better for the children, too. In fact we all enjoy the change." By change she means the change from the city to Sillyvale, and from Sillyvale back to the city again. The whole family, children and all, daily come into town to shop, to attend parties, to have a shampoo or manicure, to call at the doctor's, to have a tooth filled, to go to ball games, the movies, and what not. There wasn't a blistering day last summer that I didn't meet at least one of the Skipwells on the street. There's no doubt of it—they enjoy change.

So does my cousin Marietta who is just back from New York, and who called this morning to get me to help her decide whether to close her house, board her Airedale dog somewhere, and go

abroad—"Those student tours are so cheap, and the accommodations are very good"—or whether to rent a camp at Scraggly Grove near here where she can take her dog and go for week-ends.

Marietta was really annoyed when I suggested that, just for a change, she remain right in her own home and entertain her Airedale dog there for a while. She insisted I am speedily becoming a hopelessly settled-down old maid, and that my opinion isn't worth a single thing. And when I tried to appease Marietta by an invitation to stay to luncheon with me, she refused, saying, "Thanks, I can't possibly to-day," and then looking at her watch added, "I'd no idea it was so late. I *must* move on."



"IF"

(With Apologies to Kipling)

BY V. L. SHEPHERD

IF you can keep your hair when all about you

Are shearing theirs and wanting you to, too,

If you can hold your tongue when others mock you,

But make allowance for their mocking, too;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To keep your hair long, after theirs is gone,
And hold on to it when there's nothing in you

Except the will which says to you, "Hold On!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your locks too,

Or walk with "Sheiks"—nor lose your common sense;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If women dub you "Freak" in self-defense;

If you can smile with not a hat to fit you,
If you can sigh, but never shed a tear,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—You'll be a lady,
dear.



THE COMEDY OF A QUEEN

BY CARL NIEMEYER

THE priest remained obdurate. After all, queens meant little to him; in the course of a long life he had seen a good many of them. He had learned that they, like other women, wept when they could not have their way, and that like other women's, too, their demands were usually quite unreasonable. Absently he smoothed the hair of the kneeling Queen Panope, and looked over her head at Mount Parnassus rising above the marble buildings huddled at its base. "Your request is impossible," he murmured, hoping in his heart that he was appearing as implacable as the mountain.

At these words of the priest Panope arose and, looking intently at the Pythian hierarch, asked the question that even hierarchs find difficulty in answering satisfactorily. "Why?" she demanded.

"The oracle," explained the priest patiently, "was put here by the Far Shooter as a means of interpreting his will. We priests are merely accessories; it is quite impossible for us to influence any answer the Pythian may give."

"Sometimes," returned Queen Panope, "I have doubts about this Apollo. Surely Anaxander, my husband, is the most reverent king in Hellas and certainly none receives fewer favors."

"My child!" protested the priest.

"Perhaps he is too reverent," continued Panope. "Perhaps the Far Shooter, like his brother Ares, favors the fighters; and Zeus knows the king is not that! Don't you understand?" she cried suddenly. "That's why I'm begging you to do this, Anaxander will

never fight unless the Pythian advises it. If she doesn't he's likely to let the Spartans take from him the little land he now possesses."

"Listen a moment," interposed the priest. "Your insistence has made it necessary for me to share with you a secret; we may call it that, I think. We priests have learned that the Spartan force is so far superior to your husband's that he must surely be defeated. For Anaxander's sake we have decided to—to interpret the response of the Pythian"—here he glanced narrowly at the queen—"as being opposed to his attacking Sparta."

"Are you not denying," queried Panope, "what you said a moment ago about your inability to influence the Pythian's answer?"

"Well," answered the priest slowly, "the fact is that sometimes the Pythian's answers are unintelligible. She sits on her tripod, you see, and inhales a certain gas that causes her to speak prophetically."

"And this gas is sent by Apollo, I suppose?" interrupted Panope with some irony.

"Oh, yes!" said the priest, smoothly ignoring the irony. "Oh, yes! but seemingly it comes from a cleft in Mount Parnassus. Unfortunately the gas, although bestowing these great powers, sometimes injures the priestess, chokes her a bit, you know, nothing serious"—here again the priest narrowly regarded the queen—"and she does not speak very coherently. It then becomes our duty to interpret."

"And," inquired the queen, "are the words of the priestess sufficiently incoherent to admit of very—shall we say broad interpretation?"

"Quite often, yes," returned the priest blandly. "Indeed, it is just on account of this that the Delphic oracle has become important in Hellas. We have many means of gaining information, and this information we use as we see fit. I am telling you this because you seem to be a clever woman, one who will

not be content with half-truths. In short, I am simply explaining to you why we are able to save your husband."

"You have yet to tell me," said Panope, "why you wish to save my husband."

"Frankly it is because he is never niggardly with his tributes to the temple here. Anaxander always sends the finest metals, the finest gems, the finest animals for sacrifice. Sparta scorns us."

"I think I understand," said Panope.

The hierarch smiled agreeably. "Have I won you over?" he asked.

"I do not say that," she replied, "but at least I have spent an interesting and profitable morning. The king, by the way, will arrive this afternoon, and will no doubt seek the oracle at once."

"We shall be ready," observed the priest.

Panope with a look of scorn on her face watched him disappear. Then she herself walked slowly in the opposite direction toward the Castalian spring. Apparently she had failed in her errand; true, she had verified some facts the truth of which she had occasionally suspected, but inasmuch as she had failed to convince the priest of Anaxander's need of power, she must herself find a means of rendering favorable the oracle's response. She was determined that Anaxander should attack the Spartans, "even," she said to herself, "if I must myself take the oracle's place." The thought struck her, conceived in jest though it had been. "If I myself must become the oracle," she repeated. "The idea is not without its possibilities."

When the queen reached the spring she saw there Damocles, her brother. He was reclining on the grass, but when he caught sight of his sister he leaped to his feet and greeted her.

"Damocles," Panope began without preliminaries, "I am about to do something which you will forbid my doing."

"No doubt," he assented; "you usually do."

"The priest has refused my request—"

"What did I tell you!" interrupted Damocles triumphantly.

"But," resumed his sister, "I myself intend to sit on the tripod and answer Anaxander's questions."

"Panope!" cried Damocles.

"I shall advise him to fight," she went on, "and he will. We shall see about the 'superior force' of the Spartans."

"But there are ten thousand objections," exclaimed Damocles. "Anaxander may recognize you."

"I shall be heavily veiled," she returned. "He cannot."

"But the Pythian is not supposed to give the responses. It is generally known that she merely mumbles while the priests interpret."

"This time," observed Panope grimly, "the Pythian will be somewhat more explicit."

"Can you speak in verse, as tradition demands?" inquired the brother.

"That, Damocles," she answered, "is your part. You with your poetic talent will be able to compose for me a few hexameters. Do you consent?"

"Certainly," he returned, "but are you forgetting the gas that issues from the mountain? Will it not suffocate you and prevent you from delivering your message?"

"I am a strong woman," said Panope, "and I shall take care not to inhale more of the gas than necessary."

"But suppose you do inhale too much?" he asked anxiously; "suppose it drives you mad or kills you? It has been known to do both."

"Damocles," said Panope, putting her hand upon his shoulder, "I have a son who will inherit Anaxander's kingdom. My duty is to do all I can that he may have a noble heritage. To that end I am willing even to die; do you understand?"

"But you are foolish," he expostu-

lated; "your son may die; Anaxander may remarry. Would you be content to die to increase the kingdom for the unborn child of another?"

"My son," declared Panope with that insight which men have thought to explain in women by calling it intuition, "my son is not going to die." She paused. "Lest anything should happen to me, be sure to be somewhere near the laurel hut where the prophecies are given. On no account must Anaxander know it is I who am on the trivet. If anything does happen, keep them from raising my veil. And if I die invent some story to account for my death to the King. I am going now to persuade the Pythian to yield her tripod to me."

"Panope, hesitate," pleaded Damocles; "you have so much to lose."

"Ah," she returned, "but so much to gain."

It was dusk; the funeral fires of a queen were flickering into gray ashes. Beside the pyre stood the king, his eyes streaming. "Before Zeus," he was saying, "I vow never to dishonor the memory of my noble consort by engaging in fruitless wars in search of empty glory."

"My brother," protested a certain Damocles, "do you so soon forget the counsel of the Delphic oracle?"

"That was before this blow had fallen," answered the king. "Surely your sister's piety, her unworldliness did not escape your notice; my dear queen would have kept me from fighting Sparta if she could. It is but meet that I obey her last unuttered wish."

Damocles remained silent. Even if Anaxander knew the truth, his fertile mind would suggest to him new excuses for keeping peace. Damocles smiled wearily, then he said aloud, "How little, O king! did you understand her."

But the king's lamentations were so loud that he did not hear.



Editor's Easy Chair



COMMENCEMENT, LONGEVITY, THE GREAT FOURTH

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOR various reasons the habit of going to Commencement is one to applaud. It gets one out of the cage that he works in and mixes him in with a company different from his ordinary associates, but in which he finds plenty of acquaintances. It keeps up relations which cannot be replaced. All the same, commencements are very curious gatherings. What other is there the aspects of which make so imperative a call for continuance of life after one's earthly pilgrimage is done with? The *morituri salutamus* element is very strong in commencement proceedings, and especially in the procession. In that at least five of the seven ages of man are represented. Shakespeare would have been interested in the Commencement procession and might have got out of it some new ideas. There is a pride of survival in the older graduates who head it; a gentle sense, amused in some of them, of having got the better of their fellows who are not there; of having somehow attained to such advantages as may be in long life. One scrutinizes them as they pass with that very thing in mind; to observe what advantages long life may have; to surmise why these graduates that appear have survived so many others not present.

One conclusion is apt to be that the chief blessing of exceptional longevity is that it gives a better take-off to persons who attain to it when the moment comes

of their transition from mortality to whatever is next on the program. It says in Scripture that if by reason of strength we go on another ten years after seventy "yet is our strength labor and sorrow," and we don't have much of a time. Life has improved in that respect since motor cars and golf came into it and invested money yielded a dependable income, and octogenarians nowadays, who have kept their health and their savings, seem still to lead a reasonably profitable life. One sees them sometimes in the Commencement procession and approves them; but still the impression sticks that to come to very old age is no more than a moderate advantage for life here and now. With luck one is wiser than when he was younger, and there are satisfactions about that, but they need to be supported by the sense of having run a race and being near the finish, a sense of having nearly accomplished one's stent, and an agreeable prospect, as named by Cicero in *De Senectute*, of presently substituting experience of immortality for expectation, and knowing some things that have been no more than matters of confident belief.

For there is no period of life in which it is more necessary still to look ahead than that one which is marked, say, by one's fiftieth commencement. Looking back tells one which man got on, which man got off; who seemed to succeed in

life, who seemed to fall down in it and why. Such things are profitable for young observers who keep tab on their elders, but to the elders, though they may be interesting, the time to find a profit in them has passed. What the elders will want to know, if they have sense and imagination enough, is not so much how to live as how to go on to advantage after living.

AS TO mundane survival it is curious what extends life and what restricts it. Some hard workers live long: John Wesley for an example, President Eliot for another, and there are many of them. But other people live almost eternally doing very little work or none; live on apparently (as happens to some insane people) because there is nothing to wear them out. Others still find a great profit in change of occupation. Mr. Rockefeller, the elder—who, to be sure, is still under ninety—had used up his digestion at fifty, and after sixty or thereabouts retired from active pursuit of money and got himself a new digestion, whereof we read in the paper from time to time how serviceable it is, and how much Mr. Rockefeller enjoys it, and indeed enjoys life generally, and how fair his prospect is of golfing along through the higher altitudes of longevity till he rounds out a century. Mr. Rockefeller would make a very interesting feature at a Commencement procession, but it is not on record that he ever went to college. Moreover, he was made of very strong materials in the first place. But of all men whom one thinks of who have profited by long life he stands near the top, since while his earlier years were given to acquisition and accumulation by means so eager and relentless as sometimes to be nothing less than terrible in their intensity, his later period has been associated with a distribution out of his enormous means so careful, profuse, and intelligent as to win him a place among the benefactors of mankind. A very remarkable person is Mr. Rockefeller, and almost as baffling to estimates

of virtue as the patriarch Jacob, who always got what he could by diligence or guile, and yet is exhibited to us as the father of the chosen race.

One concludes that strength of mind, which restrains and compels the body, often makes for longevity, and also in some cases the very opposite of that—such feebleness of mind as leaves the body unracked by effort, to an innocuous animal or vegetable existence. Spirituality, a tranquil though active relation with the invisible world, seems also very healthy, and helps to make life agreeable as well as to protract it.

But of course the old graduates are not the only features of Commencement, though they may have a pardonable sense that they are. The really important graduates are those who are twenty-five years out. They represent that interesting class of people who are in charge of their world, or coming to be so. They have been twenty-five years learning how to run it, have been considerably sifted in the course of that period, have begun to be known for what they are, and some of them trusted for what they can do. The twenty-five-year-out class is the one that is examined for leaders and persons proper to bear responsibilities. It is the class which is coming into its own, the class which usually feels that it understands contemporary life and contains members preëminently able to handle it. No doubt it has them. Sometimes it contains them in visible profusion, but the most noticeable lesson of Commencement is the lesson of rapid transit. Next year there will be another class twenty-five years out and qualified to take charge, and this year's twenty-five-year-olds will have melted into the general group of elders.

SENATOR PEPPER, who approves of our Prohibition laws and thinks they will do us good, admitted, nevertheless, that it would take a generation to discover what their effect upon us really is. He is for continuing the laws and

trying to enforce them until we find out whether they are good for us or not, which seems, to be sure, a very hardy opinion and not a little adventurous, but yet hardly practicable. That the United States will go really dry for a generation to see whether it is good for it does not seem likely.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane said, as one recalls, that it would take two generations—sixty years—to discover what Prohibition would do to us.

Mr. Rutherford Towner, who is something of an expert in these matters, believes that if we get dry enough we shall have epidemics and plagues. Perhaps so. It is understood, and may be true, that rum of some kind is the most important medicine for the flu, which of late years has been our most popular plague.

We cannot tell what a generation will show, much less two generations. Chances are they will not show anything significant about the physical effects of Prohibition on the nation because there won't be enough Prohibition to have definite physical effects. Some information we might gather from a study of the past. There have been families that have made a great specialty of total abstinence. What about the children of those families? Have they turned out better or worse than average children? Has any great talent sprung out of a family that made a compelling specialty of abstinence? The great teetotaler was Lincoln, but he seemed to be an abstainer by taste and habit more than out of any moving depth of conviction, and he did not come of teetotal stock, but quite otherwise. In families I happen to remember in which the parents made a specialty of being dry, some of the children made a specialty of being wet. That remarkable children have often been the progeny of more or less drinking fathers is well known, and instances of them abound; for in Europe this long time everyone has drunk wine and nearly everyone that was born had parents who were in some degree alcoholic.

Dr. Haven Emerson, the efficiency expert of Columbia, has under examination "the effect of Prohibition on efficiency and productivity of the working-man" and expects to reach some conclusion in three or four years. But the effect on the productivity of the working-man is only a detail of a large subject and not the most important one. Much more important is the effect of Prohibition on character, or virility, on public order, on race development, on the attitude of citizens towards government and law. To diminish harmful drinking is very much to be desired. Prohibition has accomplished that to a measurable extent. The question is whether too high a price is in danger of being paid for what has been accomplished. It is not the price in money that is important. So far as that goes, increased productivity of labor far out-balances, probably, the loss of government revenue from the taxation of drinks and the expense of the efforts to enforce Prohibition. The price that seems excessive is the amount of compulsion, intrusion, espionage, and law-breaking that has been found necessary to the limited enforcement of the Prohibition laws that has been accomplished. That the business of selling alcoholic drinks has been taken away from the people who conducted it is in itself probably a good thing, but that it should have gone to bootleggers and lawbreakers who now conduct it profitably is very far from being a gain. The most visible way out of the present quandary is to put the government into the liquor business and give it a monopoly in the sale of drinks. That might be better than what we have now; but to accomplish it by law would be difficult, and the result would fall short of perfection. The Volstead law can be changed by Congress, but the repeal of the amendment would require a change of sentiment in the South and West that is quite beyond the bounds of present expectation. Congress, however, though it cannot repeal the amendment, can starve it

or refuse to pass laws sufficiently drastic to accomplish enforcement, and that is likely to be done; for when it comes to enforcement laws or appropriations the big states, mostly Wet, have in the House the full advantage of their size. After all, the trial of the Dry laws which Mr. Pepper would like to see depends on the willingness of Congress to enforce them, and Congress may fail in zeal as public opinion hardens against the degree of compulsion requisite to make the country really dry.

AT LEAST one European, Mr. Garvin of the London *Observer*, has hope for the United States, and not only hope but a highly gratifying degree of expectation and good will. Mr. Garvin's weekly articles are well known and are usually the best Sunday reading given by an English Weekly. His Fourth of July piece this year was perhaps the most remarkable article that our national holiday produced, and that is a good deal to say, for July Fourth this year brought out an unusual amount of excellent historical writing and some very good speaking. It was not only the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, but it was the one hundredth anniversary of the deaths of Jefferson and Adams. They all came in for notice, especially Jefferson, who has been steadily coming to the front for several years past as the subject of Mr. Hirst's biography in England, of Mr. Bowers' book here, and of endless observations based on these two works and on the final establishment of Monticello as one of the political shrines of the United States. Mr. Garvin, looking across the seas and observing what was doing, concluded it was a proper time to give voice and he did give it. Rapidly passing over the story of the United States in the last fifty years and estimating its present place and prospects in the world, he called it "a giant among nations" as yet

only half grown, likely to have one hundred and fifty million population within twenty years and presently two hundred million. He said the prosperity and progress of the United States could not possibly be matched in Europe until a United States of Europe was brought about. He also said that British prosperity could not rise except on the basis of a labor system comparable to that in the United States, with higher output and higher wages. Mr. Garvin saw our country forging steadily ahead as a world power and influence and, instead of grumbling, he threw up his hat, for he saw in that advancement a great insurance of the safety of the British Empire.

Quite right too! It is to the advantage of the British Empire that the United States is big and strong and growing. For example, Mr. Brisbane, speaking of Australians and New Zealanders as our neighbors and friends on the shore of the Pacific, finds it in his mind to say that "If this country could ever be of service to those friends, far around the earth, it would vote 99 per cent to render service."

This in a paper (Mr. Hearst's *American*) that makes a specialty of keeping us clear of entanglements with other nations and is especially chary of friendly gestures towards England, is quite significant. But few observers doubt nowadays that the English-speaking people of the present world think nearly enough alike to pursue common aims in virtual co-operation. And the great aim that most concerns them is to serve all mankind by safeguarding civilization. The idea is pretty well exploded that any racial group can get ahead by living to itself alone and putting other groups under tribute. The war knocked that illusion in the head, and in so far as it hangs on in the form of war-debts, it does not seem destined to long survival. The modern notion is to prosper by the diffusion of prosperity and not by efforts to monopolize it.



Personal and Otherwise



FOR over a dozen years *Gamaliel Bradford*, living quietly at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, has given the greater part of his limited working time—limited because (like Darwin) he has been handicapped by recurrent illness—to a project unique in our literature: the creation of an extensive series of biographical studies in American history. Book after book has added new groups of subjects to his gallery: *Confederate Portraits*, *Union Portraits*, *Portraits of American Women*, *American Portraits 1875-1900*, *Damaged Souls*, *Wives*; until the complete set of these works has become almost a dictionary of American biographical portraiture. From time to time, however, Mr. Bradford turns aside from this project to write brief sketches of foreign figures, such as those collected in *Bare Souls*, or to devote an entire volume to the intensive study of one man. Recently he has been engaged upon two such full-length portraits of two contrasting characters—Moody and Darwin. It was in the course of his work on the latter (which is to appear shortly in book form) that he wrote the impressive paper on “Darwin the Destroyer” with which we open this issue of the Magazine.

Rebecca West, who was hardly past the age of twenty when she made a name for herself as one of the most brilliant British essayists on sociological subjects, has subsequently written two important novels, *The Return of the Soldier* (1918), and *The Judge* (1922). She gives us this month an article which, she informs us, says something she “has long wanted to say.” Many a writer and artist will be glad that she has said it.

Like Miss West, *Cyril Hume* won his spurs in the early twenties. He was not long out of Yale when he attracted wide attention with *The Wife of the Centaur*, which he followed

with another novel, *Cruel Fellowship*. He is now living in Italy. “Fantasy in the First Person” is the first contribution we have had from him since “The Head,” which we published last December.

James Harvey Robinson, author of *The Mind in the Making*, follows his article in last month’s issue of HARPER’S (“How Did We Get That Way?”) with a survey of the drift of human affairs such as can be written only by an historian like himself, who combines vast and varied knowledge with a contagious zest for the drama of man’s struggle for progress. His new book, *The Ordeal of Civilization*, appears this fall: a two-volume history of the whole period from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present day.

Vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, *Emily Newell Blair* of Joplin, Missouri, is also a versatile writer and a frequent contributor to HARPER’S. One of her recent articles, “Why I Sent My Children Away To School,” attracted an unusual amount of attention; more than twenty thousand reprints of it were needed to meet the public demand. This month she selects a topic of intense personal interest to her contemporaries.

Eleanor Mercein Kelly (Mrs. Robert Morrow Kelly, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky) is the author of several books (*Toya the Unlike*, *Kildares of Storm*, *Why Joan?*, *The Mansion House*) and numerous magazine stories.

The machine-made, machine-ruled, standardized American business man of today is a frequent target for *Duncan Aikman* of the editorial staff of the *El Paso Morning Times*. Mr. Aikman has satirized this gentleman’s unwillingness to discuss public affairs in “What Babbitt Won’t Talk About”; his enthusiasm for strong-arm methods in “American Fascism”; his timidity in the face

of mass opinion in "The Home Town Mind"; the revolt of the flapper against him in "Amazons of Freedom." Now Mr. Aikman brings us the astonishing intelligence that this gentleman is beginning to reform, and describes the process in "The New Decadents." A volume of Mr. Aikman's essays, mostly from HARPER'S, appeared last spring under the title of *The Home Town Mind*.

Margaret Emerson Bailey, of New York and New Canaan, Connecticut, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, has combined school-teaching with the writing of many excellent stories. This month she makes her first appearance in our pages.

P. T. Barnum, it begins to appear, was not only a picturesque showman and a pioneer in advertising, but a man whose mind took a modern turn in many another field. **Harvey W. Root's** article on "Barnum as Legislator," dealing with an episode in his career which has hardly been touched upon by other writers, reveals him as ahead of his time in his attitude toward more than one political issue. Mr. Root (of Norwalk, Connecticut), former newspaper writer, collaborator with Conklin the wild-animal trainer in a book on lion-taming, and author of *The Ways of the Circus*, uncovered this new material in the course of his researches for his *Boy's Life of Barnum*, published this fall.

We are not permitted to disclose the identity of the well-known author who writes as the *Reverend Jeremiah Hevenward*.

Are we really happier than our great-grandparents? Have the innumerable inventions of the past century made life fuller, freer, more satisfying, than it was before so many machines were set to work to be (as we are often told) our slaves? If not, why not? **Stuart Chase**, who answers this question in "The Dogma of 'Business First'," is a new HARPER contributor. He graduated from Harvard in 1910, was for a time a partner in his father's public accounting firm in Boston, later investigated the meat packers for the Federal Trade Commission, and now is connected with the Labor Bureau in New York. He is the author of a recent book entitled *Waste*.

Elmer Davis, who portrayed Bishop

Manning in the June HARPER'S and wrote "The White Horse of Sam Parks" in the July issue, contributes a story which recalls the fact that it was a small college in Indiana from which he went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, and that he once taught school for a year and planned to be a college professor. Instead he took up newspaper work and became one of the star reporters of the *New York Times*. He has written three amusing novels, *Times Have Changed*, *I'll Show You the Town*, and *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*.

The organization which was formerly known as the National Conference on the Christian Way of Life, but now modestly calls itself The Inquiry, is trying to "serve a widespread concern as to the meaning of Christianity for human relationships today" by finding out how people make up their minds on international, inter-racial and community questions; the theory being that only when we understand how people's minds work on these subjects can we decide how a better spirit may be developed among men and women of different nationalities, faiths, and backgrounds. **Robert L. Duffus**, a free-lance journalist of New York, author of a recent HARPER article on Governor Smith, has drawn on the material collected by The Inquiry in writing his article on the origins of our prejudices. Readers who care to try on themselves and their friends the tests given in the article may contribute to the success of the project by sending their results to The Inquiry, 129 East 52nd Street, New York City.

Readers of *The Sea and The Jungle*, *London River*, and *Tide Marks* do not need to be told that **H. M. Tomlinson** stands head and shoulders above most of the travel writers of our day. He was formerly on the staff of the London *Daily News* and for six years was assistant editor of the London *Nation*. The paper published in this issue will appear as part of a forthcoming book entitled *Gifts of Fortune*.

The poets of the month are **Violet Alleyn Storey** of Brooklyn, an occasional contributor to the magazine; **A. A. Milne**, English playwright and author of *When We Were Very Young*, whose "Knight in Armor" is one of his new series of Christopher Robin

poems; and *Robert Graves*, English poet now serving as professor of English literature in the Egyptian University at Cairo.

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are *Caroline Eliza Vose*, who finds Portland, Maine, a satisfactory place to live in without continually "moving on"; *Virginia Lee Shepherd* of Cincinnati, a new contributor; and *Carl Niemeyer*, who wrote "Comedy of a Queen" as a senior in the University of Kansas, competing in our recent Inter-collegiate Contest.



Guy Pène DuBois, whose painting is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is an American artist now living in Paris. Born in Brooklyn in 1884, he studied under Chase, DuMond, and Henri, and in his subsequent work has come to occupy a unique place in the field of contemporary American painting. One of his pictures is hung in the Metropolitan Museum.



Among the articles in the June and July issues which brought in the liveliest letters from subscribers were Mr. Aikman's "Amazons of Freedom," Mrs. Mavity's "The Wife, The Home, and The Job," and Mr. Marks's "The Pestiferous Alumni."

Several of those who commented on Mr. Aikman's portrayal of the modern flapper as an Amazon of Freedom made essentially the same point.

Personal freedom? (writes one of these critics) —a child has more of that than these adolescents, a grown person infinitely more. For this close conformity of dress, speech, manner, this obligation to do what the crowd does, must always cover and suppress wide divergences of taste and temperament. Think what was concealed by the white muslin and blue sash of another day! Becky Sharp, Elizabeth Bennet, Lucy Snowe, Hedda Gabler! But the real champions of personal liberty are the young people who refuse to conform to the customs of their peers—the Di Vernons and hoydens of Victorian times, and, in our day, most emphatically, the "600 per cent pure" Martha, for whom her hostess so tactfully apologized. This young lady, who in a company of flappers would not "drink, smoke, swear, or

swap hot ones," is the only Amazon of freedom whom I recognize in Mr. Aikman's article.

It is braver to disagree with one's equals than to shock one's elders. Adolescents from the beginning of time have rebelled against parental authority. In fact they resisted it in the days when such authority was more than a name. It is a very cheap victory that these flappers have won over parents and teachers deeply distrustful of punishment and coercion and not as yet able to find substitutes for these ancient means of restraint. Our nation too, with its unenforced laws, must seem to them like a great perplexed, irresolute Parent, uncertain what course to take, unlikely to "do anything about it." Heaven grant that they do not fall into the way of thinking that Nature and Life are such Parents! Meantime they "do as they like,"—not, we may be sure, as they individually like, but as the fashion of their clan dictates. And Fashion, that mysterious power, often beneficent as she is, never lightly to be defied, is no friend of personal liberty. We shall hardly achieve freedom by conformity to any fashion, even a fashion of licence and law-breaking.

The point is briefly made also by the Dean of Women at the University of Chicago.

Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

Mr. Aikman's findings on the "Amazons of Freedom" seem to me clever, even thought-provoking, but far from profound. If he were to touch bottom, he would learn that hardly a one of this "horde of Amazons" knows what true liberty and individualism are. She has no real "freedom of spirit." In fact, I believe there could not be found a group of persons more thoroughly conventional or more dominated by a determination to do what others do and if possible "go them one better" on lines they dictate.

Yours truly,

MARION TALBOT.



Comment on Mr. Marks's article, "The Pestiferous Alumni", has been varied. Among the enthusiastic letters is one from a college president who informs us that it is "a fair and impartial diagnosis of a serious plague that is infecting college life today"; a number of college graduates, on the other hand, reply vehemently that it is far from being an accurate portrayal of the alumni of their own institutions. The following letter from McLane Tilton, secretary-treas-

ner of the Alumni Association of the University of Virginia, deserves, we believe, to be put in the record.

I do not know what institution or group of institutions Mr. Marks has in mind. The University of Virginia is not one of them. Indeed we are just about as different from his description as it is possible to be. I would like Mr. Marks to make us a visit and see our conditions for himself.

Referring to some specific points: our alumni certainly do not bother our administrative officers with either suggestions or criticisms. It is rare that one of them is heard from; our alumni do not operate any clubs and it is with extreme difficulty that we get a group of them in the larger cities to meet once a year; we do not make women the subject of conversation; our Deans would suspend or expel an athlete as quickly as any one else and perhaps a little quicker; there is no tendency or desire to make this university a business school; President Alderman does not discuss athletics in his talks to alumni groups or touches upon them very briefly; alumni do not send athletes here and if they did they would not be eligible for the teams.

Yale's recent action in merely putting on probation six members of the Freshman crew is an amazing thing to us. Here they would have been dismissed and left town on the first train. I presume they are being allowed to remain at Yale to have further opportunities for cheating. In contrast with this it may be interesting for Mr. Marks to know that every athlete here must fill out and sign an eligibility blank. The questions asked on this blank are very searching and must be answered under the Honor System. Last fall an outstanding football player on the first year team failed to mention in his answer that he had played football in some small and obscure college in Tennessee. For withholding this information the Honor Committee dismissed him from College and had any one protested he would have been dismissed also. The two unpardonable crimes here are lying and cheating.

I come in frequent contact with our alumni and athletics form but a small part of the conversation, except with athletes who have only been out of college a few years. Athletics here is only one of a number of interests. We play the game for the game's sake. Only one game in the season will see an attendance of as many as 10,000. The place does not go into mourning if we lose a crucial game. We are not striving for mythical championships or all-American players. Our men are expected to play the best game they are capable of and that is the end of it. As an example of the

condition, last April our boxing team decided not to enter the intercollegiates though all the experts agreed that they could win. The reason for declining was that to remain in training and to take the trip would interfere with examinations.



A critic of Mrs. Mavity's paper, "The Wife, The Home, and The Job," who finds no humiliation in the fact that she and her husband "have a large and beautiful home, with gardens, and—I invoke the Shade of Slaves—*curtains at the windows*," contemplates without enthusiasm the picture of Mrs. Mavity returning home in the evening "with her dinner under her arm to be cooked—of course with the help and in the companionship of her husband—still, to be cooked, dishes washed, and here comes the rub, to sit for the evening in the living-room *sans* curtains! Her day must be full of abounding joys and interests to make up for so bleak an evening!" This reader, Virginia W. Hanes of Asheville, North Carolina, concludes as follows:

The thing that many people fail to recognize is that housewifery and home-making are not interchangeable terms. There is a great difference. It takes a canny wrist and abounding strength to keep house, but given these and a fair intelligence, the housekeeper is equipped for her work. But home-making is something else yet! It takes every fine human quality. It takes tenderness and strength, will-power and humility, power to dominate and will to bend, courage of convictions, tact, understanding, grace of spirit, patience, steadfastness, and love unending. Given these in sufficient quantities, you have the home-maker worthy his calling. Earning power, economic independence of either or both, do not enter into the qualifications, and I don't think the home-maker has a gender. I have seen rich houses that were just houses; I have seen poor houses that were homes. The difference lies with the home-maker. And so I say, go to the office, the studio, or into the open, if your bent is that way, and live your life, but don't think for one instant that you are doing the essentially biggest thing when you are adding to the family budget. And while you are thinking, it might be well to consider that lots of women who stay at home neither trump their partner's ace nor hem endless numbers of tea-napkins. (I may have done the first, on occasion, but I certainly have never hemmed a tea-napkin in my life!)



Harper's *Magazine*

THE HARM THAT GOOD MEN DO

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

A HUNDRED years ago there lived a philosopher named Jeremy Bentham, who was universally recognized to be a very wicked man. I remember to this day the first time that I came across his name when I was a boy. It was in a statement by the Rev. Sydney Smith to the effect that Bentham thought people ought to make soup of their dead grandmothers. This practice appeared to me as undesirable from a culinary as from a moral point of view, and I, therefore, conceived a bad opinion of Bentham. Long afterwards, I discovered that the statement was one of those reckless lies in which respectable people are wont to indulge in the interests of virtue. I also discovered what was the really serious charge against him. It was no less than this: that he defined a "good" man as a man who does good. This definition, as the reader will perceive at once if he is right-minded, is subversive of all true morality. How much more exalted is the attitude of Kant, who lays it down that a kind action is not virtuous if it springs from affection for the beneficiary, but

only if it is inspired by the moral law, which is, of course, just as likely to inspire unkind actions. We know that the exercise of virtue should be its own reward, and it seems to follow that the enduring of it on the part of the patient should be its own punishment. Kant, therefore, is a more sublime moralist than Bentham, and has the suffrages of all those who tell us that they love virtue for its own sake.

It is true that Bentham fulfilled his own definition of a good man: he did much good. The forty middle years of the nineteenth century in England were years of incredibly rapid progress, materially, intellectually, and morally. At the beginning of the period comes the Reform Act, which made Parliament representative of the middle-class, not, as theretofore, of the aristocracy. This Act was the most difficult of the steps towards democracy in England, and was quickly followed by other important reforms, such as the abolition of slavery in Jamaica. At the beginning of the period the penalty for petty theft

was death by hanging; very soon the death penalty was confined to those who were guilty of murder or high treason. The Corn Laws, which made food so dear as to cause atrocious poverty, were abolished in 1846. Compulsory education was introduced in 1870. It is the fashion to decry the Victorians, but I wish our age had half as good a record as theirs. This, however, is beside the point. My point is that a very large proportion of the progress during those years must be attributed to the influence of Bentham. There can be no doubt that nine-tenths of the people living in England in the latter part of last century were happier than they would have been if he had never lived. So shallow was his philosophy that he would have regarded this as a vindication of his activities. We, in our more enlightened age, can see that such a view is preposterous; but it may fortify us to review the grounds for rejecting a grovelling utilitarianism such as that of Bentham.

II

We all know what we mean by a "good" man. The ideally good man does not drink or smoke, avoids bad language, converses in the presence of men only exactly as he would if there were ladies present, attends Church regularly, and holds the correct opinions on all subjects. He has a wholesome horror of wrongdoing, and realizes that it is our painful duty to castigate Sin. He has a still greater horror of wrong thinking, and considers it the business of the authorities to safeguard the young against those who question the wisdom of the views generally accepted by middle-aged successful citizens. Apart from his professional duties, at which he is assiduous, he spends much time in good works: he may encourage patriotism and military training; he may promote industry, sobriety, and virtue among wage-earners and their children by seeing to it that failures in these respects receive due punishment; he may be a trustee of a

university and prevent an ill-judged respect for learning from allowing the employment of professors with subversive ideas. Above all, of course, his "morals," in the narrow sense, must be irreproachable.

It may be doubted whether a "good" man, in the above sense, does, on the average, any more good than a "bad" man. I mean by a "bad" man the contrary of what we have been describing. A "bad" man is one who is known to smoke and to drink occasionally, and even to say a bad word when some one treads on his toe. His conversation is not always such as could be printed, and he sometimes spends fine Sundays out-of-doors instead of at church. Some of his opinions are subversive; for instance, he may think that if you desire peace you should prepare for peace, not for war. Towards wrong-doing he takes a scientific attitude, such as he would take towards his motor car if it misbehaved: he argues that sermons and prison will no more cure vice than mend a broken tire. In the matter of wrong thinking he is even more perverse. He maintains that what is called "wrong thinking" is simply thinking, and what is called "right thinking" is repeating words like a parrot; this gives him a sympathy with all sorts of undesirable cranks. His activities outside his working hours may consist merely in enjoyment, or, worse still, in stirring up discontent with preventable evils which do not interfere with the comfort of the men in power. And it is even possible that in the matter of "morals" he may not conceal his lapses as carefully as a truly virtuous man would do, defending himself by the perverse contention that it is better to be honest than to pretend to set a good example. A man who fails in any or several of these respects will be thought ill of by the average respectable citizen, and will not be allowed to hold any position conferring authority, such as that of a judge, a magistrate, or a schoolmaster. Such positions are open only to "good" men.

This whole state of affairs is more or less modern. It existed in England during the brief reign of the Puritans in the time of Cromwell, and by them it was transplanted to America. It did not reappear in force in England till after the French Revolution, when it was thought to be a good method of combating Jacobinism (*i.e.*, what we should now call Bolshevism). The life of Wordsworth illustrates the change. In his youth he sympathized with the French Revolution, went to France, wrote good poetry, and had a natural daughter. At this period he was a "bad" man. Then he became "good," abandoned his daughter, adopted correct principles, and wrote bad poetry. Coleridge went through a similar change: when he was wicked he wrote "Kubla Khan," and when he was good he wrote theology.

It is difficult to think of any instance of a poet who was "good" at the times when he was writing good poetry. Dante was deported for subversive propaganda; Shakespeare, to judge by the sonnets, would not have been allowed by American immigration officers to land in New York. It is of the essence of a "good" man that he supports the Government; therefore, Milton was good during the reign of Cromwell, and bad before and after; but it was before and after that he wrote his poetry—in fact most of it was written after he had narrowly escaped hanging as a Bolshevik. Donne was virtuous after he became Dean of St. Paul's, but all his poems were written before that time, and on account of them his appointment caused a scandal. Swinburne was wicked in his youth, when he wrote *Songs Before Sunrise* in praise of those who fought for freedom; he was virtuous in his old age, when he wrote savage attacks on the Boers for defending their liberty against wanton aggression. It is needless to multiply examples; enough has been said to suggest that the standards of virtue now prevalent are incompatible with the production of good poetry.

In other directions the same thing is true. We all know that Galileo and Darwin were bad men; Spinoza was thought dreadfully wicked until a hundred years after his death; Descartes went abroad for fear of persecution. Almost all the renaissance artists were bad men. To come to humbler matters, those who object to preventable mortality are necessarily wicked. I live in a part of London which is partly very rich, partly very poor; the infant death-rate is abnormally high, and the rich, by corruption and intimidation, control the local government. They use their power to cut down the expenditure on infant welfare and public health and to engage a medical officer at less than the standard rate on condition that he gives only half his time to the work. No one can win the respect of the important local people unless he considers that good dinners for the rich are more important than life for the children of the poor. The corresponding thing is true in every part of the world with which I am acquainted. This suggests that we may simplify our account of what constitutes a good man: a good man is one whose opinions and activities are pleasing to the holders of power.

III

It has been painful to have to dwell upon the bad men who, in the past, have unfortunately achieved eminence. Let us turn to the more agreeable contemplation of the virtuous.

A typically virtuous man was George III. When Pitt wanted him to emancipate the Catholics (who at that time were not allowed to vote), he would not agree, on the ground that to do so would be contrary to his coronation oath. He righteously refused to be misled by the argument that it would do good to emancipate them; the question, for him, was not whether it would do good, but whether it was "right" in the abstract. His interference in politics was largely responsible for the regime which caused

America to claim independence; but his interference was always dictated by the most lofty motives. The same may be said of the ex-Kaiser, a deeply religious man, sincerely convinced, until his fall, that God was on his side, and (so far as I know) wholly free from personal vices. Yet it would be hard to name any man of our time who has done more to cause human misery.

Among politicians "good" men are by no means uncommon. It is not my place to comment on public men in America, but in England we have a very notable example. The present Prime Minister has repeatedly assured us that he is a good man, and I see no reason to doubt his word. He smokes a pipe whenever he is in public—which, in a democratic country, is almost more virtuous than not smoking at all. "You know my record," he says, when appealing to opponents to trust to his honor. Up to the present this record consists in a number of platitudinous discourses on brotherly love, and a book whose central theme is that England is great because the soil of Worcestershire is red and the hay smells good when they cart it home on summer evenings. (In England, owing to the aristocratic traditions, successful manufacturers generally wish to be taken for country gentlemen.) The "virtue" to which Mr. Baldwin aspires is of the type celebrated in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," smelling of country parsonages and the boots of yokels. It drapes his policy as the roses at cottage windows distract the romantic eye from the unsanitary interior. It impresses not only supporters, but also Labor leaders, whose equally "virtuous" temperament, nurtured in Scotch manse and fishing village, chimes in harmony with our simple and guileless Prime Minister. True-hearted Englishwomen write to the Liberal Press to invest Mr. Baldwin's head with a halo of "great white light," and to urge their countrymen to rise and stand in silence at the name of the national hero—a suggestion to which, I am sorry to say, at

least one Member of Parliament has demurred on the trivial ground that it would obstruct parliamentary business. Perhaps our Labor leaders, without ceasing to be genteel, might adopt this method of delaying the anti-Trade Union legislation by which our noble-hearted Prime Minister is proposing to chain down the common people more firmly than ever to long hours in dark mines and dangerous workshops, at starvation wages and with a curtailed legal right of protest.

Mr. Baldwin's well-advertised virtue has been very useful to him in helping the coal owners in the dispute which is still raging in the coal industry. There was a sharp warning of the approaching crisis last year; the respite purchased by the coal subsidy was spent by the Prime Minister in soft words and hard preparations. The Trade Union leaders, while they admired, did not flatter by imitation: their words were hard, their preparations soft or non-existent. When their bluff was called, nothing remained—except the courage and calm common sense of the rank and file, who would have won a great victory but for their leaders' "virtue" and belief in the "virtue" of Mr. Baldwin. The rank and file, of course, are not virtuous: they try to *practice* universal brotherhood and mutual good will. To the relief of all right-minded people, this subversive attempt was defeated by the leaders, who trusted Mr. Baldwin because he is a good man: the General Strike ended with nothing settled, and our modern Cincinnatus returned to the plow—viz.: good dinners and a comfortable country house. At every meal he could thank Heaven that hunger and the misery of starving children were bringing the miners nearer to the point of surrender, and that the coal owners' dividends would be secure whatever else might suffer. But perhaps, after all, this is a miscalculation. No cabinet policy for a hundred years has done so much to promote Bolshevism in England.

Another way in which good men can

be useful is by getting themselves murdered. Germany acquired the province of Shantung in China by having the good fortune to have two missionaries murdered there. The Archduke who was murdered at Serajevo was, I believe, a good man; and how grateful we ought to be to him! If he had not died as he did, we might not have had the war, and then the world would not have been made safe for democracy, nor would militarism have been overthrown, nor should we be now enjoying military despotisms in Spain, Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Russia, with the imminent prospect of France to follow suit.

To speak seriously: the standards of "goodness" which are generally recognized by public opinion are not those which are calculated to make the world a happier place. This is due to a variety of causes, of which the chief is tradition, and the next most powerful is the unjust power of dominant classes. Primitive morality seems to have developed out of the notion of taboo; that is to say, it was originally purely superstitious, and forbade certain perfectly harmless acts (such as eating out of the Chief's dish) on the supposed ground that they produced disaster by magical means. In this way there came to be prohibitions, which continued to have authority over people's feelings when the supposed reasons for them were forgotten. A considerable part of current morals is still of this sort: certain kinds of conduct produce emotions of horror, quite regardless of the question whether they have bad effects or not. In many cases the conduct which inspires horror is in fact harmful; if this were not the case, the need for a revision of our moral standards would be more generally recognized. Murder, for example, can obviously not be tolerated in a civilized society; yet the origin of the prohibition of murder is purely superstitious. It was thought that the murdered man's blood (or, later, his ghost) demanded vengeance, and might punish not only the guilty man, but any one who showed

him kindness. The superstitious character of the prohibition of murder is shown by the fact that it was possible to be purified from blood-guiltiness by certain ritual ceremonies, which were apparently designed, originally, to disguise the murderer so that the ghost would not recognize him. This, at least, is the theory of Sir J. G. Frazer. When we speak of repentance as "washing out" guilt we are using a metaphor derived from the fact that long ago actual washing was used to remove blood-stains. Such notions as "guilt" and "sin" have an emotional background connected with this source in remote antiquity. Even in the case of murder a rational ethic will view the matter differently: it will be concerned with prevention and cure, as in the case of illness, rather than with guilt, punishment, and expiation.

Our current ethic is a curious mixture of superstition and rationalism. Murder is an ancient crime, and we view it through a mist of age-long horror. Forgery is a modern crime, and we view it rationally. We punish forgers, but we do not feel them strange beings set apart, as we do murderers. And we still think in social practice, whatever we may hold in theory, that virtue consists in not doing rather than in doing. The man who abstains from certain acts labelled "sin" is a good man, even though he never does anything to further the welfare of others. This, of course, is not the attitude inculcated in the Gospels: "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a positive precept. But in all Christian communities the man who obeys this precept is persecuted, suffering at least poverty, usually imprisonment, and sometimes death. The world is full of injustice, and those who profit by injustice are in a position to administer rewards and punishments. The rewards go to those who invent ingenious justifications for inequality, the punishments to those who try to remedy it. I do not know of any country where a man who has a genuine love for his neighbor can long avoid obloquy. In Paris, just before the outbreak of the war, Jean

Jaurès, the best citizen of France, was murdered; the murderer was acquitted, on the ground that he had performed a public service. This case was peculiarly dramatic, but the same sort of thing happens everywhere.

Those who defend traditional morality will sometimes admit that it is not perfect, but contend that any criticism will make all morality crumble. This will not be the case if the criticism is based upon something positive and constructive, but only if it is conducted with a view to nothing more than momentary pleasure. To return to Bentham: he advocated, as the basis of morals, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." A man who acts upon this principle will have a much more arduous life than a man who merely obeys conventional precepts. He will necessarily make himself the champion of the oppressed, and so incur the enmity of the great. He will proclaim facts which the powers that be wish to conceal; he will deny falsehoods designed to alienate sympathy from those who need it. Such a mode of life does not lead to a collapse of genuine morality. Official morality has always been oppressive and negative: it has said "thou shalt not," and has not troubled to investigate the effect of activities not forbidden by the code. Against this kind of morality all the great mystics and religious teachers have protested in vain: their followers ignored their most explicit pronouncements. It seems unlikely, therefore, that any large-scale improvement will come through their methods.

More is to be hoped, I think, from the progress of reason and science. Gradually men will come to realize that a world whose institutions are based upon hatred and injustice is not the one most likely to produce happiness. The late war taught this lesson to a few, and would have taught it to many more if it had ended in a draw. We need a morality based upon love of life, upon pleasure in growth and positive achievement, not upon repression and prohibition. A man should be regarded as "good" if he is happy, expansive, generous, and glad when others are happy; if so, a few peccadillos should be regarded as of little importance. But a man who acquires a fortune by cruelty and exploitation should be regarded as at present we regard what is called an "immoral" man; and he should be so regarded even if he goes to church regularly and gives a portion of his ill-gotten gains to public objects. To bring this about, it is only necessary to instil a rational attitude towards ethical questions, instead of the mixture of superstition and oppression which still passes muster as "virtue" among important personages. The power of reason is thought small in these days, but I remain an unrepentant rationalist. Reason may be a small force, but it is constant, and works always in one direction, while the forces of unreason destroy one another in futile strife. Therefore, every orgy of unreason in the end strengthens the friends of reason, and shows afresh that they are the only true friends of humanity.



CRIME AND THE ALARMISTS

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW

READERS of newspapers and periodicals are constantly regaled with lurid stories of crime. From time to time with great regularity these tales are pieced together to produce the impression that waves of crime are sweeping across the land. Long rows of figures generally go with these tales which purport to tabulate the number of murders, hold-ups, burglaries, etc., in given areas, and sometimes comparisons are drawn with other countries and with other periods. The general effect is always to arouse anger and hatred, to induce legislatures to pass more severe laws, to fill the jails and penitentiaries, and to furnish more victims for the electric chair and gallows. It is a commonplace that cruel and hard punishments cannot be inflicted unless the populace is moved by hatred and fear. The psychology of fighting crime is the same as the psychology of fighting wars: the people must be made to hate before they will kill. This state of mind prevents any calm study of facts or any effort to seek causes or even to consider whether causes for crime may exist.

No one need be surprised that crime is so seldom the subject of objective study. It has not been very long since men thought that the whole physical world was operated by miracles. The motion of the earth and sun, the procession of day and night, the seasons of the year, the waves and wind, the flood and drought, the seed time and the harvest—all were defined by no natural laws, but all were dependent upon the whim and caprice of some other-worldly power. Even when some natural law of causa-

tion was believed to account for the phenomena of the physical world, the conduct of man was still supposed to lie outside this realm. Sickness and disease meant the possession of the individual by devils, and these could be driven out only by punishments and incantations. The ordinary treatment of disease was by magic and sorcery. For eighteen centuries, over most of Europe, medical men were punished often in the most terrible ways for seeking to find out the causes of disease and for attempting to treat illness by scientific methods. It was the greatest heresy to deny that sickness was due to sin and that pestilence and plague came as a divine visitation of angry gods to afflicted communities. And yet, in spite of restrictive measures and stern persecutions, the doctors persisted, until now no one questions that disease and pestilence are due to natural causes which must and can be removed if the patients are to be cured and infection prevented.

Insanity, too, was for many centuries thought of as possession by devils, and the punishment of the afflicted individual was the favorite treatment for driving out the demon. Hundreds of thousands of unfortunate insane men and women have been put to the severest tortures even down to the most recent times. Sorcery, witchcraft, and magic were the only methods of treatment permitted and the physician was obliged to risk his liberty and life in treating insanity as a disease, and seeking to understand the causes back of the phenomenon.

To-day, no one doubts that disease and insanity can be traced to natural

causes and that both can be cured only by discovering the cause and applying the remedies which have been arrived at by careful and objective study of the disease.

The realm of miracle and magic has constantly grown smaller as natural law has come to be better understood. Crime, like insanity and sickness, is a departure from ordinary conduct; but most of the world clings to the belief that it can only be treated as a manifestation outside the realm of natural law. The old indictments read that "John Smith, being possessed of the devil, did wilfully kill," etc., etc. The modern indictments do not mention the devil, yet we still believe that crime is not due to causes, but is an arbitrary act unrelated to the criminal's past. We believe that the criminal should be made to suffer punishment for his act as a matter of "justice" and likewise that the only way to deter others from crime is to make them fear punishment.

In support of the theory that severe punishment with all its attendant horrors, and the psychology of general fear which goes with it, is the only admissible treatment of crime, tables of so-called statistics are always freely called into play. What these figures would prove in this behalf, even if they were dependable, is not easy to conceive.

It is only during a few years that any effort has been made in the United States to gather statistics on the subject of crime. From the nature of our political organization, this movement began with isolated states and cities, and even up to the present time statistics can be obtained from relatively only few and small areas. In the main these figures have been collected by police departments, coroners' offices, clerks of courts, Grand Juries, prison superintendents, and sometimes by outside agencies. In short, as the system was built up the methods of gathering statistics have developed in a hit or miss fashion. Naturally, as in all similar cases, the additional work thrown upon the various

officials was done carelessly and imperfectly. As time has gone on, however, the collection of data has been improved. The growing care in gathering statistics in itself might easily lead to the conclusion that crime in the United States is on the increase. But still in very few places has there been any attempt to place the collection of data in the hands of intelligent people trained for such a task.

Every student of crime who has commented on these statistics gathered by various agencies has reached the conclusion that in their present state they are of little if any value. In no field has it been more clearly shown that there is a vast difference between the mere gathering of figures and an *intelligent interpretation* of the statistics after they have been collected. Public speakers, magazine writers, and newspapers are periodically presenting long arrays of figures to prove that there is an epidemic of crime in some part of the United States. As a rule there is not the slightest relation between the figures and the conclusions drawn. For example, the figures which are sometimes quoted with regard to the increase of the crime of rape are noteworthy illustrations of the care that must be taken in interpreting criminal statistics. Any one reading the startling statement that in New York state 146 persons were convicted of rape in the decade between 1880 and 1889, while 1297 were convicted of rape in the decade between 1910 and 1919 would be amazed if not horrified at the increase in the sexual passion and its manifestations in this period. Still, their condemnation of their fellows may be somewhat abated when they learn that in the decade showing the largest number of convictions for rape the age of consent had been raised from ten years of age to eighteen. Let us take another case: 991 persons were found guilty of violating motor laws in Michigan in the three-year period from 1906 to 1909. The number increased to 29,393 in the three-year period from 1919

to 1922. Before reaching the conclusion that this is positive evidence of the increasing recklessness of automobile owners and drivers or of the younger generation it might be well to consider the increase in the general use of automobiles from 1909 to 1922.

Alarmists also forget that the number of violators of law has something to do with the number of laws. Every new criminal statute brings a new grist of crimes. This is well illustrated in the Volstead Act and the state legislation covering the same subject. Prisons are now filled with inmates who have only done something which a few years ago was perfectly legal.

Or, again, it is freely asserted that the late comers to the United States commit more crimes than the descendants of the earlier settlers. Those who make this statement forget to take into account the fact that practically all of the later immigrants live in our large cities and industrial centers. It is beyond question that our large urban areas produce more disorder, maladjustment, and crime than our rural communities. And this is true, irrespective of the race or nationality of the people who live under these crime-breeding conditions.

Likewise, the colored population is charged with a share in the commission of crime quite out of proportion to their number. This, too, should always be considered in connection with the fact that in the North they live in industrial centers and in restricted, crowded areas and that colored people, owing to race prejudice and poverty, are much more apt to be accused and convicted than whites.

II

All this amounts to saying that the agencies which gather statistics of crime and those who quote these statistics in our newspapers and magazines use all sorts of standards and definitions and overlook explanatory facts which make their conclusions valueless. For instance, in classifying murders some

agencies base their conclusions on the police reports, some on the coroner's inquests, some on indictments, and others on convictions. Statistics taken from these various sources differ so widely that they seem almost to have no relation to each other. As a rule, the people who quote statistics to prove their theories simply cite figures without giving their source and without in any way analyzing them to find out what they mean.

In my recent studies in this field I have observed that many books and articles, while calling attention to the uncertainty of figures on crime, at the same time quote the statistics furnished by the Chicago Crime Commission as being the best statistics on crime in the United States now available. Perhaps these are the best. If they are, it is all the more reason for examining them carefully to see just how reliable are the "best" statistics on crime. Let us, then, consider the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission.

In the first place, let me say that I have no idea that those in charge of the Chicago Crime Commission would pretend to give their statistics any such interpretation and validity as has widely been credited to them. They have gathered statistics on crime in the best way they could, conditions being what they are, and in most cases they have simply given them to the public. In the remarks which follow I have no intention of criticizing the work of the Chicago Crime Commission as such, but I only wish to use their reports as an example of the extreme care necessary when drawing inferences from statistics relating to crime.

The Chicago Crime Commission was organized in 1919 to combat what was said to be a crime wave. In the main it is backed by the Chicago Association of Commerce and leading business men of the city. It has published several annual reports and a number of pamphlets, all dealing with crime in Chicago. The question is—what light do these

reports throw on this problem in the city of Chicago, and, by implication, on the problem in the country at large? Is crime decreasing or increasing? Is there a crime wave?

Let us look at the figures which the Commission has collected on burglary, robbery, and murder. The Commission reports that so far as burglary is concerned there has been a steady decrease from the year 1919 to the present time. For example, in December, 1919 there were approximately 550 burglaries in Chicago, while in the month of December, 1925, there were approximately only 100 cases. As to robberies the figures are likewise impressive. For December, 1919, the number of robberies was approximately 350. In December, 1925, this number had decreased to approximately 200. In both cases the month of December is cited because this month shows the highest number of offenses of this type of any month during the year. The total numbers for the whole year period indicate substantially the same general trend, *i.e.*, for both robbery and burglary there has been a marked and steady decrease during the seven-year period covered by the reports of the Commission.

I have made no effort to verify the figures given out by the Commission for the number of burglaries and robberies, nor in any way have I attempted to ascertain how they were arrived at otherwise than that they were taken from the annual reports of the police department.

However, we assume from these figures, showing as they do such a marked decrease in the number of burglaries and robberies, that when the newspapers and orators talk about the "crime wave" in Chicago their remarks are evidently directed to what they call "murders." For example, one of the most esteemed judges on the bench in Chicago is quoted as having said before the St. Louis Bar Association that "there are at large and unafraid in the United States at least 135,000 crimson-handed women

and men who have unlawfully taken human life," and that the number of those who live by crime is "increasing with incredible rapidity." Where these figures came from we are not told; however, on other occasions the judge has referred to the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission. It is possible that the figures on "murder" given out by this Commission may have furnished him with some basis for his estimate, although the Crime Commission does not pretend to tell how many of the murderers now at large are "unafraid."

Be this as it may, the fact remains that Chicago has been held up to view throughout the United States for its large number of murders, and it is also true that the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission have been widely quoted to support this fact. Let us, then, carefully examine their figures on murder. It may prove a valuable lesson in the interpretation of criminal statistics.

The Commission has made available to the public statistics on murder in Chicago for the years 1919 to 1924:

<i>Year.</i>	<i>No. of Murders.</i>
1919	330
1920	194
1921	190
1922	228
1923	270
1924	294

From these figures the reader might draw the conclusion that the number of murders in Chicago had steadily increased from 1921 to 1924. However, before drawing any such conclusion, or before allowing ourselves to believe that any such numbers of murders have occurred in any year let us find out how these statistics were compiled.

With the exception of the year 1919 the figures for the number of murders in Chicago as recorded by the Chicago Crime Commission were taken solely from the reports of the Coroner's office; 1919 being the first year of the Commission's work, the figures were taken from various sources including the

Coroner's office. For the sake of accuracy it should be stated that the jurisdiction of the Coroner extends over the whole county in which Chicago is located. It is the duty of the Coroner to call a jury to determine the cause of death in all cases where it appears that death might not be due to what is termed natural causes. This office, of course, has been created in order to have some agency to investigate cases where death *might have* been brought about by foul means. The investigation is made very soon after the death is reported, necessarily without great care, and with the end in view that where there is even a possibility of homicide somebody should be held to the Grand Jury for further investigation. The Chicago Crime Commission's reports, then, as to the number of "murders" in Chicago in any given year are based upon the fact that the Coroner's jury has in a certain number of cases made a finding of "murder" with a recommendation that the "guilty persons" be held pending further investigation and examination by the Grand Jury.

Let us continue our investigation of these cases which, during these various years, the Coroner's jury reported as "murder." For purposes of convenience let us take the two years 1922 and 1923 in which the Commission reported 228 and 270 murders respectively. We may take these two years simply as representative years of the period covered by the work of the Commission. The records of the Clerk of the Criminal Court of Cook County show that the number of persons indicted for murder by the Grand Jury in Chicago (Cook County) for the year 1922 was 178. The number of persons indicted for manslaughter was 30. In the same year (1922) 38 persons were convicted of murder and 28 of manslaughter. In the year 1923 the number of persons indicted for murder by the Grand Jury was 179. The number indicted for manslaughter was 46. The number of convictions for murder was 44 and for man-

slaughter was 18. Thus in the two years 1922 and 1923 the total number of "murders" reported by the Chicago Crime Commission (Coroner's Jury) was 498. Whereas in the same two-year period the total number of *indictments* for murder by the Grand Jury was 357 and the total number of *convictions* for murder was 82.

Let us see if we can find out with reasonable certainty what became of the 416 "murderers" reported by the C. C. C. who were not convicted during the years 1922 and 1923. In the first place we already know that in 141 cases the Grand Jury refused to indict. Then of those who were indicted for murder by the Grand Jury in this two-year period according to the reports of the C. C. C., we find that out of a total of 326 defendants—the total number which *they* report as having been indicted during the period under consideration—138 were convicted; 48 were dismissed by the State's Attorney without prosecution; 41 were stricken off the docket with leave to reinstate (which order almost always means dismissal); 99 were found not guilty.

The first point to be made about these figures concerns the matter of the number of convictions for "murder." The total number of convictions for murder for the two-year period 1922-3 as shown by the records of the Clerk of the Criminal Court, was, as we have already stated, 82. The Crime Commission shows the number of convictions for murder for the same period to be 138. How shall we account for this difference of 56? Of course it is possible that all indictments are not disposed of by the courts in the same year in which they are returned. Each year, no doubt, some cases are tried, the indictments for which were returned in the preceding year; but this would make no notable difference when the figures are taken for a two-year period. The discrepancy between the two sets of figures is mainly to be accounted for by the fact that the Crime Commission in making its tabula-

tion of "murders" does not distinguish between manslaughter and murder. All are listed as murder. As a matter of fact during these two years there were 46 convictions for manslaughter. Manslaughter, by no possible definition of the term, is synonymous with murder, although a verdict of manslaughter may be found under an indictment for murder in cases where death was caused without malice, or through accident due to gross carelessness.

It is at once manifest that there can be no possible excuse for the various statements which are so glibly and carelessly made as to the number of "murders" in Chicago during any given year. The number of "murders" put down by the Crime Commission for the years 1922 and 1923 was 498. The number convicted for murder during the same period was 82, or less than one-sixth the number constantly heralded to the world. It will not do to say that the State's Attorney and his assistants are dishonest and incompetent, and no one pretends to account for the discrepancy in the above figures in this way. The story has been practically the same in all administrations in Chicago, and no doubt in other cities as well. No one can pretend that the findings of the Coroner's jury gives any sort of evidence of the actual number of murders. On the contrary, there is every reason for taking the number of convictions as the real basis for estimates of the number of murders during any given period.

Even indictments returned by the Grand Jury, although far superior as a basis for statistical computation to the reports of the Coroner's jury, do not furnish any accurate evidence of the number of murders in a city like Chicago. It is a well-known fact that although the evidence presented to the Grand Jury may be rather carefully prepared, nevertheless, the Grand Jury investigation is purely one-sided and almost entirely under the control of the State's Attorney or his deputies. The defendant is never present nor is he represented. In the

two years which we have been considering there were 357 indictments for murder in Chicago—or, rather, in Cook County, the jurisdiction covered by the Coroner and the Criminal Court. As we have said, these 357 indictments resulted in 82 convictions for murder; 89 of these indictments were dismissed by the State's Attorney after full consideration. This left a little over one half the number shown by the Coroner on which the State's Attorney even asked a trial. And out of these only 82 were convicted of murder while 99 were found not guilty of any crime.

It should be clear that no person can possibly use the figures of the Crime Commission as an indication of the number of murders in Chicago without the most serious reflection upon the Grand Jurors and upon the State's Attorney, to say nothing of the Judges of the Criminal Courts. And no one pretends to make any such charges.

III

But perhaps some one will think that the foregoing simply represents a more or less adroit juggling of figures in the interest of proving my point. Statistics are notoriously slippery affairs. To be fully certain what these figures mean it would be necessary to take the complete history of each individual case from the time it left the Coroner's office until it was finally disposed of by the courts (assuming that it got that far). Obviously, limitations of space will not allow any such exhibit in this place. However, suppose we take at random one month during this two-year period and see the character of the "murder" cases reported during that month and what befell them. The following cases are those listed by the Chicago Crime Commission and the Coroner's juries for the month of March, 1923. During this month there were 26 cases of "murder" involving 29 defendants reported by the C. C. C. The cases listed seriatim are:

Case 1. Thomas Rutledge shot by Forrest Hand during a quarrel over the deceased's wife (all parties colored). Plea of guilty. Sentenced to 14 years in the penitentiary.

Case 2. Hattie Morgan throat cut by Robert E. Morgan (both colored). Plea of guilty. Sentenced to 20 years.

Cases 3 and 4. Antonio Giambaluo shot in a duel with Joseph Salamitano. Both parties killed in the duel. (Both reported as "murders.")

Cases 5 and 6. Paul Radin shot by Albert Green when Green was shooting at William Kinsella (also killed) during a quarrel at a meeting of the Butchers' Union. Defendant found not guilty on both charges.

Case 7. Wilbert Andrews shot by Owen Thomas who was sentenced on a plea of guilty of manslaughter.

Case 8. Alice Powers shot by Elmer Bostic. Verdict—guilty, but insane.

Case 9. Allen Walker stabbed by Burton Andrews (both colored). Verdict of manslaughter.

Case 10. James Lockett stabbed by Raymond Perkins (both colored). Verdict—guilty of manslaughter.

Case 11. Donald Whitner shot by James Brooks. Dismissed.

Case 12. Michael McGinnis shot during a quarrel. Four defendants (three women and one man) all found not guilty.

Case 13. John Nicolin thrown over a porch railing during a quarrel with Theodore Past. Verdict—not guilty.

Case 14. Ella Wollson throat cut by Edna Robinson (her daughter) who then committed suicide.

Case 15. Orfie Rizzato killed in a fist fight in a saloon by Sam Sanadrea. No indictment.

Case 16. Donata Frazzolari shot by insane brother-in-law who then committed suicide.

Case 17. Gaspar Lombardi struck by unknown vehicle. Unsolved.

Case 18. Walter Henning shot by unknown persons. Unsolved.

Case 19. Unknown white baby found under elevated railway in a pile of

ashes. Coroner's verdict—died from neglect at birth. Unsolved.

Case 20. Joseph Basile shot by Phillip Leonette. Unsolved.

Case 21. George Wesley killed by blow on the head by persons robbing a laundry. Unsolved.

Case 22. Frederico Amadio shot by unknown persons in the rear of his home. Unsolved.

Case 23. Asap Shultz shot by an unknown colored man during a holdup. Unsolved.

Case 24. Unknown white baby. Neglect at time of birth. Found in rear of building. Unsolved.

Case 25. Julia Sinks, 18-year-old colored girl, struck on head with hatchet by unknown persons. Unsolved.

Case 26. Frank Liber killed by unknown automobile. Unsolved.

In this list of 29 possible defendants all of them were classed as "murderers" by the Coroner's Jury and the Chicago Crime Commission. And yet it is extremely unlikely that more than two of them (Cases 21 and 23) were really cases of out and out murder, and both of these were unsolved. Is this feeble list for March, 1923, the red-handed menace that is so luridly pictured as an army in mortal combat with organized society? Rather it is a fair sample of the results of poverty, hard luck, ignorance, maladjustment, and destiny that in some form come to light in every great city filled with the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. It is a condition, and it needs careful study to find out what should be done and what can be done. It does not call for blind hatred and stern revenge.

IV

What general conclusions can be drawn from the object lesson just exhibited in our analysis of the statistics on crime compiled by the Chicago Crime Commission? One thing is certainly clear—no intelligent person can examine carefully the statistics which are at

present available and come to any satisfactory or defensible conclusion as to the number of crimes committed in the United States, or whether they are increasing or diminishing in proportion to the population, or the cause of any increase or diminution. The study of statistics in regard to crime, as in many other matters, leaves one in a hopeless maze. It will take years of careful preparation and thorough, unbiased gathering of objective statistics before any general conclusion can be reached in this way. It is, however, safe to say that statistics do not show that there is an increasing trend of crime in America. On the whole, it probably remains fairly stationary—with variations up and down now and then due to all sorts of reasons. Probably, on the whole, there is a tendency downward, especially if allowance is made for the new crimes that are constantly being created by statute and which add materially to the tables of law violation.

The growing use of the automobile has had a positive tendency to increase crime materially. It is a new lure that is hard to withstand. Men and women mortgage their homes and their beds to get them, and of course boys borrow and steal them. The indiscriminate use of the automobile in crowded cities has added largely to the coroner's returns, and many accidents appear in the tables as murders, although the only element even of homicide is careless or reckless driving. Sometime life may adjust itself to the automobile, but it will be a long time before men, women, and children can withstand the lure and before the accidents incident to the use of the automobile be materially reduced.

The Volstead Act and kindred state laws have furnished a great many additions to the reports of crimes. Many of these are classed as murders, many others as unlawful buying and selling. It is inevitable, in a mixed people like ours, with their diversity of habits and customs, that a drastic, tyrannical law, which makes criminal acts that carry with

them no feeling of wrong, can have any other effect than to add to the list of crimes. Prohibition will continue to reap this harvest until it is settled whether the government shall recognize the habits of its citizens or whether the people shall be compelled by brute force to yield what they have long believed to be their rights.

Those who believe in sterner laws and harsher treatment of criminals are always drawing comparisons between America and England. Different parts of England show marked differences in the statistics of crime. Liverpool, for example, shows more burglaries than New York, and about the same as Chicago, and nearly twice as many murders and other serious felonies as London. The difference is most likely accounted for by the seaport location of Liverpool which adds to the mixture of races and peoples. Still, it is true that there are many more felonies in the United States than in England in proportion to the population. This condition cannot be accounted for by the severity of punishment in England. In many important instances the American penalties are much harsher and more brutal. The executions in England are fewer in proportion to the population than in America and, in cases where death sentences are pronounced, a much larger proportion receives clemency there than here. From all that can be gathered, it is probable that China has a smaller crime rate than England, though it is not possible to find statistics of crime for China. Regardless of the question of crime, few Americans believe that England is, on the whole, a more desirable place for living than America, much less is China.

Other things being equal, all new countries have a higher crime rate than old ones. This is due to many reasons, not all of which apply in all new countries. The residents of England are a homogeneous people. This is true of all old countries. They lack many of the inducing causes that lead to crime. The

English people have been made alike by centuries of molding and welding. They have from long association formed common customs, habits, and views of life; in other words, folkways—which make them one people. An old country inevitably develops a sort of caste system; each person takes his place without hope of change or advancement. The individual grows to accept his lot in life.

When we remember that crime means the violation of law, which in turn means getting out of the beaten path, it is easy to see why it is more common in new countries, where the paths are faint and not strongly marked, than in old countries where the paths are deep. It is only one hundred and fifty years since the United States gained its independence. It then had some 3,000,000 people. Since that time it has grown to about 115,000,000. This necessarily means that it has drawn from almost every country of the earth. These people have brought all kinds of religions, social customs, political ideas, temperaments, and ambitions. Probably no such heterogeneous combination was ever before brought together upon the earth. Most of these people came here to improve their condition, to get out of their caste. Their children are still hopeful that they may rise. The subduing of natural resources has built our great cities and filled them with a babel of tongues and a medley of temperaments, and with every religious, social, and political idea in the world. The higher wages and better opportunities have made the people venturesome and aggressive. The larger individual freedom and greater independence of individual action have made collisions more inevitable and severe.

Most of the crime in the United States comes from our industrial centers. Our cities have always been settled by a mixture of the peoples of the world with varied feelings and emotions, and with the individual customs and habits of their native lands. In the main these have been the poor of Europe. They have come with new hopes and ambitions,

moved by intense desires. The industrial cities have been alternately prosperous and idle. Aside from the natural emotions of love and fear and hate, there has been the constant battle with employers and between union and non-union men. Such a medley of conflicting peoples and emotions has always been a prolific soil out of which violations of habits, customs, and laws inevitably grow. No other country has ever had so many antagonisms, such a fertile soil for combat and discontent. Australia and Canada, although new countries, have in the main a homogeneous people and a rural population. The statistics of crime of the rural communities of the United States are not unlike the statistics of rural communities in Canada and the other countries of the world.

The population of the United States has been constantly augmented by the poor of other countries. These have left an old social organization with fixed habits and have been thrown into a social environment new and strange. Such a condition has always been disorganizing to every group. Old customs and folkways which act as restraints are left behind, and inevitable disorganization is the result. The study of our recent immigrants shows the difficulty of new adjustments and the disintegration and misfortune that comes to individuals and groups.

It is not the terror of brutal punishment that holds the units of society in their place. It is customs and habits. It is long familiarity with the beaten paths. People think and act and live as they are wont. They stay in grooves. Any sudden change jolts them from their ways and sets them loose to find or make other paths. To believe that men are kept in a certain line by fear is a crude conception at variance with experience and psychology alike.

Imperfect as all our statistics are confessed to be, it is doubtless true that the dangerous age for boys in reference to crime is constantly growing younger. It is safe to say that almost all crimes are

committed by boys in their early teens or by those who began in effect a criminal career at that age. Saving criminals is, in the last analysis, only saving children; and saving children means not only saving criminals but their victims, too. Most of the criminals come from the cities and most of them were born and reared in the poor and crowded districts where they had little chance to develop into anything but criminals. A little knowledge of biology, psychology, and life makes this plain to understand. No well-informed person believes that one is born a criminal or with even a tendency to crime. If so, crime would not be of the individual's own choosing nor his end be due to his own volition. No child is born a criminal. He may be born weak or strong and, therefore, his power of resistance be more or less; but the course he takes is due to training, opportunity, and environment. The protection of the child or the grown person comes from habit. Religion may teach precepts, but this means nothing without habits. The school may give a certain kind of education, but unless this creates habits which fit the child for life it is of no avail.

Most of those who follow a criminal career have had little education and cared little for books. Most of them could not be fitted for professions by education; their only chance was some sort of work. They passed the school age without becoming scholars, and the schools have given them nothing in the place of what is generally called an education. When very young they began a life that almost inevitably leads to crime. If it is the duty of the state or any organized institution to provide for the education of the youth, then the most important thing is to fit them for the job of living. Many boys come to the adolescent age with only scant education in books and no education that fits them for any self-reliant life. For the large class who have no taste for books society furnishes no training in the schools. These boys are thrown on their own

resources with no occupation that will furnish them a chance to live. The schools could as well teach manual trades as books, and a large part of those who cannot succeed with books could do well in working with their hands. There is no more reason why schools should prepare one to succeed in a profession than why they should teach certain ones a useful trade. Most boys like to use their hands, and the proper training for trades should be begun when very young. It is seldom that a mechanic enters on a life of crime. He forms habits that keep him safe.

The child is born with the same instincts that move all other animals. When he wants something he feels the urge to take it in the easiest way. It is only training that teaches him that he may get things one way, but not another. His training must be developed into habits. The life of a child is a conflict between primal emotions and social restrictions, and he must be fortified, not alone by teaching, but by habits, if he is to live by the rules that society lays down. Intelligent teachers and wise parents know what this means. It is only rarely that a boy carefully trained and fitted for life is sent to jail.

More and more the teacher and the psychologist are learning the importance of early training. Habits are formed when the child is young; these are easily fixed and hard to change. All statistics, if carefully gathered and thoroughly studied, lead to this conclusion, and logic and experience likewise show that this is true. To believe any other theory would be to deny the efficacy of moral and religious teaching and the effect of education and habit in the formation of character.

It is not difficult for the student to find the causes of crime. When they are found, it is not hard to prescribe for their cure. To ignore reason and judgment and all the finer sentiments that move men, to follow blind force and cruelty in the hope that fear will prevent crime and make all people safe, is bad in practice, philosophy, and ethics.



THE OLD ONE

A STORY

BY ADA JACK CARVER

UP TO the time old Nicolette's grandson married, life was sweet, serene on Isle Brevelle.

The free-mulattoes of French descent owned their land and raised cotton and corn and sugar cane. They maintained a convent for their children and a priest who shrived their souls in the little white church on the river. All day long the pigeons cooed from the low-hanging eaves of the houses. All day long the white geese waddled by on the roadside. It was true of course that Nicolette and Balthazar, her grandson, had only a strip of river front left—"shoestring land" it was called. But they made a good living. Balthazar was industrious, a quiet, likely boy with no inclination to gad about and waste his time philandering. "Hee! Hee!" old Nicolette would cackle. "Balthazar, he love his old granny. He ain't got time for no gal."

Every morning Balthazar arose at five, an unearthly hour along Cane River, where life is lazy and time means nothing. All day he worked in the fields, planting and hoeing the cotton. And at night he was well content to sit on the gallery and listen to Nicolette talk. The things that she told him! All about how, one time long ago, she was a girl in New Orleans; all about the quadroon balls down on the old *Rue Royale*; all about the soirées and the carryings-on. "In them days folks they knew how to take pleasure." All about the War, and the dark years of Reconstruction, and the little white

graves of her daughters in the Isle Brevelle churchyard—five of them, all of a size. Five little graves, with names like flowers: Alcise, Delicia, Helen, Ozele, Francelette. . . . She told Balthazar of his father, her only son; of how he ran away and was drowned, way down on Bayou Lafourche. "Look like I ain't got nobody left, only just you. They done all gone off and left me."

And then one day in spring when Balthazar was twenty-three he went and got married.

The girl was a blowsy, shrewish creature, pleasure-loving without being gay. She was French, but she was not a native of Isle Brevelle. She was not even a Catholic—a common girl, with no raising. She came from a town in North Louisiana, and her short skirts and ready laughter bewildered Nicolette and troubled her—old Nicolette, with the ache of countless harrowing years in her strange mixed blood. Rose had a thousand ways of being vixenish, woman-ways; and in her hands poor Balthazar was as wax.

"Listen, Granny," Balthazar had said the day he brought Rose home a bride, all dressed up in yellow satin, "how 'bout you take one half the house and leave us the other half? *Hein?* That a good idea, ain't it? That suit both you women?"

Balthazar knew his old grandmother. He knew that she liked a place for things, and her things just *so*. And Balthazar knew his wife, or he thought

he did. He had watched her fling her clothes about. Her stockings were always under the bed; her yellow satin dress flung over a chair. "The old un, she got to have place for thing," he told Rose. "Somewhere to put thing away."

And so Balthazar divided the house between the two women. Rose he installed on the southern side, where magnolias pushed in at the windows, milky with bloom. And Nicolette had the other half, on the north side of the dog-run: the front-room and the cuddy-hole room and the lean-to next to the kitchen. It seemed to Balthazar as he sat and smoked on the gallery that he had been wise beyond his years. But Balthazar did not know his wife. And it was not very long before Rose was saying, "They is two of us, Balthazar, you and me. You ask your Granny to give us the front-room. What do a old woman want with a front-room, I like to know!" But Balthazar demurred at this.

Much might be written, and much might be said, concerning the front-room of Isle Breville dwellings. It is not as other rooms. It is sacred; and in the front-room the head of the house resides. . . . Rose was sly and persistent.

"Let's move my bed in the front-room," she said, "for old Granny to sleep in. Huh! That tacky old thing she got ain't no good. I'm 'shame for my friends come and see it."

And so, before very long, Nicolette, whimpering, watched them move her big four-poster into the little cuddy-hole room, off on the "ell." Nicolette's bed was a big square bed with carved headboard and tapering posts. It had lost all its sheen and polish; it was ashy with age, and was mottled and scratched. But Nicolette loved it. It mattered little to her that it sagged and creaked, that the silk tester hung in shreds. In the front-room Rose's bed, with the shiny brass knobs, looked alien and disturbing. Granny stared at it resentfully and blinked.

"Me, I go where my bed go," she declared. "I was born in that bed, and my children they was born in that bed. My old man he die in that bed. And me, some day I die in him too."

Therefore, it came about that Rose took over the front-room, and moved her Victrola into it; and old Nicolette, bag and baggage, followed her four-poster bed into the cuddy-hole room. With her she took her marble-top bureau, her "press," and her Virgin Mary. But even here she was not safe from Rose's intrusion. Of a Sunday, when Balthazar and Rose came home from church, Rose always took off her clothes in Nicolette's room. And old Nicolette, hobbling in from her chair under the umbrella-china, would find Rose's things all over the place—queer garments like nothing old Nicolette's eyes had ever encountered. "Nobody ever come back here," Rose would explain. "It don't matter if things is upset." And it would seem to Nicolette that Rose's slinky petticoats were crawling about like snakes, and all her long silk stockings, so full of holes. . . . Sometimes Nicolette, grumbling, her little eyes red and malignant, would sweep Rose's clothes off of the bed to the floor. "That gal! Her and her shiftless way!"

And Rose was meddlesome too, like a child. She would stand and pick at Granny's keepsakes on top of the marble-top bureau. "What this thing here, Granny?" she would ask, with her insolent laugh. "This little white lady all dress up in blue—"

And Granny would quiver and tremble with rage. "Put that down, gal! Stop meddle them thing! Bah, I shake you, Rose . . . that thing is *saint*. That is little St. Joseph."

Old Nicolette's treasures were beautiful in her sight: two or three colored post cards showing views of New Orleans, a picture of the church in Natchitoches, a faded paper rose, a valentine, photographs of her children, and chromos of all the saints. When

Rose's plump unhallowed fingers touched them Nicolette's flesh would crawl on her bones. "That gal! That Rose!" she would mutter.

When Nicolette's grandson had been married a year hard times came to Isle Brevelle. First one thing and then another, as if a curse had been laid on the land. An overflow in April and a drouth in July and August, when the hot earth drank up the river and it shrank to a silver trickle. And then came the funny green grasshoppers, and the ants and the bugs and the scorpions. The distant hills grew lean, forlorn; and in the curious beauty and apathy of the land the people hungered, and many were sick. But Rose, who was used to town ways, was unaware of it all. They meant nothing to her, the seared yellow fields and the cracking clay banks of the river. Rose still painted her amber cheeks and went about like a loose woman.

"Rose, *chère*," Balthazar begged, "don't go and buy nothing no more, honey, down at Poleon's store. We ain't got no money."

Poleon owned the commissary on Isle Brevelle. He kept everything: dry-goods and notions; rosaries and coffins; groceries and false-faces; silk stockings and coco-cola; prayer-books and knick-knacks; and lip-sticks and white altar-candles. Poleon's store was paradise for Rose and, despite Balthazar's pleading, she went and charged what she wanted. . . . It was that year, too, in August, that Rose took it into her head that she and Balthazar must have a car, a second-hand car. It was all so easy. "You go to town and you pay fifty dollar, and the car is yours," she said to Balthazar, rolling her big, lustrous eyes. Of course, afterward, you had to plank down so much a month; but once the initial payment was made, it was easy sailing. Everyone had a Ford, Rose insisted; and a few persons on Isle Brevelle possessed big cars. Rose became obsessed with the subject

of automobiles. "Look like I'll go crazy, honey," she told Balthazar, "if we don't get us a car . . . stuck here all day long with old Granny. Look like I'll go crazy, way down here on this sleepy old river. You must think I'm old too, like Granny, *hein?*"

Poor Balthazar sighed and shook his head. Balthazar was slow-witted—he was not quick like his grandmama—and in summer his brain wouldn't work because of the chills and the fever. He already owed much to Poleon; he was up to his neck in debt. And he owed the merchants in town, too, for seed and for fertilizer. But he was in love with Rose. Her smooth golden skin enchanted him, and her drowsy insolent voice. Her fingers, full of cheap imitation rubies and pearls, moved over his hair. . . . "Balthazar, honey—let's get us a car. Let's ride up and down on the river-road these nice moonlight nights."

The nights were lovely that August; as if under the spell of the moon, the stricken land forgot all its trouble. Up and down the river-roads the people drove, all night until nearly sunrise.

One morning Rose said to old Nicolette, "Granny, you is always a-praying. Pray to your little blue saint over there that we get us a car." She laughed her shrill, ready laughter, and Nicolette was offended. The old woman's starched, black, spread-out skirts flowed over the floor.

"Saint ain't got no ear for such sinful prayer," Nicolette cackled, blinking. She glared at Rose who was wearing three strands of beads around her smooth yellow throat. "You better go pray your own self, for your sin," Granny admonished. "You turn them bead into prayer-bead. Bead, they is made for pray, and not for look pretty. And you go turn your heart into prayer-heart."

In September, although it had rained a little, everyone knew there would be no cotton, no corn, and no sugar cane. How calm and deceptive the blue land

looked, how sulky with beauty along the fresh flow of the river! It was hard to believe that people would starve. . . . One morning Nicolette sat in her chair under the umbrella-china. The river shone in the sunshine. White geese swam under the bank, and a crane stepped gingerly along the shore with his slim coral legs. The lilies were thick in the little bays, shining against the dark banks. A paper-mulberry tree dripped its yellow leaves into the water. "Hey-law!" old Granny grunted. . . . Along the banks, each with its strip of river-front, squatted the low adobe houses of the people, the free-mulattoes. The houses had blue batten-shutters and wide, leaning clay chimneys. Time was, before the War, when the people had lived in clover, and had even owned slaves. Now the negroes looked down upon them, with hatred and bitter scorn. "Dem stuck-up yaller folkses—"

Nowadays the priest on Isle Brevelle was concerned for them. Where did they come from? Whither were they going? And what would be the measure of their end? The land was old; the river was old; even the children were old, the poor little babies. Once a man from a distant state had come and had lectured to them. "What can you expect?" he had said. "You live too much to yourselves. Your blood is thin, petered out. You need new blood, new life." Well, Balthazar had brought new blood to the river, to Isle Brevelle. He had gone up in North Louisiana and had brought home a wife. But Rose didn't fit, that silly Rose—always talking about the way they lived up there where she had come from—Rose who had worked for white-folks and had strange city ways. She was common, a girl with no raising. And she wasn't a Catholic, either. Rose wasn't anything. She had no respect for her elders.

Presently, as Granny dozed, Rose came around the corner of the house. Her face was flushed and eager, her eyes bright. "I hear some one coming," she said. "I hear a car." Rose loved

company. She had the gift of gab. She went down the path and leaned on the gate, between the tall twin cedars. Old Nicolette had not heard the car. She strained her deafened ears. She could see it now, coming across the bridge. It turned and nosed into the lane, a big shining car; and Rose spoke over her shoulder, "Granny, it's white folks," she said, beginning to pull at her hair. "It's white folks from down at Natchitoches-town." Rose stooped and pulled up her stockings, which were hanging about her thick ankles.

The car drew up in front of the gate. There were two men in the car and three women, and a child, a little girl. The women stared at Rose expectantly and with friendly smiles. "We are looking for antiques, for old furniture," one of them said. "And Poleon told us down at the store that you might have something to show us." The young women began to get out of the car, but the little girl stayed with the men. "You stay with Daddy, right in the car," one of the young women said. Old Nicolette was disappointed. The child was so pretty, so clean-looking. Granny would have loved to talk to the child, to take her into the front-room where the fluted pink sea-shells lay on the hearth.

Rose, wearing the craven painted smile that she saved for Natchitoches people, invited the women in. And something inside of old Nicolette began to hurt, deep down. She hobbled into the house behind the white women, making little noises in her throat. A fear and a sadness came into her eyes. "They . . . what they after, them white lady?" Nicolette asked herself. "Look funny to *me*, them rich lady . . . wanting us old, wore-out thing." The voices of the young women filled the house, bounced on the low-beamed ceiling. "How quaint it all is!" one of them said. "Imagine living like this."

They talked with their pretty gay voices and looked about. They stared at Rose's iron bed with the big brass knobs. And then one of the young

women said, "Surely you must have an old bed, out in the shed or somewhere. You see, we want *old* things."

Nicolette leaned against the doorway, catching at it with her hands. The women were swarming into her room, into her cuddy-hole. They stood within the door, and stared . . . stared at Nicolette's bed. There was a little hollow place in the bed, just Nicolette's shape and size; and the old woman thrust out a long bony hand. She was ashamed of her "josie" spread out on the bed, of her old alpaca skirt, of some odds and ends of quilt scraps. She began to cackle, deep in her throat. "That the bed I was born in," old Nicolette said, "and my children was born in that bed."

But no one paid any attention to what Nicolette said. They were staring at the bed. One of the young women caressed the posts, laid her white fingers upon them. "Beautiful!" she whispered. . . . *Her* bed, old Nicolette's bed. The only thing on God's green earth she possessed.

And now Rose was saying, "Yes, ma'am. I think he will sell you the bed, provide his Granny is willing. He sell for fifty dollar, yes. I ask him come twelve o'clock." Nicolette clutched out with her clawlike hands. Her voice quavered, stuck in her throat. But nobody heard her. "Yes, ma'am," Rose was saying, "I think Balthazar he will sell." Something greedy, avaricious, shone in Rose's eyes. She laughed loud and shrill. "We rather have us a car," she said, "than a four-poster bed."

Nicolette heard like one in a dream. Once, as she stood looking on from the door, she reached out and timidly touched the skirt of one of the young white women, felt of it, and smoothed it with her long bony hand. It was exquisite and soft to her groping old fingers. Silk! One time she too had worn silk, before this young woman was born. She knew how it felt, next to your skin. She thought of New Orleans, of the quadron balls down on the old *Rue Royale*. . . . In those days life

went round and round, like a young girl dancing. Granny began to talk to herself, in low mutters, "Rose, she want to sell my bed. From under me, yes. I was born in that bed, and I die in him." Nicolette listened; and now Rose was saying, "This here is Tuesday. Well, you come back on Friday—you get it then. You wait, I'll manage. Come back on Friday." Rose winked at the young white women, and laughed; and the white women turned and smiled at Nicolette indulgently, as people smile at a child.

When the big car had gone there remained a hardness and brightness all over the little old house. And the voices of the young white women echoed against the ceiling. Rose of a sudden was gentle, nice to old Nicolette. "Granny," she said, "how you like us to buy you a nice iron bed, just like mine? From down at Poleon's store."

Nicolette began to puff on her corn-cob pipe, very fast. But Granny said nothing. No use trying to out-talk Rose. She went and sat under the china tree, and tried to plan what to do. There was Balthazar, her grandson now. Which one would Balthazar listen to, at noon when he came from the fields? She watched Rose silently out of malignant old eyes. Rose went about singing, her steps light and free. She was thinking about that car she was going to buy. Already, Nicolette knew, she could feel herself at the wheel, going to visit her relatives way up in North Louisiana, riding out of a Sunday all dressed up in yellow satin. No telling what that Rose would do, once she got hold of a car. She already talked too sweet-mouth with the boys down at Poleon's store. Rose had better stay home and behave herself, and try to get some religion.

At noon a blue haze lay over the river, and the chickens were cackling sleepily all puffed up under the house. Nicolette dozed in her chair, she could scarcely keep her eyes open. And Rose moved about in the kitchen, lifting pot-

lids and rattling dishes. She was knowing and sly, that Rose; and Granny knew what she was up to. She was making gumbo for Balthazar. Rose could be sweet when she wanted to. Well, Granny would see him first. She'd sit here and wait for his coming. "Balthazar, son," she would say, "I won't sell my bed. I was born in that bed, and I die there."

When Granny opened her eyes it was long past noon, and Balthazar had gone back to the fields. Something hurt deep in old Nicolette's breast. What had happened? . . . Then she remembered. She saw Rose stepping about in the house, with a ribbon the color of pomegranate blossoms stuck in her hair "Granny!" Rose called, "is you ready to eat? You sho' is take a long nap."

Granny got to her feet. "Rose!" she cried shrilly, and her voice was hard and vehement. "Rose! I won't sell my bed. I was born in that bed, and I die there."

Rose, laughing, slouched into the yard, and the red ribbon shone in the sun. "Ah, now, Granny—you wait. Balthazar he say he won't sell, only unless you is willing. You wait, you see what a nice, fine bed we buy you down at the store."

That evening, when Balthazar came home, they had it nip and tuck, Rose and old Nicolette. Balthazar was distressed. "Now, Rose, honey. Now, Granny—" But he might as well have tried to stop two coffee-mills. Rose talked, her red tongue flashing; and old Nicolette threw out her hands. "Oh, yi! Yi! Yi! I won't sell my bed!" . . . One minute Balthazar's arms would be around Rose, his cheek hot against her hair. Then he would steal compassionate looks at his grandmother. "Rose," Balthazar cautioned, "fifty dollar—that just the beginning, honey."

A day or two later, on Thursday, Rose assumed an air of triumph, of secrecy. She smiled to herself as she went about getting breakfast and Granny was

troubled. What could Rose be up to now? By and by when Balthazar had gone and the pots were washed and the beds made Rose came and sat with old Granny, under the china tree. "What you think?" she began, and her voice held a drowsy laugh; "what you think, Granny, *hein?* Me and Balthazar . . . we is going to have lil' baby. Maybe a sweet lil' son."

Nicolette blinked very fast. This she had waited for, more than a year. A great-grandson! A lil' baby! Something warm welled up in her heart, her old fingers twitched. It would be nice to have a child about, something to love and cuddle. A child who would play in the front-room with the pretty shells on the hearth. She took her pipe out of her mouth and began to cackle. "A lil' baby! Well, I bet, me, Balthazar he is proud." And then, quick on the heels of her gladness, a fear caught at her heart. Balthazar now would give in to Rose. Granny knew men, she knew Balthazar. Rose would have her way with him, and she'd sell Granny's bed.

When Balthazar came in from the fields he walked blithely, his head very high. He stooped and kissed his old grandmother. "Granny, we must humor Rose. We must let Rose sell that old bed." Nicolette heard him and swallowed hard, and she could not find any words to express the things that she wanted to say. She followed Balthazar into the house, making wistful, futile movements with her hands.

The next morning, on Friday, Granny awakened very early. "To-day they come get my bed. Them white lady come tote my bed off to town—" Granny lay and smiled to herself. In the night she had thought of a plan. She was wise; she had lived a long time, and she *knew*. "Me, I been watch that Rose last night, and I know," Granny said to herself. "I know that Rose she is tell one big story. She ain't go' have no baby. That Rose, she just lying to get her own way. Me, I know."

And so at six o'clock when Balthazar came in with the morning coffee old Nicolette lay very still. "Rose . . . she ain't the only one what can lie," old Nicolette said to herself. She began to moan under her covers. "Balthazar, son, I been take by the foot. I can't move. And I ache in my bone. Look like I done have a stroke in the night."

Balthazar stared at his grandmother. She lay very tiny and yellow in the big square old bed. There were shadows on her face, in her wrinkled cheeks, and her eyes were sunken like dead eyes. Balthazar patted the worn quilt that was spread over her. "Granny," he said, "what you say I pick you up, and move you into our room? . . . into our bed? To-day them white lady come—"

But Nicolette closed her eyes. She appeared not to have heard him. "Oh, yi! Yi!" she moaned, softly, under her breath. She watched Balthazar out of one eye, saw he was worried and anxious. And she smiled to herself. "They won't get my bed. Not from under me, no!"

Balthazar tiptoed out of the room, and Nicolette lay very still in her sweet, warm place. The big bed embraced her. Lying there so safe and high, she felt like a princess. Above her the ragged tester hung in long crimson ribbons. The four posts of the bed were solid and lovely yet in their grime. They pointed straight up to heaven. They were pointing her right up to God. . . .

By and by Balthazar returned, bringing Rose with him. In vain Rose argued, cajoled. "We move you into our bed, if you sick. And send get a doctor. Look, Granny, Balthazar he can lift you, so it won't hurt." But Nicolette shook her head. "I got misery down in my leg," she said. "If you touch me it hurt very bad." Rose gave her a look, a woman's look, and stuck out her tongue. And Balthazar saw and was troubled. Poor Balthazar! He tried to reason with Granny. "A young woman, they is peculiar, Granny, in this kind of condi-

tion. A young woman, they is made different." He tried to reason with Rose, his wife, "A old woman, they is peculiar, Rose. They is childish and set in their ways. A old un, they is made different." But it did no good. Rose flounced out of the room, red and angry, and banged the pans and pots about. At last, shrugging his shoulders, Balthazar went out to the fields.

When he had gone Rose came back into Nicolette's room. "I know you, Granny," Rose said. "You ain't sick. You is *mean*, that the thing what ail you. You is mean and wicked old woman."

"I—I *sick*," old Granny insisted. "I been took with sick in my bone." She lay and blinked very fast. "You is lie your own self, Rose. When you say you is going to have lil' child. You too is tell lie. And the good Lord, he go' punish you yet."

That afternoon the white ladies came for Nicolette's bed. The old woman, lying taut and scared, heard the big car at the gate, heard the confusion, the soft gay voices. The white ladies came up on the gallery, into old Nicolette's room. Rose was nice to them, full of blandishment. She knew how to treat white ladies. She smiled at them, and then at old Granny. "Granny, they done come brought a truck for your bed. But me, I tell 'em you sick. You been took with your bone." Rose sighed, and her heavy cheeks hung. She looked sleepy, voluptuous, full of trouble, and one of the white ladies said, "I should like very much to paint you, Rose. You're a type. Have you Spanish blood in your veins?"

Rose lied and said yes, she was Spanish. Rose claimed all the various bloods in her veins save her negro blood. That she ignored. She gave the ladies her painted smile, and shook her head, tapping her forehead. The young white women were sympathetic. They stared at old Granny and talked above her as if she were deaf or a child. "Poor old thing! Yes, we quite understand. Old people are full of such notions."

Rose smiled and looked wise and winked at them. "You wait, I manage. Soon I go down to Poleon's store and telephone you to come get the bed. You wait, I know how to manage old Granny. I'll let you know soon, when to come."

Three days, four days, a week went by, and still old Granny refused to get up. "Well," Rose had declared that first day, "she can lay there and starve. I ain't go' wait on old Granny, and her just as hardy as I is." And so it fell upon Balthazar to bring fresh flowers every day to put in front of the Virgin, to shoo the chickens and cats from the room so Granny could sleep, to fetch water for her and coffee, and mush and sweet milk and clabber. The things Rose cooked in the kitchen smelled very good, very appetizing. But Rose decreed that if Granny were sick she couldn't eat like well folks. She must eat only sick folks' vittles: soft tasteless food that Granny detested: old Granny, with the rich gnawing memories of New Orleans deep in her heart. Sometimes Nicolette thought she would give her eyeballs for some collards and *filé-gumbo*. She lay sometimes for hours and thought of garlic and onions. But she knew she could not demand these things. A sick person couldn't eat, Rose had said. And Granny was sick. If she so much as put her feet to the floor, Rose would snatch up her bed. Rose would take it from under her and send it away to town. Sometimes when Balthazar came in to see her old Nicolette lapsed into French, as if she were out of her head: all about the quadroon balls down on the old *Rue Royale*, all about the soirées and the carryings-on. Jabber, jabber, jabber, jabber! until Rose would clap her hands to her ears and shriek with impatience, "Balthazar! She give me the jimmie! How long is Granny go' stay in that bed?"

Another week passed, and the time was October. The land still lay with the drouth at its throat. But now little rags and wisps of smoke went up from

the chimneys. For the days were cool, the sky very blue. All day Rose gazed at the shining roads, stretching away in the sunlight. "Balthazar," she would coax fretfully, "if we had us a car! If only Granny would sell that bed. . . . How long you think Granny'll lay there?"

One bright October morning when Balthazar was out in the fields Rose came into Nicolette's room. "I'm tired of this foolishness, Granny," she said. "To-day after dinner I'm going down to Poleon's store. And I'll telephone them women come get the bed on *to-morrow*." Granny protested feebly, and grunted. But Rose's voice was hard and cold. "Balthazar's going to town in the morning," she said. "He'll be gone all day. Now, Granny, you listen to me—" Rose came and stood threateningly over old Nicolette's bed. She glared and her black eyes flashed. "You been in this bed long enough, Granny. Now, you listen to me, what I say. To-morrow we here by our own self, just you and me. Nobody out in the field to hear if you call. Now, to-morrow you crawl out that bed, or I pull you out. You see these two strong arm? Well, you get out that bed to-morrow, or I lock you up in the woodshed."

Old Granny shrank, put her hands to her ears. Time was when Granny could talk, could have out-talked even Rose. Now her throat felt tight and dry; no words would come. Could it be that she really was sick? . . . Perhaps God the Father had punished her for telling a lie. A terror came upon her, and her hands shook under the covers.

"You mean, that's what," Rose was saying. "What is a old bed to you, and we promise to buy you a new one?"

Granny whimpered and plucked at her covers. "You mean, too," she said. "You is mean, wicked gal—"

That afternoon, true to her threat, Rose dressed and went down to Poleon's store. Through her little window Granny watched her, watched her red ribbons gleam in the sun. . . . By and

by Granny pulled herself up, and sat propped against her pillows. The house was quiet, with the yellow sunshine warm at the doors and windows. Slowly, cautiously, grunting a little, Granny put her feet to the floor. "I believe, me, I go eat some collards. I believe I'd feel better," she told herself, "if I go eat while Rose is away. They smelled good at dinnertime, them greens. Maybe to-night I have strength for tell Balthazar, tell him what that Rose say to me."

Granny began her long and hazardous trip to the kitchen. The floor rocked under her stealthy old feet, and objects blurred and receded. But once in the kitchen Granny dipped into the greasy pot on the back of the stove. She ate, smacking her lips. Then, fearfully, she stuffed some greens into a brown-paper bag and hobbled back to her room. Safe once more in the cuddly-hole room, Granny hid the bag in a chink of the moldering wall. "I eat him when I get hungry again," she thought. "To-night I get up and eat him."

Before Rose came back from the store the sun had gone down under the river, and out of the yellow adobe walls a pink spider crawled and was gone. Old Nicolette lay in bed and dozed. In the front-room she heard Balthazar, heard him whistle, moving about. She tried to call his name, but her voice sounded futile and weak. There was something she wanted to tell him. What was it? She could not remember. . . . The long hours crawled, and then, like the spider, they scuttled away and were gone. Once Balthazar came to the door. "Is you all right, Granny?" he asked. And once Nicolette heard an owl, out in her umbrella-china. She lay and listened and pulled at her quilt. . . . Across the window, in the north, a star fell and died like a spark, and in her dim old brain pictures of far-away places passed and faded, and passed yet again. She saw her five little daughters—how pretty they were! She saw herself a girl again, down on the old *Rue Royale*.

Tick, tock went the clock on the mantel. Then slower and slower . . . *tick!* She could scarcely hear it. Had it stopped? It is bad luck for your clock to run down in the night. Balthazar must have forgotten to wind it. Poor Balthazar, poor little grandson! There was something she wanted to tell him. What was it?

Once Granny prayed to the Virgin: "Mary, Sister, Mother, Child." But the prayer seemed to stick in her throat. Well, Mary had had no daughter-in-law! How could *she* know, understand? A faint wind stirred through the room, and the dried magnolia leaves on the wall rustled and fell to the floor. Granny dozed and dozed again. And then she awoke with a start. The moon was flooding the room, just like day. It must be long after midnight. Slowly, cautiously, Granny pulled herself up in bed. Slowly she put her feet to the floor. She would get up and eat, some collards and nice salt meat. Then she'd feel better.

She reached in the chink of the wall for the brown-paper bag and sat down in her old creaking rocker. She began to eat hungrily, with her fingers. She ate and dozed in her chair. . . . When she awakened she was stiff, and her body was racked with pain. A strange terror seized her, a fear of the day that was coming. . . . And her bed! Where was her four-poster bed? She had lost it. She couldn't see it. It was gone, in the little dim room. Rose, that Rose, had taken her bed.

Granny stretched out her arms, in the darkness closing about her. If she could but reach the haven of her four-poster bed again! . . . Ah! She could feel it now. Her fingers caught and clutched at the posts. Weak, her throat thick with breathing, Granny crawled under her covers. She talked to herself brokenly, pulling at the quilt. . . . If only God would let her take her four-poster bed up to heaven.

In the cold dawn Balthazar got up and

made morning coffee. He dreaded the trip into town, dreaded to stop at Poleon's store to try and stave off his debts. In the lot through the fog he could see the dark gaunt bulk of the mules. A fog makes a place so still: it swallows and eats up the world; only the sound of a heron crying, across the dim river. The fire in the kitchen stove felt good, warmed his bones.

Balthazar took a cup of coffee in to Rose. He found her sitting on the side of the bed, preparing to dress. She yawned and her heavy hair hung in her eyes. "What time you get back from town?" she asked. "It'll be good dark, *hein*, Balthazar?" Balthazar grunted. "Yeah, good dark. Rose, honey, be good to the old un." Rose sipped the hot fragrant coffee, and a sly little smile curved her lips. Suddenly she got up, stepped out on the bare cold floor. Her black eyes were furtive. "Balthazar, give me old Granny's cup," she said. "Let me take the coffee in to her."

Balthazar, pleased, poured a cup for Nicolette and patted Rose's shoulder. "I wish you two would make up," he said. "You and old Granny."

Rose opened the door of the cuddy-hole room and stepped inside. "Granny!" she called. "Granny!" . . . The place was so still; the curtains hung straight and limp at the window. Rose peered at the bed. Then she put a hand to her mouth, palm outward, and drew it over her face. She began to back out of the room, the hot coffee splashing over her nightgown. "Balthazar!" She gave a little cry. "Balthazar, come quick! It's the old un! Old Granny—"

As soon as some of the neighbors had come Balthazar left to get Poleon to see to the funeral arrangements. Rose watched him go. She must hurry and clean up the house. Soon the relatives from town would be coming, and so much to do! She had to get dressed too. In the front-room, away from the dead woman, Rose made up the bed,

picked up her clothes. "Poor old Granny," she said. "Poor old Granny." She felt nervous, excited. But she could not help thinking, deep in her heart, "Now we can sell the bed, and no trouble. After the funeral . . . them lady can come here and get it—and maybe—maybe to-morrow, we buy us a car."

It was nine o'clock when Balthazar returned, bringing with him Poleon to see to the funeral arrangements. Poleon was a big man on Isle Brevelle, wealthy and much respected. No one could die without Poleon; no one could die or be buried. He looked about the house and shook his head dubiously. And he stared at Rose—Rose all hung with beads and buckles and cheap, flashy rubies and pearls. "Look here, Balthazar," Poleon said, and his mouth turned down at the corners, "you owe me much money already. How you go' pay for the funeral, *hein*? For your old granny' coffin." Poleon was crafty and shrewd, a good business man. He stood in the little cuddy-hole room and gazed down at old Granny, where she lay in the four-poster bed. She lay very tiny and still, her eyes closed, her little hands crossed on her bosom.

"Well, Balthazar," Poleon said, "this sho' is a nice bed you got, all hid away." Poleon trailed his fingers along the tapering posts. "Yes, a fine antique bed, as them white lady say. This is the bed I hear your wife try to bargain about, to them rich white lady in town." Poleon's little eyes gleamed; he looked furtive, thoughtful. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Balthazar. You give me the bed. I'll take the bed off your hand. It'll pay for the old lady's funeral, huh . . . and a nice fine coffin to boot. That suit you, my friend? That allright? Well—"

Rose heard him and came and stood in the door. Her heavy cheeks hung, and she pushed back her dark hair.

And it seemed to her that old Nicolette lay there and smiled.



IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE?

BY WILL DURANT, Ph.D.

Author of "The Story of Philosophy"

By democracy, in this essay, is meant the equal participation of all the citizens of a state in the periodical selection of its officials. The author undertakes to show that this form of government, as practiced in America, has broken down; to inquire into the causes of this failure; and to submit a proposal which may conceivably remedy some part of the evil.—*The Editors.*

DEMOCRACY—whose principle, said Montesquieu, is virtue—was born of money and gunpowder. Cannon and musketry battered down the feudal castle, made proud knights, conspicuous on their steeds, the easy prey of infantry, equalized villein and lord on the field of battle, and gave for the first time since Pythagoras some dignity to number. The invention of coinage and credit eased the ways of trade and the accumulation of wealth; it built at the crossroads of commerce thriving towns, and at the ports of trade free cities, strong enough to throw off the yoke of feudal fees; it generated in the face of a functionless landed aristocracy an energetic moneyed bourgeoisie, a *tiers état* which clamored for a political position commensurate with its growing economic power.

Voltaire and Rousseau were the heralds of this change; they popularized those invaluable shibboleths, *liberté* and *égalité*, to the music of which the middle class marched to political supremacy. Originally liberty meant freedom from feudal tyranny and tolls; originally equality meant the admission of the middle-classes, along with the aristocracy and the clergy, to the honors and spoils of government; originally, one suspects, fraternity meant the open access of bankers and merchants, butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers,

to aristocratic and episcopal salons. It was not supposed that these splendid words would be so misunderstood as to embrace all male adults, much less all women; mere wives and workingmen would understand that no reference to them was intended. Rousseau, father of democratic theory, wished to exclude all women, and all propertyless persons, from political power, and did not include them in the term "people." Under the Constitution adopted by the French Revolutionary Assembly, three-fifths of all adult males were excused from participating in the franchise. Under the laws of various states in our own republic a property-qualification was attached to the franchise until the days of Andrew Jackson. By its origin, and still in its current development, democracy means the rule of the middle-class—government by the second best.

Contributory factors co-operated with this fundamental economic cause. The Protestant Reformation had cleared the way for that rebellious individualism which underlies the democratic brotherhood of man. The reverberation, through print, of the blows struck at superstition by scientists and philosophers from Copernicus to Darwin, had the effect of replacing an inactive and insincere belief in Heaven with a naïve but active trust in an Earthly Paradise, wherein all men, geniuses and fools

alike, would share in happiness and power. The Industrial Revolution taught men to judge one another in terms of productive ability—which might appear in any rank—rather than through fortuitous pedigree. The cost of government compelled kings to turn ever more politely to wealthy business men, and gave to the lower chamber of legislative bodies an increasing power and prestige. And the rivalry of privileged groups led each minority in turn to extend the franchise in the hope of securing in this way a continuance of its supremacy. When the masters fell out the people fell in. When the men fell out the women fell in. Now we are all in the hole together. And it becomes a problem worthy of Baron Münchhausen, how we can find some one to drag us out, when every one is in.

While these general causes were operating in Europe, producing in England, France, Russia, and Germany the revolutions of 1689, 1789, 1917, and 1918, they were reinforced with certain special factors in the development of American democracy. Our Revolution of 1776, now distant enough to be admirable, was not only a revolt of Colonials against England; it was also a revolt of the middle-classes against an imported aristocracy; it was part of that long series of political earthquakes which cracked and dislocated the social surface of the Western world, broke up and submerged the land-owning aristocracies, and reared a new formation of popular governments everywhere.

And as in Europe the triumph of the bankers over the barons was facilitated by peasant *jacqueries*, by the lust of the harassed serf for a soil liberated from feudal rights and tithes, so in our country the rise of the middle-class was eased and quickened by the abundance of free land. Democracy came naturally to America, because America began with equality and freedom. Like communism, real democracy tends to appear rather at the simple beginnings of a civilization than in its later stages of

complexity, luxury, and differentiation. De Tocqueville marvelled at the economic equality which he saw here in 1830. Land might be had for the asking of Congress—a privilege which must now be reserved for corporations. Democracy was actual because political equality rested upon an approximate equality of possessions, upon a widespread ownership of the soil; men who stood upon their own ground and controlled (within the limits of nature) the conditions under which they lived, had personality and character, and could be called democrats beyond the narrow meaning of a quadrennial admission to barber-shop polling-booths. It was such men who made Jefferson president—Jefferson, who was as orthodox as Thomas Paine, and as conservative as a man might be who favored a revolution every nineteen years. It was such men who provided the basis for Emerson's self-reliant individualism and Whitman's glorification of the common man. It was such men who gave to the Yankee his European reputation for shrewdness, individuality, and independent judgment—a legend now as curious to an observer of contemporary politics as the election of another Jefferson to the presidency is inconceivable.

Again secondary factors crowd upon the scene. Doubtless the freedom of competition in the early days of our republic provided another prop of independence and personality. Perhaps the proportion of skilled workers was greater then than it is now, when the untrained peasantry of continental Europe pours in to form the helpless proletariat of our towns. Men were not merely "hands" in those early days; the pride of skill in a specific trade gave some "verteber" to character, some resistance against that wholesale denudation of individuality which we achieve through education and the press. In some measure, too, the rural isolation of the early citizen enhanced his liberty and vitalized his democracy, much as our national isolation gave us freedom and security

within our protecting seas. These and a hundred other conditions came together to make American democracy real.

II

All those conditions are gone. National isolation is gone, because of trade, communication, and the invention of destructive mechanisms that facilitate invasion. Personal isolation is gone, because of the growing interdependence of producer, distributor, and consumer. Skilled labor is the exception now that machines are made to operate machines, and scientific management reduces skill to the inhuman stupidity of routine. Free land is gone, and tenancy increases. Free competition decays; it may survive for a time in new fields like the automobile industry, but everywhere it gravitates towards monopoly. The once independent shopkeeper is in the toils of the big distributor: he yields to chain drug stores, chain cigar stores, chain groceries, chain candy stores, chain restaurants, chain theaters—everything is in chains. Even the editor who owns his own paper and molds his own mendacity is a vestigial remnant now, when a thousand sheets across the country tell the same lie in the same way every day better and better. An ever decreasing proportion of business executives (and among them an ever decreasing number of bankers and directors) controls the lives and labors of an ever increasing proportion of men. A new aristocracy is forming out of the once rebellious bourgeoisie; equality and liberty and brotherhood are no longer the darlings of the financiers. Economic freedom, even in the middle-classes, becomes rarer and narrower every year. In a world from which freedom of competition, equality of opportunity, and social fraternity have disappeared, political equality is worthless, and democracy becomes a sham.

All this has come about not (as we thought in our youth) through the perversion of men, but through the im-

personal fatality of economic development. Men can be free only when they are approximately equal in capacity and power; and, nevertheless, their equality is destroyed by their freedom. Inevitable hereditary differences in vigor or ability breed social and artificial differences; strength is made stronger, and weakness weaker, by every invention and discovery. Equality is an unstable relation, as of scales poised in equilibrium; it decreases as organization and complexity grow; the very nature of social evolution involves increasing inequality because it specializes functions, differentiates abilities, and makes men unequally valuable to society. "Equality," says Tarde, "is only a transition between two hierarchies, just as liberty is only a passage between two disciplines." Observe how the original equality in colonial America has been overgrown and overwhelmed by a thousand forms of economic and political differentiation, so that to-day the gap between the most fortunate and the least fortunate in America is greater than at any time since the days of plutocratic Rome. Of what use can equality in ballots be when power is so unevenly distributed, and political decisions must obey the majority of dollars rather than the majority of men?

This disappearance of economic equality and freedom is the deepest root of our political hypocrisy and decay. But once again there are contributory causes; and our understanding of the problem will be precariously partial if we ignore them. Let us state them as briefly as may go with clarity.

There is, first, the growing size of the political unit—the imperial expansion of America. The larger the state, the more difficult it is to preserve personality and democracy. "Democracy dies five miles from the parish pump," declares H. G. Wells. It was meant for city-states, where men could come and, in the words of Thomas Paine, "vote in the first person." Large populations are more easily ruled than small ones,

because their inertia is greater, and it is more difficult for them to agree in their grievances or to unite in their action. Pericles and Cleon, though they differed in everything else, concurred in the opinion that democracy is inconvenient in empires. Montesquieu pointed out that democracy is more suited to small states, monarchy to large states. And so we have a monarchy.

Consider, next, the growing complexity of government—a natural result of the enlargement of the political unit, and the increasing intricacy of national economic relations. Once a government consisted of a king, his courtiers, and his courtesans; to-day it is a vast and lumbering mechanism for the adjustment of a thousand conflicting groups. It requires the full time of those who play in it any but the most subordinate roles; it would be impossible to rule a modern state on the plan of popular rotation in judicial office, or the hasty decision of issues by vast uninformed assemblies, which gave Athens its liberties and brought it to an early grave. In the most natural way in the world “machines” develop in every party, every union, every convention, and every parliament; democracy is the matrix in which oligarchies grow. The sovereign voter is absorbed in bread and butter; how shall he keep himself abreast of the thousand problems that arise and change and melt away in his party, or his union, or his church? He cannot answer intelligently the questions placed before him; he does not know. Democracy is government by those who do not know.

Consequently it is the first casualty of war. De Tocqueville predicted that America would have to abandon democracy the moment it became entangled in the politics and wars of Europe. “Many an army has prospered under a bad commander,” said Macaulay, “but no army has ever prospered under a debating society.” Unions tend to oligarchy for the same reason: they are military organizations designed for of-

fense and defense. “Democracy is a luxury,” Weyl points out; “it can be maintained only in a moderately secure and pacific world.” Reactionaries know, and may be relied upon to produce an occasional war as a substitute for birth-control or as a salutary discipline of the national will. Democracy is not a cure for war, but war is a cure for democracy.

The last contributory cause of our democratic failure is the imbecility of men. The intelligence tests confirmed the opinion of those who had watched the elections of the preceding twenty years. The theory of democracy had presumed that man was a rational animal. No doubt some one had seen this in a book of logic. But man is an emotional animal, occasionally rational; and through his feelings he can be deceived to his heart's content. It may be true, as Lincoln pretended to believe, that you can't fool all the people all the time; but you can fool enough of them to rule a large country. It has been computed that the supply of fools, on this planet, is replenished at the rate of two hundred every minute; which is a bad omen for democracy.

Apparently it is not democracy alone that is a failure; it is ourselves. We exaggerated our virtues when we made ourselves sovereign. We thought there was power in numbers, and we found only mediocrity. The larger the number of voters, the more ordinary must be the man or the qualities that will appeal to them. We do not demand greatness or foresight in our elected officials, but only bare-toothed oratory and something this side of starvation. Indeed, we do not much care who governs us; we hardly realize that we are being governed, just as we think we pay no taxes because we pay them through the landlord or the tariff.

Voltaire preferred monarchy to democracy, on the ground that in a monarchy it was necessary to educate only one man; in a democracy you must educate millions, and the gravedigger gets them all before you can educate ten

per cent of them. What pranks the birth-rate plays with our theories and our arguments! The minority acquire education, and have small families; the majority have no time for education, and have large families. Nearly all of each generation are brought up in homes where the income is too small to provide for the luxury of knowledge. Hence the perennial futility of political liberalism; the propaganda of intelligence cannot keep pace with the propagation of the ignorant. And hence the decay of Protestantism; a religion, like a nation, is saved not by the wars it wins, but by the children it breeds.

Hence also the conservatism of democracies. Anatole France bemoaned the neophobia of the crowd. Bismarck looked to universal suffrage to support monarchical policies. "Direct election and universal suffrage," said the old cynic, "I consider to be greater guarantees of conservative action than any artificial electoral law." Woman suffrage won a comparatively easy victory because party leaders believed it would make for conservatism. The liberals of Switzerland passed certain reforms, including the popular referendum; the conservatives put these reforms to a referendum; the reforms, including the referendum, were defeated. The extension of the suffrage in England in 1918 brought in the most reactionary government in half a century. The new compulsory-voting law in Australia raised the proportion of actual to possible voters from sixty per cent in 1912 to ninety per cent in 1925, and resulted in an overwhelming conservative victory.

"It is one of the strangest of vulgar ideas," Sir Henry Maine predicted, "that a very wide suffrage could or would promote progress, new ideas, new discoveries, new inventions, new arts of life. The chances are that it will produce a mischievous form of conservatism." We shall have to admit to the prejudiced Englishman that democracy seems hostile to genius and apathetic to art. It values most those things which

come within the comprehension of the average mind; it builds motion-picture palaces and thinks they are Parthenons; if the Athenian assembly had had its way there would have been no Parthenon at all. It becomes evident that the intellectual tyranny of the majority may be as harassing as the political tyranny of monarchs. In some American states more than a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a public education becomes an impediment to the acquisition of truth. This democratic suspicion of individuality is a result of the theory of equality; everyone is equally valuable; therefore, a count of noses must establish any truth and sanctify any custom. Not only is democracy a result of the machine age, and not only does it rule through "machines"; it has in itself the potentiality of the most terrible machine of all—a vast weight of ignorant compulsion ostracising difference, crushing the exceptional mind, and discouraging novel excellence. Nowhere is education so lavishly financed and equipped as in the United States; nowhere is it so little honored or so little used. We have devoted ourselves magnanimously to the provision, on an unprecedented scale, of schools, high schools, colleges, and universities; and now that they are all built and full, we have made education a disqualification for public office.

III

In a nation where the few who really rule must get some show of popular consent a special class arises whose function it is, not to govern, but to secure the approval of the people for whatever policy may have been decided upon by that inevitable oligarchy which hides in the heart of every democratic state. We call this class of men politicians.

The politicians divide into parties, and align the people into hostile camps. The natural party-spirit of men makes such organizations easy; they are a survival of warlike tribal separatism. Aus-

tralian savages will travel across half their continent to take in a fight the side of those who wear the same totem as themselves. The totem still helps us to organize; and the parties that use an elephant or an ass as their sacred emblems seem to get along better than those that naïvely choose the torch.

Now party organization is expensive, and requires angels—realistic idealists who pay the costs of pool-rooms, club-rooms, caucuses, and campaigns, and are satisfied, as their reward, to select the candidates, secure certain contracts and appointments, obtain protection from the enforcement of absurd and irksome laws, and play a quiet role in the arduous tasks of legislation. "They who nominate, govern." The people cannot nominate anyone, even at primaries; for they are unorganized and uninformed; they can be trusted to divide their favors with approximate equality; so that a small but well-organized minority, by casting its votes entirely on one side, can usually decide a convention, a primary, or an election. The "machine" triumphs because it is a united minority acting against a divided majority. Perhaps this is what Carlyle meant when he said, "Democracy is by the nature of it a self-cancelling business, and gives in the long run a net result of zero." "A true democracy," said that passionate democrat, Jean Jacques, "has never existed, and never will exist; for it is against the natural order of things that the majority should govern the minority." All politics is the rivalry of organized minorities; the voters are bleacher athletes who cheer the victors and jeer the defeated, but do not otherwise contribute to the result.

Under such circumstances voting is superfluous, and is carried on largely to grease the grooves of social control by establishing in the minds of the people the notion that the laws are made by themselves. In democracies, said Montesquieu, taxes may be greater than elsewhere without arousing resistance, because every citizen looks upon them

as a tribute which he pays to himself. *L'état c'est lui*—he is the state, and the president is merely the chief of his servants. Please a man's pride and you may do anything with him. The Romans ruled the people through *panem et circenses*; our masters need only give us a quadrennial circus—called now an election—and we will provide the bread for ourselves.

About the only advantage which an election has in these premises is the educational opportunity offered by the aroused attention of the people. But in most cases this is nullified by a clever concealment of the actual issues at stake; a politician is worth nothing if he cannot invent some interesting and unimportant issues to divert the eyes of the populace from the problems actually involved. So in the Canadian election of 1917 the real issue of conscription *vs.* volunteering was subtly covered over by pointing out that the defeat of the conscription proposal would mean the domination of Canada by the French element in the population. The English inhabitants rose *en masse* and voted for English domination, and found, when the excitement was over, that they had voted for conscription. A good show-window will sell any kind of political shoddy. Elections become a contest in fraud and noise; and as sound arguments make the least sound, truth is lost in the confusion. Add to this the gerrymandering of city districts to keep the power with conservative rural communities; the vast floating population which is disfranchised by its mobility; the riot of dishonesty and violence at the polls; and you get democracy. Under such conditions, declares Chesterton, "a vote becomes as valuable as a railway ticket when there is a permanent block on the line." Is it any wonder that the proportion of actual to legal voters decreased from eighty per cent in 1885 to fifty per cent in 1924—or that intelligent men refuse to stand in line an hour for the privilege of registering, and then again an hour for the privilege

of voting—that is to say, the privilege of choosing between A and B, who both belong to X? The country is becoming conscious of the democratic farce.

Nevertheless, suppose that we have voted. The election is over, stocks go up, and the elected senators and representatives go down to Washington to form our Congress, our Parliament or Talk-Shop, our National Palaver. Nothing could be more disconcerting than the surprises which meet these elected ladies and gentlemen. They have been chosen for political ability in the American sense—*i. e.*, the ability to get themselves nominated, advertised, applauded, and elected; they possess that sort of ability in a highly developed and specialized form. Normally they are subservient people, amenable to discipline, elastic of conscience, and free from dangerous originality or genius; nothing would so readily disqualify them for office (or for the devious approaches to office) as genius of any kind—above all, genius in statesmanship. Now suddenly our representative finds himself assailed by problems all the world away from the kind he has solved on the road to power. Those were problems of politics: of patient loyalty to the ward and district and county leaders; of underground influences and secret understandings; of speeches and charges and denials and manipulated publicity; of contributions inconspicuously solicited, and spent with one eye on the law; of favors done to the powerful, and promises made to the rest. But these problems that fall upon him in Washington, and overwhelm him in a thousand bills, are problems of economics: they have to do with land-ownership, raw materials, coal mines, oil wells, water power, production, competition, transportation, navigation, aviation, arbitration, distribution, marketing, and finance; they involve esoteric details intelligible only to a specialist, and painful beyond bearing to a man whose specialty is wire-pulling.

As government becomes more com-

plex, elected officials become less and less important, selected experts more and more. The executive “encroaches upon the legislative” power because the executive is armed and buttressed with expert committees—Federal Reserve Boards, Federal Trade Commissions, Labor Boards, Interstate Commerce Commissions, debt commissions. . . . During President Harding’s administration the members of Congress were shocked to find themselves placed, in a parade, behind the members of certain of the aforesaid commissions. The Senate protested, and Mr. Harding answered with that kindly suavity which had sufficed to make him president. But the straw had shown the wind. “Representative government” had broken down; democracy had found no way of electing brains to office; and the brains had been placed in power while democracy was making speeches or reading newspapers.

Was this the reason why we so insistently recommended democracy to our enemies? Nietzsche speaks of the “disposition which supports the democratic form of government in a neighboring state for the sole reason that it assumes that this form of government makes the other nation weaker, more distracted, less fit for war.” Perhaps this universal *débâcle* of democratic mediocrity and incompetence, chicanery and corruption, has had something to do with the Platonic transition from parliamentary government to “tyranny” or dictatorship in Italy and Spain and Greece and Russia and Poland and Portugal, and the imminence of similar developments in France. As for ourselves, the forces of political reform have been beaten all along the line; and where they have won a stray victory it has been through the adoption of the methods used by the “machine”—so that the triumph of “reform” in certain states has had something of the character of the conversion of the world to Christianity, in which it was not quite clear which of the two parties had been

converted to the other. A journal of liberal opinion admitted recently: "Politics is now as completely dominated by the machines as it was during the 80's. . . . The professional politicians are more than ever our masters. After fifty years of struggle they have finally defeated their enemy, the reformer." Mediocracy has won. Everywhere intelligence has fled from the hustings of democracy as from an engulfing torrent. Fools are in the saddle and ride mankind.

Yes, this is a partial view, a brief, rather than a complete, analysis. The half-redeeming virtues of democracy have been lauded long enough to need no litany here. It is true that the oppression of minorities by majorities is (numerically) preferable to the oppression of majorities by minorities; that the democratic disfranchisement of the educated man is no worse than the aristocratic suppression of new talent by ancient pedigree; that democracy has raised the spirit and pride of the common man as much as it has broken the spirit and sterilized the genius of the exceptional individual; that the omnipotent voter has now a sense of liberated personality which makes in some degree for courage and character; that there are no (conscious) serfs among us any more, and every man may know he is a potential president. It may be, as the patient Bryce laboriously concludes, that there are some forms of government worse than democracy.

But the more we examine it the more we are revolted by its incompetence and insincerity. Since political power is unreal except as it represents military or economic mastery, universal suffrage is a delusion and a costly sham. Dictatorship is better because it is more honest; "absolute power," said Napoleon, "has no need to lie; it acts and says nothing." Democracy without education means hypocrisy without limitation; it means the degradation of statesmanship into politics; it means the expensive maintenance, in addition to

the real ruling class, of a large parasitic class of politicians whose function it is to serve the rulers and deceive the ruled; it has made all public life a sewer of corruption which poisons the breath of heaven. We are rank cowards if we any longer blink this evil dénouement of our wishful dreams. If we cannot find some amendment to democracy that shall cleanse it of its villainy and rid it of its ignorance, we may as well present our Constitution to some strip-lining nation, and import a king.

IV

What shall we do?

Well, even the irate reformer must understand that very little can be done, and nothing rapidly. The most desirable thing of all would be the application of Christianity; but that is not to be hoped for in the immediate future. The next most desirable plan would be so lavish an expenditure of our national and private wealth on education, invention, and scientific research as would improve our brains, decrease our numbers, make muscle costlier than mechanical power, dissolve the proletariat, and liberate mankind for the tasks of the Great Society. In the long run there is no solution except in education; until men become intelligent, cities will not cease from ill. But if the world has not done all this for Mr. Wells, there is no likelihood that it will do it for us. And we have seen what devilish tricks the birth-rate plays with education. The third expedient would be the convocation of the best-informed and most capable men of the land, chosen from each profession by the members of that profession, meeting to consider the rejuvenation of our Constitution, recommending new amendments to Congress and the States, and supporting these recommendations with the prestige of their professions and perhaps with the money of our millionaires, which every reformer is prepared to spend. But that again is too much to hope for—even though

the mayor of our largest city makes a respectable gesture in this direction. The fourth best plan is that which follows.

The evil of modern democracy is in the politician and at the point of nomination. Let us eliminate the politician, and the nomination.

Originally, no doubt, every man was his own physician, and every household prescribed its own drugs. But as medical knowledge accumulated and the *corpus prescriptionum* grew, it became impossible for the average individual, even for solicitous spinsters, to keep pace with the *pharmacopœa*. A special class of persons arose who gave all their serious hours to the study of *materia medica*, and became professional physicians. To protect the people from untrained practitioners, and from those sedulous neighbors who have an interne's passion for experiment, a distinguishing title and a reassuring degree were given to those who had completed this preparation. The process has now reached the point where it is illegal to prescribe medicines unless one has received such training, and such a degree, from a recognized institution. We no longer permit unprepared individuals to deal with our individual ailments or to risk our individual lives. We demand a lifetime's devotion as a preliminary to the prescription of pills.

But of those who deal with our incorporated ills, and risk our hundred million lives in peace and war, and have at their beck and call all our possessions and all our liberties, no specific preparation is required; it is sufficient if they are friends of the Chief, loyal to the Organization, handsome or suave, hand-shakers, shoulder-slappers, or baby-kissers, taking orders quietly, and as rich in promises as a weather bureau. For the rest they may have been butchers or barbers, rural lawyers or editors, pork-packers or saloon-keepers—it makes no difference. If they have had the good sense to be born in log cabins it is con-

ceded that they have a divine right to be president.

Let us imagine a pleasanter picture. Let us suppose that our great universities, which contain the seed of a redeemed America, have added to their faculties a School of Political Administration. A School not of theory so much as of practice and concrete detail; not a School for the discussion of political history, nor of the "philosophy of the state," nor of monarchy *vs.* aristocracy *vs.* democracy *vs.* socialism *vs.* single-tax *vs.* anarchism; but a School that will go down with its students into the actual field of municipal administration; a School that will look upon the problems of a city not as a street-corner statesman might, nor as a loyal elephant or donkey might, but as a scientist would, or an executive whose training and ability have made him see administration as an art. If such a course were as thorough and as conscientious as the curriculum of a good medical school, it would attract only serious and scientific-minded men; it would admirably frighten away the gentlemen who now rise to power through self-salesmanship and perorations. There would be few candidates for such instruction at the outset, since they would have no guarantee of finding political place upon completing their preparation. But the spread of the city-manager plan would offer openings; the Schools would grow as medical schools once grew; and successful city-managers would be invited to head the teaching staff.

All this is within the realm of possibility; even now our larger universities offer courses that could form the basis of these Administration Schools. But the next step in our hypothetical amendment to democracy calls for more imagination. Let us suppose that while these Schools were preparing men to rule us, other agencies had, through the written and spoken word, prepared the people for the novel and unpatriotic notion of requiring education in their masters. It is conceivable that a body of opinion

might be formed which would make it unwise for a political party to nominate to municipal office any man unarmed with this specific preparation. It is barely conceivable that the time might come when nominations would be dispensed with altogether (as they are in the Constitution), and prepared administrators would offer themselves directly as candidates for election. The choice of the people would be restricted to these, and unrestricted among these; it would be a far wider choice than now; and whatever choice might be made would be a sane one. It would be a fool-proof democracy; and if Heraclitus was right about majorities, this is the only kind of a democracy that can survive in this pitilessly realistic world.

While our imaginations are in flight we might also suppose that no trained administrator would be eligible to a higher office who had not been twice elected to a lower one. Only successful mayors would offer themselves for governor, and only successful governors for the presidency. At every step there would be a democratic check upon aristocratic irresponsibility, and an aristocratic check upon democratic ignorance. It might be a rejuvenating conjugation of exhausted governments.

Would such an amendment destroy the essence of democracy? No. It is essential to democracy that every adult should share equally in the selection of major officials; it is not essential that every adult should be equally eligible for office. Restrictions of birth and age and residence already exist; to add the requirement of preparation is only a corollary of the growing complexity of government. The plan would widen democracy more in increasing the number of candidates than it would narrow democracy in restricting their character. It is rather our present structure that is undemocratic: it limits the voter's choice to two nominees, and it makes but poor provision for the most fundamental democracy of all—equality of educational and economic opportunity.

If every graduate who reached a given standard of excellence were assured that municipal and state scholarships would send him on from school to college and from college to university when his own family's funds should not suffice, then the road to the highest office, and to most of the goods of life, would be open to all on equal terms, and even the restrictions here proposed would be respectably democratic. Equality of opportunity is the core of democracy; we have contented ourselves with the husk and meekly surrendered the core. Let us open all the roads to talent wherever born, and for the rest we need not disturb ourselves about forms of government.

Certainly our little nostrum has its flaws, which are to be compared not with Utopia but with the *status quo*. In substituting our universities for our saloons and hotels as the medium of nomination, we do not forget that even universities can be corrupted, and university graduates bought. But it is a question of degree; presumably a man with scientific training, or a man earnest and brave enough to select a career involving a long and arduous preparation, would have something of the pride of craft that makes a man jealous of his honor and solicitous of his work. There is a slightly higher standard of morals among scientists than among politicians. And though there are thieves and charlatans in the ranks of medicine, it is one of the few professions in which "ethics" is allowed to interfere with income.

As for the universities, it is not a question of teaching radicalism or conservatism; the science of administration has very little to do with these majestic and useless divisions. Undoubtedly power would rule under the new dispensation as effectively as now; but it would rule more efficiently, without the wastage and indecency of stupidity, insolence, and knavery. We are not offering here a solution of the "social problem," a plan whereby the weak can be enabled to rule the strong. Pre-

sumably a clever minority will continue to use a less clever majority; we have no secret whereby democracy can escape this immoral ordinance of nature. Our present purpose is not to make "brooks run wine and winds whisper music," but to make whatever government there is as capable and honest as human character can bear. That is the problem of politics, and it is the only problem with which we are here concerned.

Our tendency in these days is to take corruption and ignorance as the natural privileges of elected persons; and we smile at any proposal to alter this patriotic tradition. But government has not always been incompetent and venal; the English still have some reputation for training in their statesmen and honor in their judges; and the German professional *Bürgermeister* made their cities the best-ruled places in the world. Nothing is impossible but thinking makes it so.

What we have suggested is a very old

idea, the dream of Socrates and Plato, of Bacon and Carlyle, of Voltaire and Renan. Perhaps it is nothing more than a dream; and perhaps again it may be a reality when all of us are dreams. For a long time, doubtless, it can be nothing more than a dream; many decades of instruction would be needed to induce the necessary changes in the public mind. But unless we make some honest effort to bring ability into office, and to break down the democratic hostility to knowledge; unless we can capture for the public good those talents and powers of mind that now are lost in private enterprise and gain; unless we can put into our city halls and state capitols, and into the halls of Congress, men who have prepared themselves for public administration at least as thoroughly as men prepare for far less vital tasks—then assuredly democracy is a failure, and it might be better for the world if America had never lured and deceived the hopes of men.





COTTON MATHER IN LOVE

BY PHILIP G. NORDELL

VERMIN have nothing to do with the courtships and marriages of Cotton Mather; yet the reactions to them of this famous New England Puritan—the two hundredth anniversary of whose death occurs early in 1928—are typical of his reactions toward everything in the world about him, both great and small, from childhood to the grave. On September 7, 1711, he wrote in his diary, "Happening to lodge in a Place, where some Vermine assaulted me, I thought, the Assault of those Vermine should be improved by me, as a call to Repentance and Piety; not only in the way of considering myself, as among the Enemies of God, contemptibly punished by these his little Armies; but also, in the way of occasional Reflection, considering the ill Qualities and Actions of those Vermine, and what I have Analogous to them in my own Heart and Life, and bewayling of those things before the Lord."

We should expect from this entry to find his amorous affairs, to say the least, peculiar. And as we trace them through his voluminous diaries, we so find them—not only peculiar, but amazing, fantastic, unworldly—as diametrically opposed to the realistic love-making habits of to-day as the minuet is to the Charleston.

The Puritans' attitude toward life, which explains Mather's manner of wooing, arose directly from their religious faith. An execrable heresy it would have been to hold that God is no more than a spirit of love, a principle of good, or even a wise and inscrutable Almighty Power. They knew their

God intimately and they knew His will. Before the beginning of the world, He unchangeably ordained whatsoever would come to pass; He knew, and yet by knowing did not assume authorship therefor, that of all mankind some were predestinated unto everlasting life and others were foreordained unto everlasting death, if suffering the torments of hell could be termed death. Due to Adam's and Eve's disobedience, by which they became dead in sin, their corruption was imputed to all their posterity. But God, in His infinite mercy, was pleased to send His Son Jesus Christ to earth to suffer grievous torments, in order that the Elect, by rebirth in Him, could enter Heaven. There being no sign of salvation which we should call certain, the best the Puritans could hope for was to discover within themselves various signs of acceptance, chief of which was a spiritual enlightening of the soul, at times so vivid as to be construed as the actual presence of God. Lucky was he whom God informed in so many words that he had been elected! But in all these signs of rejuvenation man was altogether passive; it was God working through him. Even in the Elect, however, sufficient corruption remained to keep up a continual and irreconcilable war of the flesh lusting against the spirit.

The typical Puritan's life, then, far from being, as we are so apt to believe, hopelessly drab and barren, consisted of a vitally passionate endeavor to conform his thoughts and actions so exactly to the will of God that in time

he would find himself overcome with the blessed assurance of regeneration. Moral actions *per se* were futile as means of ensuring election; it was through them that he could the better discover his condition. The devil, of course, was active, and nothing was more characteristic of this Prince of the World than to set all sorts of deceptive and enticing snares. It is easy to understand, then, how every material benefit or success could be either a blessing from God or a trap set by the devil, and how every adversity or fleshly lust could be, conversely, a test of faith administered by the former or a triumph won by the latter.

Thus did Cotton Mather find himself alternately immersed in a flood of divine compassion and buffeted in a storm of diabolic rage. No thought or act of his, whatever its conditions, did he motivate to his own human will; the publication of a sermon, the death of a child, an accession to his library, an attack of heartburn, everything, momentous and trivial, good and bad, he attributed to direct supernatural agencies. By the simple expedient of prostrating himself in the dust of his study, he summoned God, at which times he conversed with Him familiarly.

And so, to trace the development of his first love affair, we find him in the morning of August 26, 1683, at the age of twenty, persuaded that his bachelor days are drawing to a close. He writes:

Using of sacred *Meditations* (with mixed *Supplications*) at my waking Minutes, every Morning, in my *Bed*, and in this Course, going over many Portions of the *Scriptures* a Verse at a Time, the Thought of *Isaac* having his happy Consort brought unto him, *when* and where, hee was engag'd in his holy *Meditations*, came sometimes into my Mind, and, I had sometimes a strange Perswasion; that there would a Time come, when I should have my *Bed* blessed with such a Consort given unto mee, as *Isaac*, the servant of the Lord was favoured withal.

The year 1685 is one of intense introspection in which he makes visible progress in sublimating his natural

desires—which he terms his afflictions—into religious channels, albeit his lapses are frequent. Having resolved to bear a special and eternal hatred against the lusts of the flesh, and to write a discourse to antidote the same in others, he finds his kind Redeemer continually weaning him away from all the delights of the world. So assuringly does the Lord convince him that all controversy between him and his soul is extinguished (for years he has been minister of the North Church in Boston) that he subscribes his hand and heart to a solemn covenant in which, renouncing all sins and vanities, he gives his life entirely to the service of God.

The thought of marriage, at last free from all earthly, carnal taint, becomes a fit subject to submit to God. To discover His will, he spends days in supplications and humiliations in what concerns the change in his condition, whereto, he says, he has received many invitations. Although he is willing to remain celibate for his parents and people, these invitations, and his inclinations as well, recommend otherwise. He begs the "Smiles of God" and sends errands to Heaven on this score.

On January 23, 1685-6, the suspense overwhelms him.

This Day, with Anguish of Soul, in the Sense of my own Sinfulness, and Filthiness, I cast myself prostrate, on my *Study-floor* with my mouth in the Dust. Here, I lamented unto the Lord, my *Follies*, which might have an Influence to deprive mee of the Blessing which I was now pursuing. I judg'd, I loath'd, I hated myself, because of those *accursed Things* and besought the Forgiveness thereof, thro' the *Blood of the Covenant*. I then begg'd of the Most High, that Hee would, notwithstanding all my Miscarriages, bestow upon mee, a *Companion for my Life*, by whose Prudence, Vertue, good Nature, I might, while I am alive in this World, bee assisted in the Service of my Master, and whose company I might also at length have in the Heaven of Heavens forever. I pleaded that *Marriage* was His Ordinance; and that Hee had promised, no *good Thing* should bee withheld from mee. I said unto

Him; that I *cast* the whole *Burden* of the Care, about this Affayr, upon Him; *Expecting*, that Hee would mercifully divert my *Inclinations*, from this matter, if it would prove *displeasing* to Him, or *Disadvantageous* to myself; *entreating*, that if it may bee left for mee to proceed Hee would please to direct my *Choice*, and all my *Steps*, and overrule the Hearts of my Friends, and of *Her* unto whom I may make my Addresses, to favour what I prosecute: and in His due Time, so settle me, as to give mee rich Demonstrations of His loving Kindness; *engaging* herewithal, that I would then more than ever glorify Him, and spend my Time, in making of blessed *Matches* between the Son of God, and the Souls of Men.

A few days later, on his twenty-third birthday, the wonderful Providence of God, in answer to his many prayers, directs him to pay one of his first visits to a young gentlewoman, Abigail Phillips, the daughter of worthy, pious and credible parents. "I propounded unto myself," he writes, "the Methods, the divine and sacred *Methods*, wherein the glorious Lord Jesus Christ, engaged our immortal Souls unto Himself; and I studied how to make my Addresses unto my Friend analogous unto *those*. But alas, *wherewithal shall a young Man cleanse his Way?*"

During the next few months scarcely a day passes without prayers to purge his heart so thoroughly of unholiness that good success would come of the affair. "And, I beleeve, never any sinful Man, saw more sensible *Answers to Prayer*, than poor I did, in this matter." At such times as his sins break out anew, the Lord quickly comes to his rescue. Confessing that they make him worthy to be left "unto the sorest, vilest, blackest Blemishes" in his reputation, the Lord gloriously assures him that He will honor and elevate him.

At last the happy day arrives. On May 4, 1686, he marries, and the good providence of God causes his wedding to be attended with many circumstances of respect and honor, "above most that have ever been in these parts of the

World." In the morning, while he is secretly at prayer before the Lord, He fills his soul with celestial and unutterable satisfactions, flowing from the sealed assurances of His love for him. His heart is particularly melted into tears upon further assurances that in his married state He has reserves of rich and great blessings for him. In the afternoon, with a few leisure moments just before the arrival of the neighboring ministers and other notable guests for the ceremony, he carries his Bible into the garden of his fiancée's house, and there picks out the story of the wedding in the second chapter of John to fetch for himself one observation and one supplication out of every verse. He receives still further assurances, meanwhile, that he is blessed and will be blessed forever.

II

For the next fifteen years we must search in vain for details of Mather's marital life other than what concern the births and deaths of his children, both of which we feel are unfortunately too frequent. A typical entry is that of December 13, 1700: "My Consort fell into her Travail. It was in the day Time, and in a temperate and moderate Season. All the Circumstances of her Condition were ordered in very Faithfulness. The Lord gave her a good Time; and enriched us with the Birth of another Son, about four a clock in the Afternoon; a lovely and lusty Infant."

The year 1702 proves to be one of severe tribulation. His wife, who in May miscarried a son, became seriously ill, each partial recovery followed by a worse relapse. Mather becomes deeply concerned, but, more than her condition, what concerns him is the test which her illness affords to his "Particular Faith," which if sufficiently well grounded will cure her. Toward the end of June she is worse. We read:

On the Friday, my Consort's Illness grew still (if it could be,) full of more uneasy Symptoms. I saw no Likelihood of any

other than Death after all. But Lord! how aggravated a Calamity must be her Death, if such a Sting, as the Disappointment of my *Particular Faith*, must be added unto it!

And a month later: "I retired into my Bed-chamber, and spent good Part of the Night, prostrate on the Floor, (with so little of Garment on as to render my lying there painful to my tender Bones), crying to God for the Life of my poor Consort." And still again: "I am kept up all Night, that I may see her dy, and therewith see the terrible Death of my Prayer and Faith."

He must needs have the patience of Job as God heaps new trials upon him. While his wife lingers on, month after month, several of his children contract smallpox, and he converts his study into a hospital for his "little Folks." As usual, a supernatural element is involved. "God sanctified this," he explains, "to humble me, for my not serving Him as I should have done in my Study; which provokes Him to chase me out of it."

For six months, from June through most of November, as he has steadfastly renewed his visits to Heaven, his pleadings gradually yielded to a state of resignation in which he consented to the Lord's taking her away. At last, realizing the end is at hand, Mather concentrates upon her entrance into the Kingdom of God. We find him endeavoring to prepare her, by suitable questions and answers, and to arouse her enthusiasm with lively discourses upon the glories of Heaven. Upon the last day of her life (December 1, 1702), in response to his asking her to tell him faithfully what defects in him she has seen which should be rectified, she replies much to his surprise, that there are none. Two hours before her death, he kneels at her bedside, takes her hand, solemnly and sincerely gives her up to the Lord, puts her hand back, and resolves never to touch it again. Previously, when he was out of the room, she called to him continually and he came to her, but upon her sealing this act of resignation, she refrains from asking for him again.

One day, later in December, he writes of his reflections upon the dispensations of Heaven. Wondering if there has been a rebuff to his particular faith, he seeks for reassurances that the death of his wife, after all, was for the best. He recalls that he cheerfully went through all the fatigues arising from her illness with all possible tenderness; nevertheless, if she had recovered a little more, his health would have been destroyed and his children's education would have suffered. But of more importance, she had a melancholy temperament and "there were some dreadful Changes on her Father's Family." These changes turn out to be the capture of her youngest brother by the French, in whom he had an interest of some hundreds of pounds, the death of her second brother, her favorite, and the disgraceful condition of her eldest brother, who "proves an idle, profane, drunken, and sottish Fellow, and a Disgrace to all his Relatives." All these catastrophes, Mather feels, would have brought such a disorder of mind upon her as to render his condition insupportable. So, after all, we take it, God knew best. Shortly previous to this comforting revery, he published his funeral sermon with various discourses upon the deaths of some of his children, and "scattered them among the People of God." The general title is: *Meat out of the Eater; or Funeral-Discourses, occasioned by the Death of several Relatives.*

Sad and dreary, indeed, are these days. Not a week passes without at least one day set apart for prayer and fasting, at which times, as is customary with him, he cries to the Lord from the dust. "Before the late weeks of my Life," he writes, "I had rarely known any Tears, except those that were for the Joy of the Salvation of God. But now, scarce a Day passes me without a Flood of Tears, and my Eyes even decay with weeping." But we read on: "One Day, considering how frequently and foolishly Widowers miscarry, and by their Miscarriage dishonor God. I earnestly with Tears be-

sought the Lord, *that he would please to favour me, so far as to kill me, rather than to leave me unto anything that might bring any remarkable Dishonour unto His Holy Name.* (Within a few Minutes, I found myself grow very ill; I thought myself arrested with an high Feavour; I suspected, that the Lord was going to take me at my own Word. But now, I perceived it was nothing but *Vapours.*)”

III

Mather's wife has not been dead three months when an astonishing trial begins. He regards it as a Satanic snare to induce him to commit acts which will culminate in the remarkable dishonor he fears. He is now forty years old. A girl not much more than twenty, “a very aiery Person,” whose reputation is not all it should be, first writes to him, then visits him, and finally begs him to marry her. She insists that her eternal salvation is at stake. His description of his habits as continual fasts, tears, and macerating devotions serves only to fortify her desire. Fearful that her proposal will meet with unsurmountable objections from all those who have an interest in him, he decides that if he cannot make her his own, he will at least be instrumental in giving her to the Lord. “I turned my Discourse, and my Design into that Channel”; he relates, “and with as exquisite Artifice as I could use, I made my Essayes to engage her young Soul into Piety.” But the young lady wants to belong to him as well as to the Lord, and so ingeniously does she renew her importunities that her courtship becomes his “special soul-harassing Point.” His fasts, vigils, and humiliations follow one another rapidly as he, in great distress, searches for the proper course to steer. He wonders what Jesus, Himself, would do in a like situation. No woman in America has a more polite education, he feels, besides which she is one of rare wit and sense, and of a comely aspect. What should he do? With fervency, agony, and floods of

tears he cries to the Lord that she may belong to him. And yet, in his calmer moments he realizes the impossibility of a speedy recovery of her good name. Furthermore, his relatives treat him with “unsupportable Strangeness and Harshness,” and the devil, owing him a spite, inspires the townspeople to criticize, gossip, and whisper impertinent stories about him. “I am a most miserable Man,” he bewails.

Convinced at last that Satan is trying to entangle him in a match which would prove ruinous to his family and his ministry, and infallibly certain that the Lord, far from wholly casting him off, still intends to use him as a chosen vessel, he decides to reject her and writes her mother to that effect. “I struck my Knife, into the Heart of my Sacrifice,” he writes later. Although his guilty conscience is appeased by this decision, a sense of loss and futility envelop him. His carnal desires, now thwarted, insinuate themselves into him in the guise of Satanic malice. He laments, “Was ever man more tempted, than the miserable *Mather!* Should I tell, in how many Forms the Divil has assaulted me, and with what Subtilty and Energy, his Assaults have been carried on, it would strike my Friends with Horrour.” So violent are the assaults that the very foundations of his religion shake. “Sometimes, Temptations to *Impurities*”; he continues, “and sometimes to Blasphemy, and Atheism, and the Abandonment of all Religion, as a meer Delusion; and sometimes, to self-Destruction itself. These, even these, O miserable *Mather*, do follow thee, with an astonishing Fury.” But at such times, as we by now anticipate, he drops into the ever-present dust of his study and soon all is well.

An “unspotted Widowhood” is the condition that Mather would now prefer. His father and friends, however, feel otherwise, and press upon him a more suitable return to the married state. For the time being, with his temptations largely shunted into religious channels,

he is subject to the most astonishing dispensations of Heaven showered upon him—"one of the greatest Sinners, upon Earth." Prayers, fasts, humiliations, resignations, and supplications form a big part of his daily life. Ecstatic raptures exhaust his spirits, make him weak and sick, and force him to withdraw from them lest he swoon. "Oh! what is my God going to do with me!" he cries. "Is this the Issue of the dreadful Temptations which have been upon me! My God, I am astonished! I am astonished!"

He soon discovers what boon is in store for him. In July, 1703, God shows him "a Gentlewoman of Piety and Probity," and what is of utmost importance, of unspotted reputation. She is a widow, Elizabeth Hubbard, honorably descended and related, known for her wit, sense, sweetness of temper, and discretion in ordering a household. A comely person she is, in whom he claimed—his son Samuel later related—to have great spoil. The rejected young lady, upon hearing of this new affair, falls into a rage, and threatening to be a thorn in his side, contrives all possible ways to vex, affront, and disgrace him and thereby to thwart his plans. In this predicament Mather carries her to the Lord so successfully that in a few days she sends a promise not to molest him further. So the conversations with the lovely person to whom God has directed him "go on, with pure, chaste, noble Strokes." The universal satisfaction of the people of God in town and country "perfectly amazes" him.

Their marriage, consummated August 18, 1703, brings to pass another long hiatus in the available records of Mather's domestic affairs. One meager entry in his diary states that it would be to his wife's advantage to take copious notes on the sermons she hears, a common and expected practice of that day. Toward the end of 1713 she dies, her death followed shortly by those of his servant and three children.

In March, 1714-5, we find him court-

ing Lydia Lee, another widow, whose husband died four months previously. Only by means of a helpful intermediary does Mather finally win and wed her in July of that year. A scandal had begun to brew, and she had peremptorily forbidden him to write or speak of marriage.

Mather, now at the age of fifty-two, enters upon his third marriage, which develops, for his wife and himself, into stark tragedy. Scarcely is the ceremony over when he becomes gravely concerned over her mental condition. For some years, as he records later, she has suffered grievous outbreakings of her proud passions. Unable to recall one impatient word of his, she has fallen into a rapid succession of violent paroxysms in the course of which she has insulted him with the basest outrages. Mather feared she was either possessed or insane. Barrett Wendell in his *Cotton Mather* regarded her as mad. The evidence, of course, is entirely one-sided, and I doubt if more should be deduced from it than that she suffered from a rather acute psychosis brought on by her unsuccessful effort to transfer her sexual vitality into a religious fervor conforming to that of her husband's. If the frustration of her normal impulses did unbalance her mind to such a degree that it should be regarded as insanity, her misfortune was far from unique among the early New Englanders.

She specifically expresses a venom against his "reserved Memorials, of Experiences in, and Projections for, the Kingdome of GOD." These papers, consisting of contrivances for the better ordering of his walk with God, she finds in "her indecent Romaging" and refuses to restore. "Her base Carriage to me," he resolves, "makes me only write more than else I should have done: and will quicken, yea, mightily augment, my Fruitfulness in the little Remainder of my Pilgrimage."

One of his methods in attempting to overcome her outbursts is to read a chapter to her every morning from such

a book as *Verus Christianismus*. At night, also, he suggests comforting subjects. He records: "Accustoming myself alwayes to fall asleep with a Meditation on some Text, that has in it something of my SAVIOR, I do now, while I am undressing, mention the Text of the Night in the Hearing of my Consort, (and of my Servant, if attending,) with some Thought upon it, that may be worthy to be remembered."

His wife's rages, each followed by a period of serenity in which she exhibits the most ecstatic love for him, become progressively more severe. Fearful lest she should read his reactions which he enters into his diary, he hits upon the expedient of writing them in Latin. A translation of one of them, for July 28, 1724, follows:

My most unhappy Wife, obsessed and inspired by the Adversary in an extraordinary Manner, has now fallen again into her accustomed Paroxysms and Furies so frequently and with such unwonted Violence, and has reached such a pitch of Madness, that it seems to threaten Ruin to my Ministry and Family. Indeed it has come to a crisis. And if God the Redeemer does not stretch out His Hand to me and lift me from these Waters, I perish, I am overwhelmed, all is over. In the midst of such Woes and Anxieties, whither shall I Turn, except to Thee, O Merciful God, O Christ my Redeemer and everlasting Comforter.

A few nights later such pangs come upon her as to seem to Mather nothing short of a proper Satanic possession. After a thousand unspeakable invectives, he relates, compelling him to rise at midnight and retire to his study where he might pour out his soul to the Lord, she gets up, and calling her "wicked Niece and Maid," they go over to a neighbor's house for a lodging. "Doubtless with numberless Lies, which a Tongue sett on Fire of Hell, would make no Conscience of." She gives as her reason that for a day or two his looks and words have not been so kind as they had been. "A mere Fancy and Whim-

sey! But the bare telling her so, threw her into these Violences, wherein she charged me with Crimes, which obliged me to rebuke her lying Tongue, with Terms I have not been used unto." Although she returns, he resolves no longer to dote as he has done upon a person who treats him "with such a matchless Ingratitude, and Malignity."

And so matters remained until his death, February 13, 1727-8, the day after his sixty-fifth birthday. His wife and two of his fifteen children survived him.

Easy as it would be to characterize Cotton Mather as a ranting moralizer or, as he has been called, a credulous old fool, it would be neither sound nor just to pluck him ruthlessly out of his surroundings and to dissect him in the light of our own times. Needless to say, many of us, supposedly sensible, will be regarded as worse than foolish in considerably less than two centuries. In projecting ourselves into his environment, however, I do not for one second intend to exculpate him for his attitude toward women. Idiotic by our standards, many of his contemporaries either snickered at his heavenly ways or openly berated his stereotyped persuasions. Vital to the New England of 1630, the beliefs to which he adhered were, if not evaporating altogether, congealing gradually into a formal tradition. The liberal element, augmented by each new generation, had in the course of his life definitely broken the back of the old theocracy. Mather, not only aware of the principles of other times and other peoples, both recognized and deplored the transition about him. Granting free will, he could have chosen allegiance to this progressive element, and in so doing he could have, if he had wished, reacted more humanly in his marital relationships. But early in life bound by his inherent and inherited prejudices, he remained to the end orthodox and loyal to the convictions which inspired and controlled the founding of New England.



FORMULA

A STORY

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS

"**I** LONG to be bound—in chains of love," sang Mr. Tuxbury at the piano and, leaning over, he echoed his voice on the keyboard with a burst of glittering arpeggios. He gazed at the ceiling. "I long to be bound—" he began again as if it were quite a new idea.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish smiled at his back sympathetically from the sofa. "Do you indeed? How very interesting," her round childish face and raised eyebrows seemed to express. For Mrs. Duncan-Mellish was always intensely and amiably interested in everything. Any idea that happened to come within the radius of her mind, whether it was a preference for salt to sugar on canteloup or a theory of evolution, she absorbed eagerly and with the impartiality of a vacuum cleaner.

Nicholas Dowling sat slouched in his chair, his elbows on its arms. He was thoughtfully biting both thumbs of his loosely clasped hands, and the smoke from a cigarette held between his fingers rose in a perpetual, gently wavering line of gray. So obviously is he the hero of this picture, thought Helena, that it seems rather a pity that I have provided no heroine for him. To Nicholas, Helena was well aware, such people as Mrs. Duncan-Mellish and Mr. Tuxbury were completely unimportant—merely the necessary but dark and inconspicuous threads that held the fabric of society together so that such as he might weave a pattern on it. Even Eudora, though assuredly of the heroine age, he had politely but persistently ignored after his

first sight of her the day before at the station in her elaborate, flower-trimmed hat, her long brown coat, hanging from her shoulders like a little girl's coat, with all the buttons buttoned, and her shoes that were neither determinedly masculine nor exquisitely feminine but just a pair of shoes.

And now Eudora, with her big slippered feet crossed under her chair, was listening to Mr. Tuxbury's efforts with the grave expression of responsibility on her face appropriate to a critic whose frank opinion will soon be demanded. Just like that, Helena reflected, Shakespeare might have looked if someone could have read Harold Bell Wright to him. She was, however, plainly trying to give the devil his due, and certainly Mr. Tuxbury was the very devil of a singer. And, since Eudora, as far as singing went, was undoubtedly recorded among the angels, what small due the devil might receive couldn't matter to her.

What is it, pondered Helena, what is that indefinable something that sorts us out, that puts such people as Mrs. Duncan-Mellish and Eudora in a separate basket from Nicholas and—yes, and me? We use an entirely different formula for life. That must be the reason. That is why we cover with a light glaze of irony everything that they treat with deadly seriousness and they think the merest nonsense all that is important to us. We toss things about; they clutch them. We don't even use the same vocabulary. They say perfumery; we say perfume. We say stockings; they, my God, say

hosiery! Hosiery, authoress, underwear, artistic—they were perfectly good words, why did they make her shiver? Do our words make them shiver, she wondered. No, they shivered often enough, but it was not the sound but the meaning of words that made them do it.

"For I am weary—for I am weary of freedom," announced Mr. Tuxbury melodiously.

Helena raised her head and looked out into the night, hanging like a curtain of black velvet behind the big arched windows. What a silly statement, she thought, for even a song to make. There was nothing so delicious, so permanently intoxicating as freedom. Anyone who had lived for a week with a retired general would realize that; and she had lived with one for fifteen years! Poor old General! How he would have disapproved of bland, roly poly Mr. Tuxbury with the black ribbon dangling from his monocle, who called her "Princess"; how he would have roared at the idea of her sending Eudora's voice and Eudora, necessarily, with it to Europe.

"In chains of lo—" Mr. Tuxbury's voice, in obvious conclusion, seemed loath to leave the word love. It wandered about in it from note to note, ever growing in strength. Finally, when Mr. Tuxbury's lungs could do no more, he snapped it short and with a final chord turned round on the piano stool, beaming, though somewhat out of breath.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish will say "charming," predicted Helena.

"Charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, discreetly clapping her hands.

Helena rose and walked down the long room to the piano. She felt delightfully happy for no reason at all. Her dress was a mischievous parody on the clothes worn by the ladies of the sixties. It billowed from her round waist in extravagant silver folds, and she looked, she knew, like a gay little bell. She could almost hear herself tinkle as she walked.

"Thank you so very much, Mr.

Tuxbury. Your accompaniment was marvelous—too," she added hastily.

"Oh, Princess," lisped Mr. Tuxbury, "that, I fear, is my role in life—to accompany, to try to play as well as I can the second part." He sighed, then beamed up at her, swinging back and forth on the piano stool.

"How sweet!" murmured Mrs. Duncan-Mellish.

"Your middle register," announced Eudora portentously, "is very good but I think—"

"There is nothing the matter with any of his registers that I can see," Helena interrupted with indignation. Really, it was too absurd! She simply would not have Eudora, whose knowledge was so far merely intuitive and whose superiority was more a matter of physiology than anything else, patronizing poor Mr. Tuxbury's registers.

"Perhaps not," continued Eudora, patiently, "I merely wanted to suggest that he might find it easier if he did it in a lower key, like this—" She sang the first bars of the song softly, and immediately it became quite a different thing, as if an artist, with broad, careless strokes, had gone over a faint and timid drawing and made it leap suddenly into significance.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish's eagerness, for the moment somewhat deflated, instantly ballooned out again toward Eudora. "Are *you* a singer, dear Miss Thompson? How interesting!" And Eudora smiled depreciatingly, a smile that implied a certain weary contempt for Mrs. Duncan-Mellish's ignorance as well as a good-natured forgiveness of it.

"I warble a little," she admitted.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish glanced about her mysteriously and brightly, then, as if on an irresistible impulse, she rose, dropping her lorgnettes, her shawl, and her bag. Nicholas Dowling sprang to them at once. For, true to his ideal of a gentleman, no matter what else he might do, though he might completely ignore a woman, make her feel ridiculous and utterly unworthy of his interest, at least

she could always rest assured that she need never stoop to pick up any object of hers that had fallen to the floor.

"Do you think," whispered Mrs. Duncan-Mellish in Helena's ear, "that she could be persuaded to give us one—just one tiny little song? Do ask her, Helena."

"None of them are very tiny," Helena replied. Eudora, with eyes carefully averted, appeared to be interested in nothing but the pattern of the lamp shade at her elbow. "Will you, Eudora?"

Eudora turned from the lamp shade, smiled and blinked her eyes. Her face expressed a mild bewilderment.

"Sing, dearest, sing," said Helena. "You ought to know by this time that when anyone says, 'will you?' to you, they mean will you sing."

"Well—if it would give you any pleasure," replied Eudora reluctantly.

"It would. It would indeed!" chimed Mrs. Duncan-Mellish.

"Would it give you any pleasure, Nick?" asked Helena.

"I'd be delighted, of course."

"Would it give you any pleasure, Mr. Tuxbury?"

Mr. Tuxbury bowed. "Princess, in me you see one who has managed to retain a childlike faith. I am always certain before I hear any singing that it will give me pleasure."

"There!" cried Helena triumphantly, leading Eudora to the piano. "Who could say more than that?"

Eudora shuffled her music, frowning at the titles. "Are you familiar with this?" she asked, handing it to Helena.

"*Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt*," she read. "You who know only longing. That sounds wonderful."

"I don't play my accompaniments," said Eudora. "Would you mind, Mr. Tuxbury?"

With alacrity, Mr. Tuxbury took his place at the piano again, and Eudora leaned over his shoulder explaining in a low tone what she wished of him.

"After this—this singing is over, come for a walk with me, won't you, Helena?" said Nicholas. "There's a moon."

Helena laughed. "After this—this singing is over you may not want me to. Besides, I can't possibly make plans so far ahead."

And then, after a few preliminary chords from Mr. Tuxbury, Eudora's voice filled the room. It was clear-colored and firm and it had the smooth concentrated power of a swift-moving volume of water before it falls and bursts into foam. Always round, always absolutely intact, it swelled from the merest skein of sound to a thick columnlike power, diminishing again and increasing with the perfect control of a wave in midocean. It seemed incredible that Eudora, in her fussy dress of mustard-yellow, trimmed ludicrously with blue, could be the instrument of such calm, unpolluted loveliness. What a pity, thought Helena, watching her, that her chin has to wobble like that as she flings out those large beautiful notes, and if only she wouldn't close her eyes and clasp her hands in front of her and lay them on her heart! Of course, to Eudora such attitudes were quite as important as the music, and certainly singing was seldom becoming to anyone. Fortunately Nicholas didn't notice it. After his first startled look of surprise at the beauty of Eudora's voice, he had turned round and was leaning with his hands on the mantelpiece looking into the fire. How well he understood longing, the desire of the moth for the star sort of thing, since he had always had everything that he wanted on earth. This was telling him of something beyond that, of a thirst for thirst, a longing for a hunger that couldn't be satisfied and so would never have behind it, as had his other inclinations, too easily satisfied, something of the clutter and confusion of emptied tea cups.

Helena could see that he was now discovering Eudora, ignoring the fact that she had already discovered her first, and taking as much satisfaction in it as if he were director of an opera house. After this Eudora's platitudes and her heavy "society girl" airs that were so obviously

synthetic would not matter to him. He would ignore all that as he would dust on a piece of sculpture and look upon her with the reverence and awe that educated sons of blatantly practical self-made men always feel toward the mysterious followers of art.

Lucky Eudora, to have been lifted, dangling, by the balloon of her voice, into Nicholas Dowling's esteem!

On a cluster of notes, vibrant, darkly tragic, like the music of a cello, the song melted away and Eudora, after a moment as if released by a spring, became all smiles in anticipation of the inevitable complimentary remarks.

"Good heavens," cried Mr. Tuxbury, "that almost bowled me over! Princess, you naughty Princess, why didn't you tell us what we had in our midst?"

"Did you like it?" asked Eudora, smiling sweetly at him and endeavoring as far as possible to be obtusely modest.

"I liked it very much," said Mr. Tuxbury with a sigh, and he mopped his high forehead with his handkerchief.

"It was perfectly charming," cooed Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, discreetly clapping her hands again. She was a little uncertain. If Eudora had been an acknowledged prima donna, her enthusiasm would have been unbounded, no matter what she had done. For Mrs. Duncan-Mellish was not at all a pioneer. She preferred to travel in the rear and wave aloft reputations long after the pioneers had dropped them. And without that tremendous rear guard, to whom reputation means more than accomplishment, how all artists a little past their prime would suffer!

"That," said Helena, "is what I call singing. What do you call it, Nick?"

"I call it a revelation," he answered somberly. He walked to Eudora and stood looking down at her to her evident embarrassment. "Your voice is glorious," he said at last.

"I'm awfully glad you liked it," she answered effusively.

"Tell me," he went on, as if it were of the utmost importance for him of all

people to know, "when did you begin? Have you always sung, even as a child?"

And Eudora told him at length and in great detail. She had sung in the choir of a church in the little western town where she was born. The choir master had taken a tremendous interest in her from the first—purely platonic, of course. She had come to New York. Her heart-breaking struggles alone in a great city . . .

A little early for all this, reflected Helena. Still, as the time will come when it will be useful to her and she will perhaps have to write it for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, she might as well know how to go through the motions.

"Dear Mr. Tuxbury, come, sit beside me," called Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, patting an adjoining chair. "You can't hear what Miss Thompson is saying. It's frightfully interesting."

"I refuse to leave the piano stool," announced Mr. Tuxbury, clutching it wildly with both hands. "Must we descend to talk after tasting the food of the gods?"

"Food of the gods?" inquired Mrs. Duncan-Mellish.

"Music." He held out a plump hand to Eudora. "Dear lady, lift us to the heights again."

"Yes, do," pleaded Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, meaning not at all that; "some sweet amusing little thing this time. Do you know the one about the cuckoo who sings, 'I am my father's only son?' That's always charming."

"Oh, yes," said Eudora, "but unfortunately, I didn't bring it with me. I have one here. It's called 'The Birdie's Ball.' It's rather funny." She turned over the music at the end of the piano.

"'The Birdie's Ball'! Good heavens!" Nicholas at the fireplace again, savagely scratched a match, then blew it out. "Why does she play up to her like that?" he whispered fiercely. "Why doesn't she tell her where to get off?"

"She isn't playing up to her," Helena whispered back.

She rose swiftly and with determina-

tion took "The Birdie's Ball" out of Eudora's hands. "No, not that. Rachmaninoff's 'Silent Night,' please. See, the night is outside and it's awfully silent. We'll all go to the terrace and listen." She found the music and put it before Mr. Tuxbury.

"What a feeling you have for dramatic effect, Princess." His fingers still played softly as he looked up at her with one eye enlarged and gleaming through his monocle.

"Haven't I, though—or rather, I like to see things go up as far as they can before they are knocked down." She glanced over her shoulder at the fireplace.

"You have become," he said, "enigmatic. You are suddenly cryptic, Bellissima."

She laughed. "Don't you know what I mean?"

"I only know," he said in a low voice, under the sound of four deep chords, "that I adore you."

"Mr. Tuxbury, that's exactly the kind of ignorance that I like." She threw open the long French windows. "Come."

The paved terrace, bordered by a low stone wall, hung above the little lake that gleamed far below in the moonlight. The trees were a tumbled mass of black shadows everywhere, sloping steeply down from the wall, clotting the hills, and surrounding the lake. The smooth dark-blue sky was misted and jeweled with stars.

"Oh," sighed Helena softly, stretching out her bare arms. It was difficult to realize, even now, that all this belonged to her.

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish, wrapped in a shawl, appeared at the lighted window. "How charming!" she exclaimed. "You have shown quite remarkable good taste here, Helena."

"Thank you so much," Helena said as she brought her a chair. "Though I can hardly take any credit for this, can I?"

"It was done," said Nicholas, "by the

great exterior decorator." And he seated himself on the wall with his back to a pot of hydrangeas.

"Really. How interesting," exclaimed Mrs. Duncan-Mellish. "Please don't fall off that wall, Mr. Dowling."

"No, don't, Nick," said Helena, "not just now. I feel that you wouldn't stop until you had landed in the lake and you would miss the song."

"I'm all right," said Nicholas shortly.

"That sweet lake," Mrs. Duncan-Mellish murmured. "Do you ever swim in it? My husband is such a good swimmer. He can stay under water literally for hours. You would hardly think it possible that a man of his size —" But a ripple of music from the drawing-room interrupted her. She nodded eagerly to Helena as if to say, "Never mind. It's all right. I'll tell you about it later."

And now there floated about them in the darkness, like long fading trails of light, a song that fell on the consciousness of Mrs. Duncan-Mellish with as complete a lack of response as the rains of spring on the brittle stalks of last year's grasses. It had, in fact, almost as little effect on Helena, that dark and tragic cry of longing—longing—for what? Merely for another human being who never could be possibly worth such utter self-abasement and concentration. How weary it made her now, even to think of love and its terrible exaggerations, weary and faintly disgusted. "And I thank goodness," she thought, as she lay back with her hands behind her head and looked at Nicholas Dowling's shadow, confused in the shadows of hydrangeas, "though goodness has nothing to do with it—that it does."

But she understood very well that the song was turning to poetry the emotions of Nicholas and voicing for him the nearness of something inexpressibly wonderful. "Far into the night I call your name that all the night may hear." Whose name was he thinking of? It was probably as yet a sort of combination name. Even Eudora might be in it; not

the real Eudora but the girl that her voice with the help of Rachmaninoff made him think she was. She hoped that Eudora would not stay in it long enough to find out she was there.

The closing bars of the song hung on the air and then, after a moment of silence, Mr. Tuxbury appeared, leading Eudora by the finger tips. He bowed elaborately to her, to the terrace. Eudora too bowed, playfully and clumsily.

"Where is the applause?" he cried, "that should clatter about us like rain from a burst cloud? Where, oh where?"

"Clown!" came an explosive whisper from the hydrangeas.

The raw mustard of Eudora's dress was now mercifully dimmed by the moonlight to a soft grayish gold, and the bulbous knobs of her dark hair melted into the surrounding darkness so that her pale face with its strong black eyebrows stood out in contrast as if it were banded by the becoming coif of a nun.

"I hope that you won't feel the night air out here, dear Miss Thompson," said Mrs. Duncan-Mellish with tender solicitude. "We must think of that precious throat of yours."

"That's true," answered Eudora. "Perhaps I had better have my scarf. Will you get it for me, Mr. Tuxbury? Though I find," she added, "that if I gargle every night with salt and water, it keeps my throat in good condition and guards against every possible infection."

Mrs. Duncan-Mellish's interest was immediately aroused. This, somehow, was like going behind the scenes in a theater. Salt and water, think of that! Just the simple home remedy of our grandmothers. She turned to Helena. She had a prescription given her by her doctor. It was mildly antiseptic. Did Helena think that Miss Thompson would care to—

Nicholas leaned forward. "Let's go down and take a look at the lake," he said to Eudora in a low voice.

"Why, that would be perfectly lovely!" Eudora exclaimed loudly. She

wrapped the scarf twice about her neck and looked thereby more nunlike than ever. "Mr. Dowling suggests that we walk down to the lake. Would any of you care to join us?"

"No, thank you," said Helena, "we like the lake better from here." Anxiously, she watched them disappear down the broad stone steps. She really ought to have gone with them, but was anything worth that trouble and the ruination of her slippers? No, assuredly, nothing was, not even Nicholas Dowling. With a sigh, she leaned back again and smiled into Mr. Tuxbury's glittering monocle.

Helena, in a negligée of dull corn-colored silk, sat before her dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror. What had been the General's characteristic definition of women? That they were "semi-corpses covered with paint." Oh, all right. Determinedly she reached for a little box of blue and silver enamel, and dabbed rouge on her cheeks.

Behind her, away from the shaded light over her dressing table, her room stretched, cool, shadowy, luxurious. Nothing superfluous was there, no confusion or ornamentation to distract and irritate. Cool gray, with straight determined touches of lime green, it was as calm and to the point as a well-ordered mind—the very antithesis of the room that she had shared with the General for so many years. That one had been red with chocolate-colored woodwork. Heavy red curtains had draped the windows and a round table, always covered with a tan cloth, had stood in the middle of it with the General's Morris chair beside it. There had been innumerable figures of Buddha, big Buddhas, and little Buddhas, squatting on the mantelpiece, their fat backs reflected in the mirror. The General had collected them and, apparently, never saw any incongruity between his own perpetual state of heated indignation and their sleepy, slant-eyed complacency.

She had kept three or four of the most cheerful ones and now she blew a kiss at them as she got into bed.

Beside her, on the table, was a book that had been a favorite of the General's, *Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy*, and, after lighting the light over her head, she began to turn over its pages. She hadn't the slightest idea who the Cartesians might be but it amused her to see how the General had attempted to bark at them with a heavy lead pencil.

"If we are content to regard a cause as that which always precedes an effect, then only a mind that is united to a body can cause anything; and, in this union, matter has as much influence on mind as mind on matter." *Bunk*, the General had written on the margin of this in large black letters, followed by three exclamation points.

But the Cartesians went on, calmly ignoring him, "Such casual interaction of soul and body is *conclusively proved* and the denial of it is an instance to what arbitrary denial of the most evident facts the pretense of comprehending casual connection will lead us." *Ha, ha!* laughed the General at this, sardonically at the bottom of the page. But it really was, after all, quite wonderfully profound of him to have understood it. Helena felt a faint return of her old respect for the General's mind.

Suddenly, there was a loud and determined knock on her door, not at all the tentative knock that one might expect at one o'clock in the morning.

"Come in," she called.

Eudora appeared, in her dressing gown and a boudoir cap. "Oh, you are not asleep!" she exclaimed.

"I don't think so," said Helena.

Eudora closed the door behind her with solemnity and crossed to the bed. She seated herself on Helena's left foot.

"Do take that arm chair," suggested Helena. "You will be more comfortable."

With an air of being only annoyed by such details, Eudora drew up the chair and sat down in it. Her dressing gown,

Helena noticed with interest, was covered with little black kittens on a pink ground. Along Eudora's shoulders, down her chest, over her knees, the kittens playfully sported, chasing their tails, tumbling out of baskets, sparring at one another in boxing gloves. At the hem there was a pathetic welter of bodyless tails and decapitated heads.

"I had to come here to-night to talk things over with you," she said. "You must tell me," she went on after a pause, "what to do with my life."

"My dear Eudora," gasped Helena.

"I have come to a crisis," Eudora continued, "the parting of the ways."

"But I don't know what you mean. What on earth can you do with your life but live it?"

Eudora was silent, pleating the kittens nervously on her knee. A crisis—people like Eudora were always being confronted by crises that wouldn't matter at all to anyone else. And how they enjoyed them, how they revelled in the appearance of Something Important to talk over instead of the pointless conversations of every day!

"I know you don't understand, Helena, and I'll tell you in a minute, but I am a little unstrung to-night so you must be patient with me. I am trying to decide whether to give up my career and all it means to me or—or to marry Mr. Dowling."

"Marry Mr.—Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No, but . . ." Here Eudora raised her head, her eyes were dark with tragic intensity. She puckered her lips and widened her nostrils. She even seemed to breathe with difficulty. What is she going to say, thought Helena, with alarm. "He—he kissed me."

"Oh."

"So of course he loves me and wants to marry me."

"In the little western town where the church was, and the choir master and everything, does a kiss always mean an engagement?"

"Of course," answered Eudora, with

dignity, "among the right kind of people, people of honor."

Helena looked at her in silence a moment. Poor Nicholas! Yet she was very much annoyed with him just the same. He might have known that if he interfered with the strong narrow course of Eudora's life he would pile up a crisis on himself.

"I have no mother," Eudora went on, and at the word mother her voice trembled appropriately, "so I have come to you instead."

"Thank you," said Helena, and she made some mental calculations. Yes, she could be, and wasn't it funny to think of it! Ought she to get out of bed and sit in the arm chair with Eudora's head on her knee, and run her fingers through her hair?

"I'll do my best to advise you," she said, "though I'm not very good at it. Anyway, you can console yourself by the thought that if you had a mother, she would be the last person you would go to."

"No, Helena, I have never felt the need of a mother as I do at this moment. Would he," she asked, coming to the point again, "make me a good husband?"

"A good husband—Nicholas? It all depends on what you—He would leave you alone, and that, I think, is the most desirable quality in a husband."

Eudora frowned slightly and waved her hand. "There is this to be considered. You see, I feel that I am, in spite of my genius, essentially a home body. I could find great joy in working for him and bearing him strong healthy children. And isn't that," she demanded earnestly, "the greatest service a woman can give to mankind?"

Strong healthy children. Yes, those were the proper words to use. Eudora's mind was like one of those framed quotations, bordered by flowers, those mild panaceas for the aches of feeble souls, that people hang up in bedrooms. Stalwart sons, beautiful daughters. Eudora, grown placid and matronly, surrounded by her gifts to mankind.

She tried to fit Nicholas into the background of that picture.

"How do you know," she asked at last, "that they would be so healthy?"

Impatiently Eudora clenched her fists. "Be serious, Helena," she said angrily, "for once." She rose and paced up and down the room. "Here I do you the—well, you might call it the honor, to come to you with the most serious question of my life and you—"

She raised her arms in an exasperated gesture to the ceiling and dropped them limply. "Listen," she said, coming to the foot of the bed, "down there by the lake when he—he kissed me, I was ready to give him all I have."

"My word!" exclaimed Helena, sitting up and, for the first time, laying aside her book.

"I mean my career, the fame and wealth that would come to me. I was ready to lay all that at his feet."

"But he wouldn't want them at his feet. The more fame and wealth and things that you had, the better he would like you. You might as well think of giving him a work box."

"But I love Mr.—I love Nicholas with all my heart and soul," she said dramatically, "and when love comes into one's life, Helena, though you may not know it, everything else flies away."

"Oh, for goodness sake, Eudora," said Helena, "don't be so—" Lush was the word, though she didn't say it. She was so awfully lush. "How can you love him with all your heart and soul when you never saw him before yesterday? Besides, has it occurred to you that he might not share this feeling?"

"He does. He does," said Eudora vehemently.

"He took you," Helena went on, "all wrapped in the glamour of your song, to the lake, and you sat there and, I've no doubt, talked about the stars and the mystery of night and things like that, so of course he kissed you. To Nicholas, moonlight and water and a kiss just naturally go together, and they ought to, too."

Eudora drew herself up with dignity. "You are trying to hurt me, Helena. But," she added proudly, "you can't hurt me. I know what he is. On the surface he pretends to be frivolous and flippant the way you are, but down underneath he is noble and fine. I am the only person who really understands him."

"If he told you that," said Helena, "then I was wrong. Marry him."

"He didn't, but I know."

Of course, Nicholas could very well get himself out of this. He could simply refuse. But Helena felt a strange interest in keeping Eudora's pride, so abnormally large and sturdy, intact. If she could manage things so that Eudora might make some sort of a grand renunciation, how she would enjoy it! She would live on it for years. Perhaps—

"Eudora," she said after a pause, "I'm really awfully sleepy. If you will meet me at the boathouse to-morrow at—at half-past four, I'll tell you my opinions about it."

"Oh, you want to think it over?"

Helena nodded. "Yes."

"Very well," she said, "I'll go back to my room. Although I know *I* shan't sleep a wink."

"A wink wouldn't do much good anyway, would it?" said Helena.

She gazed after her as she went out and shut the door. Poor Eudora! Anyway, she decided as she turned out the light, she is right about one thing. Her voice is about all she has and she'd better stick to it.

An awning, striped in orange and black, stretched over the boathouse and under it, Helena and Nicholas sat in brilliant wicker chairs with a tea table between them. At their left was a heavy oak door, leading to the dim place where the boats were kept, and back of them and to their right, were the entrances to the bath houses, cut into the cement walls and hung with curtains of orange denim. Before them the lake gleamed, a sheet of platinum in the afternoon sun.

"Are you glad I asked you to come here, Nicholas?" said Helena, "and do you like your tea and the funny little crumpets?"

"I like them enormously, but why *did* you ask me here?" He stopped stirring his tea and looked at her. "Are you going to scold me?"

"Scold you? Good heavens!" She laughed. "To-day, Nicholas, I am quite a different person. No longer am I the nice woman who would have been such a good friend of your mother's. To-day, you must think me young and beautiful."

"You are," he said, gravely.

"I'm forty-three."

"Forty-three!" he gasped. It was easy to see that he thought of those on the other side of forty as people of that age think of the spirits who have passed to another land. "Are you, honestly?"

"As honestly as possible," she replied. "But it is queer. I feel it myself. You know, Nicholas, that florists sometimes put a plant in the ice chest to keep it back so that it will flower late. The General was my ice chest. So here am I, a lone crocus, blooming among the delphiniums and all the other iniums of August. Funny, isn't it?"

"Every girl ought to be put in an ice chest if that's the result," he said gallantly.

She shivered. "No, ice chests are horrible."

"But you are happy, aren't you?"

"Now I am. I should think so."

"We all ought to be happy," he said, reaching for another crumpet, "only it's so damned difficult." He bit into the crumpet meditatively. "The great thing is, I suppose, to know what you are aiming for and to go to it in a straight line. But you start blindfolded, like children at a donkey party. They turn you round and round to make you dizzy. There are all sorts of distractions from the side lines and then, where do you end? Generally by pinning the tail on a curtain or a corner of the book case."

"Well, what does it matter?" said Helena. "If you pinned it in the right place, someone would only come and take it off again. Nothing is worth bothering about. That's what I think."

"If there were no people in the world," he went on after a silence, "perhaps it would be easier."

"That's not very flattering."

"I mean nobody but you and me."

"Who would give us our breakfast?"

"We might keep a grape-fruit tree."

"And a coffee brook," she added.

"I couldn't do without that."

He lighted a cigarette, then leaned back lazily, with his hands behind his head.

"Listen, Helena," he said after a pause. "'Do you hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore?' Nice, isn't it?"

"Yes, I hear it," she said, "and the two boats rocking with soft bumps in the boathouse make it even nicer." She glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"It's wonderful here with you," he went on. "I feel as if time had stopped, as if nothing would ever happen again."

Suddenly Helena rose and stood looking down at him. "Unfortunately, time hasn't stopped," she said. "In fact the hour has struck."

"What hour?"

"Half-past four."

"Well, let it," he replied.

"But, Nick—I'm really awfully sorry to bother you, but something has got to happen right away."

She looked up and on the bank above saw a glimpse of blue moving through the trees. Of course, Eudora would be prompt. "You must kiss me, Nicholas—quickly," she added breathlessly.

He looked at her a moment with raised eyebrows and stood up. Almost audibly, his good opinion of her as the one woman who could have that sort of thing yet didn't want that sort of thing crashed into a thousand pieces.

"Why quickly?" he asked deliberately.

"Quickly—quickly," she insisted.

He took her left hand in his and

raised it to his lips, smiling. Then, suddenly, she felt herself enveloped in an uncomfortable smother of brown tweed. He raised her chin and kissed her quite beautifully.

"Helena!" boomed out a deep and shocked contralto from the top of the steps.

Guiltily, Helena sprang away from Nicholas' embrace. "Eudora," she stammered, "I—I didn't expect you so soon."

"It's half-past four."

"Is it?" she asked in confusion. "Is it really? We were just—the time passed so quickly. Won't you come down and have a cup of tea?"

"Tea!" repeated Eudora, scornfully, "can you speak of tea at such a time!"

"It is a little early for it," said Helena. She straightened her hat.

Eudora fastened her eyes on Nicholas. She descended the steps slowly and stood in front of him. "I demand an explanation."

"There isn't any," said Helena quickly. "He just likes me. I'm awfully sorry, Eudora, but you mustn't mind—"

"So that," she said furiously to Nicholas, "is what you are! Do you think that a girl like me could have anything to do with you after this?"

"Don't be too hard on him, Eudora," pleaded Helena.

"He doesn't deserve any mercy. I'm through with him." She turned to Helena. "And with you, too. A woman of your age—I scorn you both. What do you know of the big things of life? You merely fritter about like butterflies and trample on people's hearts."

"Eudora, we couldn't fritter and trample at the same time," said Helena.

"You have broken my faith in human nature—in everything," continued Eudora, "and you merely stand there and laugh!"

"I'm not laughing," said Nicholas. "Do sit down and have some tea with us. I'll light the kettle again." He searched in his pockets for matches.

"It doesn't do any good for you to try to win me back by such methods. I'm through with you forever. I'll never see or speak to you again."

"But, Eudora," said Helena, "how can you help seeing him? Are you going away?"

"I *am* going away," replied Eudora, "on the next train."

"I'll go on the next train instead, if you'd rather," Nicholas suggested.

"You may do what you please. I certainly shall shake the dust of this place from my feet." She went up the steps and turned, looking down at them. "Good-by," she threw at them explosively, in a sort of muffled shout through clenched teeth.

"Oh, dear," sighed Helena. She sank into a chair, took off her hat and rumbled her short hair. "It must be awful to be like that."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Nicholas. "She didn't mean that *I* broke all that, did she?"

"She did," said Helena. "And now that she has had an unhappy love affair she will sing even better."

"An unhappy love affair—" repeated Nicholas in bewilderment. "With me?"

"Yes. You and she love each other with all your hearts and souls; didn't you know that? But you proved unworthy of her, so she threw you down, though you pleaded for forgiveness. And then, your heart went to smash too. It does put you in rather an ignominious position."

"Is she going to give up her trip to Europe?"

"She is not," Helena replied decidedly. "I know Eudora."

He sat down and looked at the floor a moment in silence. "Thanks, Helena," he said, "for launching that ship."

She laughed. "You're very welcome, but don't expect a thousand."

"Do you know what I think would be nice," he said suddenly. "I think that, since Miss Eudora Thompson has thrown me over, it would be nice if *you* married me, don't you?"

"No," she answered sharply, "I don't think that would be at all nice."

"But we fritter and trample so delightfully together."

"For goodness sake, Nick, don't be like the leading man in amateur theatricals who falls in love with the amateur leading lady. That was staged, you know."

He leaned back again as before. "Oh, well, 'I shall find some other girl. A better one than you, with lips as soft—'"

"I've no doubt you will." She looked at him with calm eyes. "But after this, Nick, for the love of Mike, use discretion." She picked up her hat. "Now I must go, because if I don't stay with Eudora while she is packing her bags and beg her to take you back, she may decide to forgive you."

"Then," he said, "much as I hate to lose you—"

"You ought to be safe here for a little while. There are no mermaids in the lake."

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed fervently.



FIFTEEN YEARS OUT

BY THOMAS VAN TREES

THE class was in reunion and necessarily was being sentimental about it. Between members fifteen years out there is so much hidden social awkwardness to be broken down, so much diffidence of time, altered circumstances, and temperament that a solvent is required of exceptional warmth and stickiness.

You approach a classmate whom you once knew intimately enough to correspond with during summer vacations. "I suppose you're still practicing law in Omaha?" And you are informed with a slightly reproachful dignity that he has just made—or lost—a fortune promoting Florida real estate. You call a man by the wrong nickname, or hopelessly confuse the identities of two thoroughly separate individuals whom middle age has altered into a slight mutual likeness. Meanwhile, similar things are happening to you.

Suddenly you realize that the situation can be saved only by several drinks of the most powerful Scotch available, by chanting in a mellow unison of throaty tenors and mannerized basses the most moving ballads bequeathed by the romantic campus generations of the '40s and '50s, or by the burlesque antics with which the need for so much sentimentality is futilely disguised. You feel unexpectedly grateful to the fantastic reunion costumes which somehow standardize you out of this sense of separateness backward toward the old relationship.

The class did all these things. With an average age close to forty, it clad itself in uniforms of a superior flamboyance

befitting the last hectic burgeoning of the youthful spirit. It drank constantly and brilliantly the terrific liquors of the Volstead era with superb bootleg-trained competence—so that, walking about outdoors in the bright cool of a North Atlantic June and working it off in talk, song, and determinedly oafish conduct, it attained an almost Latin gayety and less than half a dozen cases of plain Nordic souse. It keened innumerable plaintive melodies expressing an affection for the alma mater which, if it ever existed, ought to be psycho-analyzed, or celebrating a degree of mushiness in male friendships which, if realized, would never be mentioned.

It would veer suddenly into furious rites of irresponsible hilarity: break up a tennis match by pelting the contestants with ice cream cones; make a howling ring about a personage of national importance in his specialty charlestoning on a table with the fervor of a stage Hungarian peasant. It would hire a negro orchestra to lead it into still higher reaches of buffoonery. A chance double-meaning in someone's conversation would be repeated until the whole class roared with an agreeable pornographic hysteria. In the middle of the night a group would form out of nowhere and, arm in arm, invade the quarters of other "reuning" classes with ribald song, purloining on the way from some luckless undergraduate's interior decorating scheme a deer's head on a shield, with which the leader would awaken cheerful hosts by jabbing with the antlers the more grotesque portions of their anatomy.

A rowdy but by no means useless resort to studied infantilism. For this conscious overdoing of horse-play and mawkishness made the real reunion possible. It broke down the restraints of fifteen years of separate living, the embarrassments of renewing an old relationship whose loss of vitality might otherwise have depressed us more than its vestiges stimulated. Even when we had to shout above the jazz orchestra, our absurdities gave us something to begin talking about. And, once begun, it was easier to come round to the things which genuinely concerned us. Stock market and domestic confidences, comparisons of realty values in Savannah and Seattle, gossip of our big successes and failures, expositions of our ideas about women, politics, or religion could emerge with the guards down, once our fooling had overcome our sense of strangeness.

Moreover, the sentimentality and the horse-play were essentially honest. They were a genuine confession of what campus associations stand for in an average group of fairly prosperous Americans approaching middle age and for the most part caught up in their final social and vocational destinies.

We were not pretending that those four years on the campus of one of the oldest, wealthiest, most learned, and socially most glamorous of American universities had brought us more than they had. If all they had given us was a certain half-real sentimental unity, certain common and amusing traditions of horse-play, a capacity to discuss golf championships with well-modulated voices, to solve the riddles of politics and the cosmos with nonchalant platitudes, and to lose—possibly beyond our means—at craps with genial mannerisms, we did not try to persuade either ourselves or observers that the results were otherwise. The truth about ourselves as the fruit of the republic's most lavish and genteel experiment in higher academic education might appear to a sociologist from a superior planet disappointing, wasteful, and even absurd.

But after our fashion we were loyal to it.

II

Originally there were three hundred of us, and the reunion brought more than half of us back. We were, and still are, a fairly representative group.

There was the boy who dropped in casually from a New Hampshire high school with fifty cents in his pocket and saw the whole four years through. There were boys entitled by ancestry and breeding to call the representatives of all nineteenth-century fortunes upstarts. There were also representatives of those fortunes, and there were boys of the social tradition which regards dancing and euchre-playing as sins.

There were sons of coupon-clipping expatriates who first appeared on the campus speaking English with a foreign accent. There were boys from small-town middle-western high schools who took a year to learn that the eastern slurring of the "r" was not an affectation tinged with immorality. The expensive preparatory-school type definitely predominated, but we contained all degrees of social sophistication, and of native intelligence from near-genius down to the occasional near-moron whose presence there represented the sublime triumph of wealth and tutoring ingenuity.

Our four years together levelled these differences, so that the young gentlemen who arrived, figuratively speaking, with poultry feathers in their hair, departed with more than a touch of the superior manner. But the fifteen intervening years have again sharpened the old contrasts and given us new ones. Three men who at graduation stood merely for a rather shapeless amiability to-day represent two already distinguished careers in the pulpit and surgery and one rather tragic failure at unsuitable commercial drudgery. Two notable achievements in finance and the arts belong to men who in campus life were definitely "out of things." There are

men whose popularity and promise we all remember, but who are somehow only successful campus politicians yet. Persons who were hopelessly dull to talk to fifteen years ago to-day make the most stimulating contributions in idea exchanges, while others who were socially charming still trade on the same quality and have grown neither older nor wiser. There are men who have faced tragedy and have either seen it through or been broken by it; others who have faced nothing but a bland security, no more stimulating to the mind than driving a Rolls Royce over a well-paved private road.

Then, what has happened to us, and what is going on in our minds? The answer presumably tells us something real and definite about the mystically extolled "advantages" of the conventional higher education, twentieth-century model, predigested, socially lubricated. After fifteen years the class should stand as a fairly adequate symbol of what this is worth.

For, such as they are, the resources of our civilization's culture were bestowed upon us. For four years all that scholarship could assemble from man's historic aspirations toward knowledge, wisdom, beauty, and full ways of living was ours for the asking, and much of it was presented to us inescapably. Millions had been piled up to provide us with surroundings of urbanity and comfort, with both a physical and an intellectual atmosphere propitious to wholesome gayety, to breadth of thought and self-discovery. In the cheerful informality of our youth, our manners and our social contacts were impressed with the country's best traditions of honorable gentility. By such tokens we were informed several times a year by a gracious and deservedly popular president that we were being fitted to become "leaders of men."

How much of it "took"? How much of it has lasted? After fifteen years what quality of leadership are we prepared to give?

III

Passing from group to group in the less delirious moments, one became aware of the class's immense and resolute separation from the world of ideas. There were exceptions, which will be duly noted, but in general the depths of intellectual concern were sounded in such intimate confidences as these:

"Yes, Burns Brothers' man—old Jackson, you remember—makes Kansas City three or four times a year, and every time he comes I go down and blow myself to half a dozen ties."

"Say, I wonder if he ever makes Louisville. I get tired in that hick village of ours buying ties that look as if they came out of a female department store."

"Whenever we lose a customer—"

"I know. Send him a form sob letter that sounds as personal as a funeral announcement every three months on the date of his last order. Funny how it gets a rise out of 'em."

"Did you ever meet a bird out there in Duluth by the name of Hank Orton?"

"Did I? Best little drinker on our side of Lake Superior. Why just last Thursday night, he and I punished . . ."

"Yes, it always pays to have a good doctor for the kids. We've got about the best in Chicago, I guess. But when Jerry had his tonsils out last winter, gosh, it hurt my bank account worse than it did him."

"Oh, yes! All three of my kids have had their tonsils out, too."

And so on through laborious descriptions of the hazards on far-separated golf courses; through the measured agreement of a pair of sedate textile gentlemen that such and such a firm of cotton brokers were a little lower in the social and moral scale than honest highway robbers; through the plotting of two

once nationally famous athletes in statesmanlike whispers to land that brilliant Hill half-back for us year after next instead of letting the hated rival get him.

One went thus through every angle of almost every other classmate's profoundest personal interests. And in a sense it was good and of genuine concern. One really does care to know what an old friend does to keep his office boy on the job and what his wife's sister thinks of the California climate. If the companionship lasts but four days, even lesser trivialities are endurable. One may encourage him to tell in detail how he cured his nervous dyspepsia and, as a last resort, permit him, without inner rancor, to sketch a verbal floor plan of his new bungalow.

But though among friends the triviality can not offend, one rarely for long escapes it. And what is there in the whole range of such interests which one's classmates could not have gained if their education had stopped with the eighth grade? What is there in their excellent manners and pleasing vocal intonations which the vast majority of them could not have learned in the sort of homes they were born into without ever having been dragged up out of illiteracy at all?

What is there even in the unquestionable prosperity of most of them which is not due more to native shrewdness, social connections, or non-cultural professional training than to any of the wisdom with which the college pretended to supply them? Where in their whole scheme of living does anything enter which the college is supposed to stand for?

On the train coming away it was hard to escape the impression that a fair majority of one's classmates would have done better to omit, not only college, but high school as well. And one was curiously—some classmates would say morbidly—entertained with speculations as to how much more effectively the college might have used its piled up wealth and learning if they had.

IV

Strangely enough, these possibilities were most forcibly suggested in the group that *was* interested in ideas. It was a somewhat surprising medley. Some of its members, to be sure, one remembered from freshman year as afflicted with curiosities which ranged beyond fraternity gossip. Some of these, and some highly unexpected others, have been following for the better part of fifteen years careers in which ideas are the main business—the ministry, university teaching, social service, research, journalism. Others still have managed to evolve and lead lives of the keenest intellectual interest against a background of normal business success—to keep an eye on production costs and salesmanship technic and at the same time, with humor and a developing sense of proportion, see their work in its true setting among the social, economic, political, and artistic forces of their times.

In this group were the class's outstanding successes, and men also who, judged by the conventional standards, had done nothing worth mentioning. There were men whom the chaste slang of eighteen years ago had styled "lemons" and "greasy grinds." Their former sluggish lust to hoard mere rote knowledge had been transformed by the clash with reality, or quite as likely by an inferiority sense based on campus social failure, into a homing instinct for the spacious playing fields of true enlightenment. An athlete or two "belonged" who at graduation might have seemed predestined to the "football mind" world without end. There was even a sprinkling of pinkly suave social leaders, still suave but with a difference.

They were not, to be sure, in a single discoverable instance, keeping up their Latin or re-reading annually their sociology note books, or doing any of the things which pedantic sentimentalists might consider the perfect fruits of our graft with the culture of the humanities.

Instinctively, they realized that this would be of no more consequence in a sane scheme of intellectual growth than re-staging each year our traditional Titanic combats between sophomores and freshmen. Instead, against a more or less constantly renewed background of historical, literary, artistic, and even philosophical sophistication, they were keeping up with what their own world is thinking and doing. They were wise enough to know that education is a continuing process and that, unless it is alive in its contemporary world, it is little better than a campus "grind's" flight from reality.

They were not numerous, but they were sufficient for a stimulatingly varied, often highly controversial, comradeship. They were not ponderous or platitudinous, but enough at home with thought and wisdom to play with both. Their own study had taught them that learning defeated itself when it ran off into pomposity and rigid opinionation; realized itself best when it was a means to open-minded, undidactic, and often whimsical exchange of clashing lore and principles.

In a word, they were fun to talk to. The small-city manufacturer may have poured out with some bitterness and bias to the glibly radical social worker his grievances against local labor union politics. But at least the bias was admitted, and the tale was told with an ironic humor that redeemed it with human understanding from narrow economic prejudice. The rising New England banker and the former district leader for the La Follette party clashed over the Coolidge-Mellon administration with something more to say of it than how much it had hurt, or helped, each other's business. The "head boss" of a nationally known institution defended himself with a telling wit against the allegations of two avowed "temperamentalists" that it was impossible to become an executive and stay human. The ministerial element fought the "young intellec-

tual" over prohibition and the morals of undergraduates—and both parties emerged a little wiser.

Thus, around the fringes of the horse-play, the sort of companionship which a college might legitimately be asked to bequeath to a class was there for those who cared to partake of it. But sooner or later those who did partake were brought face to face with the question—why did we not have more of this when we were here together all the time?

We were more systematically in touch with the worlds of thought and aesthetics then than now. We were at an age when youth normally runs through enough cults of religious, artistic, political, and economic heresy to last it a lifetime. By all the laws of the natural mental development in young bipeds, our life together should have been steadily exhilarated by an infinite range of curiosities, full of a constant testing of wild ideas and clashing theories in talk.

Yet what most of us chiefly recalled was that we had kept our curiosities a secret while we cultivated the proper attitude toward the football team. We could remember practicing the mannerisms which would stamp us as the campus' most typical product; but we could also remember hiding our more unconventional ideas even from our intimates. When we tested strange theories at all, it was within ourselves; and whatever might seem ungraciously alien to the traditional and suave conservatism of the place, or "queer" to its social leadership, we instinctively discarded.

All the suave complacencies of our life together united to persuade us that it was "bad form" to be "high brow," that it was intellectually futile to question the capitalistic system, the Republican party platform, the literary worth of Stevenson's prose. In four years I do not remember having heard socialism mentioned except in the occasional hackneyed denunciations of an economics lecturer. To have hinted that a Jewish

undergraduate of marked literary talents was more important to the class than the captain of the football team would have been regarded, if it could ever have happened, as treachery to our fundamental institutions. For four years—so ran our reunion indictment—the college did all it could with the power of a pervasive social atmosphere to protract our mental infancy and to delay our mental adolescence. Whatever it may have offered in its libraries and in an occasional course of genuine stimulative value it took away by hampering and half-atrophying our poise and spontaneity as men of individual convictions and free intellectual interests.

Partly, of course, we blamed the faculty for it. "I came here keen as a worming robin on American political history," confessed a man whose present eminence in his community is anything but an historian's. "And the profs treated the whole show as if it had been carried on by trends and tendencies instead of human beings. Whenever they came within shooting distance of a contemporary fighting issue they quit cold. There wasn't a soul in any of my sections who ever mentioned the subject as if it was alive, or anything but too many pages in a fat book. What happened was that they knocked my interest out for exactly ten years by the count. It was three years after the war when I took up reading it again, and trying a little writing about it, as an avocation between bridge games."

Some of us, too, accused what we called the campus economic stimulus. "The one thing we were really taught here from the ground up," a successful professional man objected, "was a high standard of living. It was so high that it takes us from ten to twenty-five years to get back to it again on our own earning powers. Meanwhile, we work so hard and with such a fury of specialization that we forget all that we ever came in contact with at college except the living standard. I'm about as comfortably off now, for instance, as I was

on the ground floor of the best senior dormitory. And I can concentrate on a trick legal problem almost as well as my elders and betters. But I can't get a 'kick' out of Kit Marlowe's poetry any more, or think my way through the Socratic dialogues, although I used to be rather keen about both. I lost the knack working my hide off to make good."

But mainly we laid the blame on the college as the too willing victim of its social traditions. Where our own individuality and intelligence had been subdued for four years by an urbane normalcy more interested in mannerisms and an intensively localized social program than in ideas of any description, the college dwelt everlastingly under this incubus. In its easy, superficial courses men of superior ability made high grades without stimulating mental exertion; while those who were not mentally sub-normal or incorrigibly idle could win a degree without serious effort, and have time enough left from study to enjoy the grooved routine of decorous pleasure, grooving it the more deeply for oncoming campus generations by their agreeable but overwhelming social dominance.

Under the spell of their good manners, their wealth, and their easy good nature, the college recognized their standards of achievement as its standards. Like them, it nourished a smoothly competent respectability more than brilliance; athletic distinction more than originality. By insinuation, if not by open edict, it indorsed their taboos on independence of thought and individuality, so that the professors who angled for wide campus popularity deprecated the unusual and unconventional to the profit of the traditional almost as much as did the prom committees and the campus Christian association. It segregated us as far as possible from the shock of contemporary controversial opinions and unconventional conduct. We could learn, and even think, if we insisted. But we might not sacrifice to these in-

cidental objectives any of the bland civilities of the best of all possible country clubs.

Thus on every side the college surrounded us with influences tending to mold us toward an ideal of cheerful, nonchalant gentility, which no doubt is the attitude from which the world of ideas is best approached. But the college—it seemed to us after fifteen years—somehow had lacked the courage to approach it. Instead, in so far as the conventions of an all-important social life could accomplish it, the college steered us away.

Some of us have floundered back at last, to learn to our considerable surprise that much of what we gained from this superficial contact fifteen years ago, really had an intellectual meaning. Some of us doubtless will flounder back before the next reunion, or the next. Meanwhile the treasure of the college and its resources of scholarship have been measurably wasted. And we who have found the college after years have had our troubles with arrested development.

V

There was the usual more or less futile discussion as to what should—or could—be done about it. Half a dozen of our admitted best minds, for example, assailed the Professor with extreme brutality. They were keen, the best minds insisted, for this idea of an academic education. They didn't want their sons taught to face all knowledge and wisdom from the standpoint of journalism, animal husbandry, or life-insurance salesmanship. After they got out of college most of them would have to look at life and learning from specialized angles for fifty years more or less anyway, and that was enough.

Here was a chance for them to see the world of ideas whole for four years, to form views, and absorb learning not for special uses only but against the nobly proportioned background of things in themselves. Here was a chance to give

them some inkling of what it was all about besides one's private ax-grinding, and to form habits of being interested in what it was all about, *per se*, that might last one through a whole career of running an ax factory, or of speculating in ax factory securities, or of seeing ax trusts safely through the mazes of federal anti-ax-combine legislation. Here was a chance to save the alma mater's coming generations of progeny from polite but dull pettiness and superiorly bland go-getting mannerisms for breadth of interests and openness of mind.

The best minds had not even any objection to seeing this done under the established code of nonchalant gentility. That would save their sons from pedantry, they admitted, which was an even worse sin than running an ax factory with an ax-grinding mind. Besides, abstractions so likely to turn out wrong as wisdom and learning needed to be acquired and held with the urbane discriminations of a gentleman's sense of humor.

But our best minds did insist that for their sons the process of academic ideasteeping be made alive. The vocational idea which they abhorred had, after all, something to be said for it. When the junior in animal husbandry learned how to doctor Jersey dyspepsia, he felt concern because he was facing a problem he could realistically dramatize himself as having to deal with. Why, the six challenged the Professor, could not courses in history and economics, the sciences, philosophy and literature, be tied into the world of ideas which our sons must face, in the same way? To choose a reckless example, they proposed that Plato in the Greek had a certain vital relation to those other Utopianists, D. H. Lawrence and Calvin Coolidge. Why didn't the professor teaching Plato in the original make it his first business to bring this connection out? Then, in some Utopian future graduates of the college might be found ready to tease contemporary social reformers—and de-

formers—with Platonic wisdom, when they were fifty years out, instead of forgetting a few nauseous syntax and translation difficulties as quickly as possible after a painful examination.

The Professor listened to all this, and more, with cheerful sympathy.

"You're as right as Coolidge telling the Boy Scouts their duty," he agreed when the storm was over. "Except for a few post-graduate classes, we ought to teach history, for instance, so that the last fifty years bulked larger in proportion than all the rest put together, and so that the whole business tied up naturally, as it really does, with the problems we are annoyed about now.

"But I wonder what you cheerful amateurs would do about it if you had to teach history under bosses who would rather have you find out about the persistence of archaic terminology in the Witenagamot proceedings than the decay of major party issues in America since 1896. I wonder if you'd make learning so exciting when you knew that nothing so reduces the generosity of prominent alumni as flunking out their offspring because they refuse to think—except, perhaps, stimulating them for a few years to think about things that their fathers learned here not to think about. All we can say is that, considering our sacred inaugural oaths to cast no aspersions on colleagues who are pedants and to keep the place pleasant for golfers between matches, we do the best we can."

VI

So we admitted that even a professor had a right to dodge martyrdom, and nothing was done about it. In fact, only once did anybody attempt anything.

The class, as has been noted, drank at reunion—urbanely but steadily; illegally but not far from unanimously. On the third day the class cynic had an inspiration.

"Look here," suggested the Cynic, "this class drinks, but will it vote as it drinks? If a resolution is framed sug-

gesting that the 18th amendment and the Volstead act ought to be repealed as interfering with its liberties and corrupting its respect for government, has the class got the nerve to pass it? The thing would get out on all the press wires, and do a little bit for the cause we all seem to have so earnestly at heart."

The spokesman of the class's inner cohesive forces beamed persuasive sympathy. "The class," he boasted jocosely, "would have nerve enough to do anything. But this wouldn't be politic. It would get the college in wrong, and it might, in the future, make it harder to have liquor enough at reunions.

"As individuals," the persuasive voice purred on in a typical campus rationalization, "probably all but a handful of us are wet. We throw our votes and our influences against Prohibition when we get the chance. But as an organization of this alumni body, we must consider that we are not, strictly speaking, individuals at all."

The Cynic made no fight about it. Even he felt his bondage to the traditional sentimentalities. Even he knew that no reunion is a debating forum for moral issues.

Nevertheless, the Cynic was heard to mutter coming away on the train with the Loyal Alumnus—"That, I suppose, is what they mean by the college spirit."

"Meaning, no doubt," said the Loyal Alumnus rather acidly, "that in a few years you'll be sending your son to some freshwater college in the Bible Belt where he's encouraged to be as earnest-minded as he pleases and make a nuisance of his opinions regardless of occasions."

"Not a chance," replied the Cynic in his best campus accent. "One discovers at other places besides reunions that the affairs of this world are largely conducted by personages who can wear form-fitting ideas gracefully and know how to still ferment with propriety. Here, in the genteel big boys' playhouse, is the place for the next generation to learn how their minds work."



HOW THE DAWES PLAN WORKS

BY EDGAR A. MOWRER

THE Dawes Plan is the scientific answer to a problem all unwittingly created by the blunderers responsible for the reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles: namely, how over a period of years to extract from a country as much capital as possible without compensation. It is the recognition of the fact that in order to provide for others a country must first be in the condition to produce for itself. The Allied leaders were slow to recognize this and to believe those who knew: it was not without a certain satisfaction that they considered the German distress. Further, certain Germans seem to have willfully aggravated their country's financial anæmia by their refusal to apply compresses to open veins. But after nearly five years of small payments and political danger, the choice had to be made between reparations and a solvent Germany on the one hand, or no reparations and the ruin of Germany on the other. The entire world cried for the former alternative. The result was the agreement known as the Dawes Plan.

To understand it one must keep in mind the immediate background.

By the Treaty of Versailles Germany was deprived of territory, colonies, merchant marine, foreign investments, and nearly everything else the Allies could lay hands on. The Treaty further stipulated that Germany pay an enormous but indefinite tribute to her conquerors; with the exception of certain deliveries in kind, the manner of payment was left to Germany. The German finances were already unsound at the end of the War. When two years

later the total amount of reparations was finally fixed, the figure was so preposterous that the Germans, with no prospect of freedom and but half convinced of their defeat anyway, had no incentive but fear to make them pay at all. In the four and a half years between Versailles and the Dawes Plan they did hand over a fairly large sum. Just how much is not clearly established. The Allied Reparation Commission says one figure, the Germans three or four times as much. It would seem to depend on whether the capital delivered be considered at its replacement or at its scrap value. The Allies may have received no more than the Reparation Commission said: the Germans were certainly poorer by much more than that amount.

So while the Allies stormed and exerted political pressure, the Germans hesitated and swung back and forth between "fulfilment" and "passive resistance." Meanwhile, the easiest way to satisfy the Allies and avoid political trouble at home, especially in the Rhine where separatist feeling was already strong, as well as to satisfy the powerful industrialists, was to print paper marks, sell them abroad for real money, and before they could find their way back into Germany depreciate them by printing more marks. This practice was approved by German financial authorities and consciously furthered by influential persons in Allied circles. Thus, for a while, the German people lived in the illusion of prosperity, industries flourished and grew with the currency. The impoverishment of the land went forward

invisibly. In fact at this time, Henry Ford, contrasting the German situation with that of the United States, pointed to Germany as the most prosperous country in the world.

The Franco-Belgian invasion of the Ruhr was technically occasioned by a German default in the matter of a few telegraph poles. The real reason would seem to be French exasperation at German evasive tactics, coupled with the innocent belief that it was possible to sit on Germany's head without interfering with her labor. The Germans lost their temper, over-estimated their strength, proclaimed passive resistance, printed heaps of money to stimulate the courage of the passive resisters, and plunged into such an inflationary catastrophe as no other country has known. When political faith in the Reich and belief in the money disappeared, the same German leaders who had provoked the catastrophe made an heroic effort. They capitalized their potential industrial and agricultural resources, issued a new or "renten" mark at one to one trillion of the old marks, and joyfully accepted the proposal for an international conference to see how they could be definitely saved.

The Rentenbank and Rentenmark were founded on internal credit and could hardly have lasted long. The French and Belgians had found it difficult to collect much money or even to mine much coal with bayonets. The United States welcomed an opportunity for "unofficial" participation in European reconstruction, which, if successful, could help the Administration and, if unsuccessful, be disowned. It, therefore, "allowed" the Reparation Commission to nominate as the American Members one Republican, namely Charles G. Dawes of Chicago—who as Chairman gave his name to the plan and thereby became Vice-President of the United States; a Democrat, Owen D. Young of the General Electric Company in New York, and "a man from the West," Henry M. Robinson, a Californian

banker. Mr. Robinson was put with other experts on a Commission, desired by the French, to investigate the "flight of capital from Germany"—a body which arrived at uncommonly accurate results and was immediately forgotten. The other committee, largely under the influence of Owen Young and Sir Josiah Stamp, met and in a few weeks drew up the Dawes Plan.

II

The principles for the first time were simple and scientific. The basis was, Germany must pay the Allies all she can. But to pay she must remain solvent. To become solvent she must restore her currency and credit and export her produce at a profit. Reparations can be paid in the long run only out of export surplus, and payment by German labor outside Germany is politically impractical and not very profitable.

The currency was restored by an international loan of \$200,000,000. A breathing spell of four years was allowed during which the reparation payments would gradually grow until, in the fifth or "standard" year, they would reach the sum of 2,500,000,000 Gold Marks which the experts calculated the German nation could probably pay. But to avoid the disaster contingent on an over-estimation of the German capacity, it was clear that the financial and economic health of Germany must be maintained. For this purpose two clauses of inestimable importance were included in the Plan. The first, that no transfer of capital threatening the stability of the German currency be made. The second, left rather as a matter of understanding, that the standard of living in Germany should remain comparable with that in Allied and neighboring countries.

The details of the plan were arranged at the London Conference in the summer of 1924. In August the German Reichstag passed the necessary laws, and the Reparation Commission appointed its

staff of international overseers. The loan was raised and deposited in the Reichsbank, which issued a new gold currency, and the Dawes Plan became effective on September 1, 1924.

Since that time nearly two years have elapsed during which the Plan has been carried out without a hitch.

In this success the United States are particularly interested, and for several reasons. An American, Owen D. Young, took a prominent part in drawing up the plan and bringing it into action. In a large office on the court of a building in Luisenstrasse 33, Berlin, sits the Agent General for Reparation Payments, Seymour Parker Gilbert, thirty-three years old and former Under Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. As Agent General he is formally responsible to the Reparation Commission for the fulfilment of the Plan. Morally he is responsible to the German people for the observance of the limits and safeguards established. Upon him rests an enormous responsibility. Despite the Plan his discretionary powers are vast. He has immense and undetermined authority—the larger because indeterminate. Therefore, though he has made himself personally liked and respected by the Germans, it is not surprising that he is regarded as the symbol of the foreign yoke.

III

But before describing the attitude of the Germans toward the Dawes Plan, it is necessary to strike a balance between what Germany has gained by the Plan and what she has lost, or between the demoralized Germany of January 1924 and the same country twenty-two months later. At that moment of stabilization the Germans understood for the first time what inflation had cost them. They had disinherited their entire middle-class and all those who lived on fixed income from savings. They had lost most of their liquid capital. Ready money brought from

two to eight per cent monthly interest. Confidence was gone. Nothing seemed real to people who had seen fortunes swept from their hands with the flood of notes from the printing press. Inflation had menaced property, the State, and the sanity of the inhabitants. France, the Germans believed, had vowed their destruction, and England would do nothing to help them. America was not interested. And although inflation was over, the inhabitants did not mentally realize it.

Politically, Germany, in January 1924, did not exist. The French in the Ruhr had annihilated her. Though her army men dreamed of a new type of war in which the artillery they did not possess could be replaced by machine guns (the illusion of the French in 1870), serious students realized that the country was practically helpless, and comparatively small countries like Czechoslovakia, or inherently weak ones like Poland, dared maintain a haughty, even provocative attitude. The fear of bolshevism was ever present.

To-day—but this is not the same country. The German currency is after the pound the most stable in Europe. German seven per cent private industrial bonds are above par in New York. Germany received in 1924 at least one billion marks of foreign credit. Since January, 1925 (to July 1, 1926) 1,950,000,000 marks more. In the last winter she successfully weathered a severe deflation crisis. Fifty per cent and more of her industrial stocks are above par. The major banks paid, in the rather disastrous year 1925, a ten per cent dividend. For the last six months her trade balance has been surprisingly favorable—viz. the exports were considerably larger than the imports. During the four months preceding July 1, 1926, 800 million marks worth of industrial loans were subscribed in Germany, and the German banks have begun to be successful in raising large capital from domestic sources. Moreover, despite hard times, or perhaps thanks to them, her major

industries have to a considerable extent rationalized and standardized their production, improved their machinery, reformed their organization, put through several large industrial amalgamations, and got rid of an immense quantity of dead ends and surplus labor—in short, cut costs and increased efficiency remarkably. The number of unemployed is still very large (over two millions) and is likely to remain so for some time. But it is no greater proportionately than that of Great Britain and would seem to be in large part a normal accompaniment of improved methods and labor-saving in industry. The farmers are still suffering from the world-wide deflationary disproportion between industrial and agricultural prices; but many Germans are so optimistic that they hope within a few years to produce on German ground enough foodstuffs to feed this dense industrial population. The majority of American experts with whom I have spoken consider Germany's economic situation probably superior to that of Great Britain, and believe that Germany is destined to reach in Europe a commanding industrial situation.

Politically, the change is even more striking. The French have long been out of the Ruhr, and conditions there are normal. The first Rhineland zone was, after a year's hesitancy, evacuated by the Allies. Last fall, thanks to British assistance, Germany signed the Locarno Pacts of Non-Aggression with her western neighbors, receiving the promise of British assistance in case of unjustified attack, and at the same time bettered her relations with Poland and Czechoslovakia. Allied opposition to her entrance into the League has turned into the understanding that her presence there is necessary. Despite the farcical comedy at Geneva in March, her entrance into the League in September seems practically certain. Yet despite her "west orientation," she has actually bettered her relations with Russia through the signing of the recent Treaty. In short, economically and, even more, politically,

Germany has "come back." And this without building up military supplies or increasing her severely limited army and navy.

It is safe to say that without a Dawes Plan not a single financial or political improvement mentioned could have come about. Without the Dawes Plan the credit essential to business betterment would still be absent; without the Dawes Plan the Allies, in their search for reparations, would still be scraping the empty pockets of a bankrupt and politically prostrate ex-enemy. And European pacification, which is as essential to Germany as to anyone else, would still be a pious hope instead of a half-realized idea.

IV

"But the price!" critics and pessimists exclaim. For there is a price—to a great nation, a heavy price: namely, a very large slice of Germany's financial autonomy and political sovereignty. And it is for this reason that proud patriots criticize, oppose, and pretend to oppose, the Dawes Plan.

For whatever the future may bring, the Allied Governments, Britain and Italy as well as France and Belgium, are to-day as determined as ever that Germany shall pay as heavy reparations as her structure will stand. *This is the condition upon which they are willing to allow her to recover her prosperity and participate in a general pacification of Europe.* As a guarantee that reparations will be regularly, honestly, and fully paid, they have placed trusted controllers in Germany and by the Dawes Plan persuaded the German Government to grant these men a certain measure of authority over the German Reichsbank, the German railroads, certain German revenues, and even, in a more limited way, over the German industries.

Only too naturally, therefore, from the German people one may hear several kinds of criticism: general complaint

against reparations; sharp complaint against foreign control and the way in which it is exercised; protests against the excessive size of the (eventual) annual payments; and fears lest the guarantees protecting Germany be not observed.

Criticism of the first and second kinds is rarely expressed to a foreigner and it might take a long time to gather it, were it not, that at the beginning of this year when the German deflation crisis was at its worst, an anonymous writer in the extreme nationalist Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* published a series of articles on the "wasting away of Germany" which, aside from a deliberate disregard for the Allied guarantees and intentions, express in vivid language the attitude of the nationalist fanatics toward the entire Dawes Plan and personnel.

All the evils resulting from the war, the inflation and the deflation crisis—the impoverished middle-class, the numerous bankruptcies, the lack of credit, the political helplessness—are exclusive and direct results of the "fulfilment policy" and its culmination, the Dawes Agreement. So the argument begins.

In Germany there is a foreign ruler with such power as no absolute monarch or Prussian autocrat ever possessed. Not the Reichstag, the Chancellor, the President, has so much to say as "this sleek Anglo-Saxon gentleman," this Agent General for Reparation Payments, Germany's bailiff (German, *Fronvogt*). "Threefold is his power. He is the lord of our pledged customs and taxes; he is the dictator of our railroads; he is the commander over our finances, our Reichsbank, our trade, our currency. He can—everything taken together—do with us what he will."

Through his under-bailiffs he decides the discount policy of the Reichsbank, he decides the taxes that are to be paid. "He has his spoon in the worker's basin, his finger in the housewife's purse—and they never suspect it. He cuts the official's wages, he dismisses the employees, and they do not know it. He

takes the working capital from the manufacturer, he can strangle trade with freight tariffs."

"The sovereign German Reich can give out no banknotes without the approval and the seal of this foreigner (the bank commissioner). There was never anything similar in Turkey at its worst. . . . O enviable Liberia."

For the Dawes Plan is Germany's death sentence. Nothing is done for the Germans, everything for the Dawes Commissioner and the tax collector. If the crops are bad and the farmers cannot get credit for fertilizer, who is responsible but Seymour Parker Gilbert? If the workers' children grow up rickety and poor, blame the Dawes Plan. "Versailles and the Dawes Plan strangle the budding life." "No one can serve two masters, not even the German housewife. She cannot satisfy the Dawes Commissioner and her children." The Dawes Plan means the decay of the family. And if by God's grace the Germans should tighten their belts and meet the almost impossible demands of the Plan, would the Allies be satisfied? "Oh, no. In 1929 a new commission of experts will be called to decide whether in 1930 we can perhaps pay more than the maximum sum of 2,500 million marks."

The destruction of German culture, industrial espionage for France and England and America, these are the minor evils of the Plan. And so the writer comes triumphantly to a quotation from Mr. J. M. Keynes, to the effect that the entire activity of the Transfer Committee, which has to say how and how much capital can be transferred at a given moment, will be concentrated on lowering the living standard of the German workers.

It must not be supposed that the nationalist leaders or even the writer of the above actually held such views. But that he intended to awaken them in his readers is proved by the fact that a half-official reply which reduced the facts to their true proportions was issued and paid for out of public funds.

In my opinion the real attitude of Germany is somewhat as follows:

Ninety-five per cent of the German people are hardly more than aware that a Dawes Plan and reparation payments exist. The communists and the nationalist politicians, in almost the identical words, combat the plan in itself on the ground that it has made Germany a foreign colony.*

But to sober German business, so long as the country is prosperous, this is the least of several evils. Their criticism of the Dawes Plan looks less to the present than to the future. When, in December 1925, the first annual report of the Agent General was published at the time when the deflation crisis was nearing its worst, its optimistic tone was greeted with bitter hilarity. But as months went by and radical improvement set in, respect for the economic competence of "Germany's bailiff" grew. Still, in the opinion of the Germans, the payments are too high—not the present payments but the much greater ones in years to come. Everywhere you go, in the Treasury, in the Foreign Office, on the Stock Exchange, in the factory, you hear the same gloomy predictions. The first year's payment was easy, being mostly the international loan of eight hundred million marks which Germany received. This year's tribute is only a little higher. So with 1926–1927. But when in 1928–1929 the standard payment of 2,500 million marks must be made, these Germans believe, or affect to believe, in a default.

There is something to be said for the suspicion that the annual payment may prove to be too high. In the coming ten years Britain, France, and Italy have promised to pay back to the United States \$2,574,000,000 of their war debt. Beaten Germany, with approximately half the population of these three victorious states, more severely tried by the War, ruined by inflation, is asked to

pay as reparations approximately \$5,700,000,000.

It is not surprising that a people in the situation of the Germans should continually grumble about their burdens and ask for a revision of the scale of payments immediately—without waiting for experience to prove just how much can be reasonably paid. It is completely intelligible that they should profess reasonable doubt about the honesty of the treatment they may expect from the Reparation Commission and possibly even from the Transfer Committee. They seriously doubt—they find it politic to doubt—the efficacy of the living-standard clause to keep their workers from grinding poverty. The Dawes Plan was devised to lighten the Germans of just so much wealth as their economy will stand. They themselves would very naturally prefer not to be put to the extreme test—perhaps to be allowed to save something or spend it on luxuries.

Yet the fact is that the severest technical critics of the Plan are not German. It is the foreigners who predict most loudly the coming "breakdown of the Dawes Plan" (one American has even mentioned the approximate date) and cry for immediate revision. For the Germans, under pressure of necessity, have become familiar with the details of the Plan—and it is hard to believe as much of the foreign critics. If they had read it they ought, it would seem, to understand that, as devised, the Dawes Plan cannot easily break down. If it prove impossible to transfer the sum collected without damage to the German exchange, the transfer will not be made—as the Plan allows. If it prove impossible for the German Government to wring from the people the large sums required from the budget without lowering the living standard of the German workers, then the Agent General will have in consistency to ask, and the Reparation Commission to grant, a reduction.

Which would amount, not to revision

*It is said by the radical economist R. Kuczinsky, the organizer of the recent plebiscite for the uncompensated expropriation of the German ex-dynasties, that already one-fourth of the productive capital in Germany is owned by foreigners.

of, but revision according to, the Dawes Plan.

When so stimulating an authority as J. M. Keynes states that there will be, because there must be, a constant effort on the part of the Agent General to reduce the living standard of the German people (or words to that effect), he is really merely expressing an opinion for which conclusive evidence is entirely lacking, that the "living-standard" clause of the Plan will not be heeded or that it will prove ineffective.

Unless the critics of the Plan are, like the German nationalists and communists, prepared to contest the payment of any reparations and take the consequences, one would expect them to prefer a system whereby Germany can hardly be asked to pay more than she safely can. In other words, they ought—as all friends of peace to-day ought—to insist on the rigid application of the Plan as it stands. (An enlightened public has a right to follow each payment, each act of the Agent General and his associates. The former's regular reports make this easy.) Otherwise, criticism of the sums demanded becomes criticism of the good faith or competence of the Agent General himself. And for this there is so far no cause, as many Germans such as Dr. Bernhard Dernburg have publicly admitted (see the *Berliner Tageblatt*, July 1, 1926). It would seem that if the German Government believes the payment of future reparations in the sums laid down to be impossible, it ought already to be gathering the information on which the Agent General, if necessary, can base a comparison of the living standard of the Germans with that of Allied peoples.

Occasionally a German complains that no time limit has been set for payments. But if we consider that with the fourth year three hundred million marks interest, or five per cent interest with one per cent sinking fund, are to be paid on five billion marks of industrial bonds, it is clear that such a burden amortizes itself in about thirty-six years. I think one may

be confident that this is the extreme limit the Germans will be asked to pay war tribute.

Moreover, the Allies seem willing under the Dawes Plan to accept from Germany deliveries in kind, viz. merchandize, which they would not allow to enter their countries if they had to pay for them. These deliveries are and will be the bulk of reparations. They constitute a steady stimulus for the German industries: and increased sales abroad make for cheaper production. The German producer loses only what he pays in extra taxes, railroad rates, and interest on the industrial debentures. The reparation burden is carried by the mass of the people. But in a country where big business and industry are as influential as in Germany, it is at least questionable whether, should the need for reparation payments cease, the German masses would share greatly in the benefits of lower prices and lessened taxation.

V

But this is conjecture. The fact is that the Dawes Plan has been in completely successful operation for nearly two years. There exists no real basis yet for deciding whether the scale of payments can eventually be maintained, or increased, or whether they will have to be cut down.

Meanwhile an immediate revision of the payments scheduled is as little likely as a change in the Plan. About this intelligent Germans have no false notions. They would like to see the Dawes Plan abolished, swept out of existence, the office in the Luisenstrasse tightly closed—if this meant an end of Reparation payments. But only on this condition. It must never be forgotten that the hardest clause in the Versailles Treaty, the hardest for the Germans to swallow, was Paragraph 231 whereby Germany was compelled to pay tribute to the Allies, not because she lost the war, but for "causing all the damage to which the Allied and Associated Govern-

ments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her Allies." In the light of evidence brought to light in the course of the War and since, it is not necessary to be pro-German to conclude that to saddle Germany and her allies with the entire guilt for the War is a piece of gross hypocrisy.

Yet to-day, when the Allied countries are still crushed under taxes and budget difficulties, it is clear that they are anything but ready to consent to a cancellation of future reparations. Lest we as Americans be tempted to accuse them of "disturbing world business" by their insistence, we might note the apparent reluctance of our own Congress to return to the Germans the private property we took from them during the War—so ingrained is the international practice that "they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can."

Yet I doubt if there is anyone even in Allied countries who really imagines that the Germans will go on paying full scale reparations for anything like thirty-six years. A Treaty, even when so solemn a document as that of Versailles, is at best only a settlement. It implies that at least one side desires its existence. But if both sides should wish revision, it is obvious the Treaty

will not long stand. If you ask the average German banker or business man how long the Dawes Plan will stand, he generally answers, perhaps ten years. And he explains his belief in a change not on the ground of German protests or incapacity to pay, but on the fact apparent to him that the world will not so long wish to receive so large a flood of German goods as the Plan foresees without an opportunity of selling to Germany an equivalent quantity.

And finances aside, there are other possibilities. Things just happen. I do not refer to new wars. Though just now our American insistence on having comparatively heavy payments from our late Allies would tend to make them tighten up the financial screws on Germany, pure politics may still play an even more important part in future developments. If I am not mistaken, Germany has already "come back" politically. Therefore, facing a tight situation which German aid, German good will, or even German inaction could serve to loosen, the Allies may come to find a political arrangement more valuable than this monotonous stream of reparations.

In the meantime the stream flows in and out of the office in the Luisenstrasse and duly reaches the neighboring but still none too neighborly nations.



THE CHURCH'S LOSS OF PRESTIGE

BY THE RT. REV. CHARLES FISKE, D.D.

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THERE are times when one is a little ashamed to be known as a clergyman. I like to take off my clerical collar and travel in mufti, sitting in the smoking compartment and taking part in the spontaneous conversation of a group of men who do not feel that they are under restraint because of the censorious and accusatory presence of a parson.

Of course I am not really ashamed of the ministry; I rejoice in it and cannot imagine myself content with any other profession. What shames me is the thought that my companions have a conception of the ministry which, if they but knew it, is actually as absurd and abhorrent to me as it is to them. They do not discriminate. I know how they are classifying me, and the knowledge is far from pleasant. I am not ashamed of the ministry itself; I am ashamed to be identified with that which the other men in the smoking compartment conceive it to be. In the back of their heads is the conviction that most ministers are engaged in snooping into other people's business, regulating other people's morals, and endeavoring to standardize other people's brains. They regard all ministers alike as professional members of the Society of Moral Uplifters. They conceive of the ministerial life as narrow, if not bigoted, as joyless and severe, censorious, rigid, inflexible in its prejudices, ignorant in its criticisms, ungenerous in its judgments, petty in its aims.

The average business man knows of an occasional member of the ministerial profession whom he acclaims as different:

a "good mixer," a "go-getter," a "he-man," the friend of Rotarians and Kiwanians. One wonders whether down in the bottom of his heart he really does respect this other type of parson whom he so exuberantly praises. At any rate, there are lots of other people who do not like him. Perhaps the modern Babbitt of the pulpit repels more men than his supposedly gloomy brother. Israel, we are told, lost its place and power as a nation because it forsook God and rejected His revelation; but the Jewish hierarchy at its worst never fell so low as have some of the up-and-coming preachers of America. Read the advertised subjects of the Sunday sermons in many Protestant churches, or the announcements on the bulletin boards, read the ecclesiastical electric-light signs on not a few church buildings that have begun a mild rivalry of the Great White Way, and then remember that even in the days of Annas and Caiphas there were no billboards in Jerusalem announcing a "Grand Sacrifice in the Temple," with prize-fed bulls and goats and lambs, expert priests to slaughter them, Herod's String Band advertised to assist, or trumpeters from Pilate's Bodyguard, all heralded in the flaring invitation: "Come to the Temple. Come to the Sacrifice. Hear the Augmented Choir of Levites. Come and Worship the Lord God Almighty."

The one hundred per cent American may not mind it, though actually I suspect that he has occasional glimpses into his own mental processes sufficiently illuminating to suggest that he may have

less admiration than we suppose for his ministerial imitator. Even if he does not object to the publicity stunts of the modern minister, there are many others (and these the very people most worth bringing into the service of religion) who do mind. Nor is that all. These latter object to many other things. They object to the professionally managed evangelistic and financial campaigns of the churches; their sense of religious values is offended at the excessive emphasis on all highly organized plans for money raising, even though it be for such altruistic objects as missionary funds; they are irritated at the professional patter of the field secretaries who manage the canvass; their reverence revolts at "selling religion" or (even worse) "selling Jesus Christ"; they do not want to think of God as a Magnified Rotarian, nor are they ever likely to be enamoured of a religion that has lost all sense of mystery, has no feeling of awe, is never hushed into solemn silence, substitutes for devotion a breezy familiarity with God and holy things, and goes about the business of salvation with an effrontery which is really indicative of spiritual poverty and an utter lack of appreciation of what St. Paul called "the mystery of godliness."

Although the worst of the "go-getters" are now leaving Christian pulpits for secretarial positions, the Church suffers none the less. They are busily engaged in torch-bearing in many directions. Some of them are agents of reform organizations; some are encamped in state capitals or at Washington; some content themselves with peripatetic engagements at women's clubs and business men's organizations; some are downing demons of drink and lust and indecency or inveighing against the manners and morals of youth—and in consequence are much more in evidence than their brethren who continue in a more localized service.

I was saying something like this to a group of sympathetic listeners the other day, when two of them, both college

graduates, broke forth simultaneously upon me with their own objections. One of them was still agitated over Dayton and evolution—which led me to believe that he had not been indulging in much laborious intellectual effort during his first year out of college, else he would have known the general attitude of the clergy. The other was an older man, engaged since graduation in social and educational work. Both despised the men of the ministry because to the irritation of the first critic, they were (to quote) "hopelessly behind the age," "ignorant of the science they attack," and "uninterested or unintelligent as to modern problems, social, industrial, educational," according to the other; men who condemn books they have never read, criticize theories they have never examined, excoriate evils of which they have had no practical knowledge, soar into the blue empyræan and make the stars reverberate with "common-place pronouncements" and "platitudinous praise of outworn beliefs." Here I held up my hands and humbly apologized for having opened the subject with any feeble protests of my own.

All of which, however, explains the feeling that occasionally moves me to travel incognito and conceal my ministerial occupation. For, honestly, I do not believe I am any of the things which this varied group abhor and with which I naturally dislike to be too closely identified. And I am equally sure that there is a saving remnant among the clergy who, just as certainly as myself, are caricatured by any such descriptions.

II

Of course it is absurd to be sensitive about it. It would be just as sensible to conceal the fact of one's Christian belief because others have failed to understand what Christianity is. For unquestionably they do fail to understand. I have talked with students in the enlightened precincts of Princeton and Yale who seem to think that ac-

ceptance of a creed gives precisely the same importance to the fact of the Resurrection and to certain theories about it—indeed, sometimes it appears that they regard the fact of the Resurrection and the recorded estimate of the cubic displacement of Noah's Ark as equally vital credal requirements in the ministry. There comes to my mind the remark of a presumably intelligent young student at Cornell whose thorough study of Christian truth had led him to reject it because, as he triumphantly declared, it was impossible that Joshua could have caused the sun to stand still. He listened in open-mouthed amazement when I told him that the statement was a quotation from a book of poetry and that poets had never yet been able to describe events in the humdrum language of everyday life. I have met other youthful members of the *intelligentsia* who still think that Christianity is invalidated by the story of Jonah's somewhat cramped living quarters, unaware that there are parables in the Old Testament as well as in the Gospels.

One would hardly believe that it could be possible in these days to find intelligent people harking back to Biblical difficulties which agitated men in the age of Ingersoll; nor is it easy to believe that the church-school teaching, which at least a few of these young people must have received, could leave them so hopelessly ignorant and out of date. Perhaps they were "stringing" the parson. Yet so uninformed is the average man as to the real content of the Christian faith, that he is astonished to be told that we also are "anxious not to be obscurantists, but to live in the light of modern knowledge," and that we are trying to disentangle religion from antiquated ideas. Most of us place our whole emphasis on the fact of Christ's own life and teaching. The core of Christianity is its belief that "the heart of God is as the heart of Jesus." We find in the life of Christ strength to hold fast our faith in God in spite of the cruelties of

this machinelike world of ours, with all its seeming blind fatality. The critic does not know that some of us who have studied modern science and psychology feel that the universe is not a "closed mechanism." We have what George Tyrrell called "faith in long trousers" and have long since ceased to be contented with mere "faith in knickerbockers." We are trying to show the beauty of the gospel story of the Christ who brought God to men in the glory of a new discovery. A college pastor recently told me that any knowledge of the facts of Christianity was so rare among students that the supreme literary need in his work was a simple life of Christ, written in vivid form, that could be read in an hour.

Nor does the average man understand the essential spiritual qualities of Christian living. Dr. Maude Royden wrote recently of a conversation with a distinguished theologian to whom she exclaimed impulsively, "I hate religious people," to which he replied, "Shake hands! So do I." Then she explained with illuminating clearness that she does not actually dislike really religious people, but that Christian graces must be founded on everyday virtues, and were built on the basis of these natural virtues by Jesus Christ. What repels the modern world is the fact that so many Christians supposed to be living the life of grace do not first practice the everyday virtues of ordinarily decent people. The attractiveness of Christ's life and teaching arises out of the fact that He assumes the presence of these natural virtues before attempting to inculcate the higher ideals of holiness and devotion. "Christ had strength of character, courage of mind and body, great physical courage as well as great moral courage. In Him every Christian grace was founded upon the rock of honor and loyalty, courage and justice, a piercing vision, a great strength." Many people who criticize the Christian religion have never taken the pains to find out what it really is.

If the facts of Christianity are so little known, and the teaching of Christianity so little understood, that is no excuse for the Christian to conceal his own faith; it is a challenge to him to explain it, much more is it a challenge to try to live it, and by the attractiveness of his own life commend it to others.

Likewise, if the ministry is so often caricatured by those who have had unpleasant experiences of ministerial vices, is not that a challenge to fly one's own colors? Why not try to show that "there are others"? Indeed, why expect that all who profess and call themselves Christians are sure to be beautiful examples of the faith they are supposed to have accepted? If Christianity is so often misunderstood even by those who profess it, why expect that its ministers may not sometimes be blind leaders of the blind? If I am occasionally ashamed to be classed with some of the amazingly vulgar or amazingly ignorant preachers of the day, have I not often been a bit anxious lest I should be classed with some Americans? After a time, we all come to our senses and realize how unjust is the ready condemnation of a nation because of the unlovely characteristics of some of our compatriots. We groan or chuckle over American-drawn portraits of our Babbitts and are condescendingly superior in our judgments of the Main Streets of America, and then we remember that there are many fine characters living quietly and modestly in American homes not unlike those of Gopher Prairie, and many generous public-spirited men rendering community service with unselfish and even self-sacrificing devotion among the membership of the much despised luncheon clubs of America—men who are doing their level best, even though they wear name plates on their coat lapels, men who hate hypocrisy as heartily as the smart writers who criticize them, who may occasionally look silly in their clumsy efforts to satisfy their longings for comradeship and good-fellowship, and yet are no more absurd in their antics than their

cynical critics; men who really believe in the worth of commonplace things, who are democratic at heart, free from affectation and snobbery and honestly anxious to give everybody a fair chance and a square deal. Away, then, with the hyper-critics! Why should we judge American business men by the occasional crudities of an Exchange Club orator or a guest of the Lions? And why judge the ministry by flowers of *Americana* plucked in obscure pastures? Some of the clerical gentlemen are rather poor specimens, but not many of them are as bad as some of them occasionally are.

III

Nevertheless, it cannot seriously be disputed that the ministry has fallen into public disregard and that the churches have decidedly lost prestige. Why?

Here in America for many reasons. Sect rivalry has given us numerous weak little congregations with a poorly equipped ministry. The possibility of effective service in these organizations is so small that the finest type of men are not often enough attracted to the clerical office and when they do come even the best of them sometimes grow discouraged and disheartened. This means an almost inevitable loss of ideals—the minister slips back intellectually, spiritually, even morally. Only the strongest can stand firm against the general downgrade tendency.

Sect rivalry, moreover, emphasizes certain doctrines and practices which were never essentials of the faith, and ministers spend their time inculcating teachings, upholding standards of social conduct, or defending ecclesiastical judgments which should have been abandoned long ago. The multitude of rival sects makes for a narrow denominationalism, in some places bigoted in the extreme.

Elsewhere, in the revulsion against the crudities and eccentricities of denominational teaching, there has developed a false liberality which has emasculated Christianity. In the days of the

Roman Empire, Chesterton reminds us, the world nearly died of broadmindedness. All gods were given recognition and none was given real devotion, so that the educated classes drifted into an amiable religious indifference which soon degenerated into laxity of morals and eventually ended in a degradation of character which brought the ancient civilization to its death agony.

In the country, then, the Church has lost prestige because of its narrowness, ignorance, and puritanical censoriousness. In the cities it has failed in influence because of its worldliness and indifference. The cultured congregation and its pastor lack spiritual power because nobody knows what they believe; the village or small-town minister and his people fail because they believe, or think they must declare their belief, in so many things that are not worth acceptance. No one who is not in constant contact with ministerial life can have the faintest idea how many good men in the ministry are eating out their hearts because they have tried to stem the tide of indifference or bigotry and feel that they have made no progress. Nor can one who does not know from the inside realize how many are slowly finding themselves and securing firm standing ground midway between what Dr. Joseph Fort Newton calls an arid liberalism and an acrid literalism. The task of these interpreters of religion in terms of modern thought is all the more difficult because their battle is a lonely one. The multitude of sects and the poverty of parishes have tempted church authorities to accept and encourage an uneducated ministry, poorly equipped to solve the problems of a new day; and the man who strives must keep on without intellectual or moral comradeship with many of his fellows.

If this is, perhaps, the peculiar difficulty of the small-town parson, the city clergy, on the other hand, are handicapped by the lack of time for concentrated thought. Many ministers are so overwhelmed in parochial organization that

they have little opportunity for reading, much less for digesting what they have read. How many really strong preachers can be found in New York to-day? More often still, they are so entangled with those social elements which most deserve condemnation that they lose fineness of spiritual fiber. In some cases their entanglements are commercial, industrial, or economic, as well as social. The city parish is a huge financial enterprise; the men who support it are identified with the world of industry and finance, and it would be difficult to decide to how large an extent economic determinism may mold the thought, influence the preaching, and unconsciously regulate the practice of the spiritual leaders of large and important congregations. There are some of us, indeed, who suspect that "the activity of the clergy in every good work"—the energy with which they throw themselves into every movement of social and political reform, the readiness with which they are attached to new causes—is a symptom of their own restlessness and dissatisfaction, an effort to silence the call of a permanently troubled conscience; exactly as we suspect that many of the laity give way to a passion for moral reform as a refuge from "the tyranny of thought."

All of us, ministers and everybody, are living in a changing world, with new conditions developing daily, a world still war torn, witnessing new industrial developments, new national readjustments, clashing class interests. Those of us who are engaged in religious work feel the strain of this. And we have the added difficulty of adjusting our work to other conditions concomitant with these changes: the astounding growth of urban population, the development of apartment-house life, the breaking down of home influences and domestic traditions, the increase of comforts and luxuries, and the consequent removal of moral restraints and safeguards, the increasing opportunities for recreation. In the development of city life, with its quick changes in residential conditions,

have come problems arising from shifting populations, the removal of those whose contributions for church work were most generous and disinterested, the stranding of once prosperous churches in downtown business districts or deteriorating residential sections, the equally tragic abandonment of village churches and the weakening of small town parishes, and because of the loss of denominational enthusiasm—or, for that matter, church zeal and devotion—no corresponding increase of suburban growth. It is no unusual thing to hear the frank acknowledgment among church leaders that we must recognize the loss of one generation and prepare now to win the next. With the acknowledgment comes a ready recognition that the blame need not be placed upon the shoulders of churchmen of other days. They may have lacked vision, but so also was there lack of foresight in city planning, in community co-operation, in problems of government, in scores of other things wherein failure is now freely recognized and as freely excused.

IV

It is no wonder, then, that the Church has lost prestige; no wonder, indeed, that for several decades the ministry has not been attracting the keenest minds. The hope lies in the fact that we are beginning to diagnose our disease. As soon as enough of us discover that we are really sick, there will be physicians to effect a cure, or, if you like to put it in the language of the preacher (which thing I abhor) there will be prophetic voices to recall us to our task with a renewed spirit. Such voices are already heard, and in most theological schools there has been steady improvement in the quality of the student body and in the spirit of the faculty membership. Some are wrestling bravely with the problems the ministry must solve in the new generation.

How, then, shall the Church regain its prestige? Or, to put it in a better

way, how may it become a stronger influence in the community, mold business and industrial life, improve social and political moralities? Is it possible for the clergy to become a positive force in public affairs? Can their influence really be an active one unless they enter politics in championship of particular legislative proposals? Let us agree that their real duty is the inculcation of right principles, yet how can they actually accomplish anything if they are to enunciate general principles without specific application of these principles in legislative enactment, or social, industrial, economic, and moral reforms? The Church, of course, cannot admit that moral questions of this sort are outside its province. Out of the disagreements and uncertainties as to how far the Church should go, perhaps this fundamental statement may be accepted: Wherever a moral question arises, it is the function of the Church to establish the principles upon which the question shall be determined. Beyond establishing principles the Church generally should not go; but individual members of the Church, acting in their capacity as citizens, often united in organizations, must see that right principles are duly expressed in specific reforms even though the exact line cannot be fixed between too much and too little reliance upon measures designed to carry moral principles into effect.

The point of divergence between this statement and the present trend of popular practice in the Protestant churches lies in the emphasis which it would put upon individual and associated action, rather than upon corporate action by the churches. An illustration in another field of moral endeavor may be taken from the educational world. Few men have exercised a more far-reaching influence in education than the beloved Dean Briggs of Harvard. He and his associates practically revolutionized the study of English. He "helped students to a right understanding of themselves, so that they could develop certain mental

qualities of their own"; he "trained men to look at the world with their own eyes." Then the men who were so trained went into other educational institutions all over the country, carrying with them the ideas and methods they had learned and, in turn, the students they trained went away from other colleges by the thousands, taking with them the same ideas. The result is seen in methods which have created a new literature in America. In the same way, religious progress comes through the conversion and enlightenment of individuals and groups who become "keen centers of recovered consciousness of the Church's true mission."

In the religious world Dean Hodges of Cambridge did a similar work. Week after week, year after year, he taught his students to judge moral problems with their own minds, meanwhile preaching the social gospel with homely effectiveness. These men in turn brought to the congregations in which they ministered a new sense of their social responsibility. Before he became dean of a theological school Doctor Hodges was a parish clergyman. He never identified himself with party movements; yet he quickened the consciences of his congregation to such an extent that an inefficient and corrupt local administration was turned out of office through their efforts—though, alas, the reform seems to have been only temporary.

Both men were chary of organization. Dean Briggs's strength lay in his intense interest in individuals, his real love of youth, his steady confidence in them, his ready trust in their essential goodness. Dean Hodges had the same confidence in human nature combined with a clear and unswerving faith in the social gospel which he taught. One transformed the spirit of the student body through his unremitting personal interest in individuals. The other was a powerful influence in transforming parochial life and making religion a saving power in the community for the redemption of society, rather than a spiritual medicine labeled,

bottled, and prescribed for the strengthening of individual souls. Difficult as it may be to put this into words, the distinction is quite clear between such methods and the enthusiasm of the Protestant ministers and churches of the present decade who prescribe how we shall live and how we shall think, what we shall put on and put off, what we shall eat and what we shall drink. It seems to have been the method of Jesus Christ Himself, who always looked at life from above rather than from within, who did not issue His call to companies but addressed individuals, who never imposed an order of society but called men to a new way of life and so formed His kingdom by the conversion of men into subjects through their acceptance of The Way. He bids us now to make our lives a challenge and not a compromise and in fellowship with Him to gain power to think clearly and act bravely. The minister must follow this method.

The present tendency is to minimize the pervasive influence of ideas and to rely upon legislation to effect reform. The temptation is to adopt the cruder methods of political propaganda and import into religious effort the commercialized methods of modern organization. The result is a reliance on regulatory codes which hardens its advocates into pharisaical self-righteousness and puritanical severity. Worse than that, the ministers and the churches become singularly obtuse to moral values and ready to excuse actions which in other circumstances would be frankly condemned. Witness the unconscious revelations of religious lobbyists who see no wrong in fighting fire with fire, are indifferent to the moral obliquity of paying public officials to become lecturers in advocacy of measures upon which they must vote as legislators, glory in their success at obtaining evidence by methods which shame the consciences of those who are not of the company of the saints, and can write the history of the prohibition movement as a clever political campaign,

in complete obliviousness of the fact that it began as a moral revival and in this is its only possible excuse for continuance.

V

That brings us to another suggestion which may at first seem to be an anticlimax. To regain its prestige the Church must return to the conviction that it exists as a spiritual center of influence, a moral dynamic. Everything which weakens its spirituality lessens its real power. The protest against the up-and-coming methods of the day is not uttered merely as a plea for good taste or in disapproval of vulgar competition. Undoubtedly we need to get away from the stiff and starched conventionalism of the past. The point is that these offenses against good taste destroy the spiritual appeal of the churches. Some one has said that Catholicism brings people to their knees in adoration, while Protestantism brings them to their feet in action. We need both. There must be service as well as sacrifice, work as well as worship. Yet it seems to many of us that the supreme need of to-day is a revival of the spirit of worship. The church which stands at the head of Wall Street, with open doors through which the distant altar may be seen, with groups of busy people entering for a few moments of prayer or silence, with services at convenient hours for busy people, with noon-day preaching of the simplest sort every day—such a church may mean more for the cause of real religion than a busy ecclesiastical organization whose minister spends his time with committees and clubs and in attendance upon outside organizations and points with pride to a peppy basketball team, a live-wire Bible class, eager red, white, and blue committees engaged in Sabbath-school attendance campaigns and all the complicated paraphernalia of community-house activity. Some of these things are good—in moderation—but the real need to-day is a recollection of the message of the prophet that in

quietness and confidence is our strength. We live in a world of material progress. In America we have built up a great industrial and commercial system. Unless we can give it spiritual motivation it may become a huge Frankenstein monster suddenly endowed with power which we can no longer control, or a Juggernaut to grind us to powder.

So the Church will regain influence as it regains spirituality. Its spiritual strength will increase as its clergy are freed from the activities which now leave them little time for thought or devotion. The clergy themselves must return to the realization of the duty to feed their own spirits, that they may in turn be a source of strength to others. One soul all on fire with real faith is worth more than a whole city aroused and curious. Faith like this will trust in something finer than disciplinary codes. It will have sufficient belief in humanity to feel that in moral decisions the individual may be left free to choose for himself. For a people who value democracy and have been taught to believe in the worth of the individual it will be clear that, while mass discipline, fixed rules, stern regulation may build up, for a time, a machinelike morality, in the long run that Church will win respect which asks its people to decide for themselves, which even *compels* them to decide at the cost of honest mental and moral effort. Such a Church will have a self-respecting constituency respected by others. It need never worry about its prestige. It need not implore an acknowledgment of its position. It will without such apologia find its authority recognized and its opinions and judgments carrying weight.

VI

Finally: The Church will be restored to the confidence of the man outside when it gives more attention to the man outside. Too much effort is given now to coddling the "saints." When any effort is made at gaining others it is left

to the crude work of spasmodic evangelism, and the churches confess their own weakness by combining in campaigns under the direction of imported experts in soul saving. Such efforts are as mistaken in their motives as they are offensive in method. They show no understanding of what Donald Hankey called "the religion of the inarticulate." God has many unattached followers, men of religious feelings and convictions who are not enrolled anywhere as Christian believers—often the very men whom we need inside the churches, men who are doing Christ's work and yet have not the stimulus of fellowship in Christ's Church. That is our loss as well as theirs, and it is hard to say for which of us the loss is the more tragic. No effort can be successful which does not recognize this double loss.

Some things a ministry which is spiritually aroused will do; for it will necessarily be really interested in winning new disciples. It will be a studious ministry numbering men intensely interested in making Christian truth vital for the age. It must also be a teaching ministry, able to translate the truths of Christianity into terms of everyday life and express them, not in the language of dogma but in the language of the average man. Most churches have a cultural worship in highly developed form, or else free and easy evangelistic services devoid of reverence. Most sermons are either conventionally pious discourses or exasperating moral interpretations of current events, or half-baked social theorizing (a good bit of Bible slang; for "Ephraim was a cake not turned"), or fervid exhortations to sinners who usually are not there to hear the appeal. The average man has very simple ideas of religion. To him it means unselfishness, generosity, sincerity, cleanliness of soul, a genuineness and

straightforward honesty that despises cant and is chary of religious professions, an abiding faith in goodness, a very real humility because of his own defects—which we are quite justified in calling penitence—a readiness, therefore, to forgive defects in others; with it all, a general consciousness of God, of whom he is rather vaguely aware though he finds it almost impossible to speak about Him easily and naturally. For such men there must be the simplest and most vivid preaching of the gospel story. We need clergymen the one passion of whose ministry will be to try to interpret the average man to himself and make him see that all the ideals of goodness he ever had are found in Jesus Christ. As for myself, I want to do more than that; I want to make men see that everything that Jesus Christ was God is. I want them to know that if there is a God He must be like Christ and I want them to believe that He is just that sort of a God in spite of all difficulties and in the face of all appearances to the contrary. I want them through Christ to be so certain of God that they will gladly give Him the undivided allegiance of their lives.

After all, that is what religion is. If we ministers are making this our task, we need never be ashamed of our calling. If men see that this is what we are trying to do, they will not long withhold their interest. If all the churches will make this their first aim, our miserable and inveterate divisions will be healed and the day of Christian unity will sooner dawn. This, indeed, is the real road to unity. When churches concentrate upon this common and essential service, denominational differences will fade: the weak will be united in strength; the common task will lead to common understanding; the Church will replace the churches. And the Church will be respected where churches are not.



THE REAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

AT THE moment there seems to be a lull in the feminist movement in so far as most external and vocal manifestations are concerned. For forty years and more the cries of women claiming their rights have resounded far and wide, and in most of the "progressive" countries men have heard them. Votes they now have, and seats in parliaments and even in cabinets, places on juries, and positions of authority. Women, in fact, have won all along the line and have suffered only minor or temporary defeats. What they have asked for they have received, although whether they, on their side, have rendered in return those special benefits that the less responsible suffragists—at least in England—promised humanity as a result of their concurrence in public affairs is altogether another matter, and one with which this paper does not deal.

Rather is it concerned with the problem of the kind of rights which women have chosen to demand and those which, for their own reasons, they have chosen to ignore. It has always seemed to me that in framing their rights, women have, so to speak, put the cart before the horse. They have concentrated with absolute unanimity and sometimes with violence—or, at least, those of them who were the voices of the feminist movement—on rights of citizenship, rights of economic independence, and, above all, on the right to give practical expression to their political opinions. That is to say, they have sought and been granted all manner of external rights. But of their rights as women, divorced entirely from those of citizen, taxpayer, and

wage-earner, they have had but little to say; or what has been said has been muttered low among themselves and not cried out boldly through the channels of the press and the platform.

By the rights of women as women, I mean their rights to the open expression of their individuality as women absolutely untrammelled by all male preconceptions—and misconceptions—of what that individuality really is. For most assuredly if women ever possessed this right—and it is doubtful whether they ever did—it was lost away back in the mists of time. I think the German feminists have perhaps recognized this more clearly than others. "Woman," said the late August Bebel, in his celebrated book on feminism, "was the first human being that tasted bondage. Woman was a slave before the slave existed." Of course, this statement is not meant to convey the impression that woman has always existed in a state of physical slavery. Bebel meant that mainly through physical causes men had been able to impose on women their own ideas and ideals of what they should or should not be. That is to say, thousands of years ago they dictated to women as the ideal of womanhood the kind of creature whom they could handle with the least difficulty and who was likely to afford the male sex the maximum amount of comfort and satisfaction for the smallest expenditure from men of virtues similar to or identical with those imposed on women. (At this point, lest it be assumed that I take a maliciously vindictive attitude towards the age-long overlordship of men, let me hasten to

say that I believe their conduct to have been perfectly natural in view of their superior physical strength—the means by which they obtained this complete mastery over women—and, indeed, scarcely even reprehensible. Further, that I am convinced that women, in a reversed position, would have exercised over men a mastery ten times more tyrannical and infinitely more uncomfortable because probably more “pin-pricking” in character.)

Thus has arisen the legend that women are, or should be, gentle, soft-spoken, yielding (but only to their husbands), obedient, self-sacrificing, constant, dutiful, industrious, (except the courtesan who is all the more charming for being lazy and luxurious in her habits), and, above all, absolutely unselfish in all her relations to men. Indeed, it is not too much to say that self-sacrifice and unselfishness and constancy in love men rate as the very highest moral attributes of women. So much so that there is just a suspicion that they occasionally forget that, at least so far as the Christian religion is concerned, these virtues are held to be no less incumbent on men than on women.

Now, the foregoing virtues are unquestionably highly desirable; or perhaps it would be better to say that while they are considered highly desirable in practical form in women, they are only so considered in a very abstract sense in men. The question is: are they really more natural and exclusive to women than to men? If they are, then there is nothing more to be said and John Stuart Mill was wrong—hideously wrong; and so was Bebel when he asserted that woman was a slave even before the slave existed. But if, on the other hand, these virtues are no more natural and exclusive to women than to men, it may be urged with perfect fairness that, although the world has rolled on these tens of thousands of years, we do not yet possess any very accurate idea of the real personality of woman as a sex. Frau Rosa Mayreder, the famous German

writer on feminism, put the matter very aptly when she said, “We shall be able to know what women are only when we no longer dictate to them what they should be.”

Slaves have been known to hug their chains. And women, after uncounted generations of subserviency to the ideals of conduct imposed on them by men, have long since come to believe that these are perfectly natural to their sex. No doubt there are still large numbers of women who would be highly indignant with any person who ventured to question the reality of these ideals. And arising from this deep-seated belief in the natural possession of women to the qualities of devotion, self-sacrifice, self-denial, gentleness as opposed to male brutality, and morality as opposed to male immorality, we have had the spectacle of some European feminists even basing their demand for the vote to some extent on the alleged moral qualities of their sex. In England a few of the less responsible and more extravagant suffragists made absurd claims and antagonized many people by their markedly “anti-man” attitude—an attitude arising in part from an apparently firm belief not merely in the equality of women with men, but in their superiority to men. Happily, this unfortunate attitude has died a natural death and is heard of no more. But it remains no less true that women, as well as men, grew to believe that the personality men ordered them to assume was indeed their own and as natural to them as playfulness is to a kitten or ferocity to a tiger.

Reference has already been made to John Stuart Mill, the staunchest and most powerful champion that women, as a sex, have yet possessed. Mill, ordinarily polite and conciliating, could be, and was aroused to insolence when any man dared to question his premises and conclusions concerning women. Yet even he found it difficult to accept the legend of the naturally angelic nature of women if certain statements in his *Subjection of Women* may be assumed to

reflect his beliefs, as there is no reason they should not be. He was, as everyone knows, an impassioned believer in the intellectual equality of women with men; but his opinion concerning their alleged moral superiorities is significant and important enough to be quoted at some length: "As for moral differences, considered as distinguished from intellectual," he says, "the distinction commonly drawn is to the advantage of women. They are declared to be better than men; an empty compliment, which must provoke a bitter smile from every woman of spirit, since there is no other situation in life in which it is the established order, and considered quite natural and suitable, that the better should obey the worse."

He is even more direct in the following: "Women, it is said, seldomer fall under the penal law . . . than men. I doubt not that the same thing may be said, with the same truth, of negro slaves. Those who are under the control of others cannot often commit crimes. . . . I do not know a more signal instance of the blindness with which the world, including the herd of studious men, ignore and pass over the influence of social circumstances, than their silly depreciation of the intellectual, and silly panegyrics on the moral, nature of women."

Mill's profound conviction that the real nature of women is an unknown quantity leads him back to the subject again and again. "All women are brought up from the very earliest years in the belief that their ideal of character is the very opposite to that of men; not self-will, and government by self-control, but submission, and yielding to the control of others. All the moralities tell them that it is the duty of women, and all the current sentimentalities that it is their nature, to live for others; to make complete abnegation of themselves, and to have no life but in their affections. And by affections are meant the only ones they are allowed to have." Mill goes on to de-

clare that scarcely any men have any knowledge of the "actually existing thoughts and feelings" of women. "Many a man thinks he perfectly understands women, because he has had amatory relations with several, perhaps with many of them. If he is a good observer, and his experience extends to quality as well as quantity, he may have learnt something of one narrow department of their nature—an important department, no doubt. But of all the rest of it, few persons are generally more ignorant, because there are few from whom it is so carefully hidden." And he points out that it is only of comparatively recent date that women, by means of literature, have been able to tell anything at all to the general public. But, he adds, "as yet very few of them dare tell anything which men, on whom their literary success depends, are unwilling to hear."

Have not the feminists in their public campaigns tended to exchange the substance for the shadow? Is it not of far more importance that a woman should be allowed to be herself than that she should mark a ballot paper or stand up in Congress and deliver herself on such subjects as the consolidation of railways or the future of Yap? But the fact remains that women have not first sought to be allowed to be themselves, and have preferred to demand their rights as taxpayers and wage-earners rather than their rights as women. Why?

I think that they have been dimly aware — indeed, in the case of the more clear-sighted women even acutely aware — that if their sex is to win the right to be itself and not merely what it has been ordered to be, it must come down from that curious structure known as its "pedestal." That is to say, it must repudiate its claim—assumed, as we have seen, at the dictation of men—to a virtual monopoly of the qualities of abnegation, devotion, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and self-denial, since it is manifestly absurd to pretend that any normal, average person, male or female,

if left absolutely free, will prefer to choose always, or even often, the hard and narrow path instead of a broader and easier route. Those who do choose the hard and narrow path of their own free will are martyrs; they are certainly not average, normal human beings with a full equipment of ordinary human nature. But if in America the claim of the suffragists to the rights of citizenship was based on the plea of justice, in England there was a tendency with certain of the more sentimental and less clear-headed women to base their claims in some degree on the legendary superiority of women in special moral qualities; to be precise, on those which the average man has never been over-anxious to indulge in himself. Women, these sentimentalists urged, would "purify" politics. And if American women were granted the vote as a measure of justice, I cannot help thinking that Englishwomen, who had to fight harder, and, consequently, to use a more varied assortment of arguments, won their battle because many people believed that women should vote because they were what tradition has invariably alleged them to be. Incidentally, suffragists had also become an intolerable nuisance to politicians. Therefore, the women were given their votes and their seats in parliaments and on juries and were granted all the rest of their demands.

These things, I repeat, are not the rights of women; they are only the rights of taxpayers. In making their claims women have chosen to demand to be citizens before they demanded the right to be themselves. But unquestionably they found themselves in a dilemma; for they probably realized that, difficult as was the fight for the rights of citizenship, it would be a veritable picnic in comparison with the fight for the right to be themselves. For it would be foolish to pretend that men would find the real woman as easy to handle as the model they dictated—not that the model was always easy. Slaves are easier to com-

mand than free men; but in the long run, free men are more satisfactory.

II

Occasionally there makes her entrance on the stage of life a woman who from first to last is determined to be herself irrespective of men, of convention, of tradition, and of all the accumulated teachings of the centuries. When such a woman appears the shock that she administers to men galvanizes them into the writing of endless biographies and histories. They pay convention the lip-service of disapproval of these women; but, strangely enough, they leave the biographies of the saintly women—those whose lives square with convention—to be written by other saintly women.

Take, for instance, the case of the notorious Ninon de l'Enclos. Here we have a woman, of good birth and sound education, who very early in life declared that she intended to have nothing to do with the "servitude" of marriage. She was as good as her word; she did not. She did, however, have an interminable succession of lovers. Many other women have had the same. But the point in Ninon's case which never fails to rouse her male biographers to excited comment is the fact that in every case she tired of her lovers before they tired of her. Not once did a lover ever leave Ninon de l'Enclos; not once did the lady fail to dismiss a lover to make place for a successor. And this state of affairs continued until Ninon was an elderly woman.

Men have told us that it is the nature of women to be unselfish, self-denying, submissive, and constant in love; and Ninon was none of these things. Hence, the endless comments of men on what they regard to be a particularly freakish phenomenon. If it is an impertinence on the part of a woman even once to tire of a man before he tires of her, then there are no words left to describe Ninon's conduct. Of course, the spectacle of male inconstancy causes no comment

whatever. On the contrary, it is male constancy to one woman which would arouse vivid interest. Therefore, when Ninon de l'Enclos chose to dismiss her lovers instead of politely waiting for them to dismiss her—which at least would have put her square with tradition—she became a fitting and favorite subject for biographers.

The truth is, that although women are not like Ninon, they are probably a good deal less constant than convention supposes them to be. Sometimes one becomes a little tired of what Mill has termed the "silly panegyrics on the moral nature of women," and one almost wishes that there were a few more Ninons in the world who would make a concerted—and successful—effort to destroy them. The truth is wounding to the vanity of men, and women are not yet strong enough economically to be able to afford unpleasant frankness. During the War European women certainly did something in this direction; but what are four or five years of inconstancy against thousands of years of traditional constancy? The fact that so many young widows in France and England showed but a slight disposition to remain faithful to the memory of the dead and even, indeed, considerable haste to replace their loss, seems to have made little impression on men. We still hear our male "authorities" on women proclaiming in the same confident tones that man's love is of man's life a thing apart, etc., meaning, of course, that the love which is woman's *whole existence* is and can be nothing but the self-sacrificing love of a monogamous union.

I have italicized Byron's monstrous words since if women are ever to enjoy the right to be themselves, it is essential that they should be given no external encouragement to immolate themselves to love. To train them to the idea that love is their whole existence and that no others can have any place in their lives is a shameful thing. Love can always be relied upon to take care of itself, both in men and women, and it is not any service

to women artificially to increase a perfectly natural inclination to fall in love. Of all the injustices which women have ever suffered, perhaps this eagerness to urge them to a degree of self-immolation in love entirely unknown to any other living creature is on the whole the worst.

It is strange how the professional feminists have ignored this very legitimate grievance and have, instead, foisted on men the blame for all manner of things of which they are quite innocent. There is, for instance, that favorite plaint of the feminist of intellectual bent to the effect that men are jealous of women's work in art, literature, and science and lose no chance of belittling it on every possible occasion. The reverse is the truth. Whenever women have proved themselves possessed of unquestionable talent men have fostered it. It was certainly not women who lionized George Eliot; they were too busy pondering over the fact that she was living with a man to whom she was not married. It was men who lionized her, just as it was men who lionized Charlotte Brontë and Madame de Staël and George Sand—all plain women and consequently not made much of on account of their faces. There is, too, the savage feminist attitude in regard to the underpayment of women by men. The truth is that men generally pay their employees, male or female, as little as they can, and when a woman happens to find herself an employer she does the same. These complaints are examples of the stress which the feminists have laid on artificial rights as artists or workers while ignoring their human rights as women.

III

It is quite certain that both the higher education of women and their subsequent economic independence will do a very great deal to mitigate the tendency of women to immolate themselves to love. Fifty years from now men will repeat their eternal "man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole exist-

ence" in somewhat more faltering accents than they have done hitherto; for while vivid outside interests will not in the least affect a woman's power to love, they will certainly make her less inclined to immolate herself deliberately to the Moloch that men have made of love—for women. No blame is to be attached to men for their part in the encouragement of this self-immolation. After all, women at their mildest are not easy to handle; but they are undoubtedly easiest when they believe (and act accordingly) that their sole function in life is to devote themselves body and soul to the welfare of the man who is their husband, and that even the slightest deviation from this function is horrid and unnatural.

Therefore, it is probable that as time goes on the attitude of women towards men will take on a somewhat more casual character; which will possibly be less agreeable for men but much more satisfactory for women. It is even possible that a time will come when civilized men will have to exert themselves to make themselves more attractive to the female of the species. In this case the civilized world will witness a renaissance of polished manners, while the hideous clothes of modern males will give way to a costume that emphasizes, instead of diminishes, masculine good looks. At the same time there will occur a rapid decrease in the business done by beauty salons, costumiers, drapery establishments, and milliners, all of which lines of industry thrive and fatten on selling to women goods which women would not need if only men had to compete for their favor instead of expecting their own to be competed for by women. Naturally, any virile man resents the idea that he is the pursued and not the pursuer in love; but the very fact that women are brought up to believe that love is their whole existence, while men are not so brought up, surely proves that in all essentials, if not in externals, it is women, and not men, who are the competitors in so far as marriage is concerned.

If the right of women to be themselves

did little more than bring about a revival of good manners and pleasing costume on the part of men, it would already have done much, since it would have made an important contribution to the art of living. But its effects might even be felt in the field of fiction writing. No one denies that it is women who form the body of novel readers, and that a novel, to be successful, must be pleasing to women. It has, therefore, always been incumbent on novelists who desired wide success to make their novels extremely "romantic," for, of course, everyone knew that love was woman's whole existence. In this way unfortunate girls were still further encouraged in the ancient superstition that it is the highest duty of women to immolate themselves on the altar of love. A vicious circle was created; the novelists thrived on the superstition by encouraging it and the feminine public, in its turn, became ever readier and more eager to immolate itself to its unnatural idea of womanly life.

The superstition has thus worked incalculable harm not only to literature as an art, but—and this is more serious—to women themselves. It has given them illusions of a nature which should have no place in the mind of any human being, and in nine cases out of ten they are shattered with a violence which occasionally works havoc with the happiness of women. If the first right of women is to be allowed to be themselves, then the next is the right to be told the truth, while still young, about their relations to men and life, even though the truth be less picturesque and "romantic" than the lies most of them have been fed on.

But the present lull in the feminist movement will not last forever. Strange rumblings may even now be heard on the horizon—sounds which have already roused sociologists, ministers of religion, teachers and novelists into a state of feverish vocal activity. And in the meantime women gather among themselves and talk. Perhaps men have not yet heard the things that they are saying, but I have heard them many a time.



HAVE FAITH IN INDIANA

BY ELMER DAVIS

MY UNWORTHY feet have lately trodden the sacred soil of the Hoosier state, where I was born and might be living yet if I had found anybody within its confines who would give me a job when I got out of college. Since the adventurous person who ultimately did give me a job lived in New York, I became a New Yorker. Years passed—quite a number of years when laid end to end as one usually finds them—and I became completely denationalized as a Hoosier; now I can eat spaghetti with one hand, but not fried chicken. Often my business took me across Indiana to Chicago, but I never went back home.

And of late years I became afraid to go back to Indiana. Strange tales came from what had once been the Earthly Paradise. (If you doubt the accuracy of that epithet, see any Indiana novel for confirmation.) The Happy Valley had been turned into a hotbed of hatred and suspicion. The moon was still fair along the Wabash, but almost everything else, according to returning voyagers, was unfair. Where once the Shawnee and Pottawatomie had terrorized the countryside, men and women now stood in dread of the Kleagle and the Kligrapp. Candle lights still gleamed through the sycamores, but their pallid flame was dimmed by the glare of the fiery cross.

Laws of fantastic ferocity had been imposed on the blameless Hoosier, whose native mildness hardly seemed to require such stringent repression; and the natural reaction had fomented wild and shameless orgies. Conservatives and intellectuals escaped from the state with

the same kind of relief as other conservatives and intellectuals felt when they fled across the frontier of Soviet Russia. Worst of all, said scouts who had observed the decline and fall of Indiana, the Hoosiers had become afraid to talk. They no longer even talked politics. If this were true, then indeed the glory was departed.

Nevertheless I nerved myself last summer for a return to familiar scenes, a *recherche du temps perdu*, much in the mood of Regulus going back to Carthage. A visit to Indiana, if one could believe rumors, was an adventure fraught with bizarre perils. ("Don't drink anything in Indianapolis," a Hoosier refugee urged me as I left New York; "they have to put Coca-Cola in it to kill the taste.") But the perils, after all, could be evaded with circumspection; what could not be evaded was the arid disappointment in the return to what had once been a Garden Spot and was now little more than a Devastated District, the discovery that the old Hoosier salt had all been washed away by Coca-Cola and other beverages dear to the Anti-Saloon League, that the Hoosier gets his politics from the Dragon or the Titan instead of rolling his own.

All a mistake, friends. The decease of Indiana has been greatly exaggerated. I do not challenge the accuracy of various reporters who have brought these horrendous tales back to New York. At certain times and in certain places, no doubt all they said was true; in certain places much of it is true still. Indiana has changed in sixteen years and in some ways changed for the worse; but, so far

as I could gather, in the last few months it has changed for the better, and there is hope that the patient's improvement may be steady from now on. The organism was attacked by a violent disease, but it seems to be setting up a resistance, a reaction, that may ultimately give it immunity.

And the Hoosier essence is still there. Indiana has always been a more salient and individual commonwealth than most of its Middle-Western neighbors; it possesses what the eastern Europeans would call cultural autonomy. And that native culture seems to be, in the main, still intact. If the Hoosiers talk politics less than they used to (and I heard plenty of politics talked) it may be not so much that they are afraid of listening Klansmen as that the savage stringency of their state prohibition law has inevitably made liquor a topic of absorbing interest. "We think too much about liquor out here," an eminent Hoosier confessed to me, "and talk too much about it. It isn't that important. But when the state legislature declares that liquor or the prohibition of liquor is more than the Constitution and the ethics of a gentleman and everything else, everybody's sense of values is twisted a little out of focus. If we had a sane liquor law the topic might shrink to its proper size."

Yet I think I heard as much talk about automobiles as about liquor, and with good reason. Walking is a lost art in Indiana; whoever has to go farther than across the road takes an automobile; if there is any Hoosier so debased that he does not own an automobile (which I doubt) he is less than the dust beneath his neighbors' chariot wheels. The foreigner, rashly proposing to walk two blocks down the street, is regarded as a dangerous person of Bolshevik tendencies, attempting to corrupt Middle-Western purity by introduction of the un-American customs of the Atlantic seaboard. The colleges of the state might well add a new event to their track meets—the hundred-yard walk, if they

could find anybody hardy enough to endure the strain.

If Darwin and his allied and associated evolutionists are right (this is one of the few topics on which the Indiana legislature has not yet laid down the law), legs in Indiana will presently become vestigial, and ultimately will drop off altogether. Some few ladies may retain them for purposes of ornament—not too many, it may be hoped—but for the rest of the population legs have already been replaced by the automobile. The Hoosier of to-day talks about engine trouble and tire mileage as much as his grandfather talked about his rheumatism, and for the same reason.

So I am not much impressed by this alleged decline of political conversation. Changes there have been; but the two great cottage industries that made the state famous—literature and politics—flourish as luxuriantly as ever. While these twin pillars stand the Hoosier temple is secure.

II

Outwardly the Indiana of to-day looks about the same as the Indiana of 1910, except a little more weatherbeaten; about the only additions to the architecture of the state are a couple of hundred thousand filling stations. This gives a curious sense of timelessness to the New Yorker who is used to seeing his home town pulled down and rebuilt before his eyes every few weeks; none the less, there is something to be said for the Hoosier theory of using a serviceable house till it wears out rather than squander all your savings on building another just a little better. That is, there would be something to be said for the theory if it were true.

But I am told that Hoosiers do not build houses because they spend all their money for automobiles; they wear out old clothes because the money that once bought clothes now buys gasoline. It does seem that houses which have been on the premises for several decades might at least be painted once in a while;

and I understand that a couple of years ago there was a general movement toward renovation. But just about that time the Florida boom came along, and the money which had been saved up to paint the house went to Florida and has not been seen since.

Carl Fisher of Indianapolis made countless millions in Florida; so did a few other Hoosiers who got in on the ground floor. But the rest of Indiana, the general sucker investor, got just about what the general sucker investor usually gets. It was a hard blow because it came at a time when the state, in common with the whole corn belt, was hard up. Many a farmer had counted on paying off the mortgage with his profit on the resale of those waterfront lots in Florida; and now, as the diplomats say, he is compelled to envisage a new situation.

Relatively, if not absolutely, Indiana is less prosperous to-day than it was in 1910, which may have something to do with the changes of temperament, of interest, of emphasis which have undoubtedly occurred. But in the main, of course, these alterations are traceable, directly or in reflex, to the Ku Klux Klan.

One finds it hard to imagine why the Klan has such a hold on Indiana. What has the nervous Protestant to be afraid of in a state which has hardly ten per cent of Catholics and one per cent of Jews? Well, he finds a good deal to be afraid of. One hears strange tales among Hoosiers—for instance, that the lease on the Vatican has expired, and the Pope, unable to pay the increased rent demanded by his landlord, is now living in disguise in Cincinnati, ready to cross the frontier the first dark night, seize Indiana by a *coup d'état*, and turn it into a papal satrapy. (His Holiness will find a lot of friends in Dearborn County, the border march adjacent to Cincinnati, which is undoubtedly a weak point in the Hoosier *cordon sanitaire*.) Just why, out of all the Protestant communities on this planet, the

Pope should select Indiana as the object of his wicked desires, is not apparent to the foreigner; but to the Hoosier it is clear enough. Indiana is the most desirable spot on earth, and any potentate might reasonably covet it. (The *locus classicus* on this point in Hoosier literature is Mr. Tarkington's *The Man From Home*.) At any rate this theory seems to be widely held in the rural districts, and the Protestants are all on guard.

The intelligent people of Indiana (and despite emigration, forced and otherwise, the state is still probably well above the average in percentage of intelligent people) find it hard to understand how these abysmal depths of ignorance, bigotry, malice, and pure wrong-headedness can exist in a state which has long been noted for the excellence of its schools, which has probably produced more normal-school principals and professors of pedagogy than any other commonwealth in the country. But a report on the state schools, published a few years ago, after investigation by a local committee which could not be suspected of alien bias, throws some light on this topic. Indiana got its pedagogic reputation by an early start. About 1870 its schools were the best in the world, by the standards of 1870. They still are—by the standards of 1870; but states which give more attention to scholarship and less to basket ball show up a little better by the standards of 1926. (It may or may not be an accident, but the principal signer of this report moved to Chicago shortly after its publication.)

Possibly this willingness to stand on a reputation won long ago accounts for the spread of the Klan. It is well known that the Klan began to take hold of Indiana about the time it began to lose ground in the South. Perhaps it spread because it gave to persons of no importance a sense of consequence and an illusion of something to do. In Indiana it certainly owed much to the organizing ability of a Grand Dragon who, one was

told at the time, had "sold" the Klan in Indiana on the basis of love rather than hatred. That the gentleman's concept of love was somewhat violent is suggested by the fact that he was presently tried for rape and murder and is now serving a twenty-year sentence in the penitentiary; yet the argument has this much support, that the Klan in Indiana has carefully refrained from the local acts of violence common in other states where it flourished. In Indiana the Klan has done its work in politics; which proves that the Hoosier Klansmen, after all, are essentially Hoosiers, expressing themselves in politics as all Hoosiers will.

The 1924 election gave the Klan control of the state. First of all the Klan, with the Anti-Saloon League, got control of the Republican party. The Republican state ticket ran far behind Coolidge that year, but Coolidge pulled it through. Possibly he does not deserve all the credit; the Republican candidate for Governor, Major Ed Jackson, and the Democratic candidate, Colonel Carleton McCulloch, were both Nordic Protestants; but McCulloch had not made Nordic Protestantism a gainful occupation and he suffered the added handicap of being an intellectual. At any rate, the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League got control of the state and proceeded to cash in on it.

The state prohibition law which they passed—the "smell law"—is a marvelous document. One hears of legislators who staggered from a whiskey-laden table to vote for the law, and back to the whiskey-laden table; but Indiana is not the only state which lives by the great principle that it matters not how a legislator drinks so long as he votes right. Certainly, the statute which they put on the books is the culmination, in one way or another, of the process that started with Magna Carta; the Nordic genius for self-government never produced anything more remarkable.

To sell, possess, or give away liquor calls for a mandatory jail sentence of

thirty days to six months (for a first offense); so does the display of a cocktail shaker in a drug-store window. One who is merely intoxicated in public may escape with a fine; one who drives an automobile while intoxicated—an offense which accounts for a good many traffic killings a year, in Indiana and elsewhere—goes to jail for from thirty days to six months. But one who transports even a spoonful of liquor in an automobile—unless he transports it in his own digestive system—is guilty of a felony and goes to jail for from one to two years; possession of a distilling apparatus is *prima facie* evidence of intention of unlawful use, and the possessor is a felon who spends from one to five years in a penitentiary.

If *any fluid* is poured out or carried away while the premises are being searched, it shall be held to be *prima facie* intoxicating liquor intended for unlawful use or sale. Proof of the possession of empty bottles that have contained intoxicating liquor shall be admissible as evidence—and the smell of the bottle is often sufficient. Also, if a bottle is found on your premises, though a passer-by may have thrown it over the fence, it is your bottle unless you can prove the contrary.

It only remains to add that this amiable enactment provides that "any citizen, organization, or association within this state" (which of course means the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League) may employ an attorney to assist the prosecutor; and that charges shall not be dismissed unless the reason for so doing is laid before this attorney for his inspection.

Surely this ought to enact virtue; if the citizens can be made righteous by the power of the secular arm, Indiana ought to be the Spotless Commonwealth. And what is the result? Why, one result I have already mentioned—that a young woman lately back from Indianapolis told me that they had to use Coca-Cola to kill the taste; and another refugee from Indianapolis told

me that they got drunk and rolled on the floor, lost to all sense of moderation.

III

But I gather that both the virtue and the iniquity of Indiana have been greatly exaggerated. (That is the penalty of spending as many years as I spent in the newspaper business; one discovers that everything has been greatly exaggerated.)

I did not see, in Indiana, anybody drunk and rolling on the floor; nor did I encounter anything the taste of which needed to be killed by Coca-Cola. I understand that among the lower classes, unable to pay the prices which the better element puts up for whisky brought in via Detroit, a favorite drink is Jamaica ginger diluted by Coca-Cola; and the prosecuting authorities have had much difficulty in breaking up this traffic because the state law merely forbids intoxicating liquor "and every other drink, mixture, or preparation of more than one half of one per cent of alcoholic content reasonably likely or intended to be used as a beverage." It had never occurred to anybody that Jamaica ginger was reasonably likely to be used as a beverage.

Those whose delicacy is affronted by Jamaica ginger are said to sate their unlawful desires by dropping a tablet of aspirin into a bottle of Coca-Cola. The effect is alleged to be powerful while it lasts; it wears off in half an hour or so, but then you procure another tablet of aspirin and another bottle of Coca-Cola. Maybe so; I am a middle-aged family man with no appetite for adventure; I didn't try it. Nor does it seem that anybody with friends in Indiana would need to try it; the prohibition law is said to be effective in the country districts, where there was never much drinking anyway; but, so far as I could gather, the percentage of humidity is as high in Indianapolis as anywhere in the country, except for New York and the East Coast of Florida.

Then is this majestic statute, this super-prohibition law, ineffective? Not a bit; but one gathers that it operates only against certain people. If somebody who stands well with the authorities is arrested, the case may be shifted to a lenient court; and if he stands well enough with the authorities he is not even arrested. One hears of delegates to a Republican convention drinking their fill in rooms protected by policemen, just as it is said to be done on the wicked Atlantic seaboard. But then the Republicans are the Klan party, the Anti-Saloon League party, the party of law enforcement, and naturally their delegates are privileged.

Some people undoubtedly have had bad luck. They tell a tale in Indianapolis of a burglar who broke into a house and was discovered by the householder. Dodging about in the cellar, with the police closing in on him outside, he had the good luck to find a couple of bottles of homemade wine, of the kind which is perfectly legitimate under the Volstead Act but obnoxious to the higher morality of Indiana. Clutching a bottle in each hand, the burglar walked gleefully out into the arms of the police; and the householder was forthwith arrested and sent to jail, while the burglar, so far as the story tells, was set free as a watchful and law-abiding citizen.

No Hoosier who has a treasured bottle anywhere around the house dares to fire his cook, or get into a dispute with the plumber. Plumbers, and carpenters, and readers of gas and electric meters are said to look for liquor with great diligence when they enter a house; if they can reach it they take some of it; if not they reserve their information in case there is any argument about the bill. In so far as the moral leaders of the United States are laboring to make this a country of spies, of sneaks, of snoopers, and informers (which is pretty far) Indiana undoubtedly has a good running start. When an automobile driver in the rural districts of the state is arrested

for speeding, his car is usually searched for liquor. The Supreme Court has held that this search is illegal, but in many counties it goes on just the same. There is a difference of opinion at present, among sheriffs and prosecutors, as to whether it is illegal to stop your car by the roadside, with all the lights on. A good many sheriffs hold that such conduct is *prima facie* evidence of immoral purposes; and when they seize a car thus stationary they are apt to search it, in the hope that a half-empty flask may let the occupants in for a year in the penitentiary.

All of this sounds as if Indiana were a dreadful place to live; but as usual, things are not so bad as they sound. Any Hoosier who has no influential friends may find himself in trouble at any moment; but not so many do. As with all laws whose ferocity far outruns public sentiment, the violence of this one is considerably mitigated in practice. Sensible prosecutors try to discriminate between men who sell liquor and those who possess it for their own use, between traveling bootleggers merchandising from their automobiles and tourists who happen to have brought a bottle up from Florida in a suitcase. Judges, too, are apt to make some effort to fit the penalty to the crime; jail sentences are mandatory but they can be suspended, and often are; and where judges and prosecutors fail, juries often—though not always—do the same.

It would be pleasing to report that this is the work of the old and famous Hoosier sense of humor, but apparently it is not. It is, to be sure, the work of the sense of proportion, of which the sense of humor is only a variant; but humor as such, so far as I can observe, is less common in Indiana than it used to be. At any rate, where the sense of humor fails, the sense of self-interest comes in. Chicago automobile clubs have advised all persons driving to Florida to dodge well round Indiana, since Indiana is full of sheriffs who delight in ripping apart every car that comes through in the

hope of finding a spoonful of evidence which may send a felon away to the pen. This has resulted in a considerable loss of trade for Indiana hotels and filling stations; and human nature being what it is, that fact has registered on the minds of Hoosier authorities.

The prohibition law has undoubtedly promoted greater kindness to cooks and greater fraternity with plumbers; it has skilled Hoosiers in the Spartan virtues of caution and evasion; it has taught men to mistrust their friends, which, according to current American morality, is that much to the good. It has done a good deal, but I doubt if it has greatly reduced the volume of drinking, though it has certainly boosted the price of liquor. But then there is little evidence that any prohibition law is primarily intended to reduce the volume of drinking.

But even the transcendent purpose of prohibition laws, the cementing of the power of the Anti-Saloon League and its allies, seems to have been ill served by this inspired enactment. The State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League has had things his own way for some time. Once, with a group of friends he gestured at an Anheuser-Busch sign overhead. "Ain't it dreadful, boys, that that sign should be allowed to stand?" "But, Doctor," protested one of his hearers, "that sign advertises ginger ale." "I know," said the good doctor sadly, "but the very name makes people think of beer."

Lately, however, the worthy doctor has found himself in trouble. In his annual report he imprudently accused the state Supreme Court of "wet tendencies," and was in due course cited for contempt. At this writing the question is still under debate, but the defendant's attorneys have found it advisable to set up the defense that he was only exercising the inalienable right of every citizen to free thought and free speech.

When the Anti-Saloon League has to come out for free speech, it has lost its Hindenburg Line.

IV

The Klan, too, is apparently less powerful than it used to be, though still powerful enough. Two years ago it had most of the state press terrorized; the two old-established Indianapolis papers shook speechless in their boots, and the *Times*, which dared oppose the Klan in politics, found that its carriers were followed by Klansmen who stopped at every house where a *Times* was left and warned the householder that he had better stop reading the vile sheet. But of late various papers, if not exactly coming out against the Klan, have at least dared to admit that it is not necessarily a felony for citizens to hold opinions disapproved by the ruling oligarchy.

The conviction of the late Dragon seems partly responsible for this; he managed to run the state government from jail during his trial but seems to be less successful in running it from the remote penitentiary near the Michigan line. His removal dislocated the Klan leadership and, so far as the profane outsider can gather, it even set up two discordant parties among the sheeted paladins themselves, doubtless the pro-rape and anti-rape factions. A Grand Titan was lately fined for rape; and this behavior of Titans and Dragons suggests that perhaps the Klan's enthusiasm for female purity proceeds ultimately from a jealous cherishing of the *droit de seigneur*.

One great effect the Klan domination is having—the political solidification of most of the intelligent people of the state. For the Klan in Indiana is essentially a proletarian dictatorship. Like all proletarian movements, it includes a few astute individuals, themselves anything but proletarian, who control it and direct it in their own interests; but its membership is almost exclusively composed of the hill-billies, the Great Unteachables. And because the state is controlled by organized ignorance and malice, most of the intel-

lectuals have been forced together for self-defense.

You find plenty of men and women in Indiana who tell you that they are Republicans but vote the Democratic ticket. Not that all the Klansmen are Republicans; but the majority of Democratic sentiment is against them, whereas the Republican party from Jim Watson down is only the tail to the Klan kite. In Indiana as elsewhere, the difference between Republicans and Democrats is little more than a hereditary tradition; but the tradition is still powerful.

If the Klan control of the Republican organization lasts long enough, there will be a real class distinction between the parties in Indiana. The Democrats will be the aristocrats, the party of intelligence; the Republican strength will lie in the unlettered masses and in the few rich men who find the unlettered masses useful in their business. Twenty years ago it was otherwise; the strength of Hoosier Democracy lay in the masses, the majority of the intellectuals were Republicans. But the Republicans, calling themselves the party of intelligence and morality, have visibly become in Indiana the party of ignorance and vicarious morality; there is no place for the intellectuals to go but over to the Democrats.

This division is hardly likely to last, of course; presently the Klan will lose the Republican organization and allegiances will return to the old home. Probably it should not last; for the alignment of all the intelligence of the state on one side tends to iron out temperamental differences and local differences which contribute a good deal to the salty variety of Hoosier culture. Here again, prohibition and the fanatical violence of its supporters have erected a paramount issue which throws all difference of opinion on minor matters into the shade. But this is only a tendency; a tendency powerful just now, but by no means solidified into an enduring state. Many things have happened to Indiana,

but much of the essential Hoosierism remains untouched.

For—I revert to my theme—the essence of Indiana is literature and politics; and in those basic key-industries Indiana is still there.

A year or two ago there was some little apprehension about the future of Indiana literature. The tall sycamores of Hoosier letters—Tarkington, Ade, Nicholson, McCutcheon—still towered above the forest, but they were beginning to be weary in well doing; and they had dominated the field for so long that they had discouraged competition. Ambitious young Hoosiers had developed the habit of going to Detroit to produce automobiles instead of settling down in Indianapolis to produce novels; and the most promising of the younger writers, Mr. Scoggins, chose to employ his talent on the alien scene of Latin America. Something had to be done in the way of planting the next crop if the romantic optimism of the Mid-Western corn belt were not to yield to the gloomy realism of the Northwestern wheat belt.

Hence the Indiana Literary Field Day, held at Culver Military Academy, one of the oldest and best-known schools in the Middle West, and promoted by a committee which hung up a series of prizes for the best essays, stories, poems, plays, and book illustrations by school and college students. The prizes included cash money, in sufficient amount to make the average student wonder if after all literature was not about as profitable as running a garage; and the conferring of the awards was made a ceremony more impressive, to the winners, than any university's bestowal of honorary LL.D.'s. In the way of literary pageantry there has been nothing to approach it since Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games, or Wolfram von Eschenbach won the poetry contest at the Wartburg.

The action takes place on a perfect spring day, on the shores of Lake Maxinkuckee, with a background of semi-military, semi-academic buildings and an

overhead canopy of maples and elms. All around are seated the beauty and chivalry of Indianapolis and way stations, not forgetting a considerable delegation from Indiana's best known extramural extension, Chicago. For extra men and gentlemen of the chorus, several hundred cadets in full uniform, which is full enough to realize any schoolgirl's dream of military splendor.

On the platform in front of Memorial Hall are assembled as many as possible—which is a good many, Culver efficiency and Culver hospitality being equally well known—of Indiana authors, editors, publishers, publicists, and critics, pedestaled like the statues in the Siegesallee, that all aspiring young literati may have them pointed out—"This is what you too may become, if you only persevere." Leading up to this high altar of Pallas Athene a shaded walk, lined with smartly uniformed cadets standing at present arms; and above everything, on the steps of the Memorial Hall, the trooping of the colors, laureled banners of the schools and colleges to which the prize winners belong, that each young laureate may remember that he not only gets some money for himself but reflects glory on alma mater.

The prize winner's name is called; the cadet color bearer takes the proper banner down the walk; behind the banner the prize winner ascends to the High Place, escorted by a cadet aide, his tall helmet surmounted by a taller black plume, his gilt-buttoned uniform girt with a scarlet sash and a clanking sword; and with a roll of drums and flourish of trumpets the name and school and achievement of the prize winner is solemnly recited to the applauding crowd and the incipient author is welcomed into the goodly fellowship of Indiana literati.

Why, the ceremony has as much pomp, and as profound an emotional impact, as a presidential inauguration or a pontifical high mass. The romantic youth or day-dreaming girl who has been sniffed at by schoolfellows for always

writing poems when the gang wants to do something else, the ugly duckling of a scholastic community whose chief interest is probably centered on basketball, suddenly finds that he (or she) is being saluted as one whom Indiana delightheth to honor. At the impressionable age, the effect is terrific. If this idea had been put into practise twenty years ago the Younger Generation of Hoosier letters would not be so thin as it is now. Young writers need encouragement, and many a high-school teacher who grades themes when he would like to be writing poems, many a ruined real estate man sitting on the sandy shores of Biscayne Bay, wondering how he can raise carfare back to Kokomo, might have been turned in time to literature if in his day General Gignilliat of Culver had been playing Mæcenas as he does now, giving young writers not only cash, but the credit which (to writers below the age of thirty) is considerably more important.

This all-day festivity, as perfectly managed in every detail as a dress parade of the late Prussian Guard, ended late at night in a pageant covering most of the history of the world's literature. The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, the unassuming merit that is Indiana, were all depicted in successive tableaux; Shakespeare, Milton, Tarkington, Ade, Riley, Nicholson, had their turn on the stage; and then the grand climax, the one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves—the prize winners of the day grouped in the spotlight, the high point of literature to which Ade and Æschylus had been only guideposts pointing the way.

To what purpose? Why, to persuade these young people that Red Grange and Gloria Swanson have not monopolized all the glories of the universe; that a poet may reflect as much credit on his college as an All-Western quarterback; that merit is searched out and recognized outside the sports page—which is not such a bad thing to impress on college students. And the result? Well,

such prize-winning pieces of literature as I saw were pretty good; they showed talent. Talent, perhaps, is not uncommon; but the years of unwearied practice that are needed before most writers can cash in on their talent are apt to come hard; many a writer, potentially as good as most of us who actually write, falls by the wayside and takes to selling used cars as the easiest way. None of these Culver prize winners is apt to do that; not with the feeling that Indiana has given them a slap on the back and shoved them along the right path, that the whole state is behind them, giving three cheers as they run cheerfully the race that is set before them.

To be sure, this pageant may have given the young people the idea that the life of letters is roses, roses all the way; which—*crede experto*—it is not. I could suggest certain tableaux which were omitted: an author's wife standing off the bill collector while her husband frantically telephones to the receiver of a bankrupt magazine, asking if there is any hope of getting that check two months overdue; a novelist sitting before his publisher's desk, receiving the news that the returns of copies of his latest book are in excess of sales; a scenarist learning from a film magnate that his works contain entirely too much Sex Appeal to get past Will Hays. But to have injected these into the Field Day would have been as indelicate as to put mention of married quarrels and crying children into a wedding ceremony—as indelicate and as injudicious. Indiana, like Nature, strives to trap her children into serving her purpose, and hopes that the radiant memories of the honeymoon may carry them through some of the realities to follow.

Incidentally, students from the Catholic schools of the state won about half of these prizes, which ought to reassure the Klansmen that Catholic Hoosiers are after all Hoosiers of purest ray serene. Perhaps it will; for Hoosier Catholicism contains one notable institution which never seems to have incurred the hos-

tility that frowns upon the Pope and his other works—the Notre Dame football team. I gather that few Klansmen are so embittered that they fail to give three cheers when this organization, the state's most powerful instrument of nation-wide publicity, wins another victory. To be sure, it is whispered that most of the squad are Protestants; that under Mr. Knute Rockne the Fighting Irish have become in great measure the Fighting Scandinavians. But this, if true, is only a symptom of the recrudescence of tolerance. The good fathers of Notre Dame are not so bigoted as to reject a triple-threat man because he happens to be a Lutheran; nor do the embattled Protestants down state fail to throw their hats in the air over the only Indiana football team that ever wins any notable victories, merely because it fights under the papal banner.

VI

After literature, politics—after it only in the temporal sense, before it in metaphysical preexistence; for politics in Indiana is alpha and omega, the beginning and the end. I went to a Democratic State Convention, and any doubts that might have survived as to the still-there-ness of Indiana were straightway dissipated. It didn't look like the state conventions I remembered from twenty years ago; among thirteen hundred delegates there were not half a dozen black frock coats and string ties, and women were as frequent on the floor as in the gallery. But they were the same old sort of people; what is more, they behaved in the same old way.

The business of the convention was the adoption of a platform, and the selection of a Senatorial candidate to oppose the Honorable and perennial James Eli Watson. There was a prospect of a fight on the floor over the platform; a belligerent faction wanted to demand the repeal of this famous state prohibition law. Now anybody knows what a Democratic national convention would

have done in a situation like that—it would have fought all day and all night and gone home to vote for Coolidge. Not so in Indiana. Probably most of the delegates thought the prohibition law was outrageous, but they were not quite sure that most of the voters did; the movement to demand repeal, instead of dying with its boots on in full convention, was quietly asphyxiated in committee; and the convention unanimously adopted a platform which referred to prohibition only in opposing unlawful and unconstitutional searches and seizures. (When a Republican convention stands by the constitution it means it is for prohibition; when a Democratic convention stands by the constitution it means it is against prohibition.)

Then came the fight for the Senatorial nomination. There were half a dozen candidates between most of whom the differences were merely regional. There was to be sure one wet candidate; he stood for an issue, the paramount issue of the moment; he took his stand firmly and unequivocally on one side of that issue; he represented a Principle. Therefore, he ran sixth in a field of six on the first ballot and practically disappeared off the map on the second. Indiana knows that principles and politics don't mix.

For the rest, there was in the first place Mr. John E. Fredrick, who was supposed to have the favor of Mr. Thomas Taggart. One hears that Mr. Taggart had no favorite, but much of the old organization backed Fredrick. There was also the veteran William A. Cullop, strong in the southwestern part of the state but not much favored elsewhere; and there were three or four others, including a Mr. Stump.

Nobody knew much about this young Mr. Stump, except that he had a good war record and was much in demand as a speaker at high-school commencements. He had no strong political backing, and it did not occur to anybody (until the first ballot showed him run-

ning surprisingly well) that a high-school commencement orator makes a wide acquaintance which he can cash in on if he knows how. Mr. Stump knew how; on the second ballot he was second only to Fredrick; but on the third ballot Fredrick threw in his strength, he rose to within a few dozen votes of the six hundred and sixty necessary to a choice, it was perfectly plain that on the fourth ballot Fredrick would go over.

Then something happened. Fredrick had attacked Cullop on the ground that he was too old. Well, thought Cullop, Mr. Stump is young and looks younger; if they want a young man, let them have him. Before the result of the third ballot was announced one county after another began to change its vote, from Cullop to Stump. Cullop had only a hundred or two of votes left, but they were scattered in many counties. County by county, he threw them in—five votes here and seven there, a spoonful at a time but impressive in their cumulative effect. Well-instructed delegates began to shout; the band in the gallery began to play; a score of chairmen of county delegations clamored for the chair's attention to get a chance to change their votes.

Hasty and belated, the Fredrick managers tried to set a backfire; what little under-cover strength they had left was thrown in by the same method, the changing of county votes before the result of the ballot was announced. But already they had used almost everything they had, counting on natural momentum to put them over on the next ballot; and in politics as in war the last unbroken reserve turns the tide. Cullop had it—twenty-three votes in his home county which he threw to Stump when the Fredrick managers were just beginning to get up steam. That upset the equilibrium and from that time on it was only a question of who could get on the Stump band wagon first. In ten minutes, Mr. Fredrick had been pulled off the very steps of the throne and tumbled into the junk room.

I have seen a good many conventions, state and national, but I never saw anything so smoothly done as that. Military historians tell us that the Germans won the war of 1870 because while the French were figuring out what was the right thing to do the Germans were doing the right thing by pure reflex action. So is it in Indiana politics; in a crisis their muscles and their adrenal glands do most of their thinking for them. They have made a life work of it; they know how. But the end of a perfect day was still to come. There appeared on the speakers' stand Captain Albert Stump, the nominee of this convention, who forthwith addressed those who had become his constituents.

It was a trying moment for a young and inexperienced man; but evidently Mr. Stump also knew how. Not a word that could inflame aching wounds; not a word that did not make for peace, harmony, and optimism. What he said I do not remember; but I have a general impression that he spoke favorably of God and the flag, and he certainly said something agreeable about home and mother. When he had finished thirteen hundred Democrats went out with the comfortable feeling that they had picked the best possible candidate; a man who was every Democrat's friend and no Democrat's enemy, who would come as near as any man could to enabling every county leader to carry his county ticket.

Only one thought saddened us untrified Democrats as we left that convention hall—the memory of the glorious opportunity that had been booted away at Madison Square Garden two years before. If only the national party could acquire something of the guile of Cullop and the tact of Stump— But nobody could who was not born and raised in Indiana.

So I came home feeling that despite kleagles and "smell laws" and hard times, the decline and fall of Hoosier culture was a myth unsupported by the evidence. Stands Indiana where she did? She does!



THE DESTINY OF MONSIEUR NOIZEUX

A STORY

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by Coburn Gilman

THE taxi stopped before a peaceful and respectable house on a quiet street in the district of Saint Sulpice. From it descended a gentleman, likewise peaceful and respectable in appearance, neither very old nor very young, his thin figure clothed in a correctly tailored overcoat, face clean shaven, graying hair beneath a black derby, timid eyes behind gold glasses. He paid the chauffeur. In the doorway of the house appeared the concierge, a large brunette about forty years old with a shiny face and tightly knotted hair.

"How do you do, Monsieur Noizeux. Did you have a good rest in the country? And what wretched weather it has been. Well, perhaps it is going to change. My dead husband always used to say, 'When it rains in August, it's always fine in September.' Do you want me to take up your suitcases?"

"No, thank you, Madame Bertin, they are not heavy."

"Very well. You will find your place in good order. I gave everything a thorough cleaning-up yesterday when I learned that you were going to come home. But tell me, Monsieur Noizeux, have you heard the news? There has been a change in the house. Your floor neighbor, that poor Mademoiselle Ducler, died fifteen days ago. One morning her cleaning woman found her stone dead. You've certainly got to be prepared for it at her age."

Monsieur Noizeux was approaching the staircase, carrying his valises and fol-

lowed by the everlastingly talkative concierge. At her last words he stopped short.

"Ah . . . that poor woman. And is her apartment vacant?"

"You wouldn't want it, Monsieur Noizeux. Mademoiselle Ducler's nephew moved everything out within five days, and new tenants moved in at once. The landlord rented it to them. I don't know them. They are a young couple. Ferliner they call themselves. Can't say good or bad about them. The husband looks deceitful; the wife, giddy. . . . Well, you don't need me for anything, Monsieur Noizeux?"

"No, thank you, Madame Bertin."

Monsieur Noizeux climbed the stairway to the fourth floor which was the last in the house. On the landing were two similar doors. Before opening his own Monsieur glanced defiantly at the other. How would he be affected by these new neighbors who had taken the place of the feeble spinster who never disturbed him?

Monsieur Noizeux was worried. He prized quiet above everything. His life unrolled itself with an orderliness as perfect as the succession of the days and the months. His income was modest but sufficient for his simple tastes. Moreover, for the last twelve years he had been secretary to a rich and pious old man with a passion for historical work who lived in a magnificent and dilapidated old house in the Faubourg Saint Germain. Monsieur Noizeux walked

there every morning at ten o'clock and in a vast library filled with treasures he absorbed himself in researches which afforded him a quiet delight. He lunched with the solemn but affable old man, then resumed his work. At six o'clock he left, took an hour's walk for his health, dined at a decent family restaurant where he had his own table, took a glass of beer in a peaceful little café, and at ten o'clock returned home to his prim apartment which was cared for by his concierge who was careful to respect his whims. He would read for a while and then go to bed. In summer Monsieur Noizeux had his vacation; he went to spend the month of August with his brother who had settled down in a peaceful province. He went there from a sense of family duty and for the sake of his health. He returned joyfully to the solitary and regular life in which love held no place. There had been a sprinkling of insignificant adventures in his youth: he had forgotten them. Women did not attract him and he feared them. He was virtuous and without desires.

The catastrophe was sudden and happened about two months after Monsieur Noizeux's return. The noise of voices issuing from the neighboring apartment and the echoes of scenes of jealousy heard through the partitions had already made him uneasy. Once or twice he had encountered his neighbors on the stairway; the husband, morose and pale, seemed to him a solemn fellow; the wife, pretty and coquettish, seemed to him frivolous. One evening just after he had come in he heard an uproar, screams and cries for help. Despite his natural prudence and his horror of becoming involved in what did not concern him, Monsieur Noizeux could not restrain himself from rushing out on the landing. At the same moment the neighboring door opened, the young woman appeared, half dressed and shrieking, her husband in pursuit, brandishing a revolver. Doubtless Monsieur Noizeux was brave without knowing it: he leaped in front of this man to

disarm him. The gun went off, the ball hit Monsieur Noizeux in the shoulder, he fell.

When he regained consciousness he was in a narrow iron bed and under the care of a nurse.

"Don't talk," the woman said. "It's nothing serious but you need rest. This is what happens to men who do not behave themselves."

"What does she mean?" Monsieur Noizeux asked himself feebly.

He found out exactly what she meant when, almost recovered, he was called upon to testify on the drama. Then he discovered that, along with a number of other men, he had been Madame Ferliner's lover. That at least was the husband's opinion. Blindly and fanatically jealous as he was, he perhaps believed it. At any rate he said it. The wife denied it, but she also denied the existence of her other lovers about whom there could be no doubt. No one believed what she said, nor, moreover, did anybody believe the vehement protestations of Monsieur Noizeux.

When the husband left the stand, Monsieur Noizeux was called. The judge treated him with severity and the attorney for the accused called him an aging Don Juan and a gray-haired Lovelace. Monsieur Noizeux was sick with indignation. But the story that he had been his neighbor's lover proved to be solidly established and he could not upset it. The gun-brandishing husband was acquitted and on the spot became reconciled with his wife whose love he had reconquered—for a time, at any rate—by his dramatic gesture. Both left Paris for a trip that resembled a second honeymoon. Monsieur Noizeux never saw them again.

Nor did he ever again see the old man whose secretary he had been for twelve years. This person of austere habits made known to him the impossibility of retaining in his employment a scandalous debauchee publically compromised in such a shameful affair.

As Monsieur Noizeux's whole life was

wrapped up in this work, he wrote to protest his innocence. He received no reply. Other letters, however, did reach him. Love letters, impassioned declarations. Unknown women, who gave their names and addresses, declared themselves ready to share their lives with so passionate a seducer whose ardent soul and volcanic temperament they could understand. Some even came to see him. The concierge sent them away.

"They are a pack of hysterical old fools, those women," she said to Monsieur Noizeux when she told him about the event. "They are not your kind, Monsieur Noizeux. A man like you who has been so successful with women can find better. Did you really think her so very nice, that doll on the fourth floor?"

She placed her hand upon his. With horror he perceived that she had bobbed and curled her hair, powdered and rouged her face, and that she was now smirking at him. He fled. The frightful irony of his adventure maddened him. He was ashamed of himself, ashamed of passing the tenants of his house, ashamed of meeting the habitués of his restaurant and café. He wanted to disappear for a while and be forgotten. He wrote to his brother, begging his hospitality for three months.

Two days later he received his reply:

My dear fellow:

What you ask is impossible. We must wait until the excitement about your affair has blown over. People will point you out; they will look at you as though you were a strange animal. You know what small towns are like. Think of my position. Al-

ready everybody is watching us simply because we are your relatives. Your sister-in-law is sick and very angry with you. You must excuse me, but I am obliged to tell you these things. . . . Nevertheless, I would not have thought you capable of such youthful pranks. . . . You certainly are a deep one . . . you old rake, you. . . .

On taking this letter from the hand of his concierge Monsieur Noizeux had opened it feverishly and read it at the foot of his staircase. He was overwhelmed. He, an old rake! He, up to youthful pranks! And all because he chanced to be shot by a crazy man. A debauchee, a seducer, that's what everybody thought him. . . . That was the label he had been given; he would never get rid of it. Rage seized him at the thought of the devastation of his comfortable existence.

"Is it bad news or another one of those hussies?" said his concierge drawing very close and speaking in that tender tone she now used with him. "You know that still another one came to-day. . . . I know that you have to replace the little one upstairs, but not with anybody of that kind. . . . A heart-breaker like you must do better."

She bent her bulky figure, shook the curls which were impregnated with cheap perfume, drew nearer still.

Monsieur Noizeux felt that he was overwhelmed by a fate stronger than himself and that he must yield to this fatality.

"Since it must be, come," he told that woman with restrained fury. . . . "Perhaps this will break the spell."



ON LEARNING CHINESE

BY HENRY C. EMERY

THE first impression that a beginner gets of the Chinese language is how easy it is. It is made up in such a simple way that within a few days one finds oneself using phrases quite correctly which seem to the beginner's own mind so simple as to be almost childish. For instance, you ask your Chinese boy, "*T'a k'wai lai-mo?*" This means literally "he quick come, eh?" To this the boy gravely replies, "*T'a k'wai lai,*" which literally means "he quick come." At first it seems almost a childish game and as if you were having great fun talking baby talk with your boy. But you suddenly find that you are speaking correct and refined Chinese and you will be almost inclined to look down on the language for its childishness. Then you become surprised at phrases which sound ridiculous and which you find are really phrases that we use in English day by day without thinking of them. For instance, I recall an early struggle to use the word "result." As my teacher always insisted that we should not refer to the dictionary (and this is the general rule of Chinese teachers) I had to think of some expression within my limited vocabulary which would give my idea, and ejaculated emphatically the words *chu lai*. Now *chu* means "out" and *lai* means "come." To my surprise my meaning became perfectly plain. I thought it rather absurd that a language should be so simple that the most obvious baby talk could receive approval, but in a moment I realized that the English word "outcome" means the same as "result," and even has the superiority of better usage.

Again, if one has been forced to learn the difference between an ordinary checking account and a savings account or time deposit, one is at first amused to find that a checking account for domestic purposes is known as a *lai wang* deposit, which means literally a "come go" deposit. But having once recognized its meaning, we realize that it is the same application of simple terms which we find in our own banking phrases, such as a "running" or "current" account. Then suppose one has learned the simple word *shang*, meaning in general "up" or "above," and the word "to pack," which is *pao*. You say instinctively to your boy, "Those things you can pack up," that is, "*pao shang*," and you find to your surprise that you are using idiomatic Chinese. Again the phrase for "lock up" uses the same preposition and you say, "*So shang*." Or if you wish your things packed up for a journey you again throw in the preposition and say, "*Chuang shang*." The ordinary word for close is *kuan*, but if you wish to say that a commercial firm has "closed up" its business you again use the combination *kuan shang*. Anyone who has ever considered careful usage must have wondered why we English-speaking people say "pack up," "close up," "lock up," "wrap up." The Germans, for instance, are much more logical. They say *einpacken*, *zuschliessen*, and the like. There seems to be no logical "up-ness" to these many phrases in which we use that particular preposition. Finding it such an essential part of colloquial Chinese makes one wonder almost whether or not there is some subtle

psychological affinity between the Chinese and the English in their popular methods of expression.

There are other phrases which seem to run through most languages but strike the attention all the more when found in Chinese. For instance, the Chinese combination of syllables *li-hai* conveys an idea of terror. It is applied to dragons and wild beasts of special ferocity. Therefore when you first learn that it is a compliment to refer to a young girl as *hao k'an-ti li-hai*, which means "good-looking terror," you are somewhat amused. Of course you shortly realize that we say of a nice-looking girl at home that she is "terribly good looking," or the French would say of her that she is "*terriblement belle*," or the Germans might say that she is *fürchterlich schön*." We have become accustomed to associate the idea of terror half unconsciously as a mere superlative adjective. It is interesting to find that the Chinese do the same, and that you may thus literally translate all of our common phrases such as "I am terribly tired; I am terribly busy," and many others of the same kind.

II

Later one learns that Chinese is far from an easy language and that to learn it correctly involves arduous study. In saying this I am referring to the spoken language only and not to the peculiar difficulties in learning to read and write which result from the lack of an alphabet. However, it still remains true that in acquiring that smattering which is necessary to daily intercourse Chinese is an unusually easy language to learn. Beginners in most European countries usually have to wait a considerable time before they can twist their knowledge of root phrases into the right forms or the proper position to make them intelligible to, say, the ordinary shopkeeper or policeman. I am sure that one can get a quite remarkable knowledge of Chinese for what we may call tourist purposes

more quickly than a similar knowledge can be acquired of French or German, or still more of Russian. This is perhaps particularly true of an English-speaking person, since in general the order of words in Chinese is very similar to that in English.

The ease with which this degree of knowledge can be picked up is largely due to the simplicity of, or rather the practical absence of, grammatical forms. Take Russian, for instance. The leading street in Petrograd is the Nevskie Prospekt, commonly called the Nevskie. Suppose you are trying to explain a street accident to a policeman: if you wish to say that you were walking along the Nevskie, you have to use the form *Nevskomyy*; if you wish to say that you were crossing the Nevskie, you have to use the form *Nevskovo*, and if you wish to say that you had just reached the Nevskie, you use the form *Nevskie*. It is needless to add that there are particular prepositions and particular forms of the verb for each of these sentences. In Chinese a single form of the pronoun, and a single form of the proper verb, and a single form for the name of the street is all that is required.

But even in languages which do not have such elaborately inflected forms of their nouns and adjectives as the Russian, the difficulties of acquiring an adequate use for the ordinary affairs of life is greater than in Chinese. We who are accustomed to alphabetic languages think that in any case the Chinese written language is an almost insuperable obstacle to the foreigner; but in connection with the spoken language and limiting the requirements to what might be necessary for the uses of an intelligent coolie or servant, some very interesting experiments are now being carried out. On the basis of the results up to date, certain Chinese scholars who know their English perfectly are inclined to think that even the written language of China, for simple purposes, is more rapidly teachable than that of western nations. All that has been said refers

only to the beginner's use of the language. There is still no question but that to speak Chinese like a scholarly Chinese, having especial reference to the cadence and rhythm of the language, remains one of the most difficult of mental feats, while the foreigners who have ever been able to write a Chinese essay meeting all the requirements of a classical model could probably be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The great difficulty in gaining a good knowledge of Chinese is the second impression which one receives after having been beguiled into thinking it an easy language. No matter how simple it may be in its grammatical forms, the great number of meanings given to a single phonetic sound constitutes a difficulty of the highest order. As it happens, we English-speaking people are in a very poor position to laugh at a non-alphabetic language. Unlike the French or the Germans, we do not have a system of alphabetic writing which exactly expresses a phonetic sound. The Russians are about halfway between. According to their grammars they have a completely phonetic system, but in practice it is only the accented syllable which has to be pronounced exactly according to rule; and if the foreigner can get this out emphatically and correctly he can make almost any mumble-jumble of syllables round it and yet convey his meaning.

I speak of this here because of the very similar use of "tone" in the Chinese language. According to the *kwan hwa*, which is both the local dialect of Peking and the nearest to a national language of any of the spoken dialects, there are only four tones. These, to be sure, are very important, although much less important than many would-be fine Chinese scholars make them out to be. As a matter of fact, in practically every sentence where the tonal inflection is important there is only one word to which it is important to give the tone correctly. In fact, I have heard many foreigners who could read a list of thousands of

Chinese characters with their correct tones become unintelligible to the average countryman because they attempted to give the correct tone in all cases.

Perhaps I can again best illustrate from the Russian. The Russian word for "fifteen" is made up of "five" and "ten," and according to all rules it should be pronounced *pyatdyecyat*. As a matter of fact, the crucial syllable in that word is the last one, which becomes accented, and the chances are that the ordinary shopper, giving full value to all these sounds, would not even be understood. The shopkeeper himself would probably say something like "pitdecyat." But if you began with a sharp *p* and mumbled anything in between, winding up with the correct syllable at the end, he would know perfectly well what you meant. The same thing is true of the four tones common to Chinese words. There are times when they are of the utmost importance and there are other times when they can be completely disregarded. Of course, the Chinese know by instinct just when it is important to make the tone of a phonetic syllable a telling part of the sentence. My own private opinion about foreigners speaking the language is that half of them give too little attention to tone and half of them give too much. In any case, none of them can master this problem unless born with a certain imitative sense for cadence, to which must be added long practical experience with the people themselves.

With these observations I am quite through with the subject of tones, except as they may be a reminder to the reader of limitations to what may be further said. We may remark in passing however, that there are certain simple phonetic sounds, such as *chi*, which have more than two hundred meanings, so that, even allowing for four tones, there would be at least an average of fifty meanings for exactly the same sound. Now a peculiarity of the Chinese is that they do not distribute these tones with much relation to practical use. The

word *chi* just referred to has among its two hundred meanings many that are not necessary to the ordinary man. But such a word as *shih* is used daily in most of its meanings. For instance, Hillier, in his admirable *The Chinese Language and How to Learn It* gives a list of one thousand characters that he considers most necessary—of course words of daily use. He gives eleven cases of the sound *shih*, meaning respectively, is, ten, time, affair, true, food, market, maple, similar, stone, and generation. He might well have added the meanings tongue, scholar, and others. An interesting thing is that all of them are pronounced in either the second or the fourth tone.

As a matter of fact these difficulties are more easily got over than one would imagine, but a good illustration of a case where the tone becomes very important is found, in such a common sentence as, *Yao pu yao?* This literally means "want not want?" or, as we would say it, "Do you want it?" In this sentence the word *yao* in both cases means "want," but exactly the same sound, pronounced in exactly the same tone, also means "medicine." Now if a man can speak Chinese well enough he can go to a drug clerk and say, "*Yao pu yao*," but by pronouncing the *pu* in the third tone instead of the fourth, which means that he gives it a kind of rising and almost querulous tone, he may make the clerk understand by the sentence alone that he wants an anti-cathartic medicine. The chances are, however, that even the Chinese would find this problem difficult and would adopt such roundabout methods as are to be explained.

In the first place it should be noted that on the whole the Chinese language, far better than any other language, has a written symbol which indicates a fairly exact meaning. There are Chinese characters that have several meanings, and of course when one of them comes into more general use this is bound to be the case, just as practically every prep-

osition in a dictionary of two European languages has to be mutually translated by a multitude of different phrases. But I think it may be said in general that the Chinese character is much more anchored to a particular meaning than is the ordinary English word. Take for instance our word "train." We can say "a train of cars; the train of my lady's gown; to train soldiers," and so on with many other meanings. On the whole, although a Chinese sound may have manifold meanings, a Chinese character will usually have only one or else will have a meaning which can be translated by a number of synonyms. For instance, we have in the English language a sound which has probably at least a dozen meanings and which is given in the dictionary as a preposition, an adverb, a verb, and a noun. We get rid of some of the difficulties by spelling this sound in three different ways: "by," "bye," "buy." Imagine for a moment these to be not spellings of phonetic sounds but to be actual ideograms like the characters in Chinese writing. They would indicate to a slight degree how we English-speaking people try to get over the difficulties of the various meanings which we give to this sound.

In any case I think that the Chinese solution of this problem would be easier than ours. It is true that Europeans, who have a purely phonetic language and alphabet, can make claims of superiority against the Chinese which we cannot do. Our language is alphabetic but non-phonetic—which is perhaps the worst hybrid possible. We spell two words in the same way and pronounce them differently. We spell them differently and pronounce them the same. There is always the classical illustration of the German trying to learn English who, when he expressed his delight over certain red berries, was told that they were blackberries. When he protested that they were not black but red the reply he got was, "That is because they are green."

The difficulty of the great variety of meanings to single sounds in the spoken Chinese language certainly remains a severe obstacle, but their methods of getting over it are ingenious and quite practical. It is not possible to enumerate all of them. For nouns the use of about fifty classifiers, called by more learned grammarians numerary adjuncts, is a natural device, and in common use works very successfully. There is no reason why the system should seem strange to us whose language is English. We speak of "a slice of bread; a stick of candy; a piece of string; a brace of ducks; a pair of horses; a yoke of oxen." Here the words "slice, stick, piece, brace, and pair" are classifiers. Now in Chinese, one of many meanings of *shih* is "affair; business." If you simply use that sound in speaking, the hearer may easily think you are talking of a market or a certain period of time, but by saying *i-chien shih* you are using the classifier for "business," and your words mean a bit of business about which you wish to talk. Or instead of using one of these classifiers, two nouns can be combined that mean practically the same thing. For instance, the simple sound *chia* has many meanings but its most common meaning is "household." The simple sound *huo* also has many meanings but its most familiar meaning is "fire." It happens, however, that each of these words has the meaning of household furniture and either can be used correctly by itself in the written language (with a different character) to express this meaning, but in the spoken language it is very easy to join them together and say *chia huo*, which refers to your household articles in general.

III

When it comes to verbs, perhaps the most common method is a repetition of the same verb or a combination of two verbs meaning practically the same. A whole volume could be written on the uses of the Chinese verb *k'an*, which

means "to look." Since this particular sound has many meanings, the custom has grown up of using the words *k'an-i-k'an*. This simply becomes the ordinary expression for looking. But again we come upon a somewhat subtle bit of psychology when we find that the Chinese make a careful distinction between the words *k'an-i-k'an* and the combination *k'an-chien*. This latter is used by all speakers of pidgin English and is translated "look see." Either combination is convenient, in view of the great number of meanings to each sound, but the beginner is likely to mistake the sharp distinction between the two. Strictly, the word *k'an* means only "to look," regardless of whether you see anything or not, whereas the word *chien* means that you have seen the object in question.

If you are traveling and think there is a landmark on a certain hill you tell your guide to *k'an-i-k'an*. Shortly he reports, "*k'an chien*," which means that he has looked and seen. The combination of these words can be worked out to cover every meaning of looking and seeing. For instance, where in English we say, "Do you see it?" a Chinese says "*K'an-te-chien k'an-pu-chien*?" which is literally, "Look can see, look not see?"

One of the most confusing things to the beginner in regard to similarity of sounds is the fact that the words for "buy" and "sell" have the same phonetic. Each is *mai* (pronounced like the English "my"). Pronounced in one tone it means "buy" and in another tone it means "sell." One might almost suggest from the Chinese use of the same phonetic for both words a subtle logic in their language. After all, buying and selling constitute one transaction. Although we think of these transactions as opposite, each is of course the same transaction viewed from a particular angle. I do not mean to say that the Chinese definitely adopted a single phonetic sound for both phases of this transaction, but they are very likely derivatives of an earlier sound

having a more general meaning of "exchange." In that case the particular interest of either party to the transaction might naturally come to be expressed by an inflection or tone of voice without the aid of a second phonetic. However, in shopping in China one is not supposed to be too sudden in one's transactions. There are certain polite ceremonies to be gone through with. A newcomer frequently has the experience of seeming to find a dead wall of unintelligence confronting him from all the clerks. By beginning with a few polite remarks about the weather and the fine stock of goods of the proprietor, one can work to the point where one can pick up an object and ask, "*Mai-pu-mai?*" "Sell not sell?" This indicates that the visitor means business, and the proprietor promptly answers "*Mai*" in the descending tone, which means that he will sell. Then one can begin to talk about the price. In fact, except where tourist trade has brought about different customs, it is almost necessary in a Chinese shop to go through the preliminary ceremonials. It is bad form to rush in and ask the price of an article. The would-be purchaser may be a rival trader or a traveling economist curious about prices in general. It is necessary to work up to the real business gradually, and I have frequently found that the question whether or not the merchant would sell was a necessary preliminary to extracting the price from him. Without that question he might take me for a person asking for prices out of a mere insatiable curiosity.

This roundaboutness in approaching a subject is one of the best means of overcoming the difficulty of the many meanings of one sound. One can very easily save trouble by introducing the general subject in mind before shouting the name of a particular thing. For instance, the word *piao* has many meanings, and one of them happens to be "watch." The chances are that, even if you used the right classifier, you would find that a request to look at

another man's watch was utterly unintelligible; but if you engaged him in a bit of conversation and remarked that you had lost track of the time, you would have no trouble in being allowed to compare your own watch with the other man's timepiece. In the same way when my knowledge of sound was extremely limited, I have asked for soap and been given a chair, but by remarking first that my face is dirty and I wish to wash and then asking for soap I can get it every time.

IV

It is well in learning any new language to recall sometimes what seem the absurdities of one's own, although these absurdities usually go back to some simple historical cause. We in English have single words that mean the exact opposite of each other, which must be extremely puzzling to the Chinese who attempts to learn our language and has been told that so advanced a language as English does not permit such absurd complexities. For instance we say in English that a man "unbends frequently." This carries a well-known meaning, and yet Macaulay spoke of the young Gladstone as "the last hope of the stern unbending Tories." This also carries a perfectly clear meaning, yet it would appear from the two phrases that an unbending man is a man who never unbends.

Another difficulty in Chinese that strikes the beginner is the complete absence of relative pronouns and relative clauses. The Chinese have the interrogative forms for who, when, what, which, etc., but get along perfectly easily without using these words in the relative sense. In fact, our use of them in a double sense must be a serious difficulty to a Chinese beginning English. The question, "Who came yesterday?" would be a literal translation of a similar Chinese question, except that a Chinese would say, "Who come yesterday?" But the phrase, "the man who came yesterday," would puzzle

him very much. If one wished to say in Chinese, "I want to see the man who came yesterday at breakfast time," he would say, "Yesterday at breakfast time come that man I want see." The sentence, "I want the book which is lying on the library table," would become "Book lie on library table, that book I want." Relative temporal clauses are expressed in a similar way. "When I was in the hospital I suffered very much" becomes "I in hospital time much suffer."

This lack of precision, as it may seem to foreigners, suggests a favorite theory of mine that the characteristics of different people are frequently found in what seem to beginners to be the most characteristic phrases of the language. The Chinese have a phrase, *cha-pu-to*, which means literally "less not much," or can be translated more liberally by the phrase "near enough." It seems to me that this phrase, so common in Chinese conversation, is also to a certain degree an expression of Chinese character. If a thing is only a little different it seems fussy to them to complain about it. The idea of exactness in time or measurement or resemblance seems to be largely absent from their make-up. For instance, the ordinary measure of distance on the road in China is the *li*. I once read an article by an Englishman in which he said that the *li* is not one-third of the English mile, as commonly supposed, but is really seventeen hundred and forty-eight feet. Anyone who has traveled in China knows that a *li* as locally referred to may be anything from one-fifth to four-fifths of a mile. They have no instruments of precision and no terms for exact measurements, except as they have been manufactured in recent years in the way of clumsy translations of foreign terms. If you take a Chinese house and wish to buy curtains, you have to measure each window separately, because no two are of the same size. However, the carpenter will tell you that they are *cha-pu-to* the same size.

Among the many fallacies regarding Chinese is the one that a Chinese can copy anything exactly. This is one of the things which are always being quoted at home. A favorite illustration is that if you give a Chinese tailor a suit to copy and there is a darn in the trousers, he will tear the new trousers in the same place and copy the darn. Nothing is farther from the truth. As a matter of fact, if you give a Chinese tailor a shirt to copy, the new one is almost certain to be either half an inch too small or half an inch too large in the neckband. But when you measure the two in his presence he will remark blandly that it is *cha-pu-to* and wonder at your being fretted by so small a discrepancy. When it comes to copying anything foreign—whether it is a foreign shirt or a foreign political constitution—it is this habit of being satisfied with having things nearly correct which is one of the most fatal defects of the Chinese character.

In the same way, to anyone accustomed to the highly inflected language of the West the first impression in learning Chinese is that one can only express one's meaning *cha-pu-to*. Thoroughly precise statements seem to be impossible. With certain limitations it may be said that there is no declension of nouns or pronouns and no conjugation of the verbs. There are no relative pronouns and no relative clauses. The single word *t'a* may mean he, she, it, him, or her. The two simple words *t'a kei*, taken by themselves, may mean "he gives" or "she will give" or "it is given."

However, one soon gets a corrective to this first impression. One begins to realize that for the purposes of the Chinese, the language does not work so badly after all. And of course one soon learns that the same thing is true about their work. At home it would be a dreadful nuisance to fit up a house in which no two windows were exactly the same size. We are accustomed to ordering so many dozen of anything by

mail and expect to know just what we are getting under a catalogue price. In China, on the other hand, there are plenty of carpenters, paper-hangers, or masons in the neighborhood, and one can always secure the needed mechanic at a moment's notice for each individual job. The principle of replaceable parts has not reached China, and no two carts or no two tables are made exactly alike. Each one is repaired when the time comes, according to its particular need. Some of the methods are cumbersome from our point of view, but they answer the purpose perfectly well once one accepts the system as a whole. The same adjustment to needs is found in the structure of the language.

V

There are also certain phrases in different languages which, without being peculiarly characteristic, are still interesting as indicating what words one first comes to use. These also throw some light on the habits of a people. For example, one of the interesting things about the Chinese is how completely they are guided by the compass. In almost any European language among the first words the foreigner has to learn are the words "right" and "left," or the phrases "to the right" and "to the left." Without these phrases one cannot receive the simplest direction as to how to reach a certain spot; one can't tell the driver which way to turn. And yet I would wager that among a hundred foreigners speaking really fluent Chinese fifty per cent would not know the words for right or left. The reason is that the Chinese don't think in terms of right and left; they think in terms of north, east, south, and west. You would never say to a 'ricksha coolie, "Go straight ahead and then take the first turn to the right." Instead you would say, "Go north, go east," and he at once understands that he is to take the first turn to the east. This is frequently very annoying to the foreigner

who does not happen to have the compass sense, but every Chinese has this sense as a part of his nature. Even in moving a picture on the wall you do not tell him to move it a little more to the left; you tell him to move it a little more to the west. In fact, if you tried to tell him literally to move it to the left he very likely would not understand what your statement meant. I have frequently heard a farmer in the country shout to a dog, "*Wang tung*," when he meant the dog to go into the gate toward the east. And I have sometimes thought that even the dogs and the cattle understood these compass directions. I do not know that any connection regarding racial character or Chinese history can be drawn from this fact, although one might venture to associate it with the fact that their cities are all laid out four-square and enclosed in walls. Also in general there are ceremonial uses of the points of the compass. A proper house faces south, and in the old days the Mandarins who lived north of the Forbidden City used to be obliged to go several miles round in order to enter the Imperial compound. Even to-day in visiting an office and wishing to ask for the chief manager, one asks whether or not the *tung-chia* is at home. The literal meaning of *tung-chia* is "east house," but it is now the generic term for whoever may be the boss on the premises.

After all, however, it is in that bugbear of all learners of languages—namely, the verb—that we find the truest expression of national character. I sometimes think that the presence of irregular verbs in all languages is one of the most illuminating illustrations of that saying true of all life, "that there are peculiarities in the best families." All languages have them, but the most irregular people seem to have the larger number of irregular verbs. Note the difference between the French and English people and the French and English languages. On the whole the French are precise, logical, and direct,

while the English are in comparison slow, illogical, and extremely "irregular." The ponderous use of the divided German verb is as characteristic of their mental processes as is one of their great machines. In fact, it reminds one of Big Bertha shooting at Paris. It also seems to be the thing which is most embedded in their way of thinking. I knew a German who had lived forty years in America and had practically forgotten all of his German. But to the end of his days he would get off such an expression as this: "As long as I live in this town the more I find, by Jiminy Christmas, out," and that final "out" landed with all the force of a projectile which had been carefully aimed and had carried a long distance.

The Chinese have had their own way of doing things for many centuries, and although in all departments of life they sometimes seem queer to us, they have stood the ultimate test of durability. Compared with such a perfected language as the Greek, the Chinese language seems very cumbersome, but the Chinese character has been a very different thing from the Greek character during the highest period of its civilization. The fine precision of the Greek aorist might be held up as an illustration of that precision of mind which has characterized their art and their philosophy. But for the uses of a practical world, not too precise in its thinking or its habits, the Greek aorist seemed needless and was discarded. It still has a beauty of its own, to show perhaps how minds worked in a purer age; and if philologists have not written sonnets to it, it is probably due to their modesty in approaching such a theme.

I do not think it is purely fanciful to connect the conjugation of a verb with the character of a people. Anyone who studies Russian is at first very much puzzled by the Russian verb. To be sure it has some tenses, but it has no moods, and even when the Russians change the tense they are likely to change the word at the same time and

use an entirely different verb! The use of the Russian verb is based on the idea of "aspects" rather than moods. There is the aspect of continued action and the aspect of completed action. It was always the despair of my Russian teacher when I tried to get him to express in Russian the difference between the past perfect, the past imperfect and, still further, the past pluperfect, whereas the idea of a subjunctive pluperfect made him hold up his hands in horror. He could only reply, "But the Russians wouldn't say that sort of thing." How characteristic all this is of the Russian people themselves! To them things are either happening or are not happening, a social function is either going on or it has stopped. If it is going on, one goes to it at any time between eight o'clock in the evening and four o'clock in the morning. If they make business engagements for ten o'clock in the morning they may mean any time before lunch. Such exact expressions of time as can state when a thing would have stopped in the past if something else hadn't happened, or when a thing will have come about in the future, are not in their way of thinking and do not appear in their language.

In the same manner the use of the Chinese verb is a fascinating illustration of how things can be done by methods which at first seem impossible to one trained in a different way of doing things. The Chinese verb is a single word for all its uses, without any conjugated forms. At first it might seem impossible to use it to express differences of tense or mood with any exactness, but there is hardly any idea of action which cannot be expressed as easily in the Chinese as in any European language. In fact, there is a simplicity and directness about the use of the Chinese verb which makes one wonder whether all our elaborate conjugated forms are necessary. The English in their practical tendency to get rid of all unnecessary tools have eliminated many of the more complicated forms of their language. If we

can consider this a general tendency toward the simplification of language, we might even maintain that the Chinese had from the beginning adopted the most simplified form to which other languages have been tending.

In the matter of the use of pronouns, for instance, there are all kinds of different usages in different modern languages. The most complete form and, seemingly, the most exact is to have six separate forms, representing the three genders in the singular and in the plural. But the English and the Germans have reduced these to four, three for the singular and one for the plural. We use "he," "she," and "it" in the singular, but find it more convenient to get along with "they" for all genders in the plural. The French, on the other hand, for language purposes have reduced their genders to two, but have a masculine and feminine plural as well as a masculine and feminine singular. When an Englishman expresses surprise that the Chinese should use the single word *t'a* to mean indiscriminately "he," "she," or "it," the educated Chinese naturally replies that if the English can get along with "they" for the plural why shouldn't the Chinese *t'a* be entirely adequate for the singular?

Coming back to the verb, we find that the Chinese have no difficulty in using the unconjugated form. To express the present, past, and future it is necessary only to indicate the time by some other clause. The Chinese word for "come" is *lai*, and remains *lai* for all expressions of the idea "to come." In English we say, "I came yesterday; I come now; I will come to-morrow." The Chinese simply say, "Yesterday I come; now I come; to-morrow I come." But the meaning is perfectly plain. To be sure they have a suffix *la* to express that a thing has been done, but this is rather an expression of a completed action than a conjugated form expressing time. For example, the word *laila* means "he has come"; but the suffix is never used if the idea of time is other-

wise expressed in the sentence. Thus, in such phrases as "he came just after I left" or "I have come to inform you," the Chinese uses the single form *lai* because there is no possibility of misunderstanding. In one sense they have an auxiliary verb corresponding to our future auxiliary "will," namely, the word *yao*, which ordinarily means "to want"; but this again is not used if the time limit is already expressed. When one gets over the first feeling of queerness, this method seems as adequate as it is simple.

In the same way almost any of our conjugated forms expressing the different moods can be eliminated by the use of the simple phrases expressing the same idea. The Chinese have no form for "I may come," but the phrase "perhaps I come" answers the same purpose. Where we might say "if I should come" the Chinese would say only "if I come." And the fact that we so often use this simpler form ourselves would indicate that the subjunctive use is hardly necessary.

As soon as one gets used to the method it is possible to put what might seem very complicated grammatical sentences into the simpler form without any loss of exactness. Take for instance such an English sentence as the following: "Had I known yesterday that he had said that, I might not have acted as I did." Here we have complicated variations in the form of the verb giving a very exact idea. A Chinese has only the single words "know," "say," "act." But he would express the same idea as follows: "Yesterday I know he sometime say that, I perhaps not act same way." Translated literally, it does not sound to our ears like an elegant phrase, but that is only because of our limited experience. It would be difficult to point out any exactness of meaning in the English phrase just quoted which is not covered by the Chinese phrase. Because of the lack of tenses in the Chinese verb, the adverbial expressions of time become very important and the

Chinese language is rich in these. The time clause, consequently, usually appears at the beginning of a sentence, so the hearer will at once know what tense the verb expresses.

Furthermore, the Chinese, like every other language, is constantly developing, and always developing toward a directness and vividness of expression. There is a small and seemingly harmless Chinese syllable *pa* which has only in recent times come into wide use and the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. I heard a Chinese scholar refer to it as the great contribution of the Chinese to the science of language in modern times. Scholars dispute as to its exact meaning and as to which of the parts of speech it should be assigned. Some call it a preposition and some call it a verb. Some would translate it by the English verb "take." Dictionaries sometimes give it as a preposition marking the accusative case. It is unnecessary to give it a foreign name, but its function is fairly clear and is extremely interesting in view of the fact that other languages have to use various phrases to give the same vividness of idea. It does mark the important accusative of a sentence, or rather it marks the important object to be spoken about. It can be used in the simplest way and in the most complicated way. "I want *pa* that chair fixed." We should *pa* the whole crowd of Chinese politicians execute."

The significance and vividness of this small part of speech can be best illustrated by showing the various ways we use to give a similar emphasis. There is a great difference in emphasis between the two sentences, "See how you like that" and "*Take that* and see how you like it!" Or take the phrase, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it!" In these

cases the English expressions used to give the emphasis are verbs. In other cases they are in the prepositional form. A man may say, "I cannot express my scorn for that man," but if he wishes to be emphatic he says, "as for that man, I cannot express my scorn!" All of these efforts at vividness are easily met in Chinese by the use of this word *pa*.

We come back then to the conclusion with which we started, that, as Kipling has so often pointed out, there are different ways of doing things and all of them may be right. The Chinese language, far from being the product of a dead civilization, is a living, growing language, full of interest and having many advantages of its own over the languages of other countries. There are many efforts to modernize and reform it. Missionaries tell us that the writing of the language can be reduced to an alphabetic system and that great success has attended the preliminary efforts. One cannot help asking, however, both whether the Westernizing of the language or the Westernizing or conversion of the inhabitants is what is now most needed.

In our own scientific assurance we have set up the test of survival as the best test of fitness. It may be that this test is wrong. In any case, however, the Chinese way of expressing ideas has done service for more than forty centuries and serves the purpose of more than four hundred million people. The scale on which the language has proved itself a success cannot be duplicated by any other language. To ridicule such an institution is silly; to attempt to change it requires a knowledge and a deep insight into the character of the people that can only be possessed by the profoundest scholars of the Chinese race.



THE RELATIVITY OF HUMAN NATURE

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

AN AGE which is filled to repletion, as ours has been, with action on a large scale is apt to be unconscious of its deeper contributions to the permanent wealth of the human spirit. Wars and political chaos and the many material inventions of peace intervals—these seem to us the chief events of our lives and, indeed, they have thrown us into a sort of hypnosis out of which we are only just beginning to emerge.

And yet the battlefields of France are already but the touchstone of sorrow and disillusion in our minds and will be even less, mere history, to our descendants; and the radio, and such inventions, though to us they have the thrill of novelty, will soon become nothing more than familiar necessities. In neither case is there permanence; nor will our successors find in our deeds, nor even in our mechanics, our chief claim to importance in human evolution.

But if we glance at the world of ideas, which outlasts the most colossal actions and the most valuable inventions, we shall find that, half unknown to ourselves, we are making very great contributions. Our generation is in fact the bridge between two continents of thought, which have little in common with one another.

In the first place we must consider the way in which the idea of relativity is altering the whole outlook of thoughtful people towards the problems of life and towards human nature itself, bringing with it a belief in the possibility, if not of progress, at least of radical change, in place of the fatalism which hitherto has tended to deny much elasticity to the

desires and urges at the base of human behavior.

“As things have been, they remain,” and “you cannot get away from human nature”: these two platitudes, though they may still represent the outlook of most unimaginative folk, no longer have any meaning to people who have been impressed by the new philosophy of life arising out of relativity.

For relativity is not merely a doctrine of the higher physics and associated with the name of Einstein; it is a way of looking at things which is the very antithesis of the tradition underlying the past epochs of Western Civilization. That tradition is to a large extent Platonic, resting on a belief, unconscious at least, in absolute existences apart from time and space. But before we consider this side of our subject it will be as well to take a few concrete examples of the changed point of view towards human nature demanded by the spirit of our age.

The orthodox outlook on human nature—that thing from which you cannot get away—included a belief in the Economic Man. Men, we were told, were always selfish, nor could anybody be expected to work unless hunger and elementary needs forced him to work. And this idea has been used as a means of short-circuiting many generous hopes of changing social conditions for the better: such changes cannot be successful, for man is limited by his selfishness and laziness; “you cannot get away from human nature,” competition is the breath of life. Such a theory was, and indeed still is, held as an article of faith

by most men, just as all medieval scientists believed that a spider surrounded by a circle of powdered unicorn's horn could not escape. The latter belief was exploded about 1650 by the Royal Society by the simple method of experiment; as the minutes of the meeting say: "a circle was made with the powder of a unicorn's horn and a spider set in the middle of it, but it immediately ran out." In the same way the belief in the Economic Man can be proved correct or disproved only by experiment: does human nature everywhere satisfy the conditions by which such a belief is justified?

II

It is to the anthropologist that we owe the knowledge that the Economic Man is a fiction, for he is able to show us that many communities do not act as they should were he a reality.

To begin with, there is the idea that men will work only to gain their daily bread. Let us look at the behavior of a native of the Trobriand Islands. The Trobrianders are great cultivators of gardens in which they produce yams. The believer in the Economic Man will assume that in this task each man will cultivate the garden in the most labor-saving way known to him, that he will labor to produce only as much as he requires for his family to eat, that in order to do his work well he must have the inducement of enjoying the fruits of his labor, in short, that he works, rather than idles, from motives of enlightened self-interest.

In actual fact none of these assumptions is correct: the gardener spends much time on unnecessary labor, decorating his garden and using better quality materials than are needed for the proper growth of the plants; he grows far more yams than he can use, and cheerfully leaves half the harvest, if it is abundant, to rot; and, finally, he is content with a social convention which allows him only one-quarter of his harvest for his own use and makes him give away the rest chiefly to

his relations-in-law. "The Trobriander," says Malinowski, "works in a round-about way, to a large extent for the sake of the work itself, and puts a great deal of æsthetic polish on the arrangement and general appearance of his garden. He is not guided primarily by the desire to satisfy his wants, but by a very complex set of traditional forces, duties, and obligations, beliefs in magic, social ambitions, and vanities. He wants, if he is a man, to achieve social distinction as a good gardener and a good worker in general." In fact the Trobriander has got very far away from human nature as represented by the Economic Man.

Let us take another example: competition is, we are told, the breath of life, human nature must be given the chance of beating rivals or the motive for industry will be removed. In fact many people represent money making—which is what they mean by industry—as a great game. Now if there is one place in which we might expect competition to be an absolute necessity it is in sport: it is certainly human nature, we may assume, to want to win. Let us look for a moment, however, at the Nicobar Islanders and their sporting habits.

The Nicobarese delight in regattas, and an observer has described a race between two village crews and his conversation before the race with the chief of one of the competing villages. "I wanted to know which he considered the stronger team. 'They are both excellent,' he replied. In answer to my further inquiries I was told that there was no difference in skill between the two teams—neither party could be bettered. I also found out . . . that there is no starting-point and no winning-post; and that whilst they competed side by side, struggling for all they were worth, if one side begins to find that it is getting a little ahead of the other it will very soon slacken off a bit and let the others get ahead, that neither the hosts nor the guests may shame one another." There will be no disputing that human nature among the Nicobarese is different as far

as boat races are concerned from human nature in America or England; the activity is the same, but the motive has been changed beyond recognition.

A third example of the relativity of human nature on the economic plane will suffice us for the moment: when we desire to eat poultry we procure it at the least cost to ourselves in energy and money; not so the New Zealand Maori. Certain of these natives whose food is almost exclusively vegetarian become obsessed with a craving for flesh, and in consequence they organize bird-snaring expeditions; but again they do not behave like the Economic Man: the snares used to catch the birds are not made with the minimum of labor but are decorated with exquisite and laborious carving; when in the forest the Maori does not economize in time but spends hours gathering up and burying the least little feather; on his return it does not for a moment occur to him that his bag is his own, but all birds are placed together in a common heap and shared out according to convention among the whole populace. "It is clear," says Raymond Firth, "that self-interest alone is not the driving force in native industry, and that each man is also actuated to some degree by the wish to promote the welfare of the community of which he is a member."

Before we examine the importance of such examples as these to the new theory of life growing up among us, we shall take some cases of the relativity of other human motives. Next to enlightened self-interest showing itself in the economic sphere, nothing seems so absolute and unchanging as some of our reactions to our sex life. Jealousy, for example, is in every man's heart, we believe, and at least no one would dispute the statement that it is part of human nature for a man to desire his betrothed to be chaste, and for a woman to resent having to share her husband with another. Nor is this last supposition altered by our knowledge that polygamy has existed in many communities: that we attribute, not to the

consent of the women, but to their more degraded state of subjection.

Human nature in Nigeria, however, does not seem to strengthen either of these convictions. Among some communities there, we are told, betrothed couples may live together, but far from it being disgraceful for the girl to have a child, such an event increases her value and the bridegroom has to pay an extra bride price. In other tribes if a girl betrothed to one man has a child by another, her betrothed does not break the engagement; far from it, he claims the infant as his own property into the bargain. In other cases "no stigma attaches to the girl who bears a child before her marriage. The child is claimed by the girl's family unless the father of the child was the girl's betrothed and had paid the bride price in full." As to the woman's point of view towards polygamy, the wealthy man has more than one wife, "nor does it appear that polygamy is distasteful to the women, for it is commonly the woman who incites her husband to add to the number of his wives, *no doubt with a view to lightening her domestic burdens.*" In other words, we are forced to assume that so basic a part of human nature as human jealousy is not absolute but relative to the accidents of particular circumstances.

Examples such as these could be multiplied, but we must proceed to the consideration of their general significance: it is that human nature *in vacuo* simply does not exist, that the term is meaningless without a context, that no motive, however deep, is really independent of a given time and a given place, that the legend of Proteus is an epitome of the nature of man.

Two important results follow the acceptance of this point of view: first that we can understand human nature only by studying the environment in which definite individuals grow up, and second that, since human nature has constantly changed in the past, it may be expected to change in the future.

For example: Why is the Trobriander

actuated by different motives from those which actuate the ordinary working man of to-day in England or America? Clearly because his social milieu calls forth a different set of responses. He can stamp his individuality upon his work, whereas an age of standardization deprives the worker of that possibility; and if we ask why the idea that man works for bread alone is more true with us to-day than with the Maori or Trobriander, the answer is to be found in the effect of our institutions upon human nature. Put the son of a bricklayer in infancy with the family of a Trobriand gardener, he will grow up with the traditional outlook toward yam culture of his foster parents. And from this it follows logically that a different set of institutions in the future may alter the human motives behind action and work just as they have been so frequently altered in the past.

Stated thus, the relativity of human nature will perhaps seem hackneyed and at least in no sense new. Indeed, like most ideas, the idea has always existed, and the change of thought is mainly a change of emphasis. Yet it is such a change of emphasis that it separates our generation from the whole of our past tradition, as we have said; and in order to understand why the facts which make the idea of relativity so evidently true have for the most part been unable to influence our general philosophy of life, we must examine the power of the opposite tradition.

That tradition came to us largely from two small Mediterranean countries, from Greece and from Palestine. From Greece we inherited the idea of an absolute truth, an absolute beauty, and an absolute good out of time and space; from Palestine the idea of the one God also out of time and space. So powerful was the tradition that even when every fact of experience ran counter to it, as with the case of an absolute beauty, we learned nothing from experience and maintained at least a lip service to the Platonic philosophy.

We can see this most clearly by considering the way in which we regard a

beautiful woman in theory. By way of preface let us agree that no feeling is really a feeling unless it is articulate. The person who says, "I cannot tell you how much I love you," is speaking the truth in so much as the love is only as great as the poverty of his vocabulary. Let us further agree that for most of us our emotions are vicarious, for they are articulate only in the words of our favorite poets. We feel indeed towards A or B in the way we do because Shelley fell in love with a not very attractive lady named Emilia Viviani and wrote the superb "Epipsychidion." In short, Shelley and the other great poets, probably by way of middlemen of far less literary virtue, to-day dictate to most men their reactions to their beloved.

Now Shelley, like Plato and St. Paul and Browning and Beethoven, and, in consequence, our nineteenth-century fathers and mothers, all believed in the absolute, outside time and space. For that reason the ordinary man who may never have heard of any of those leaders of feeling and thought also believes in absolute beauty. He talks about seeking his ideal woman; he reads with approval about girls who claim to have all the measurements of the Venus of Milo; he is shocked if anyone says that his happy marriage was a matter of pure accident, and that he might have been just as happy with a totally different wife had he gone on that particular day to Atlantic City instead of Coney Island.

And all this will be true in spite of the fact that we know perfectly well that one man's meat is another man's poison, in other words that beauty is purely a matter of relativity, that what is beautiful to me is not beautiful to you: and that except with a few individuals like Shelley, doomed to perpetual disappointment, the pursuit of ideal beauty

Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light and love and immortality.

is given up for the pursuit of a relatively satisfactory wife, who, we note philo-

sophically, would not be even relatively satisfactory to X or Y.

III

If, therefore, the Platonic tradition is so strong as this in the case of beauty where absolutism is so patently absurd, we need not be surprised that the relativity of human nature has hitherto not been seriously accepted as far as the more fundamental things are concerned.

But here as always the common philosophy of life keeps pace with the trend and temporary emphasis of science. Just as Galileo's assertion that the earth went round the sun, by weakening the anthropocentric bias of men's minds, was important far beyond the realms of astronomy, so too the reign of relativity is beginning in the everyday concerns of the man in the street. Before it swamps our consciousness it will have to be crystallized into poetry, for ideas are fertilized only by words. Shelley, dabbling with prisms in his Oxford study, prepared his mind to write:

Life like a dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

But were he alive to-day and, as of course he would be, fascinated as ever by contemporary science; pondering upon relativity, he would use as a metaphor the fact that light is invisible unless it falls upon something, that the eternal is invisible and no white radiance, even if it exists, unless it is clothed in the accidents of actual time and material space.

Yet even without its final crystallization in poetry, relativity has, as we have said, produced the possibility of great changes. It has shattered for ever the idea that "you cannot get away from human nature"; it has made us suspect that when we find motives for human behavior which we think are eternal and unchanging, we are really only finding the motives which are called forth by the particular social milieu surrounding the particular people we are studying.

For example, jealousy in Nigeria is not the same as our jealousy, because in Africa the possession of children is an overpowering motive; the woman's outlook towards sharing her husband is different because in one case the sharing means a division of the assets of marriage, that is, the husband's income, and in the other case the division of the liabilities, that is, the manual labor of the primitive home.

The significance of this lies in the knowledge that if through some social change our women gained less and lost more through marriage—if, for example, servants became even less procurable, and labor-saving devices became a lost art—a thing so fundamental as jealousy would begin to change. For a few generations the new aspect of jealousy brought about by new economic conditions would struggle against the old aspect fortified by social convention; but in the end, other things being equal, a wife would welcome a second, just as one housemaid desires another. Of course this example grossly over-simplifies the process, but it reveals the general principle in spite of this defect!

Again, with regard to the Trobriander: it is clear that if men require to-day selfish motives as a stimulus to industry that is not because they are men but because their social milieu calls upon selfishness. The Trobriander is different because his social milieu calls upon a different set of motives. In short, man does not work by selfishness alone, but by every motive called out by his social milieu. We cannot therefore base our economic beliefs upon so static a psychological conception as the Economic Man, even if we ourselves in our industrialized and commercialized communities approximate toward that uninspiring type.

It follows from what has been said that when such an idea as that of the relativity of human nature is in the air, a rebellious and venturesome spirit is likely to abound. Great changes in the past were begotten by suitable philosophies out of discontent at unsatisfactory conditions; and what

Voltaire and Rousseau were to eighteenth century France, relativity is likely to be twentieth-century Europe. For it provides an inspiration and a hope which belief in absolute and unalterable values destroyed. All things are possible provided the will to achieve is present: that is the inevitable reaction of our generation to the idea of relativity and, whether or not the reaction leads to action, at least it is a powerful stimulus to our imagination. After all, what man has made, his institutions, he can remake; and since it is these that largely fashion human nature, man can remake himself. Hitherto scientific romances of the future have dealt chiefly with the possibilities of mechanical invention, but what is a voyage to the moon compared with the pos-

sibilities immanent in the relativity of human nature? Since man can remake himself, indeed must remake himself with every change which he produces in his surroundings, why go to the moon or Mars?

And the same idea which we get from relativity comes to us from other sciences as well. The biochemist who teaches us that soon he will determine a person's character and temperament by altering the chemistry of his endocrine glands: the psychoanalyst who claims that he will take to pieces and rebuild, brick by brick, the mansions and cities of our thoughts—both of them reiterate that man is in a state of flux, that the potter is still molding the clay, and that clay and potter alike are man.

CHERRY STONES

BY A. A. MILNE

T*INKER, Tailor,
Soldier, Sailor,
Rich Man, Poor Man,
Plowboy,
Thief—*

And what about a Cowboy,
Policeman, Jailer,
Engine-driver,
Or Pirate Chief?

What about a Postman—or a Keeper at the Zoo?

What about the Circus Man who lets the people through?

And the man who takes the pennies for the roundabouts and swings?

Or the man who plays the organ, and the other man who sings?

What about a Conjuror with rabbits in his pockets?

What about a Rocket Man who's always making rockets?

Oh, there's such a lot of things to do and such a lot to be

That there's always lots of cherries on my little cherry tree!

The Lion's Mouth



GODS PROPOSE, MEN DISPOSE

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

FAMILIARITY blunts astonishment. Fishes do not marvel at water; they are too busy swimming in it. It is the same with us. We take our Western civilization for granted and find nothing intrinsically odd or incongruous in it. Before we can realize the strangeness of our surroundings, we must deliberately stop and think.

But moments come, when that strangeness is fairly forced upon our notice, moments when an anomaly, a contradiction, an immense incongruity is suddenly illumined by a light so glaring that we cannot fail to see it. Such a moment came to me as I was crossing the Pacific. It was the first morning out of Yokohama. Coming out of my cabin, I was handed the day's bulletin of wireless news. I unfolded the typewritten sheet and read: "Mrs. X, of Los Angeles, girl wife of Dr. X, aged 79, has been arrested for driving her automobile along the railroad track, whistling like a locomotive."

This piece of information had been transmitted through the ethereal holes between the molecules of air. From a broadcasting station more than five thousand miles away it had come to our ship in rather less time than it would have taken the sound of my voice to travel from one end of the promenade deck to the other. The labors of half a dozen

men of genius, of hundreds of patient and talented investigators had gone to creating and perfecting the means for achieving this miracle. To what end? That the exploits of young Mrs. X, of Los Angeles, might be instantaneously known to every traveller on all the oceans of the globe. The ether reverberated with the name of Mrs. X. The wave that bore it broke against the moon and the planets, and rippled on towards the stars and the ultimate void. Faraday and Clerk Maxwell had not lived in vain.

The wise men of antiquity (so say the Indians) knew all that we have learned about nature and a great deal more besides. But they kept their science to themselves, or revealed it only in enigmas which cannot be interpreted except in the light of a previous knowledge of the answers. They were afraid that—men being what they are—their discoveries might be put to bad or futile uses. The ordinary man, they argued, is not to be trusted with the power which comes of knowledge. They withheld their science.

Being prejudiced in favor of the West and of the present, I have no great belief in the scientific attainments of the ancient sages of the Orient. But their wisdom is undeniable. The fruits of knowledge are abused and wasted; it is, alas, only too obvious. Disinterested men have given their lives to the search for truth, and we have turned their discoveries to the service of murder, or employed them to create a silly entertainment. The modern civilization of the West, which is the creation of perhaps a hundred men of genius, assisted by a few thousand intelligent and industrious disciples, exists for the millions,

whose minds are indistinguishable in quality from those of the average humans of the palæolithic age. The ideas of a handful of supermen are exploited so as to serve the profit and pleasure of the innumerable subter-men, or men *tout court*. The contemporary caveman listens in on instruments which he owes to the inspired labors of superior and, by comparison, divine intelligences. Negroid music shoots across the void into his ears, and the wisdom of such sages as Dr. Frank Crane; racing results, and bedtime stories, and the true tale of young Mrs. X, of Los Angeles. The fire of Prometheus is put to the strangest uses. Gods propose, men dispose. The world in which we live may not be the best of all possible worlds; it is certainly the most fantastic.

Not being a super-man myself, I took the liveliest interest in young Mrs. X. After being arrested for whistling like a locomotive—whether by means of an instrument or with the unaided vocal cords, was never made clear—she was bailed out of prison by her husband, the aged doctor. The time came for the hearing of her case. Mrs. X told the doctor that she proposed to forfeit her (or rather his) recognizances and run away. The doctor protested. Mrs. X then began to smash the furniture. The aged doctor telephoned for the police; they came, and Mrs. X was re-arrested on charges of assault.

We on the Pacific waited in a dreadful suspense. A few days later, as we were crossing the hundred and eightieth meridian, we learned to our profound relief that a reconciliation had taken place. Aged Dr. X had withdrawn his charge; the girl wife had gone home quietly. What happened about the whistling business we never learned. The anonymous powers which purvey wireless news are strangely capricious. The name of Mrs. X no longer rippled out towards Aldebaran and the spiral nebulae. In the next morning's bulletin there was a little paragraph announcing the declaration of the English General

Strike. And Bebe Daniels had fallen off her horse and received contusions.



THE HOUSE TERRIBLE

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

ARE you thinking of building a house? Or, on the other hand, are you not? In any case, I feel sure that this article will prove a precious boon to you. Written after a profound and protracted study of *The Lure of the Colonial*, *The Appeal of the Hip Roof*, *The Romance of Reinforced Concrete*, *The Garden Ridiculous*, and other standard works by our leading hack-writers, it assembles in convenient form all the wit and wisdom of the day on the problems of modern home-building. If after reading this article you still find any of your questions unanswered, I have nothing to suggest except that you write them out, inclose them with a self-addressed envelope, and drop them down the dust-chute.

Before we proceed any farther, it should be made clear that we live in a new age. Time was when people thought of a house merely as a place to eat and sleep and keep their galoshes in. But now the idea is beginning to get about that a house should be something more than this. It should express the owner's personality. Nothing could be in worse taste, for example, than for a short fat man with fallen arches to build for himself an imitation of the Woolworth Building; a moment's thought is enough to make it clear that the Woolworth Building is suitable only for an extremely tall man with an electric light in the peak of his hat. A half-timbered man should never select the Colonial type of cottage; a Gothic woman, with flying buttresses and a face like a gargoyle, should never use stucco . . . and

so on. A simple principle, you will agree; yet it is not always easily applied. If, for instance, you are building a house for a family of four and a maid, how are you going to express all their personalities? Suppose you had a Scotch maid when you drew up the plans, and then she demands ninety dollars a month and her place is taken by a Lithuanian?

Or again, suppose you want to remodel an old stable into a house, as is constantly done with the aid of chintz curtains. Just how much change is necessary to make a house express the personality of Mrs. Cecil R. Mudge of East Aurora, New York, rather than that of a horse? In fact, need any change be made at all? This is the sort of problem one must take to the architect.

The Architect

I am often asked if architects are necessary. Is it possible to dispense with them, and if so, how may this be done? Speaking as one who knows a large number of architects, I should say that roughly thirty per cent of them are unnecessary and should be done away with, painlessly if possible. There are a number of efficacious preparations on the market for their removal. The majority of architects, however, are nicely behaved citizens with very pretty neckties and socks and a harmless preference for blue collars, and it would be little short of madness to attempt any wholesale action.

Having secured an architect, the next question we face is, what sort of a house shall be built?

The Exterior of the Home

A particularly successful house, and one embodying many a useful hint to the home-builder, is the residence designed by Crabtree and Whiffletree for Ernest W. Goofus, Esquire, of Goofusville, New York, which is illustrated herewith (or would be if the pictures hadn't slipped down behind our desk and been swept up by the housemaid).

The secret of its success lies in the way in which the owner and architects took advantage of its location. Nothing is more essential than that the house should harmonize with its surroundings. Mr. Goofus' lot, for example, is on a point running out into Long Island Sound, with a pebbly beach beside it and the Central Congregational Church directly in the rear. The problem of the architects was to make the front of the house suggest Long Island Sound, the side of it look like a beach, and the rear of it take up and hammer the note of evangelical piety.

Messrs. Crabtree and Whiffletree's treatment of the problem was nothing short of daring. They painted the front of the house blue and flecked it with white, so that from a distance it looked exactly like a rather large wave; in fact, the triumph of their bold ruse was made clear the night that the Fall River Boat crashed head on into the house under the impression that it *was* a wave. "I must say I congratulate you," said the pilot to Messrs. Crabtree and Whiffletree at the coroner's inquest; "that house looked for all the world like a little bit of old Long Island Sound."

The side of the house the architects covered with soft plaster, after which they invited the owner and a group of friends to throw pebbles at it from the beach. The pebbles became embedded in the plaster, forming a pattern of delightful informality, and after the broken glass from the windows had been swept up, the party was voted a success by one and all. That side of the house now looks so much like a beach that girls in one-piece bathing suits are constantly trying to sun themselves on it, and Mr. Goofus is enthusiastic.

The rear of the house was treated by the architects somewhat more severely, with decorations suggesting Sabbath Observance and the Support of Foreign and Domestic Missions, with the result that for the past six months the parishioners of the Central Congregational

Church, entering into the spirit of the thing, have insisted on holding choir-practice every Thursday evening in Mr. Goofus' living room.

The Interior

The treatment of Mr. Goofus' interior—or to be more exact, the interior of his house—was equally noteworthy. Realizing that the time has gone by when the rooms of a house could be arranged all anyhow and the owner forced to adjust his life to the plan laid down for him, Messrs. Crabtree and Whiffletree went to the other extreme and arranged the house to suit Mr. Goofus. This involved making an extensive preliminary survey of Mr. Goofus himself. A commission of psychologists was sent to examine him and report on his basic needs. At length they brought in a report which stated that these needs might be summarized as follows: 1. Shelter. 2. Warmth. 3. Food. 4. Wine. 5. Women. 6. Song. The problem, then, was to design a house in which these needs might be fulfilled.

The next step taken by Messrs. Crabtree and Whiffletree was to construct a fireplace. And who shall say that they were wrong? Is not the fireplace, after all, the center of home life? What a picture the word conjures up: the firelight playing on ruddy faces, the young folks popping corn or dancing the gavotte, the old folks musing over old-time memories or reading *The Green Hat*, while the driftwood blazes on the hearth and contentment reigns? Is not this—but why go on? You've all read it dozens of times, and how often do you actually spend an evening by the fireside, you poor fish?

Mr. Goofus' living room, of which the fireplace is a feature, is Colonial in design and feeling. In the corner (near the radio) stands an oldtime harpsichord or spinet or one of those things (Mr. Goofus himself isn't sure which it is); there is a warming pan from a Madison Avenue shop, a spinning wheel from a Philadelphia auction, and a fine Early

American chest made in Bayonne, New Jersey, in 1924 and knocked full of dents by a man burning with the zeal of Colonial craftsmanship. Everything, in short, except the radio and the electric lights and a few other things, convinces one that one is living in the good old days of stage-coaches and periwigs and Dolly Madison. And what days those were, to be sure! What men there were then, and gadzooks, what women! We could go on raving about them for pages, and many writers do; but let's not.

Then one steps out of Mr. Goofus' living room into his dining room and, presto! it is difficult to believe that one is not in the Alhambra, for the dining room is Spanish or Moorish or whatever the Alhambra is (Mr. Goofus has forgotten). In the pantry it is difficult to believe that one is not in an oldtime Andalusian *patio*; in the kitchen it is difficult to believe that one is not in an ancient wave-washed Venetian *palazzo*; in the kitchen closet it is difficult to believe that one is not in a sun-baked Egyptian *sarcophago*; and in the wine-cellar it is difficult to believe that one is not intoxicated—and so one probably is, for the wine-cellar is appropriately furnished, and Mr. Goofus makes the most of it. This is called the art of interior decoration. With equal attention to detail you too can make your home an earthly paradise.

The Contractor

The house having been designed—and it *is* designed by now, isn't it, or what have we been doing all this time?—one should select a contractor. There is some difference of opinion over the best type of contractor, but personally I prefer tall ones with dark hair and waxed mustaches. It is well, however, to examine the contractor in every detail. Be sure that he fits exactly the description of him given you by the architect, and called the Specifications. The grain should be straight and without a flaw, or the contractor may crack in cold weather. A good test is to tap

him lightly on the head with a hollow tile: if he cracks, it is a sign that he is defective. You should also be on the lookout for spots, especially pale whitish ones. If these break out on the contractor and cannot be removed with a damp sponge, you will know that the surface color has broken down and you should at once send for a substitute.

Financing the Home

The next step is to finance the building of the home.

A picturesque old institution, of interest to home-builders, is the debtors' prison. Debtors' prisons were not unknown among the Greeks and Romans, but did not reach their full development until the big French building boom in the time of Charlemagne the Great (752 A.D.) when a great many Merovingians couldn't meet their second mortgage payments and had to be put away. From this time on the debtors' prisons steadily increased in number and in refinements of torture until the nineteenth century, when they were done away with by popular indignation. As they have now disappeared and the delightful custom of lashing debtors with whips has gone out, there is practically no financial obstacle in the way of the home-builder. All he needs is nerve.

The House Under Construction

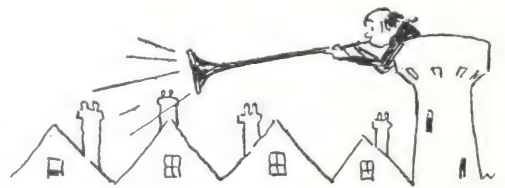
There are several stages in the building of a house, and the owner should familiarize himself with them. The first stage is the excavation, a term which needs no definition for those who have had dealings with dentists. The contractor's excavation when completed looks about as large as the dentist's feels, but costs a little more. The second stage is the rough timbering and, if the owner chances to stand within striking distance while it is going on, he will appreciate the aptness of the adjective. The third and final stage includes the finished plastering, finished woodwork, and finished owner.

It is a good plan to follow closely the

construction of the house. The owner will be wise, however, to deal with the contractor only through the architect. If the contractor's spleen is aroused, he has the advantage of being surrounded by piles of heavy bricks, whereas the architect, situated as he is in a city office knee-deep in plans, is comparatively defenseless. It is usually quite safe to spend an hour or two a day suggesting to the architect changes and alterations and bright new ideas from your favorite home-planning magazine, especially if you carry a police-whistle. But never under any circumstances allow relations with your architect to become strained. If he throws a T-square at you, don't retaliate: depart and think up further alterations.

The Completed House

At last—say two and a half years later than you expected—the house will be completed. What a romantic prospect! Think of it—*your own!* Roof, fireplace, everything—*yours!* No more worry and fret—no more lines on your face—no more fist-fights with the landlord; instead of these will come SELF-RESPECT, PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP, and other nasty qualities. Will you not accept this priceless opportunity and build the house terrible?



THE MATTERHORN

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

IN English public schools there used to be a custom of setting once a year a General Knowledge Examination. It has probably fallen into disrepute now and its place been taken by some new-fangled device, by which to find a boy's intelligence quotient you multiply his blood pressure by his cranial index. If so, I for one mourn its passing. There

was much to be said for it. It stood boldly for the idea that information, just plain information on a variety of subjects, was interesting and valuable. Its supporters believed in the fine old ideal of the well stored mind. They made no concessions to the inspirationalist school of educators. And not least among its claims on our affections was its steady contribution to the annual harvest of howlers.

One of these I have particularly in mind. It was created by a first-form boy. (It is of such surpassing sublimity that I refuse to write "perpetrated.") These eyes have seen it. I was looking over the master's shoulder as he corrected the papers. The question was, "What is the Matterhorn?" And for answer the child had written: "The Matterhorn was a horn that used to be blown when anything was the matter." That is it. It thrusts itself up into the serene air of commonplace utterances with an awful sublimity and an unconscious soaring audacity not unworthy of the mountain peak which in so devious a way called it into being.

And as one returns to gaze on the original Matterhorn so I go back often to let my imagination play upon the thought of that Horn which used to be blown when anything was the matter. The language is scriptural. It is like, "And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." No style less lofty could match the vast cosmic emptiness of that scene. In the immensity of Space, troubled anon by some mysterious Matter, there is a Horn. That is all. There is something terrifying in such complete abstraction from the particularities of time, place, and person. The mind craves definiteness and tries to fill the void. Questions will not down. Among what forgotten tribe of men did this practice prevail? At what crises was the Horn blown? Who was its custodian, and what wild note did he sound? And the Horn itself. What was it like? What was its shape, and of what was it made?

Sometimes I seem to see a people dwelling in a long valley that pitches steeply up to a pass through the mountains. They are an outpost of civilization, for over the pass and beyond the mountains stretches unknown country and the home of the Barbarians. Again and again the wild hordes have tried to storm the pass, and because the inhabitants of the valley live in constant fear high up above the pass they have built a stone tower. Day and night a watcher is posted there to scan the wide plain below, so that if he discern some moving cloud of dust or the sun glancing from spearheads he may seize the great Horn from its place on the wall and, standing on his rocky ledge, send the alarm resounding down the valley. Thus the pass will be manned in time.

Or sometimes I form a different picture in which the use of the Horn is ceremonial. It is a day of religious festival. In the spacious outer court of the Temple stands a priest in starred purple vestments, wearing a strange head-dress like a silver casque. He makes an invocation, and then two attendants hand him the great curved ivory horn of immemorial antiquity. He sets it to his lips and blows, and the breathless crowd without knows that the Great Sacrifice is about to begin.

Yet, on the whole, I like to believe that the Horn, the real Horn, was for a purpose neither so sinister nor so solemn as those I have mentioned, that it was designed for occasions joyful, even playful. It is a long slender horn of silver. The keeper of it takes up his stand on a special tower that overlooks the city. It would be a nice city to live in, for nearly all the inhabitants are still young enough in heart to run to a fire. They never want to miss a fire and they will quit their work or leave their beds at any time to attend one. The duty of the keeper of the Horn is to see that they never miss one, and so when a fire breaks out he rouses the music of his horn and the whole population comes tumbling into the streets to find the fun.

These are but dim visions, yet you must feel, as I do, that even so they make too precise and definite what is better left undefined. They make romance literal and so destroy it. They rob the Horn of its unutterable suggestiveness. Let us rest content with the sublimely simple utterance of that unknown genius of the first form, whose intuition told him that to force the Horn to yield up its secret would be to deprive it of its mysterious hold upon us.

"The Matterhorn was a horn that used to be blowed when anything was the matter."



"EDUCATION"

BY LEE WILSON DODD

(A group of Old Grads are all talking at once)

BUT what I say is—
Hey, wait! You're off the point—
Sure he is!

Sure! What th'hell good is it for a boy to study about Socialism! Socialism's wrong—

Yeh, but—

That's just it! You can't keep a boy ignorant about such things, can you? He's bound to run up against 'em in business—

All right. Let him. He'll be out hustling for himself by then and have some common sense about things. But you take these professors—what practical knowledge of life have they got? Half of 'em are parlor Bolsheviks—

Sure. It's all theory with them—

That's right. And it's the same all down the line. Now you take my kid, Minnie. She's the youngest—only eight, see? Well, she can't even read yet—

Same here with my boy. It's a damned outrage. His mother insists on sending him to one of these nut modern schools—

Yeh. Mine too. Don't I know 'em!

Nothin' but actin' plays and visitin' the Zoo—

Just flummery—

Oh you're all so damned conservative! Those schools have got hold of the right idea. Now you take psychology—

Yeh? Hell. Give 'em a good time at dad's expense—that's the only idea they've got! But how's a boy goin' to make the grade if he can't even tell time, good or bad, till he's past fourteen! What I say is—

Coddling, that's all it is!

And here's another thing. We've lost the Commencement Game again—I'll say so!

Well, that don't help much, believe me! Say not! Old spirit's all gone plumb—
No fight in 'em any more—

You can blather all you please, but when boys begin to make jokes about God an' College Spirit and such things—

You've hit it this time!

Yeh! And it all comes back to the things they're taught and the books and magazines they read—

Well, at least they read, don't they? You guys never did. And they do their own thinking—

Thinking, hell! Why, they—

Sure. Lis'n—What d'y' think young Bill Crane said to me yesterday. Jim's boy, *you* know. Passed him on the street here, see? Gave him the glad hand. "How's the team?" I asked. And what d'y' think he said! "Which team?" he said. "Hell," I said. "There's a game on, I've been told. Have I made a mistake? I supposed I'd come on to see a game."

Yeh? That got him, eh?

Yeh? Like hell. What d'y' think he said! "Oh, really? How amusing of you. I thought perhaps you'd come on for the Greek Play." Just like that!

There's education for you!

Yeh, sure—

Whole country's goin' plumb to, if you ask me.

But see here now. After all—

O dry up, Sweezey! You always were a damned radical—

Yeh! Poor old Sweezy!
 Sure! Used to write things himself—
 for the *Courant* wasn't it?

Remember?

O gee—don't I!

Goin' on to the Boat Race—?

Yeh—

(*And presently they are lauding Coolidge and Mussolini*)



THE MODEL MARRIAGE

BY MCCREADY HUSTON

SITTING in the rear seat of our new car, listening to my wife buzzing the starter and killing the engine, I realized that the novelists who dissect modern marriage really do not know what they are talking about. She was a new driver; I had a right to tell her what was wrong; and I regretted the destruction of good machinery and the exhaustion of the battery. But I knew that any remark or suggestion at such a time would infuriate her with a sense of what she imagines to be my sense of superiority. So I smoked a cigarette, admired the upholstery, and looked over the Owner's Manual.

"I can start it in a minute, if she'll only ask me," I thought, "but I cannot volunteer. She must have tried that starter a hundred times. I am glad I can hold my masculine advantage in leash and not even betray any irritation. She must love me for my gentleness and consideration. She knows I believe in equality; that I think she has as much right to run down a battery as I have."

Presently she called me from my pleasant musings.

"Do you suppose you can do anything with this car?" she asked. "It doesn't even respond to the starter now."

"She has finished the battery," I said to myself, "but I'll not let on."

"If you want me to try, I will," I said politely. Of course, I wouldn't sit down and start it right away. It would be too cruel to show her up that way. To be tactful, I must let on for a minute or two that the engine has me puzzled; then, if there is one more kick left in the battery, I must start it very slowly and gently. So when I took the wheel I didn't expect to start it at once. And I didn't. I didn't start it at all.

It was worse than when she had it. She had played a loud tune on the machinery before the engine would die; but I couldn't produce more than a feeble rattle. I don't know what she was thinking, but since we follow the same plan for an ideal marriage, I dare say she was centering her mind on pleasant things outside the car.

While I was wrestling with it, unable to make the motor take hold even for an instant, I saw out of a reddened eye my neighbor Patterson who had come across the street. I detest Patterson. He bullies his wife terribly and is arrogant with everybody. He can't appreciate the ideal married state. But I had to recognize the big bully. I said:

"Patterson, what do you suppose ails the car? My wife can't start it."

"I can't start it?" My wife spoke rather more sharply than was necessary. "You mean *you* can't. I am sure Mr. Patterson can do it."

The ruffian didn't even take his pipe out of his mouth. "It will start if you turn the ignition switch," he said. "It has been pushed down."

We had been driving for some miles when my wife, who was now at the wheel again, turned to me and said:

"I just love fine, big direct men like Mr. Patterson, don't you?"

I nodded. It is a good rule for a man not to dampen his wife's ardor at such moments.

"I should think Mrs. Patterson would be so happy to have a husband like that," my wife added. "I just thrilled at the way he set you right."



Editor's Easy Chair



TO PYRAMUS, ON GETTING MARRIED

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

I TAKE it for granted, Pyramus, that you are in love with Thisbe. That much is implied by your purpose to marry her. And yet possibly you may *not* be in love with her yet, and are going to marry her because you think her a desirable young woman, likely to be a good wife to you, and willing to marry you.

This last consideration is important. Some marriages are made, as the doctors say, by the first intention, but most of them are not. Not a large proportion, I judge. You see, when you come to the susceptible age you fall in love with the whole female sex, or so much of it as is in sight and somewhere near your own age, and then, from time to time, your inclinations or admirations gather for a time about some individual, who can have you if she wants you and discovers it soon enough. Usually if you are pleasant, and light on your feet, she will play with you, for that is part of her business at her age, and she will doubtless like it as much as you do. But unless you are what matchmakers call "eligible" which means prematurely rich or by some means in possession of an income that will support a marriage, you will probably fly from flower to flower like the diligent bee until either you have learned to make a decent living, or find a girl whom you want to marry and who can afford to marry you.

Such girls do exist, Pyramus, and some of them make exceedingly valuable wives. So do some of the other girls who

rely mainly on their husbands to support them. Nowadays there is still a third kind of girl, born of these astonishing times, who has learned the trick of self-support and expects to keep right on turning it after marriage. I see it being done, and working, apparently, very well, and of course some of these self-supporting women also make very valuable wives. If a man is of that engrossing temperament as to want a whole woman to himself, he will be apt to make what effort he can to swell his own income enough to relieve his wife at least of the necessity of earning money. But even if he can't do that, the marriage may go very well, if the necessary adjustments can be made, and if she has learned how to earn money she may wish to keep on whether she needs to or not.

And indeed it may be necessary to her happiness, and incidentally to yours if you are married to her, to have some sort of career of her own outside of domestic life. That depends on a good many things as, whether the family income is ample or needs enlargement; how many children she has; what she is particularly good at—an art of some kind, or just the direction of human affairs. If a woman is inclined to raise a family—which in these times is a complicated, protracted and expensive job—and can afford to have as many children as she wants, her work is cut out for her for a long time ahead, but if two or three children are all she can afford, she will presently have time for something else and will need to

spend it in some fashion that will ease her mind. But these are all secondary matters, and so are the adjustments I spoke of. The vital matter is the kind of stuff you and Thisbe are made of, and the notions you have of the ends of marriage and of human existence generally.

Marriage is a pretty old institution. Do not imagine, Pyramus, because you propose to confer on it your distinguished patronage, that you invented it. It would be nearer truth to say that it invented you. You are taking to it not so much from choice, as I suppose you imagine, as from destiny. Of course you have a measure of free will about it, and could go on a celibate if nature had so elected for you, or you had made up your mind to it, but the influences, needs, instincts, and considerations that drive you into marriage are tremendous, and I see you on your way to church as a ship moving with the tide. It ought to support your mind in this great adventure to feel that you are going the way of men, a way still crowded and popular after thousands of years of human experience, and, for all that, some people fall down in it. To get married is the rule. All the celibates are the exceptions and are compassionately regarded by their fellows who think themselves more fortunate, though it is true that this would not be even so good a world as it is if there had not been celibates who lived and died for it. You then being a creature of destiny and going the way of men, what does Destiny expect of you in this adventure of getting married?

I'LL tell you, Pyramus, but don't be scared. Destiny expects you to put everything you have got into it. Nothing less will do. It isn't quite a fable that man and wife are one, nor yet that man is the natural head of the family. It seems to me families go better when the man is the head because he is, on the average, the milder, more rational, long suffering and patient member of the combination. Whether he is the abler is just a toss-up, but as a male creature

he seems to have faculties that, as compared to the corresponding female qualities, qualify him for headship. If he is a better servant than the woman, that would explain it, for what we want of headship, wherever it has to be, is service. What we want of bosses is to get things done, to make things go smoothly, and to keep the hands contented.

The details of life, Pyramus, belong mostly to women. For some things, such as the care and training of young children, they are indispensable. For a lot of other things, such as the care of houses, they usually have greater aptitude than men, but that may be merely because they usually have more training than men in those employments. You can teach man almost anything if he is responsive to instruction. He makes beds well and is proficient, when caught and taught, in all parlor-maid and chamber-maid duties and in waiting on table. And of course he can cook and wash—and iron and clean house, but in our still considerably simple American life all these concerns are mainly in the hands of women, and certainly, Pyramus, they will be in your establishment.

Advice is little worth to persons starting on an adventure which involves all they have and are and know, but still there are some suggestions that the experience and possible regrets of other persons may make to you. It is a help to happiness in this world to be first with someone. Marriage should at least provide that, and no ideal of marriage fails to include it. I am sure, Pyramus, that as you look forward to life with Thisbe you think of her happiness, her peace of mind, as something inextricably implicated with your own. You cannot be happy in the married state unless she is happy, nor can she be happy unless you are. All that is implied in the familiar assertion that man and wife are one flesh and shall cleave to one another irrespective of all other human ties.

Men like to have their wives dependent on them, not necessarily for

support and certainly not for that alone. Provided there is the means of support lawfully come by, it does not matter vitally which partner it comes by. A really valuable man who does not have to drudge too hard to support his family may have time for work that is more interesting and may even be more important, and time especially to spend on his wife. There is much more in life than food and clothing. So, then, as you expect to be dependent on Thisbe, you will wish her to be dependent on you. So all men wish who marry in the right spirit, but they are too apt to feel that economic dependence is the important thing, and that if they are good providers they meet the main claim their wives have on them.

Not so. Of course it is important to support one's family, but a wife cannot live on bread alone. She needs that and much besides; companionship, appreciation, constant evidence that she is her husband's first care and greatest treasure.

See that she gets it, Pyramus. You need not practice to make her dependent on you. She will depend on you all she can, as you will on her. That you should both support one another is the great end of marriage. Be as generous as you can in your assurances of affection. Tell Thisbe that you love her. Tell her often. If she is reasonably pleased with you, she never will get tired of hearing it. Some men are much better at that than others. It is not a question of love but of expressing it.

WILL you be a good husband? Oh, no. I don't think any husband ever accomplishes his destiny in that particular more than imperfectly. But as husbands go you may hope to be good and hope also to be preferred by Thisbe to any other man whatever. What saves marriages is, that one likes one's own and practices to be pleased with it. Marriage is just a part of life. One hopes to know more at the end than at the beginning. Call no man good, said

a Character in Scripture. On the same principle call no husband good, but hope always that marriage will better him and that life generally will. If it does, that is success.

Leave her her kingdom, Pyramus, and all the power and glory that belongs to it. Shun to invade her sovereignty in that kingdom. In whatever her word is law respect that law. Where the hitch may come about that may be with children. You may want to indulge them more, especially the girls, than their mother's judgment approves. As to that, say your prayers. As to all difficult matters say your prayers. Mere judgment isn't enough, you must have celestial leading, and of course you must have love.

In these times there is a disposition to the opinion that marriage is a contract just like any other contract, but, Pyramus, that is all stuff. It is in a way a contract, but it is quite unlike any other contract. Contracts have to do with money and service and all kinds of property. Marriage touches on those things but its main concern is something that cannot be bought or sold, nor bargained for nor insured. It is love, Pyramus; no less.

Something might be said of divorce, but if I thought you were contemplating the possibility of divorce I should not bother with you at all. Yet I read in the paper that some of the young people of this generation do that very thing and get themselves married with a clear apprehension that they can get out of it presently if they do not like it. Well, let them! I never could see much advantage in holding people fast to matrimony when both of them would prefer to escape from it, unless indeed there are children whose rights and dues complicate the situation.

Like everything else in this world at this date, marriage is changing. Let us hope it is improving, but as for you and Thisbe, if you can hit it off according to the old plan you will not be losers.



Personal and Otherwise



THERE are those who relish poking fun at the "good men" of traditional morality yet seem to have nothing better to offer in place of traditional morality than a doctrine of do as you please regardless of the consequences to the bystanders. Not so **Bertrand Russell**. A member of one of the greatest families of the English aristocracy (he is the heir to the Earl Russell) he has persistently sacrificed self-interest to his convictions concerning the public welfare, and fought for socialistic principles abhorrent to the conservatives of his class. During the war his pacifism put him into jail and lost him his fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge. Even those who disagree with him most strenuously acknowledge that his ardor for the common good is as undeniable as his courage. In addition to his writings on behalf of socialism and internationalism (*Why Men Fight*, *Proposed Roads to Freedom*, etc.) he has distinguished himself as mathematician and philosopher and as a popularizer of recent scientific discoveries (*The A.B.C. of Atoms*, *The A.B.C. of Relativity*, etc.). His most recent book is *Education and the Good Life*, of which a chapter appeared in **HARPER's** last April under the title, "What Shall We Educate For?"

Clarence Darrow, another advocate of unpopular causes, has been for a generation one of the most prominent Chicago lawyers. He was chief counsel for the anthracite miners in the coal strike of 1902, counsel in the Debs strike case, and for the McNamara brothers in the *Los Angeles Times* dynamite case in 1911. Long interested in the causes and prevention of crime, he focused national attention upon them two years ago in his defense of Leopold and Loeb. Last year he took a leading part in the Dayton trial. In his first **HARPER** article he now questions the existence of a crime wave, and produces evidence to back his contention that we

have accepted our ominous criminal statistics too eagerly.

A little less than two years ago, **Ada Jack Carver** (Mrs. J. B. Snell) of Minden, Louisiana, then completely unknown to us, won one of our short story contests with an exquisite story called "Redbone." Since then she has written two other **HARPER** stories, "Treeshy" (February, 1926) and "Maudie" (June, 1926), and the Shreveport Players have taken second prize in the Belasco Cup competition with a playlet of hers. Her present story, like her others, is full of the atmosphere of the picturesque region in which she lives.

A few months ago not one intelligent American reader in a hundred had ever heard of **Will Durant**. He had been brought up as a Catholic in North Adams, Massachusetts, had gone to a Catholic college in New Jersey, had nearly entered the priesthood, had then turned socialist for a time, later had taught philosophy at Columbia, and finally had come (through lecturing on various philosophers at Labor Temple in New York) to the directorship of the Labor Temple School. This latter undertaking was a significant experiment in adult education, but the public at large knew little of it or of him. Then, last spring, he published *The Story of Philosophy*. The book immediately became a best seller and went through edition after edition; it is one of the deserved successes of the year. We are glad to welcome Doctor Durant as a contributor. A second article by him will appear shortly.

Another newcomer to the Magazine appears in the person of **Philip Gregory Nordell**, who graduated from Dartmouth in 1916, has been engaged since the war in manufacturing a food product in New York, and in his spare time manufactures food for thought such as "Cotton Mather in Love" and other articles dealing with the Puritan fathers.

Louise Saunders of New Canaan, Connecticut, author of *The Knave of Hearts* and

Magic Lanterns, is the wife of Maxwell E. Perkins of the editorial staff of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Thomas Van Trees was fifteen years out last June. This is his first appearance in the Magazine. His Alma Mater is one of the leading American universities.

The information concerning the working of the Dawes plan contained in *Edgar A. Mowrer's* article may be accepted as authoritative. Mr. Mowrer is chief of the *Chicago Daily News* bureau in Berlin; during the war he was correspondent for the same paper in France and Belgium, at the Italian front, and in Rome. His elder brother, Paul Mowrer, is also a well-known foreign correspondent.

Bishop Charles Fiske of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Central New York (rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, 1910-15, consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Central New York in 1915, succeeded to the office of Bishop in 1924) is accustomed to speaking plainly. Last May his article entitled "The Church and the Law: A Protest" attracted attention throughout the country. Now he answers for us the question, Why has the Church lost prestige in recent years, and what should it learn from the loss?

We have heard much recently in the Magazine from the feminists who want to see woman achieve economic and political independence, get a job and a career whether she has children or not. They are all barking up the wrong tree, says *R. le Clerc Phillips*. Miss Phillips, an Englishwoman by birth, is now living in New York. She has written frequently for the *American Mercury*. We shall publish shortly another article which we suspect will draw the fire of many a feminine college graduate.

To refresh the memory of HARPER readers concerning *Elmer Davis*, we report that after leaving Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar, he was for several years on the staff of the *New York Times*. More recently he has written three amusing novels. He also wrote the "Portrait of a Cleric" (Bishop Manning) in our June issue, "The White Horse of Sam Parks" in our July issue, and the story, "Bride of Quietness" which we published last month. Indiana is his native state.

Frédéric Boutet, one of the ablest French

fiction-writers of the day and a regular contributor to *Le Journal*, made his first appearance in HARPER's last July with "The Two Sapphires."

"On Learning Chinese" is a hitherto unpublished paper by the late *Henry C. Emery*, Yale economist and one-time chairman of the United States Tariff Board, who lived for some time in China as manager of the Asia Banking Corporation.

The young British author of *The New Age of Faith*, *John Langdon-Davies*, is another new contributor. He finished recently a successful lecture-tour in the United States.

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There is only one poet this month: *A. A. Milne*, who contributes another Christopher Robin poem of his new series. (Everybody knows the first series, collected in *When We Were Very Young*.) The versatile Mr. Milne has also written several volumes of humorous essays (*The Day's Play*, *The Holiday Round*, etc.), several plays (*The Dover Road*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, etc.), and a detective story (*The Red House Mystery*).

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The Lion's Mouth, on the other hand, has more contributors than usual. They include *Aldous Huxley*, grandson of Thomas Huxley, brother of Julian Huxley, and author of *Antic Hay*, *Two or Three Graces*, and other unusual books; *Charles E. Bennett*, associate professor of philosophy at Yale; *Lee Wilson Dodd* of New Haven, the dramatist; *McCready Huston* of South Bend, Indiana, author of many magazine stories and articles; and *Frederick L. Allen* of the HARPER editorial staff.

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The autumnal frontispiece is reproduced from a painting by *Jonas Lie*, who came to this country from Norway at the age of thirteen and has become one of the leading American artists. Mr. Lie was elected an Academician last year. Last December we reproduced one of his brilliant winter landscapes.

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Among many letters commenting on the anonymous article, "Fear in Small Town

Life," which appeared in the August issue, we select two for publication here. The first is from a frequent contributor to the magazine:

To the Editor of HARPER'S:

Your anonymous contributor who writes about fear in small-town life has told some plain and salutary truths. Fear is always an ugly thing and many of us share your contributor's yearning for a world in which it had been abolished, even if (as he concedes) that might entail an increase in "crimes, murders, and atrocities." To me that price would seem cheap—unless, of course, I happened to be the victim of one of the crimes or atrocities, in which case I might view the matter differently. Your contributor, however, seems to be a man of principle; even as he fell beneath the gunman's bullet he would probably thank God that the gunman was not in bondage to fear.

He is a tough-minded person, dispassionate enough to be calm about the "necessary terrors and passions" of the Russian revolution (though not quite so calm about the "cruelties and infamies" of the Czarist government). I personally am able to take a broadly historical view of both, but if my wife and children had been executed by agents either of the Czar or of the late M. Dzherzhinsky I might be less complacent. But then I am a man of expediency, not of principle; and I merely remark in passing that one reason there is so much fear in the world today is that there are abroad so many persons of principle. They may be rid of fear themselves but they stir up a lot of it, and with reason, in other people.

However, this is getting away from the small town, where there is certainly too much fear. Perhaps the small-towners have their eyes fixed too much on results, whereas your contributor is apparently concerned only with impulses. In New York, he tells us, he and his friends wanted to live dangerously and love perfectly, worthy aspirations both, even if it is given to few to attain them to entire satisfaction. We have all of us known people who in their endeavor to love perfectly once have merely succeeded in loving imperfectly seventeen times; and in each of the seventeen cases another person was concerned, voluntarily or involuntarily, another person who may not have been so deeply impressed with the necessity which impelled the party of the first part to seek perfect love even if he or she had to keep on seeking indefinitely. To live dangerously is also a noble ideal; but experience seems to show that people who try to live dangerously are apt to live dangerously for other people as well as for themselves. Consider Gerald Chapman, or Leopold and Loeb. It is ignoble, but intelligible, if people who are com-

pelled to be near these dangerous livers show a little fear, and sometimes even some tendency to aggressive prevention.

Perhaps this explains the timidity of the small town. Your contributor complains because there is not enough frank sexual pursuit. Well, he may perhaps have observed near a power house a structure bearing the sign: "Danger—High Current—Keep Away." Whatever his principles, he evidently did keep away, otherwise he would not be writing magazine articles now. Sex is similarly a dangerous high current. I am not arguing that everybody should keep away from it, only that it should be approached with reasonable caution and by people who have real business there. If this be fear, make the most of it. Small-towners see a good deal of each other; they have all observed the consequences, not only to the principals but to innocent bystanders, of high-spirited endeavors to live dangerously and love perfectly. No wonder they seem a little nervous.

There is less of such fear in New York, I agree; and also that that is why New York is a more agreeable place of residence than a small town. But why is there less fear? Because New York is so big that after the explosion has occurred onlookers can get away from the scene and need not be harrowed by watching the efforts to clean up the wreckage. In New York, you may live three blocks away from the Spaniard who blighted your life for twenty years, and never see him. In a small town, you would meet him on the courthouse square every day; so no wonder if to some of those narrowed minds it seems that it would have been simpler to keep him from blighting your life in the first place. There are a dozen men who owe me money in New York; but neither of us is ever aggrieved by being reminded of the obligation because New York is so big we never meet. In a small town we would constantly be running into each other at the country club or at church and there would be another day spoiled.

I can understand, of course, that a small town would be hard on your high-spirited contributor; but maybe he is also hard on the small town. He is justifiably bitter about the small-town insistence that all people must act, and think, and feel alike. But he seems to be irritated because some of his neighbors do not want to read books which he enjoys, but which they, having heard something about them, think they would not enjoy. I am unable to perceive the duty of reading a book which seems likely to be dull—to me, even if it amuses others of other tastes. Is that fear? I am not afraid to go to Philadelphia; but I do not want to go to Philadelphia because I have no reason to suppose it would be worth the trouble. The analogy falls,

perhaps, in that I have been to Philadelphia; but I cannot remember that it ever was worth the trouble.

However, with your contributor's general argument that there is too much fear, especially in small towns, I am in entire agreement. Only two things I cannot help wondering: Does he let his young children play in the street, or does he inculcate in them some fear of the traffic? And why does such a resolute enemy of fear embody his attack in an anonymous article? I can understand, having lived in a small town myself, that he had plausible reasons for concealing his identity. But perhaps if he would re-examine the evidence he would find that his neighbors have at least plausible reasons for some of their fears.

ELMER DAVIS.

The other letter (from C. T. Pennoyer of New York) acknowledges the existence of fear in the small town but declares that it is as nothing beside the dominating fear of a host of New Yorkers.

For their fear [says this correspondent] is personal and acute, the fear simply of not being able to continue to have enough to live decently. Not comfortably, just decently.

I wonder if Anonymous has forgotten this fear? I have known and do know some of the interesting, quick thinking, open-minded, appreciative people he misses so in a small city, but those that I know are fearful after they have been here awhile.

Ever and again it crops out in their conversation, the fear that some day they will be in want. My immediate circle consists chiefly of young college graduates who have come to the city within say the past five years.

When they came they had the high-hearted courage of youth, untried, therefore unafraid. Already their lives have begun to narrow because they find themselves compelled to devote more

and more time and thought to the confines of their jobs. Because their jobs are growing more important? Possibly; but I will venture a guess that the more effective reason is that their jobs are growing so important to them that they dare not chance the ever present specter of dismissal.

Incompetents? Well, one of them was discharged from two newspapers. Last year he published a book which, judging from sales and critics' reports, was one of the three or four best first books of the year. I heard only yesterday that he had lost his third newspaper job.

Another is one of the rising young commercial photographers of the city. Not long ago he said, "At school I heard vaguely that people somewhere or other were starving to death but somehow they were never the kind of people I knew. But here in New York I know some who are uncomfortably close to starvation and the Hell of it is I have found out they are our kind."

Another, a young advertising man, was almost completely wiped out three months ago when within the course of a single week three accounts owing him between \$25,000 and \$30,000 failed. Failures? Incompetents? But the fear has entered into their being and they are growing ever closer to their jobs and further from their earlier interests in the arts which must enter into every well-rounded existence.

But these you say are young men. Ah, only today in my capacity of news reporter working in the credit field I attended a creditors' meeting in which a man worth \$1,200,000 in 1922 was compelled to trustee his assets over to creditors who will be lucky to get 30 cents on the dollar and his liabilities today run only \$89,000.

But why go on? This should be enough to give you an idea of why I think fear is much more the central factor in city life, big city life, I mean. I grant that it throttles social interchange in smaller communities but it does not throttle the joy of life so effectively as it does here.



AMERICAN MOTHERHOOD

By Charles Webster Hawthorne

Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

RHETORIC is possibly—nay, even probably—of all the sciences (“arts” if you prefer the Aristotelian epithet) the most intimately human, the most vital; since by its aid alone can one man know the hearts and minds of other men, or reveal himself to friend or enemy. Not the least interesting aspect of rhetoric is that of so-called “usage”: the attitude of a nation or a tribe to a given word, an attitude that shifts and alters as the national or tribal attitude to the thing defined shifts and alters. Often the fate of a word is fortuitous: it falls on evil or good days by accident. Generally speaking, however, the use of a word reflects the spirit of the time, and an investigation of “connotation,” as the rhetoricians call it, is really an excursion into social science.

Take, for example, the word “gentleman.” No one except a philologist cares about its derivation, or its adventures before the nineteenth century. There can be few people, however, who have not had, at some time or other, to meditate passionately and profoundly

on its true significance. There are dramas of which some man’s being a gentleman or not a gentleman is the whole crux, since the solution depends wholly on it. The word, indeed, is not often used lightly. However people define it, they mean by it something significant, revealing, ultimate; something on which they can base their own actions, stake their own destinies. “Being a gentleman” (“gentlemanliness” is not quite a synonym) constitutes moral solvency: a state which makes it possible for other people to do human and social business with you. Yet, though its significance (on which depends its correct implication) is immensely important now and then, if not constantly, to all of us, it is extraordinarily difficult to define. Indeed, I do not think it is much discussed. To speak paradoxically, it is too important for discussion. There is always the danger of wounding someone else by the statement of implications that we ourselves find resident in the term. Each of us thinks fondly that he numbers no man among his intimate friends who is not (according

to his private definition) a gentleman. But of course each of our intimate friends has friends whom we should not admit to be such, and we may be sure that we are in like position when our own friends are classified by him. Moreover, we use the term empirically, defining it, if at all, by example. X is a gentleman, and Y is not, and from such statements you must infer what a gentleman is. We all keep a "gentlemen's agreement" not to call names; which precludes, as I say, discussion, and, perhaps, complete elucidation.

There have been many much-quoted definitions of "gentleman"; but, so far as I know, no perfect one. Cardinal Newman, we recall, had a famous page on the subject; and Newman's tentative definition is as often quoted, surely, as any. "Hence it is," he says, "that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain." I remember once hearing a brilliant Englishman comment on this to the effect that Newman omitted a necessary adverb: that a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain unwittingly; who is never objectionable unless he wishes to be. The proposition covers a lot of cases, but it does not cover the case of the man whose instincts are impeccable yet who may wound people through his fundamental stupidity. Newman's definition, I fancy we should all agree, is too finicking. We all know cases where a gentleman has inflicted pain, though he may have done it with distaste or regret. How, otherwise, should any of the ends of justice be served?

In considering the term, there is no point in burdening ourselves with foreign definitions. The average Englishman puts into it certain connotations that America cannot accept. It is part of our social creed, for example, that a man either is or is not a gentleman, regardless of his social inheritance. We reject it as a class-name. The people who use it as a class-name only are apt to find themselves constantly

challenged. Careful individuals, indeed, are more likely to say "a man of breeding," or "a man of good family," than "a gentleman" when they are excluding all moral implications.

"A man in whom gentle birth is accompanied by appropriate qualities and behavior; hence, in general, a man of chivalrous instincts and fine feelings," says the Oxford Dictionary; and elsewhere, "A man of superior position in society . . . often, one whose means enable him to live in easy circumstances without engaging in trade, a man of money and leisure."

Neither definition helps American questioners much. We have no heraldry of our own to determine "gentle birth"; our heraldry is purely derivative, and if a man brought no coat-of-arms from Europe, he could find none here. The search for "heraldic status" is, in any case, fairly modern in America, and many of the "gentlemen" who came to the New World to found families were careless, if not scornful, of the falcons, boars, and wyverns, salient, rampant, combattant, that were legally, though mystically, theirs. If an ermine couchant with a Latin tag above was supremely important to you, you did not exile yourself to an unconventional wilderness. In the wilderness, anyhow, full of real beasts, heraldic ones became absurd. The griffin bowed to the grizzly. Every man bore arms, whether his remote ancestors had been entitled to or not. As for not engaging in trade, the requirement is as alien to us as the ordeal by fire or membership in a leopard society.

That England, too, finds less technical definitions is proved even by Newman. Yet it is true that a man's class is less easily shaken off in England, and even democratic Americans often reluctantly say of an Englishman that he is not quite a gentleman when they know that in America he would have had the opportunity to become one. Our inaccurate assumption that all men are created equal has the compensatory

virtue of permitting a man to assimilate himself to his natural group. There is no one to say him nay, if he can reach it. We have, in the strict, the Hindu, sense of caste, no caste-marks, whereas the British have; and it is easier for the Englishman to make a fortune or become Prime Minister than to rid himself of his caste-manner, the whole social inflection of his class.

II

What, then, do we mean by this important, this almost sacred term? That, alas! it is difficult to say; for we mean different things, each according to his temperament and tradition. There are those who mean by it, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, "three generations of portraits in the family"; there are those who mean by it the habit of literate speech; others who mean having money in one's purse, or being able to wear evening clothes without looking like a waiter, or being sexually virtuous. The gentlemen who prefer blondes are a different category from the gentlemen who prefer grammar. In some groups it means willingness to put up a fight with your bare fists; in some it means having a pew in church. I once knew an eminent scientist who had a way of saying—not simply in the interests of humor—"a geologist, and, therefore, a gentleman." And so on, indefinitely. To find a common denominator for the myriad definitions would be well-nigh impossible.

Yet I think we can say that to every group the word "gentleman" expresses a certain ideal of masculine bearing. When it is used satirically it is only someone's else definition that is being satirized—never one's own. We can also say, I believe, that in spite of the loosening use of the word, it has never lost its importance. Usually, when a word comes to be used loosely, inexactly, it becomes discredited. "Gentleman" as a term has never lost caste. We—the great body of the people—agree less than ever on its meaning, yet we do not cease to carry it, as a kind of gauge, in

our private consciousness. The same, indeed, might be said, in all reverence, of the word "God," which has never before been so variously defined, yet never more reflected upon. If few of us can demonstrate God to the satisfaction of the infidel, they are scarcely more numerous who can explain why they consider a man a gentleman. We do not so much know, as apprehend the matter mystically. We do not so much possess a fool-proof definition as realize inwardly whether or not a man satisfies our tacit demands. Curious that we should accept as final an epithet so difficult to expound! Curious that we should express our ultimate judgment of a man in terms that we cannot precisely explain! Yet so it is.

It is not, for most of us, a matter of external manners alone. I can think, as can you, of men born in such purple as America affords, adequate to the whole gamut of social exigencies, concerning whom I have no information that they have ever done a questionable thing, whom, none the less, I cannot bring myself to call gentlemen. I have known, though more rarely, men born with no social advantages and possessed of no innate social gift to whom I should find myself readily applying the term. Nor is it a matter of external morals, though both manners and morals somehow count. Shelley was a gentleman and Swinburne was a gentleman, both much more certainly than Wordsworth or Keats; yet the balance of morals, as they are popularly appraised, is heavier on the side of the two latter. Some of the best work in the political and social world has been done by men who were not, very certainly, gentlemen; some of the greatest harm has been done by those who indubitably were. Look at Cromwell and Charles I. It was the gentleman who made the *thug* necessary. Lancelot's honor rooted in dishonor stood, and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true, yet is there anyone to maintain that Lancelot was less of a gentleman than King Arthur?

One can jot down these appraisals with impunity, since, as we were saying, there is no perfect definition of the term, and each man can always retreat behind his own sense of its meaning. For it is a "sense" rather than an intellectual conception. I have called it ultimate, final, revealing; yet we must admit that there are cases where it becomes useless. I can imagine pedants making out a very pretty case for Shakespeare's not being a gentleman, or Abraham Lincoln, or Alexander the Great; though I cannot imagine being interested in their arguments. Something in each of these men transcended such classification. It is not, in any case, of much importance when a man is once dead. For you will notice that we use the term less as an appraisal than as a prophecy. In the last analysis, we apply or withhold it with reference rather to what a man would probably do in circumstances that have never arisen, than to what he has actually been known to do. It is an expression, chiefly, of confidence. We say more often "He is a gentleman; he would not do that," "he is a gentleman; he will certainly do this," than "he is a gentleman; he did this." Though we build up our opinion partly on past experience of a man, we do not hesitate to determine for or against the person whom we have never crucially tested.

What it really amounts to, for most of us, is almost the dumb brute's feeling about a human being. Something within us—that "sense" we have been referring to—is the counterpart of the dog's delicate nose. When we say of a man that he is gentleman we mean that in a trying situation he will act in a certain way—not always predictable even by us. Not necessarily a pious way, or an intelligent way, or a gentle or a graceful way; but in a way that will show us that his instincts perceived immediately in which direction his greatest loyalty was due. The greatest good of the greatest number does not come into it. The gentleman, at the moment when he is proving himself, is not acting "socially."

Being a gentleman, indeed, may make it imperative for him to lie, to steal, even to kill—though fortunately such exceptional cases belong to fiction rather than to life. He will do none of these things for his own sake, to save his own skin, but it would be ill setting limits to what a gentleman might do to save another's skin if he felt himself peculiarly responsible for keeping it intact.

No: you cannot define it. Yet each of us "feels" it, as some individuals "feel" the north. A certain inflexibility is always implied, something in a man that is not to be swayed by tempest or melted by fire; a certain selfishness, also, an orientation of the spirit away from his own mere advantage. A gentleman will never let you down. Yet, bearing in mind those who have, in their time, been let down by men indubitably gentlemen, I would add that the gentleman has to make his own estimate of any situation, and that we may, deceived by our own egotism, be making invalid claims upon him. It is not our summing up of the evidence, but his, that must control his gestures. Who is to say, except the man himself, where his greatest loyalty lies? And what is the use of confessing that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs if you are going to cry out, as soon as you are broken, that it is no omelette? Calling a man a gentleman is an expression of high faith.

"Yea, though thou slay us, arise and let us die." It is a registered confidence in his judgment, even though his judgment should not agree with ours; a confidence that transcends information.

All of which is flung into the discussion only by way of showing that calling names correctly is not easy. Rarely, rarely, do we have all the evidence. A man who behaved like Sir Galahad last month may, to our poor vision, behave like Dick Turpin, the next. That is why I contended that the term is rather an expression of ultimate confidence than a comment on past behavior. No gentleman has ever lived who has not done

things that to some honest person or other may have seemed ungentlemanly.

For the days of any strictly defined code are gone. There is not, as there may have been, in a smaller, tighter world, a given set of motions by going through which a man may prove himself. A gentleman, in these days, may even turn the other cheek; and not so long ago that would have been ethically impossible. No gesture, one might almost venture to say, is absolutely prescribed to-day for a gentleman. We have left the minuet behind, and the best dancers improvise their steps. There is, none the less, a controlling rhythm, and disloyalty to it is bad dancing. Those who misuse the term through ignorance of its implications, and those who scorn it because to them it reeks of the old, imperfect centuries, have alike failed to discredit it. That "a perfect gentleman" is apt to be a bounder does not make a real gentleman one. That people who might have been gentlemen have preferred neither to be nor to call themselves such, does not mean that the breed is destroyed. In the heart-searching solitudes, we are bound to come back to it, because even the clever iconoclasts have given us no other way to sum a man up.

III

There is also the word "lady." With the utterance, the Crinolines are upon us. Ten times harder, "lady" is than "gentleman"; and I think we must admit that if "gentleman" is a word whose significance is to be felt rather than expressed, "lady" is a word whose significance it is very hard even to feel with assurance. All periods have been periods of transition, and ours has been a period of really violent transition in the affairs of women. I am told that they still use "lady" seriously in the South. I do not know the South socially, and about it I must hold my tongue. They use it in certain parts of the West, where it is, I take it, an archaism. "Woman" is not, in some sections of our land, the

dignified term that it is in others. "Lady" is not a word that my generation ever had much use for. We knew perfectly what our mothers meant by it; but we were so busy varying and enriching the type that we disdained the limitations of the word. We, too, were—not so long ago—the younger generation, and, like all younger generations, we revolted. We did not want to be ladies; we wanted to be gentlemen; and when, in intimate talk, we wished to pay tribute to the gallant or honorable qualities of one of our own sex, we called her a gentleman—not a lady. We were hoping to develop, in our new freedom, some of the masculine virtues, and the feminine term did not cover them. We perceived with disdain that a lady was sometimes capable, for example, of reading other people's letters; whereas a gentleman was not. We perceived that ladies sometimes told lies for their own ease or profit; whereas gentlemen did not. Meredith was the novelist of our revolt, as Wells, I suppose, was the original novelist of the present one. I do not know that our plight can be better illustrated than by the question once put to me by a Princeton professor. Under the honor system, each undergraduate must sign, on his examination, a statement that reads: "I pledge my honor as a gentleman that in the course of this examination I have neither given nor received assistance." My ill-natured friend asked me how such a statement could be phrased in a woman's college. If a girl said "I pledge my honor as a lady", would it mean the same thing? Her honor as a woman could hardly be brought into it, since a woman's honor means, traditionally, simply her chastity. My friend—who is no feminist—meant, I perceived, to make me unhappy; and he did. Not because "lady" itself carries no honorable implication (I am not of the age to love the word overmuch) but because there is no term as yet to describe the large group of women who are honorable in the masculine sense.

Individuals will not be lacking to de-

fend "lady" in the old sense; yet theirs is a lost cause. "Gentleman" has often been sneered at by a certain type of pietist because its significance is not—never has been, and probably never will be—exclusively moral; as it has been sneered at by the apologists of awkwardness and "Nature's noblemen." The significance of "lady" was never, I think, moral at all; and Willa Cather was right, no doubt, in calling her lost lady a lady, in spite of her more than questionable behavior. Mary, Queen of Scots, was a lady, too, as far as one knows. Being a lady, that is, was a matter of manners—of those minor manners that have no very profound significance. If her bearing was fine, her heart might be black. She must have tact but, under the bland surface, treachery might lurk. "Lady" loitered behind its period, while "gentleman" was being actively molded by the spirit of the time. A moral element got into "gentleman" long before it got into "lady"—if, indeed, it ever got into "lady" at all, which I incline to think it never did. The chances were all against a lady's sinning socially, since she lived and moved within conventions as tight as her own stays; but there was nothing in her ladyhood to prevent her being furtively mean and quietly disloyal. The truth was not necessarily in her. Socially speaking (in the narrower sense) the word still has its uses; it is shorthand for a whole group of pleasant attributes. But it does not give assurance as to what lies beneath the surface, behind the manner. Beneath, behind, beyond, may be the wilderness. In so far as morals are a matter of external manners, the lady will be moral. She will not often do things to shock her social group—therefore, she will usually keep the purely social law. Her selfishness will be wreaked, her blows dealt, in privacy, in such a way that her victims cannot complain. An excellent person to invite to a party, but not necessarily to live with.

Be it understood, I beg, that I am

not saying that all, or most, ladies were, or are, like this; only that being a lady did not exclude these possibilities. The curious limitation of the lady's virtues was no doubt an inheritance from darker days, when good breeding was all that men felt they could reasonably ask from a creature whom religion, philosophy, and law united in deeming inferior. When Sir Austin Feverel wrote, "Men have rounded Seraglio Point; they have not yet doubled Cape Turk," he implied the standard set by gentlemen for ladies in other than sexual matters.

Perception of these limitations led our generation to revolt, as I have said, against the use of the word in any but the narrowest social sense. We saw it also becoming absurd even in the social sense. For "lady" came very near implying, when we were young, a certain physical context. There were honest activities a lady might not engage in, respectable places where she might not go, gestures of the purest that she might not make, decent costumes she might not wear. She might not act on the stage or work in an office; she might not go alone into a men's business district or along any street after dark; she might not speak to any stranger, or wear bloomers, or refuse to wear corsets. If, that is, she did any of these things, she endangered her ladyhood, and for doing each of these one has known women to be refused the honorific term. What cruel conclaves sat in the case of each gentle pioneer! And if a woman maintained that some unconventionally behaved sister was none the less a lady, she felt the proud glow of the epigrammatist.

No wonder the bottom dropped out. For within a few short years—a decade or two at most—women rushed into academic, professional, commercial, social, physical liberty, less in the manner of a Roman legion than of a Hunnish horde. It was neither siege nor pitched battle; it was an undisciplined, irresistible, arrival, at once a seeping and a surge. Briefly, suddenly, they were everywhere, and only prejudice said them nay. They

did so many unladylike things all at once that categories shivered and fell. Once a lady could not be a stenographer or a shop girl, and now stenographers and shop girls are almost the only people who call themselves ladies. So much dross had been welded into the word that even the gold of it was not worth keeping.

As there is no gain without some loss, we may as well admit that we have lost something, both actually and verbally. I know plenty of women for whom the old term is no misnomer, and if, to myself, I call them "ladies," I mean by it something, something, moreover, lovely and desirable. But the term has become curiously useless in dealing with society at large. Virtues and graces have redistributed themselves, re-combined into new types, with new predominances and new emphases. "Lady" always indicated a combination, and that combination, in the younger generation, has gone. Young things are differently assembled; in the finest creature, the proportions are other. Mr. Canby has recently implied, in *Harper's*, that the truly modern author cannot write a novel about a gentleman, because "gentleman" is rather an historic than a contemporary term. That "gentleman" has altered its complexion since the days of Thackeray, as Mr. Canby says, does not mean that it is not still a living word, or that the gentleman himself perished with the people who conceived him in a certain way. "Dickens never drew a gentleman" was once a commonplace of criticism, yet according to Mr. Canby, the type was going strong in Dickens' time. Personally, I have never agreed about Dickens, since I have always held Sir Leicester Dedlock to be a gentleman, but the point has been ably made by better critics than I. In any case, if Dickens never drew a gentleman, it was not because there were not plenty of them, but because he was personally uninterested or incapable. Similarly, the fact that Mr. Wells, Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Anderson do not

(according to Mr. Canby) draw gentlemen proves only that they are uninterested in gentlemen, or incapable of drawing them—not that there are no gentlemen. It might be said, too, that if Mr. Canby knew his Kipling as well as some of us do, he would not declare that Kipling's gentleman must pass as the public-school mold is broken. While the "public-school type" was in its day a convenient summing-up of certain qualities and defects, there is unstinted evidence in Kipling's work that he knew it was not the sole synonym for "gentleman." It is peculiarly dangerous, indeed, to generalize about Kipling, for there is always apt to be something, somewhere, in the vast and varied volume of his work—no English author since Shakespeare is so parti-colored or so polyphonic—which confutes any generalization, even the neatest and most timely.

Confound Romance! . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

"Gentleman," like "Romance," is a self-perpetuating term. In so far as it carries implications of character not tribal but truly basic, it keeps, like romance, under changing guises, a residuum of indefeasible validity. Both more plastic and more vital than "lady," it has a better chance of survival.

IV

As a middle-aged woman, looking over my acquaintance, I find that some of the most objectionable women I know are ladies, and that if I had to describe them to a stranger, I should clutch at that helpful term. Yet even admitting my own indifference to the word, I do not find myself applying it carelessly. I once had a cook concerning whom a former employer who was very fond of her said to me, "Z— is really a lady." I often pondered it while Z— was in my household. I thought at first I knew what her former employer had meant; I decided, after many months, that I probably did

not. I wondered in the end if I was not wrong, and the other woman right. Was not my tacit refusal to apply the term to Z—due to my tendency to import into “lady” for my own satisfaction certain of the moral implications of “gentleman”? This, although I had known for a long time that to do so is to be rhetorically inexact. “Lady” is—must needs be—a less integral term than “gentleman.” Can a lady do a really unladylike thing and still be a lady? Can a gentleman do a really ungentlemanly thing and still be a gentleman? Yes, to both questions, no doubt, since no individual achieves the perfection even of his own type. Yet surely ladies may betray their type oftener in the course of a lifetime than gentlemen; for it is harder for the lady herself to know what being a lady consists in. The social implications of the noun have been shot to pieces in the last decades; the moral implications were ever undetermined. I like immensely a lot of young women whom I should not think of calling ladies—they post-date the word. And when I most want to call a woman a lady I hesitate because the word is not good enough for her.

The term “gentleman” is probably better left to the men. Women use it, perhaps, more often than men do, and, I daresay, with less chance of accuracy. Women use it, I seem to have noticed, chiefly to define a man’s attitude to women, which is no small part of the word’s significance, yet by no means the whole. In the matter of calling a man a gentleman, a woman is more apt to agree with her mother or her sister than with her husband or her brother. We women sidetrack the word, I think, into the channels of our own purpose. There are many cases where class is more important than sex; subjects more easily discussed and agreed upon by men and women of the same social group than by men apart or women apart, if they have different backgrounds. Sex itself, notably; and the rights and wrongs of many

things. But bring “gentleman” into the discussion, and the sexes are better segregated. “Lady,” too—only, does anyone discuss “lady”?

Among the many French terms that we have taken over, “grande dame” has had one of the most curious adventures. Our recent puristic tendency to anglicize all foreign words and phrases has turned it into “great lady,” which does not (as so often the native equivalents that the purists find for us, do not) say quite the same thing. I doubt if “great lady” or “great gentleman” need detain us in this particular bit of social research. They are romantic intensifications, and, like all such, must be sparingly used. Miracles of breeding are as rare as other miracles. Not long ago a woman of my acquaintance, much admired by many of us, referred to another woman—now dead, and known to me only by reputation—as a great lady. My friend made out her case very ably; and by the time the portrait was built up, out of reminiscence, anecdote, and descriptive phrase, I, too, felt the dead woman to have been, in all probability, a great lady. I doubt if either of us—the one who knew her or the one who did not—would have called the deceased woman a lady. A lady, I judge, she rather dramatically was not—any more than Queen Elizabeth was. A great lady, for example, may be ruthless; a great lady, in the slang of yesterday, can get away with murder. Shakespeare’s Cleopatra was perhaps a great lady; a lady, she certainly was not—any more than her imagined prototype in “The Craftsman”:

Saying how at an alehouse under Cotswold
He had made sure of his very Cleopatra
Drunk with enormous, salvation-contemning
Love for a tinker.

The great lady may be salvation-contemning; the lady is not. “Great gentleman” we use even more rarely; perhaps because “gentleman” itself suffices where “lady” does not; perhaps because it implies an even greater and, therefore, rarer, degree of mundane magnificence.

Both phrases are, in any case, as we were saying, romantic intensifications, and romantic intensifications of the franker, nobler sort are not popular at the moment. Nth powers and sentimentalized superlatives are restricted, at present, to the lower forms of human life. *La beauté de la laideur* has come into its own. Even the Founder of Christianity is being vulgarized constantly in sermons, histories, and fiction.

Mr. Thomas Beer ends one of the chapters of his exciting *Mauve Decade* with the question: "Is it matter for such wonder among critics that only satire can describe this American of our time who drifts toward middle age without valour, charm, or honour?" Which is as much as to say that Babbitt is the only way in which the modern American male can be expressed. One is all with Mr. Beer in most of his brilliant characterizations, though one would perhaps blame Louisa Alcott's contemporaries more than poor Louisa herself. That valor, charm, and honor, in the mediæval, and slightly later, sense, have gone out, no one, I suppose, will deny. Gentlemen according to those definitions would be anachronisms. Romeo and Juliet, Rodrigue and Chimène, find themselves nowadays quite differently situated. The social fabric has changed, and we have become more individualistic. Even the gentleman of the late eighteenth century is no longer with us. Mr. Hergesheimer's Bale of Balisand might be late Minoan instead of early American, for all the kinship the contemporary world can feel with him; and it is not without significance, I think, that such comments as I have heard on that very interesting

novel have all concerned themselves, not with the remarkable portrait of Bale himself but with the incidental horrors of the "gouging" fight. Yet abolishing the duel, and suppressing the point of view that made the duel reasonable, have not changed everything. "The Titaness"—whom I loathe quite as much as Thomas Beer does—has not changed everything. The word "gentleman" is still useful, and, I fancy, will continue to be. Three quarters of the human and social situations that our boys and girls must meet are different even from those we met. Public opinion has changed, and public opinion is the arbiter of manners and customs. Yet with all our tolerant perplexity we still mark a difference between the truth and a lie, between loyalty and disloyalty, between sticking and not sticking. A great many centuries went to build up the gentleman, with his fortuitous and his fundamental virtues alike. You cannot junk a type in one decade or two, or three. And as the gentleman has always had a little way of being "a man of this world," he was ever capable of evolution. As for "lady," I have enough faith in my sex to believe that either the word, amended and rehabilitated, will come back to its own, or that a new term will be found. As long as we discriminate at all, some nouns must be set apart to distinguish the people who play the game from those who do not. We may, it is true, disintegrate so far as to lose all power of making distinctions. But in that final blurring of all types, controversy would die, and without controversy we, too, perish. The race is not going to slay itself by drinking either boredom or hemlock.



OCCUPATION: JOURNALIST

A SOUTH SEA EPISODE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I WAS at a loose end that spring, in common with hundreds of thousands of other men, most of them just out of the demobilization camps, with the ink on their army discharge papers scarcely dried. Day after day there had been a shrieking of sirens and a tooting of whistles in New York harbor as the troop ships returned from France.

There were parades up and down Fifth Avenue, regimental reunions, public receptions, innumerable addresses of welcome. But the most memorable sight to me was the line of soldiers filing eagerly in and happily out of every shop where ready-made civilian clothing was sold. I remember vividly my own keen pleasure as I came from one of these places with my uniform in a paper parcel under my arm. That chapter of experience was definitely closed.

The March days were lengthening, but for all that they were not long enough by half for the enjoyment of the blessed sense of freedom one had. A week passed, and during this time I was as idle as it is possible to be. I rose late of a morning and had breakfast in my room. Then, with a book in my pocket, I would seek out the quietest places I could find. But it was impossible to find solitude in New York, and one wanted it badly after the experience overseas. I felt that I could never have enough of it now, even though I were to spend the rest of my life on some uninhabited island a thousand miles from the nearest steamship route. "I

might seek out such an island," I thought as I stood in a subway train wedged in a solid mass of humanity. "There must be many of them scattered over the seven seas." I had some money, not a great amount, but enough to carry me to the other side of the world if I wished to go so far. The more I thought of an island sojourn the more the idea appealed to me, and the upshot of the matter was that after many imaginary journeys I decided to set out in reality for a year of wandering among some of the remote archipelagos of the eastern Pacific.

A friend, resident in New York, went with me for purposes of identification to the passport office. The clerks were being harassed with questions from a dozen applicants at once, and had reason, I thought, to be out of patience and temper. My turn came at length, and a young woman, seizing an application blank, said, "I'll make this out for you. Save time." She did it very rapidly: name, description of bearer, distinguishing marks or features, place of birth, date of birth. I answered with alacrity until she asked, "What occupation?"

"I haven't any," I replied, "unless 'ex-soldier' is considered one."

"What were you before the war?"

"Oh, various things, but none of them will do now. Why not leave the space blank?"

"No," she replied. "Must write in something." She waited with pen poised. A drop of ink gathered at the

point and splashed on the paper. She blotted it impatiently.

"Can't you please hurry?" she said. "There are others waiting."

There were many others waiting. I heard behind me a nervous tapping of feet and several exasperated sighs.

"Why don't you put down 'Journalist'?" my friend suggested. "Didn't you use to write things for the magazines?"

"Yes, but only occasionally," I said. "It was never an occupation. I couldn't be called a—"

"It doesn't matter; 'Journalist' will do," said the young woman writing rapidly. "Have you your photographs? The fee is ten dollars. Next please!"

II

Several months later I was sitting on the deck of a sixty-ton schooner, eating a dish of rice and red beans. The schooner was called the *Toafa*. There were six of us on board, a Chinaman named Chan Lee, captain and owner of the vessel, four Polynesian sailors, natives of the Low Archipelago, and myself. We were carrying out a cargo of general merchandise to be exchanged for copra and pearl shell. The tiny cabin was alive with cockroaches and copra bugs, and day after day for many weeks we had been sharing with them our rice and red beans. But although I was conscious, at moments, of a wistful longing for the flesh-pots of New York, I wouldn't have gone back there, not for any consideration, and at this particular moment I had only to lift my eyes to see on the port bow an island so lost in the immense waste of the Pacific that it may be truthfully called one of the authentic ends of the earth.

Its Polynesian name is Hopéaroa, which means "The Farthest Land," or more literally, "The Very Last." This is not quite true, however. Another crumb of land lies one hundred miles farther to the south. After calling at Hopéaroa, the *Toafa* was to proceed to this other island and return to Hopéaroa

for cargo and a supply of rain water before continuing the homeward voyage. I decided that an island called "The Farthest Land" was far enough. Furthermore, I was tired of rice and red beans, so I decided to go ashore here and wait till Chan Lee came back.

Hopéaroa was smaller than most of the atolls I had seen, and Chan told me there were but forty inhabitants. In shape it is an almost perfect circle, three-quarters of it barren reef enclosing a lagoon some five miles across. Four small islands are threaded on the reef, the largest of them where the village is, about a mile and a half from end to end. Another lies to windward across the lagoon. There is a good pass through the reef where the water shoals to three fathoms over a magnificent forest of coral of every conceivable variety of shape and color. We came abreast of it shortly after noon and, as the current was favorable, the *Toafa* was carried gently past two islets on either side of the entrance, into the quiet waters of the lagoon. We crept slowly along with a light breeze, skirting the shore of the main island which was so narrow in places that it looked like a causeway rather than an island. Through the trees I could see the surf piling up on the outer beaches; but there was no other sound than this, and we moved along in the midst of a silence that seemed never to have been broken.

Presently, rounding a point of land, we came within view of the settlement, and I was surprised to see another schooner, considerably larger than the *Toafa*, at anchor about one hundred yards off shore. The paint on her top sides, once white, was now a dirty yellow, blistered and peeling. The seams gaped; thick streams of rust extended from her chain plates to the luxuriant growth of marine vegetation which covered her bottom. The standing rigging hung slack, and the ends of the springstay which had parted, dangled from the masts, swaying gently with the imperceptible motion of the

vessel. An awning made of bits of rotten canvas and pieces of copra sacking stitched together was stretched over the main boom, and lying asleep in the shade of it was a native who looked as ancient and weather-beaten as the vessel itself. Another, a lean old man with white hair, naked except for a wisp of cloth about his waist, stood amidships with his back to us, working the handle of a ship's pump. He too appeared to be asleep, for his head was sunk on his breast. Nevertheless, he moved slowly back and forth with the regularity of a pendulum, and a stream of clear water, its flow keeping time with his movements, gushed over the ship's side.

We approached so noiselessly that he was not aware of our presence until the anchor was let go. The long rattle of the chain was a profanation of the noon-day stillness, and at the sound of it the old man turned in amazement. The one asleep under the awning raised his head, too, and both of them gazed at us without speaking.

"What in the world is this old wreck doing here, Chan?" I asked.

"Stay long time, hlee, four year maybe," said Chan. "I come Hopéaroa once year. Always see old mans pump, pump, alltime pump. No pump, go down below with fish."

"Why don't they let her go down? That's certainly where she belongs."

"She got *popaa* captain." ("Popaa" is the native term for white man.) "He say fine ship, only want fix up little bit. Bimeby maybe he get some money, make more better."

"What do you think about it?"

"No good. Captain dlink, dlink, alltime dlink. Pretty soon he finish, too."

The village was quickly astir. They were the most primitive islanders I had seen. All of the children were naked, but the men and women wore European clothing of a sort. The men were bare to the waist, with dungarees in all stages of raggedness for nether garments. They were a healthy, happy lot, and it was evident from their excitement and

pleasure that the arrival of Chan's schooner was a great event in their lives.

On the beach in the center of the village there was one house of European construction, covered with a roof of corrugated iron. Although not large as houses go in other parts of the world, it towered like a palace above the huts around it. A French flag hung from a staff slanted out over the doorway. I asked Chan whose house it was.

"Flenchman, half-caste—got native mamma," he replied. "He belong government. Get dless up now. Bimeby he come."

When he did come the *Toafa's* small boat was lowered, and Chan and I were rowed ashore. My host—at least I hoped he was to be my host—awaited us at the end of a rickety landing stage. He was a man of fifty, a giant in stature, swarthy in complexion, with iron-gray hair, and kindly blue-gray eyes. He was dressed very warmly for the tropics in a double-breasted serge suit, a white shirt with an old fashioned "choker" collar, a black derby hat, and yellow shoes. The shoes, evidently, were much too small for him. He kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other. The sweat streamed down his face, and made short work of the stiff collar. He had a gentle, deprecatory voice and manner, and his smile was so friendly and engaging that my heart warmed to him.

He shook my hand cordially and presented me with a card which read:

Monsieur Raoul Clémont,
Administrateur,
Hopéaroa.

At first he greeted me in French, but when Chan Lee made some remark about my being a "Melican man" he immediately changed to English which he spoke with a quaintness I cannot hope to render here. I asked whether I might stay at the island until the return of the *Toafa*.

"You wish to do so?" he said, beaming upon me. "Then it shall arrange! You shall stay in my house! This is the greatest honor for me!"

Immediately he gave orders to one of Chan's sailors to fetch my sea chest. Chan went aboard again, for there was some merchandise to be sent ashore, and he wanted to get away as early as possible. I followed my host to his house.

The loud squeaking of his shoes seemed to give voice to the pain they caused him. I was relieved when he asked if he might remove them.

"Please do," I said. "It is very warm. Make yourself comfortable."

He excused himself and returned a moment later, barefoot, but he had put on another stiff collar which melted at once as the first had done. I was tempted to suggest that he remove his heavy serge coat, but he seemed to feel that his position as "Administrateur" demanded both the coat and the collar.

My arrival caused him an immense amount of concern, but he was so pleased at having some official business to transact that, clearly, no apology was necessary. He conducted me to his "bureau" where he spent nearly two hours over the business of getting me registered as a "Temporary Resident" at Hopéaroa. He transcribed my passport word for word in his ledger, beginning with the "Notice" on the inside front cover, and ending with the six abstracts from the passport regulations at the back.

"I wish to have everything in due process of law," he explained. So I waited while he wrote everything out in a neat Spencerian hand. While copying the "Caution" on the inside cover, which tells what is to be done in case a passport is lost, he stopped and read aloud this sentence: "New passports in such cases can be issued only after exhaustive inquiry."

"Exhaustive, exhaustive," he said. "I have forgotten this meaning. But no! I remember! When I am tired I say I am exhaustive. This is true?"

I explained the sense of it and he thanked me with warmth and sincerity as though I had done him a great service. Upon reaching the "Description of

Bearer" he again paused and looked at me with an expression of deep respect.

"My guest! You are journalist! You write, and many people read what you write! This is the greatest honor for me! What journal in America have you the duty to be their writer?"

"Oh, I'm not really a journalist," I replied. "As a matter of fact—"

He thought I was being modest.

"But you *shall* be!" he insisted eagerly. "Your government says you are journalist. The *Secrétaire de l'Etat* of your great nation"—he turned for reference to the passport—"insists that your value be known. You are journalist, he writes; you must be safe and free and have all lawful aid and protection."

I wish I could convey an idea of the deep seriousness with which he said this. Had I been carrying a personal letter from the President of the United States, it could hardly have made a more profound impression than my passport. His belief more than half convinced me that I was a journalist after all. Of a sudden a new light dawned in his eyes.

"Here too you must write," he said. "You must meet my friend, Captain Handy. He has had a life of great deeds. I am sure of it! But himself alone knows of this and he wishes his memoirs to be written in a book. How glad he shall be if you will help him with this history!"

"Who is Captain Handy?" I asked. "Is that his schooner lying offshore?"

"Yes. He is an aged man. We shall go to see him. He shall be happy."

Nothing would do but we must go at once. I had, I confess, a good deal of curiosity to see the captain of this ancient vessel which looked as though all the waters of the Pacific had been pumped through her. What was he doing at Hopéaroa? I made some inquiries as we were paddling out, but my host merely told me what I already knew, that the vessel had been a long time at the island. He gave me to understand that I should hear everything from the captain himself.

The canoe leaped across the water. At every stroke of the paddle my head was flung back and I expected to see my host's serge coat burst into tatters. We were alongside in no time, the canoe was made fast, and we clambered aboard. The old native who had been asleep when the *Toafa* came in was now taking his shift at the pump. He looked at us with a worried expression and said something in the native tongue to Monsieur Clémont who then turned to me.

"All day the captain sleeps," he said in a low voice. "Perhaps he shall be uneasy that I speak to him now, but your coming is a great reason. He should know this. I shall try to be bold to tell him."

I followed him down the companionway into a cabin as dilapidated and dirty as the rest of the vessel. There was a small table in the middle of the floor and stacked upon it piles of old newspapers. A tin lamp with a rusty shade hung above the table. Against one wall was a curtained recess. Monsieur Clémont stopped irresolutely before it, then, with the air of making an heroic decision, he put back the curtains, revealing a bunk over a chest of drawers. There lay Captain Handy, asleep.

He was naked to the waist, incredibly thin, with a body no larger than that of a boy of ten or twelve. His chest and the outer surface of his arms were covered with thick white hair. The head was enormous, long and lean and angular. The temples were deep hollows, and the skull quite bald on top, but the hair of his beard mingled with the growth on his chest and reached almost to his waist. I could divine rather than see the bony jaw beneath it, which looked even longer than it was, for his chin had fallen down and he was breathing noisily through his mouth. The skin was of the color of fungus, as though it had not been touched by sunlight in many months. I was conscious of a feeling of uneasiness as I gazed at this gnomelike little man. He seemed scarcely human.

"Should I awaken him?" Monsieur Clémont whispered, looking at me anxiously.

"I don't see why not now that we have come," I replied. "Would he object?"

"Only once before have I done this," he said. At length he called in a low voice, "Captain!" There was no response. Then with one huge finger, nearly as thick as the old man's arm, he touched his shoulder and called again.

"He's a sound sleeper," I said. "You'd better shake him, hadn't you?"

After a good deal of hesitation he did so, very gently, and immediately looked at me with a frightened expression, as though he had committed a sacrilege.

The mouth snapped shut and the captain made a frightful grimace as though he had bitten into something nauseating.

"All right, all right," he said with a petulant intonation. His voice was amazingly deep and resonant. It was hard to realize that so great a volume of sound could come so easily from such a wraith of a man. Then he opened his eyes, glassy blue and cold, and looked at us blankly. The light of recognition came into them slowly, but once it had, he raised himself on one elbow.

"What's this?" he roared.

"Captain! You will excuse me? The *Toafa* is here. We have a—"

With an effort the old man grasped the edge of his bunk and got to his knees, and immediately Monsieur Clémont was pushed backward as though with hands to the companionway where he paused for the fraction of a second, gave me a frightened apologetic look, and disappeared. The baleful light died from the captain's eyes. The muscles of his face relaxed, his head drooped as though its weight were too much for his strength; then he toppled over on his side and lay still. I waited for a moment until I again heard his regular breathing, whereupon I went quietly out. Monsieur Clémont was already in the canoe.

"Well!" I said as I climbed in. "He wasn't so happy to see us as you expected."

He looked at me sorrowfully.

"I was too bold," he said. "In the daytime Captain Handy sleeps and he is uneasy to be awakened."

"Is he always like that?"

"Oh, no! You shall not think of him by this meeting. In the evening time when he has had his breakfast, you shall see! I shall tell him you are journalist. He shall be glad. And he plays the zither. Sometimes he permits me to listen. It is beautiful! I am never tired to hear."

Chan was awaiting us on the beach. The breeze had freshened a little, and as the current was now running out of the lagoon he planned to sail at once.

"Come back two, hlee week," he said. "You stay allsame? You not come along me?"

I was still content to have a brief respite from the *Toafa's* cockroaches and copra bugs, so I told him I would await his return. When the schooner was gone my host showed me my room. I saw at once that it was his own, but he insisted that I should occupy it.

"I have not often a guest from the great world," he said. "Not since ten years has a visitor come. This shall be a souvenir for me."

"Have you always lived at Hopéaroa?"

"Yes, I am born here. My mother is of this island. But you have understood that I am of the French blood by my father? He was an honored man of that great nation. See! He is there!"

On the wall over a table was a framed photograph of a French naval officer in full dress uniform. The resemblance to his son was evident at once despite the full black beard. One hand rested on a pedestal and the other was clasped lightly about the hilt of his sword. Across the bottom of the photograph was written:

*A ma petite Manukura,
Souvenir affectueux de nos promenades
sur la belle isle de Hopéaroa.*

*Raoul Clémont,
Capne. de Frégate,
Le 5 Aout, 1875.*

"I wish to have known my father," he said wistfully, after a moment of silence. "His ship of war came but once to Hopéaroa. Manukura is my mother. She loved him but she heard of him no more. She gave me his name. But you shall see a beautiful picture of my father I have had made from this one. It is in my mother's room. Should you wish to meet her?"

I said I should like very much to do so, and he led me down a narrow hallway. He paused at the door.

"My mother has lost her health since five years," he said. "Now she remains in her bed."

He rapped gently, then opened the door and motioned me to follow. We entered a large chamber filled to overflowing with furniture upholstered in faded red plush. A brass lamp ornamented with innumerable glass pendants hung from the center of the ceiling, and the walls were covered with a great variety of shell ornaments, hat wreaths, necklaces, and the like. But at first my attention was drawn to the bed where my host's mother lay, propped up by pillows.

She was of the finest type of full-blooded Polynesian, rarely seen in these days except on such remote islands as Hopéaroa. Her face was full of beauty and character and it was easy to imagine how lovely she must have been as a young girl. Although now a woman of seventy, her hair was but lightly streaked with silver. It was parted in the middle and lay in two thick braids on the counterpane. As we entered she turned her head slowly, and her face lighted up with pleasure and surprise. Her son spoke to her in native, explaining who I was. Then he turned to me.

"My mother says you are welcome

here. You shall be our guest as long as you should like to stay."

She took my hand in both of hers and spoke to me direct and, although I did not understand, I was in no doubt of the sincerity of her welcome. She again addressed her son, speaking eagerly and at some length. When she had finished, he said:

"My mother wishes to know if you have heard in other lands of my father, *le Capitaine de Frégate*, Raoul Clémont?"

I confessed, reluctantly, that I had not, adding that no doubt I should have heard of him had I been of French nationality.

The colored enlargement hung on the wall facing her bed. With its huge gilt frame it must have covered twelve square feet of space. The cheeks and lips were red, the hair and beard a bluish black, the uniform a bright blue, and the sword, buttons, and epaulettes, gilt. Every line and wrinkle had been smoothed out of the face which looked like that of a wax figure.

When we had returned to my room he again suggested a visit to the schooner after we had had supper. I made an evasive reply and, in order to change the current of his thoughts, I spoke of the books on the shelf above the table. As a matter of fact I was surprised to find them there. He had a complete edition of Tennyson's *Poems*, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Holy Dying*, and a volume of *Selected English and American Poems*. All four volumes had been well thumbed, and a copy of a French-English conversation manual had been worn to tatters with use. He told me they had belonged to a missionary of the French Protestant church who had died at Hopéaroa years ago.

"He was so good to me," he said gratefully. "He gave me the lessons in English. Since then I am aptly self-taught. I know how to say many poesies in your language. Should you wish to hear one?"

He then recited with fervor and with

many vehement gestures and quaint mispronunciations:

Come into the garden, Maude,
For the black bat, Night, hath flown.

It sounded so odd that I had difficulty in maintaining a grave face, but I managed it, and commended him warmly at the close. He was much pleased.

"Yes, I speak the English very well, but the writing I cannot. How I should wish to do this! Then I should have pleasure to compose. Perhaps I should help Captain Handy with his history."

"Has he written much of it?"

"Oh, yes. He says it shall be printed in a book and he shall be a rich man when this is done."

"Chan Lee told me that he drinks rather heavily."

"It is true, he has too much of the drink," he replied sadly. "He had many barrels of rum in his vessel when he came here four years ago. It is still not exhaustive."

"Did he have a supply of food as well?"

"No, he had forgotten to bring this. It has been my duty to—"

He broke off abruptly and regarded me with a curious expression as though he had said more than he meant to say. He was much embarrassed and went on to tell me of the captain's zither playing which was so beautiful that he sometimes wept to hear it. I asked no further questions, but, as Monsieur Clémont was the storekeeper as well as the administrator at Hopéaroa, I concluded that he had been furnishing the captain with food and, judging by the appearance of the schooner and the length of time she had been there, he had not been paid for it. I was more than ever convinced of this later in the evening, when at my host's suggestion I took a walk to the far end of the island. He suggested that I should go along the ocean beach, but instead I walked down the lagoon side, stopping now and then to enjoy the beauty of the after-glow in the still water. When it had faded to a faint ashy light I saw a small fleet of

canoes stealing out from the village to the schooner. As they came alongside I heard Captain Handy's booming voice "What's this? My supplies?" Then there was a thud of packing cases set down on the schooner's deck. I was sure, then, that my host had suggested the walk so that he might send the captain, unobserved, some of the provisions he had received by the *Toafa*. If he had been doing that for four years it seemed to me that he was paying rather heavily for the captain's zither playing, however ravishing that might be.

I went on to the extreme end of the island and did not return to the village until well past midnight. Light was streaming from the cabin portholes of Captain Handy's schooner. I listened intently for the sound of music, but all I heard was the faint creaking of the pump and the rhythmical splash of water over the side. But in the settlement there was much coming and going. The natives stood in a line before Monsieur Clémont's store, a small building adjoining his house, and he was hard at work passing out tins of corned beef and salmon, and dishing out of casks, ladles of sour pickles, a quart at a time.

"My guest," he exclaimed. "I have searched for you. I have seen Captain Handy. He wishes to greet you."

"Has he come ashore?"

"Oh, no. Not since two years has he come to the land. But I have told him you are journalist. He is pleased. He wishes to offer you to prepare his history. Soon I shall be ready if you will go."

"Hadn't we better wait till to-morrow?" I suggested. "I'm rather tired."

He regarded me with an expression of compassion.

"Of course! You wish for your sleep. To-morrow evening we shall go. Now you retire to your bed."

But I was not really sleepy, so I said I would wait until he had finished his work. He had laid aside his European clothing and was now dressed only in a waist-cloth. The natives crowded forward for their provisions. Case after

case of bully beef was disposed of. The mere sight of those familiar tins with their familiar labels, made me feel squeamish at the stomach. It brought back the very feel of the war, the rending roar of nine-inch shells, the smell of lyddite, gas, decaying human flesh. No ex-soldier, surely, can ever again look with complacency at a tin of beef. The expression of eager anticipation on the faces of Monsieur Clémont's customers convinced me that there were no ex-soldiers at Hopéaroa. But it was not only beef they craved. Four already emptied casks testified to the demand for sour pickles. I saw one old man eat a quart of them within five minutes, whereupon he ordered a second supply which he carried outside. No money changed hands, nor was there any bookkeeping. Monsieur Clémont told me there was no need to keep a record of his sales. Everyone knew what he had bought and would pay for his purchases in copra before the return of Chan Lee's schooner.

"I keep store only these few days each year when the *Toafa* comes," he explained. "Then no more European food. All is finished."

Certainly an immense amount of it was being finished on this first evening. Soon the whole population had gathered in the vicinity of the store, around fires of coconut husks. I never again expect to see a beef and pickle orgy to be compared with this one. Some of the natives, having eaten to repletion, were lying with heads pillowed on their arms, asleep. Others who had overestimated their capacity for sour pickles, were sitting cross-legged, rocking back and forth, groaning with faint dolefulness. But their misery had not the slightest deterrent effect upon those whose pickles were yet to be consumed. Monsieur Clémont himself was not at all alarmed. The same thing happened each year, he told me, with the arrival of the *Toafa*.

"They like so much these delicacies," he said, "and they are not used to

them. Always afterward there are stomach pains."

He left me at the door of my room.

"Good night," he said. "I hope you shall sleep with comfort."

And as I had eaten but a small fragment of one pickle, I did sleep soundly until morning.

III

As a matter of fact I didn't awake until nearly ten o'clock. My host had slipped a note under the door. "Good morning!!" it read. "Your coffee shall be waiting for you when you wish it. You shall find me at my store." And there it was I found him, half an hour later. He had just opened another packing-case and had arranged along his counter a dozen large funeral wreaths of imitation flowers made of colored glass beads strung on wire framework, the kind one saw during the war in every French cemetery back of the trenches. All the wreaths bore ornate beaded inscriptions twined among the flowers: "*Mort Pour La France*," "*Mort Pour La Patrie*," and the like. Monsieur Clémont stood before them, lost in admiration.

"These shall be so beautiful in our cemetery," he said. "They were very cheap, only twenty-five francs each."

He carried one to the doorway to examine it under better light, and immediately turned to me with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Look! Captain Handy is coming! Never he comes to the land! My guest! He wishes to greet you!"

He stuffed the funeral wreaths back in their box, moved it to one side, brought out another chair, and placed a small table before it. Then, excusing himself, he hurried over to his house and returned with a pitcher of water and two tumblers which he placed on the table. Meanwhile the captain, who was being rowed ashore by one of his retainers, had almost reached the wharf.

"Way enough!" he boomed, and

then, "Stern all!" as though in command of at least a score of rowers. The old native backed gently on his oars and made fast at the end of the pier. The captain climbed the ladder and, with the sailor following at a respectful distance, came slowly up the beach. Under an enormous sun helmet with his white beard streaming out from under it, he looked even more gnomelike than he had the day before. Monsieur Clémont went out to meet him, but he waved him aside without speaking and entered the store. He gave me a nod, sat down, and with his hands braced on his knees and his head drooping forward, breathed heavily for some time, puffing out his cheeks as he exhaled. It was plain that he was all but exhausted.

"Warm," he said at length, and again I gave an inward start of surprise at the deep sonorous voice coming from the corpselike body.

I agreed that it was.

He turned his head slightly, and the ancient retainer who was standing behind his chair, stepped forward and put a bottle on the table.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

"With pleasure," I replied, and he poured out two half tumblers of rum. He drank his own at a gulp.

"Well, sir!" he said, smacking his lips and sucking in on his beard, "I understand you're going to make us a visit? This your first trip in the Pacific?"

"The first," I replied. "I came six months ago."

"Hmm! I've been out here fifty two years."

"As long as that! You must know these islands pretty well."

"I'd like to meet the man, white or kanaka, that knows 'em better. But they're not what they were. You ought to have been here in the seventies. Then you might have had something to write about. Our friend here," with a contemptuous nod toward Monsieur Clémont, "tells me you're an author."

"Oh, no, hardly that," I replied. "I'm merely traveling."

He poured himself another stiff drink.

"That's right. Keep your business to yourself. That's been my practice. I reckon story writers are like the rest of us—they want a free field if they can get it, and no competition. Ever hear of a man named Becke?"

"Becke? Do you mean Louis Becke, the writer?"

"That's the one."

"Oh, yes, I've read many of his stories."

"They say he made a pile of money out of 'em?"

"It may be," I replied. "His work is popular in America. Did you know him? I believe he spent most of his life in the Pacific?"

"Know him! I've got the best of Louis Becke many a time trading through these islands. But I wouldn't have thought he had it in him to be an author."

"His stories have the stamp of truth on them," I remarked, "and they're written simply. Readers like that."

The captain snorted contemptuously.

"Truth? I can tell you more truth about the South Seas in ten minutes than Louis Becke could tell you in twenty years. And that's what I've come to see you about," he added. "I've got an offer to make you."

Again he turned his head, and the old native who watched his every move placed before him a parcel wrapped in a newspaper.

"As I said," he went on, "I've been fifty-two years in the Pacific. I know it from the Carolines to Easter Island as well as you know the back of your hand. Romance? Adventure? I've had more of it in a day than most men have in a lifetime. Well, the last two or three years I've been writing out some of my recollections. I've got 'em in the back of this old ledger, not everything, of course, but the most interesting ones. Now then, what I want you to do is this: take this book, read it over, print it out for me on your

writing machine on nice paper, put in any fancy work you want to about waving palms and blue lagoons, and when you go back to America get it made into a proper book for me. Here's a chance you won't have again in your whole life. It'll sell, you needn't worry about that, and I'll go halves with you. We'll split fifty-fifty. Fair enough?"

I tried to excuse myself but it was useless. He thought I was merely holding out for better terms. By that time he had more than half emptied the rum bottle, and he went on at great length to assure me that I should have little to do except to make a fair copy of his manuscript and carry it to some publisher.

"It's all there," he said, laying his hand on the parcel, "and better as it stands than any story Louis Becke ever wrote. Wait till you read it! Man! There's a fortune in it! But mind! I want my share! I'll go fifty-fifty and not a penny above it!"

"It's not that," I explained again, and so it went on. I was astonished to see that frail old man—he looked as though he might drop dead at any moment—carry his liquor so well. I had had but the one drink. He alone finished the rest of the bottle, and the only apparent effect was to make him more loquacious and argumentative, to accentuate the bell-like quality of his voice, and to deepen his conviction both that he had a masterpiece here and that I wanted the lion's share of the proceeds from the sale of it. At last I agreed to read it. He pushed it across the table and keeping his hand on it, drew down his bushy eyebrows and regarded me suspiciously.

"I can trust you?" he asked.

"You'll have to," I replied, "if you leave it with me."

He weighed the matter in his mind, and decided at length that the risk must be taken. Then he tried to pour himself another drink. Noticing that the bottle was empty, he rose.

"Time to go aboard," he said.

He grasped the corner of the table, swaying slightly. The ancient retainer gave him his helmet, and made a timid offer of assistance, but the captain threw off his arm and walked gingerly to the door. I watched with concern as he went along the rickety wharf and down the ladder to his skiff. He managed it, however, took the tiller, and ordered his oarsman to push off. When halfway out to the vessel he ordered his man to stop rowing. He turned with difficulty in his seat and looked back, holding his helmet against the sun. I was standing in the doorway of the store.

"I'll trust you," he called, and his voice carried as though he had spoken through a megaphone. "But mind! Fifty-fifty! Not a penny more!"

IV

Monsieur Clémont, who had gone on to his house, called to me that lunch was ready. We were served at our meals by his maternal aunt who strongly resembled his mother, although she was some years younger. I was conscious of a feeling of disappointment when she set before us a soup tureen filled with rice and red beans. My host gave me a large helping, took another for himself, and ate with keen zest.

"It is long since I have had this food," he said. "My supplies are finished since four months. But my guest! You are not hungry? You do not enjoy the beans and rice?"

I didn't like to tell him I had been eating them for months, so I merely said that I had no appetite, having had coffee so late that morning. There was no bread at Hopéaroa. The island substitute was a preparation made of dough rolled into a ball and boiled in sea water. These balls were of the size of large grapefruit and weighed five or six pounds. We each had one and Monsieur Clémont consumed all of his. For dessert we had some dried bananas, and these I ate with relish.

Everyone at Hopéaroa slept during

the heat of the day. In fact repose was the principal island occupation. The natives could lie down anywhere, at any time, and go to sleep at once as dogs and cats do. After lunch, observing that my host was getting drowsy, I excused myself, went to my room, put on my pajamas, and lay down on the bed to cool off. It was a good time, I thought, to examine Captain Handy's memoirs, so I propped the ledger against my knees and opened it.

It had a bouquet like that of an empty rum keg, and there was no doubt that a great deal of rum had been spilled on its pages. It was redolent too, of coffee, fish, tobacco, and salt beef. The memoirs filled about two hundred pages in the back, written in pencil, in a quavery hand. I began with page one:

FIFTY YEARS IN THE PACIFIC

Or

The Life of George C. Handy

There's been a lot of books about the South Sea Islands, and most of them are not worth the paper they're printed on. I ought to know. I've traded in the Pacific for fifty years as my title shows, and if anybody knows the ways of kanakas, I do. I've decided to put down some of my recollections, and, reader, when you've finished this book you'll know a lot of things you didn't know before.

I'll begin at the time when I was supercargo of the schooner *Manaura* that belonged to Wyatt & McClintock of Papeete. That was in 1876 when the kanakas would take anything you'd a mind to sell them and pay anything you'd a mind to ask. They didn't pay money of course they didn't have any, but they'd give you pearls and pearl shell and copra which is as good as money any day.

Old Joe Cheeseman was captain of the *Manaura*. All we had for cargo was some cheap laundry soap, some kegs of salt beef, some calico and overalls and about ten cases filled with bottles of physic pills. Well, this trip we went first to Tikehau. There's a good pass into the lagoon at this island and we anchored in front of the village. The natives paddled out and we said we'd give them two bars of soap, three pairs of

overalls and six yards of calico for every ton of copra they brought us. We laid up there till we had fifteen tons then we went to Rairoa. That's a big island with several villages. They had a lot of pearls. We got a tobacco sack full, A-1 quality, and all we paid for them was a case of physic pills. We said the medicine was good for anything from sore throat to rheumatism. We had good luck all that voyage and went back to Papeete with 110 tons of copra and pearl shell and a cigar-box full of fine pearls.

The next trip we went to the south'ard. We carried the same cargo but instead of physic pills we had mouth organs. Kanakas are a lazy lot as everybody knows who has had to deal with them but when you've got something they want they'll work for it. In these days of course trading is nothing to what it was in the seventies and eighties. We loaded the schooner again in no time and most of the cargo was paid for with five dollars worth of mouth organs.

I read for a dozen pages, then dipped into the record farther along, and it was all like this. It seemed incredible that a man who had spent half a century in the Pacific should have found nothing worthy of record but his trading ventures. There was something awe-inspiring in his singleness of interest and purpose which was to get as much as he could from the islanders and to give as little as possible in return. Occasionally there were such passages as the following: "We landed at Puka Puka and found a big powwow going on, singing and dancing and all that," but no mention of what "all that" was—nothing but long diatribes against the natives who could not be tempted at such times, with laundry soap and overalls. I searched diligently for an hour, and the only passage I found to relieve the bleak monotony was this:

When we were coming up from Manga Reva Joe (Cheeseman) got sick. We didn't have any medicine aboard but I found one of the bottles of physic pills we'd been passing off on kanakas. I asked Joe if he wanted some and he said he guessed he could get along without. He got worse and worse and was out of his head a good deal of the time. He kept saying "Put me ashore

George put me ashore" so when we came to an island we took him over the reef in the whale boat and came one of getting swamped. It was a god forsaken place no people on it. He was thirsty for coconut water and I gave him some but he kept getting worse and the next day he died. Just before he died he said "Don't you bury me at sea George. Leave me here." So I did. We got to Papeete two weeks later.

I put the ledger on the table and took down one of my host's English books—but because of the sultriness of the afternoon, perhaps, the text soon blurred before my eyes and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a knock at the door, and was surprised to find that it was quite dark in the room. "Come in!" I called, and Monsieur Clémont entered.

"My guest! I have aroused you!" he said apologetically. "But the food is nearly ready. We have fish for the evening meal. Should you like that?"

After a plunge in the lagoon I felt greatly refreshed and did full justice to a supper of delicious baked fish. We were in the midst of the meal when a note was brought in from Captain Handy, asking us to come out to the schooner that evening. He said he had something important to tell me.

We found him perched in a sort of child's high-chair at the cabin table, with a bottle in front of him. He took it for granted that I had spent the afternoon reading his story.

"Well, what did you think of it?" he asked at once.

He awaited my reply so eagerly that I couldn't find it in my heart to disappoint the old man. So I said, which was true, that I thought it a remarkable document.

"Didn't I tell you?" he replied, triumphantly. "But I haven't told the half of what I might. That's what I want to see you about."

Then he began a long account of some experiences which he now believed should be included in the history, and I sat there, again marveling at his ca-

capacity for rum. I asked some questions, hoping to get him started on something interesting, but I might just as well have saved my breath. An hour passed and still he rambled on. Finally, Monsieur Clémont, who had not spoken a word all evening, said, "Captain, should you wish to play on the zither?" I warmly seconded the suggestion, and the captain told him to fetch it from a drawer under his bunk. We waited while he tuned some of the strings. Then, tucking his beard more carefully under the table, he began.

I thought I was prepared for anything, but certainly I was not prepared for the performance which followed. At first he played some simple pieces, schottisches, waltzes, and the like, to limber up his fingers, but each number was more difficult than the one preceding. When he gave us "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls" and "Listen to the Mocking Bird", his fingers were all but invisible as they flew over the strings. Monsieur Clémont sat on the extreme edge of his chair tightly clasping his shoulders, and I felt little thrills racing up and down my spine. But "Larboard Watch" was the most remarkable performance of all. He sang this, and when he came to the refrain,

Larboard watch, ahoy!
Larboard watch, ahoy!

his virtuosity with the instrument at the end of each line was truly wonderful. And for depth and volume, his singing voice surpassed his speaking voice.

Had he continued singing and playing in the manner of "Larboard Watch" I could have listened with pleasure all night; but he soon became very muddled, which was not surprising, considering all the liquor he had consumed. He tried other songs but made sorry work of them. At length he pushed back the instrument in disgust.

"No use," he said, "Can't sing an' more."

Then he began calling me Joe, and it was evident that he thought I was his old trading partner, Captain Cheeseman.

"You gwan with that bus'ness, Joe," he said. "Lot of money in it—both of us. I'll trust you, but mind you don't try any your monkey tricks! Fifty-fifty, fair enough ain't it? Sfars I'll go anyway."

Presently his glazed eyes rested on Monsieur Clémont. He pointed a limp, skinny finger at him.

"Hey, Joe! Whas that kanaka doin' here? Owe 'im anything? Give 'im bottle physic pills, tell 'im run along."

His utterance became thicker and thicker, and a few moments later he passed out completely. He would have fallen over in his chair had not Monsieur Clémont sprung forward to catch him. He carried him to his bunk and covered him with a soiled sheet, tucking the edges gently around his shoulders. Then he extinguished the light and the faint radiance from the last-quarter moon, streaming through the port-hole, fell on the captain's face, silvering his beard and the snowy tufts of hair at his temples. He was in a profound stupor, but he looked like some ancient holy man sleeping peacefully after a supper of herbs and water.

"Does this often happen, Monsieur Clémont?" I asked, as we were paddling back to shore.

"Yes, but to-day is more unusual than before. He is not useted to come to the land. He has failed his sleep."

We had no farther speech, but as we were walking up the beach to his house he sighed deeply.

"I should wish to play on the zither like Captain Handy," he said.

V

I supposed that we should see no more of the captain for a day or two at least, but late the following afternoon he again came ashore. It had been raining during the early part of

the afternoon and, having nothing better to do, I had been writing some letters, to be posted at Hopéaroa with the curious island stamp. The natives had never before seen a typewriter, and every man, woman, and child in the village had assembled in front of the veranda where I was at work. Monsieur Clémont was as deeply interested as any of them. He thought it a marvelous instrument; which it is, in fact. After watching for a while, he asked whether I would mind letting the others come up to see how it worked. I was glad to comply, so he lined them up and led them forward, one by one, to look over my shoulder for an instant. He made them keep absolute silence, and finding it difficult even to compose letters under those circumstances, I wrote and rewrote, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." I had covered three pages with this immortal sentence by the time Captain Handy appeared.

He thought I was transcribing the history, and was greatly disappointed to learn that I had not yet begun it. Being in an indulgent mood, I decided that I might as well make a day of it, so I copied his first chapter to show him how it looked in print. This was a great mistake as I soon realized, for he came again the following day, and the day after that, and the day after that, always followed by the old retainer, carrying the usual bottle. He looked more and more haggard and disheveled, for the loss of his daylight sleep and the increased consumption of rum were telling on him severely. Then a curious thing happened: the ledger disappeared.

We searched high and low, without success. I confess that I was glad. I knew that the book couldn't be lost, and meanwhile I was relieved of the dreary task of copying it. But the captain became increasingly suspicious, and one day when he had been drinking even harder than usual, he accused me of stealing it. His opinion of the his-

tory, never a modest one, had risen enormously since its disappearance, and he really thought I meant to smuggle it away with me and rob him of his fifty per cent. I tried to reassure him and only succeeded in thoroughly convincing him of my guilt. At last he made an official complaint before Monsieur Clémont, *Administrateur*.

His position was a delicate one. Here was I, his guest, and a Journalist—for whom the Secretary of State of the United States of America had asked a safe and free passage through foreign lands, and "all lawful aid and protection"—accused of theft by Captain Handy who had had a life of great deeds, and who played so beautifully on the zither. He informed me of the accusation with a delicacy and tact which would have done credit to a French ambassador.

"But, Monsieur Clémont!" I said, "You don't believe that I have stolen his ledger, do you?"

"My guest! I should never believe this! But Captain Handy exacts you. I am *Administrateur*. It is my duty to accept his complaining. But you shall see! You shall be excused by due process of law."

So he made out the complaint, in French. It was an interesting document but far too long to be transcribed here. I had the honor of copying it for him on my typewriter. But to my great regret, before the trial took place the ledger was found. It had slipped down at the head of my bed and worked in under the mattress.

To prevent any possible further complications I decided to make an excursion to the island five miles away across the lagoon. I took some fishing tackle, a pillow, and a light blanket, and nothing in the way of provisions but some salt, for I wanted to see whether I could support myself for a few days, something in the fashion of the islanders.

Monsieur Clémont carried me over in a sailing canoe. The island was a mere crumb of land, three hundred

paces long by about one hundred wide. No one lived on it, but there were two or three thatched shelters used by the natives when they came over to fish or make copra. Monsieur Clémont spent the afternoon with me, showed me where to find hermit crabs for bait, and the best places to fish. He left me at dusk, and I asked him not to return for me until the end of the week.

I had a gloriously lonely time, without doubt the happiest week I have ever spent anywhere. My only fear was that Monsieur Clémont might come too soon or bring Captain Handy over. Fortunately, on the second day the wind began to blow very hard, and it increased steadily, so that it would have been impossible for anyone to cross from the village island which was dead to leeward. It was an awe-inspiring sight, particularly at night, to see the surf piling up on the reef. The great swells rose, higher than the land, it seemed, and fell with a thundering shock which shook the little island to its foundations. I thought my thatched hut was going to be blown away and, in fact, one of the empty ones was demolished. Despite the wind it was bright clear weather, and I should not at all have minded sleeping in the open.

On Saturday the wind moderated, and to my great disappointment I saw the canoe returning. I gathered at once from Monsieur Clémont's manner that something unusual had happened. I was not mistaken. Captain Handy was dead.

It had happened three days before. One of his sailors had found him in the morning, lying on the cabin floor. He had been dead for some hours.

"It was needed to bury him at once," he said. "I should have wished to come for you, but this was prevented because of the great wind. We gave him the funeral that afternoon."

The old schooner looked even more forlorn than usual, I thought. The soul had quite gone out of her now, but one of the ancient sailors was still at

the pump. I wondered whether he would ever be able to stop pumping, having done it for so many years. We passed close alongside, and through the clear water I could see innumerable rusty tins and broken bottles lying beneath her.

"Monsieur Clémont," I said, "I wish you would tell me something."

He looked at me inquiringly.

"It's none of my business, of course, but have you been providing Captain Handy with provisions all these years?"

"He was my guest," he said. "And he was an aged man. This was my duty."

He volunteered no further information and I did not press him for any; but as we were walking out to the cemetery he said, "Should you think I might have Captain Handy's zither?"

I told him that I thought he was fully entitled to it.

The cemetery was on the ocean beach, a quarter of a mile from the village. A wooden cross had been erected over the captain's grave, and leaning against it was one of Monsieur Clémont's beaded funeral wreaths which bore the inscription: *Tombé Sur Le Champs d'Honneur*. We removed our hats.

"He was a man of great deeds," said my host, gravely. "He is sleeping now."

I nodded, without speaking.

"Should you wish to continue with his memoirs?" he added, after a moment of silence.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied. Then for the first time I felt the prompting of what must have been the journalistic instinct.

"I wonder whether I could make something of the captain's history after all?" I thought. I had very little money left after my long journey. If I could write a little story perhaps I might be able to sell it to some editor.

Then I heard, or thought I heard, a deep, muffled, sepulchral voice issuing from the newly made grave:

"Now mind! Fifty-fifty!"



REMARKS ON THE PERFECT STATE

BY ELMER DAVIS

IT CAME like a Voice From the Past, that gleefully vindictive drawl from the trolley seat behind me, "Yes, sir, we've got rid of the liquor and we're goin' after the tobacco next. We'll make this country fit to live in yet."

Here, I reflected, was optimism; not in several years had I heard anybody boast that we had got rid of the liquor; and the promise that tobacco would be done away with next, though heard often in 1919, reflected an optimism as to the possibility of making the citizenry perfect by statute which has rarely been met with since the honeymoon days of the Eighteenth Amendment. Yet I suppose there are still plenty of people who believe that tobacco and bobbed hair and the Charleston can be got rid of by passing a law; that prohibition can be perfectly enforced by passing a few more laws.

Well, how has this theory of government worked? To argue from current instances would be unprofitable; the famous facts about prohibition are too much a matter of opinion. But luckily history does offer an example of what happens when the government sets out to make the citizens spotless by law. Ancient Sparta carried the practice of legislating virtue into the population to an extent that would shock even the Anti-Saloon League; so far as "Thou shalt not" can accomplish it, Sparta was the perfect state. Probably no commonwealth in the world's history has been so much admired as Sparta; Spartan virtue is proverbial. And fortunately Sparta has been extinct long

enough to enable us to investigate it somewhat dispassionately and find out what those Spartan virtues really were.

Sparta owes its modern reputation—if any ancient state can be said to have a reputation in a world which is industriously trying to forget classic antiquity—to the political theorists of the eighteenth century. They admired Sparta for the same reason that they admired the Noble Savage—because they knew nothing about it. They knew that Sparta was poor, frugal, and simple (in theory); poverty, frugality, and simplicity were virtues apt to be overvalued in a world whose standards had been set by the court of Louis XIV, and few eighteenth-century philosophers took the trouble to read deeply enough to find out if the theory corresponded with the fact.

But Sparta's fame did not originate with the eighteenth century; it began with Sparta's contemporaries, with the other Greek states. Why did they admire Sparta? Because Sparta could beat them all in battle; because, when every other Hellenic state had to count on the chance of a revolution every year or two, Sparta went through centuries without a successful revolution. Sparta, in other words, was organized on an efficiency basis. Judge Gary and other great men favor prohibition because it will make Americans efficient; so far Sparta, where prohibition was carried to the limit, can be set down as an argument for the affirmative. The Spartans were certainly efficient; the only question is, efficient for what?

II

As every schoolboy used to know, the Spartan constitution was laid down by one Lycurgus, far back in the mists of antiquity. Now let us consider, first of all, who the Spartans were. They were a tribe of warlike invaders that had conquered a large and fertile country. Some of the inhabitants, the *perioikoi* as they were afterwards called (the people who lived round about) were merely conquered; they had to submit to the political control of the Spartans, to help fight their battles, but they had modified home rule. They were subjects, but the rest of the conquered population, the helots, were slaves. Slaves and subjects together outnumbered the Spartans, perhaps eight or ten to one. Obviously, then, the first business of the state was to keep down the discontented servile population—the first business and pretty nearly the last. In seven or eight hundred years of independence Sparta managed to do nothing well but that. Which must be set down to the credit of Lycurgus.

This gentleman's true nature and doings have become somewhat veiled by legend. Doubtless much that was ascribed to him was the work of later ages, but it makes little difference; the men who completed his work had been trained in his spirit. Since this article aims at moral edification, it will do no violence to historic truth to use the word "Lycurgus" as the ancients used it, denoting not so much a personality (though Lycurgus was no doubt a real person) as a state of mind.

At any rate, it appears that this Lycurgus was a public-spirited citizen of a type all too common to-day. He saw that the machinery of state was not running to his satisfaction and decided that he was divinely appointed to set it right, at any cost and by any means. For some reason long forgotten, Sparta had two kings, of different families, equal in power. Lycurgus was a king's brother and afterward guardian of a posthumous

nephew; he could have been king himself, and his refusal to accept the throne was much admired by the ancients. All credit to his abnegation; but surely it is no great discovery that it is less onerous to be the Power Behind the Throne, who gets the glory when things go well and escapes the blame when they go badly. Who would not rather be Wayne B. Wheeler than General Andrews?

Lycurgus tried to be the power behind the throne, but his nephew evidently made some trouble for him. So, with a heavy heart, Lycurgus proceeded to straighten things out and reorganize the state. He had considerable support from the Delphic oracle, the Supreme Court of the time; but in all candor it must be set down that he actually persuaded the citizens to accept his new constitution by the means so successfully employed by Lenin and Pilsudski. He got his gang, armed them, and seized the state by force. Behind the constitutional laws that he laid down—and they regulated the citizen's behavior with a completeness and stringency which the most radical of our reformers would hardly dare advocate now—he got the authority of the Delphic oracle; these were not human laws but divine, they came not from Lycurgus but from Apollo; to disobey them was not merely a crime, but sin and blasphemy. Still, the fact remains that the constitution was put over, not by religious sanction, still less by popular vote, but by illegal force. Lycurgus will be excused, however, by the best ethical thought of our time; for he used illegal force for a Worthy Purpose. To the business man that argument justifies Mussolini; to the radical it justifies Lenin; to the moralist it justifies Carrie Nation and the Ku Klux Klan. Let Lycurgus, too, be counted among those who to do a great right did a little wrong. Both his objective and his method will be approved by the efficiency enthusiasts of our time; for, says Xenophon (who admired the Spartan system highly)

“seeing that those who wanted to practice virtue were not numerous enough to make the state powerful, Lycurgus compelled everybody in Sparta to practice all the virtues.”

In one respect it must be admitted that Lycurgus was not enlightened—he did not see in liquor the root of all evil. Like other ancient worthies, he found that in the love of money. What then was to be done? The answer was obvious—prohibit money. Lycurgus prohibited gold and silver as rigidly as the Volstead Act prohibits liquor. Sparta was an agricultural state, pretty much self-sufficient in that simple pre-industrial day; yet even in Sparta there had to be some medium of exchange for local transactions. Lycurgus accordingly permitted a sort of one half of one per cent money—bars of pig iron, which no citizen could possibly possess in sufficient quantity to be intoxicating. Naturally, this prohibition kept down foreign trade, but your Spartan was an isolationist; “what have we to do with abroad?” was a sentiment of which he thoroughly approved.

Another thing which Lycurgus found destructive of that efficiency for which states and their citizens exist was home life; but, with a moderation which modern reformers have not always been wise enough to imitate, he did not attempt to prohibit home life altogether. Here he followed the method which the British have lately adopted in handling the liquor traffic—he limited home life to certain hours and rigidly enforced the closing laws. Male citizens belonged to dining clubs—not by the exercise of free will as male citizens do now, but under constitutional command; if a man did not belong to a dining club, or could not pay his dues, he lost his civic rights. Inasmuch as most of the adult male citizen's time when he was outside of the club was taken up in athletic exercises, military drill, or the service of the state, he had little enough leisure to spend with his wife and family; there was small danger of his

becoming too much attached to the comforts of home.

The control of the state over the citizen began at birth, when the magistrates looked at the baby and decided whether or not he was strong enough to keep. If he survived he was taken from home at the age of seven, and for a dozen years he went through the famous Spartan discipline, intensive and arduous beyond any known in our time. The nearest modern approach to it is the intellectual discipline which boys of the better classes had to undergo in the German Empire; in Germany, as in Sparta, many of them cracked under the strain, but Lycurgus, like Bismarck, felt that those who survived it would be tough enough to make the failure of the weaklings a cheap price to pay for the welfare of the state. And in Sparta, even more than in Prussia, the citizen was the slave of the state; private life, private thought, were nonessential industries in a nation which was always on a war basis.

For the Spartan was a soldier—that and nothing else. He existed to keep down the discontented slaves and ward off foreign enemies; he spent all his life till he was sixty years old, either getting ready for military duty or fulfilling it. He did not work; his slaves worked for him. To make sure that they worked and spent no time meditating insurrection, a secret rural police watched the whole country; any slave who began to show signs of thinking well of himself was promptly put to death. And in order that no man should incur the blood guilt of murder by these executions, the magistrates, upon their inauguration, always began by declaring war on the helots. They were *feræ naturæ*, and the whole year was the open season; a helot had no more rights in Sparta than a conservative in Russia or a pedestrian in the United States.

The system was admirably effective; in seven centuries the helots often revolted but never revolted successfully. The *perioikoi*, on the other hand, never

revolted. They escaped the savage severity with which the helots were treated—and they escaped, also, the heaven-sent regulations which made of the Spartan citizen the Perfected Prohibited Man. Those laws applied to the citizens only; Lycurgus had set out to make Sparta a state fit for heroes to live in and he succeeded, for only heroes could stand it. The *perioikoi*, in the state but not of it, had to serve in the army and pay taxes, but they could engage in business and make money; they had local self-government; they could in a measure live their own lives. Why should they revolt? The most amazing feature of Spartan history is that the citizens, the beneficiaries of these purifying laws, so rarely revolted. But they rarely had spirit enough, for the state caught them young.

The boy's education began at the age of seven, and from the age of seven he was taught to obey orders and refrain from unnecessary thought. He was also exposed to every sort of hardship. To make him resourceful he was compelled to steal much of his food; if he were caught stealing he was punished, "not," says Xenophon, "for stealing, but for stealing inefficiently." (Perhaps in this respect we are approaching the blessed perfection of Sparta; the warden of Sing Sing has lately observed that under our judicial system criminals are punished not for murder or robbery, but for killing or robbing carelessly.)

Any citizen who thought that any boy was not behaving as he should could whip him; if the boy told his father, father whipped him too. This was only a foreshadowing of the system of rewards for civic virtue and punishments for civic dereliction under which the Spartans lived all their lives. In a state organized like an army every man was constantly under the watchful eye of a superior. Every now and then prohibition directors urge us all to spy on one another for infractions of the prohibition laws. Sparta did better than

that. Every citizen was constantly spying on his neighbors, looking for infractions of all the laws; and in ascending hierarchy there were snoopers and super-snoopers till one came to the Inner Circle, the Old Gang, the oligarchy that ruled the state.

III

Not the kings. Lycurgus had pretty well clipped their claws. Theoretically, all power rested with the sovereign people (meaning the adult male citizens, a tiny fraction of the entire population). But the sovereign people could only answer yes or no to questions laid before it by the Senate, and Lycurgus had added the prudent qualification that if the people seemed to the Senate to have "decided crookedly" the whole transaction could be annulled.

Actually, the state was governed by the ephors—overseers—five men whose duties are indicated by their title. They oversaw everything, especially the kings, who were inclined to show restiveness under a constitution which left them "much honor but little power," as Fustel de Coulanges succinctly puts it. It was very much as if the United States had two Presidents overseen by five Wayne B. Wheelers. The ephors were elected, and Aristotle says that "almost anybody" might get the job. But, observes Fustel de Coulanges again (the most penetrating and illuminative of modern commentators on Sparta), a man who was almost anybody—that is, almost nobody—if he were elected to this important office for the short term of one year, would be inclined to think chiefly of two things: What he could get out of his office in that short term, and how he could be reëlected.

Reëlection usually depended on the favor of the ruling oligarchy, the Senate; so an ephor was apt to stay on the reservation. Failing anything else, if he happened to be a poor man he could be bought. (How could he be bought when there was no money? Ah, we are coming to that.)

So the real power lay in the Senate. Senators were elderly men selected—prepare yourselves for a shock, readers who know the Senators of this degenerate age—selected for their preëminence in virtue. This has seemed admirable to the political theorists of all ages; what could be nobler than to have the state ruled by the most virtuous citizens? But the virtue in question was civic virtue; and the Spartan concept of civic virtue, says Xenophon, was “τὰ νόμιμα διαπονεῖσθαι”—to work hard at obeying the laws. Hard work it certainly was, for law observance in Sparta meant what law observance in the United States is only beginning to approximate—meticulous obedience to an infinity of petty rules. A man who had a silver coin in a locker was as much of a lawbreaker in Sparta as a man who has a bottle of whisky in his kitchen cabinet in Indiana. If he spent too much time at home the Spartan was a lawbreaker; indeed, it must have been harder to go through a specimen day in Sparta without breaking some law than it is in the most advanced states of this union.

Moreover, every Spartan was constantly under observation; if he broke the law he was apt to be caught. The man who saw him might not mention the fact at the time; he might save it up till election day, when it immediately disqualified the lawbreaker. Indeed, the laws of Lycurgus, like some of our state prohibition laws, were so severe that almost everybody was a lawbreaker; and the penalties, accordingly, were enforced only on persons who were on bad terms with the organization.

It might have been supposed that any man who lived sixty years in Sparta without breaking a law deserved a Senatorship; but the evidence indicates that a man suited to the inner organization got into the Senate no matter what he might have done—so long as he had not been publicly exposed; just as in our time a man may drink wet without moral turpitude so long as he votes dry.

In fact the whole Spartan system might have been condensed into the first and great commandment, “Thou shalt not get caught”—a simplification of constitutional law which we have only approximated as yet.

But I am getting away from theory to practice, always a dangerous thing in constitutional studies. Let us return to the theory, which, as any reformer will tell you, is much more important. Theoretically, Sparta was the Perfect State. A man spent his whole life at the great task of Law Observance. Moreover, the constitution not only commanded the citizens to be virtuous; it commanded them to be prosperous, under pain of ceasing to be citizens. The right to vote and hold office was restricted to those of pure citizen ancestry who had survived the terrific educational system—and who had money enough to pay their club dues. Originally the land seems to have been fairly evenly divided, and under a sort of entail; it could not be sold, given away, or willed out of the family. In theory, everybody had enough to live on (the helots, of course, doing the work). If a man were a poor manager, unable to make both ends meet, the state had no use for him. He had failed in the citizen's first duty, Efficiency; he sank into the class of *hypomeiones*—the lesser men underneath; he could carry a spear in the wars, he continued to enjoy the sublime privilege of obeying the laws, but he was a citizen no longer.

Lycurgus was not so foolish as to suppose that he had eradicated all lawless tendencies overnight, so he devised a simple method of detecting potential lawbreakers. The ephors, on coming into office each year, issued a general order to the citizens to “shave their upper lips and obey the laws.” Failure to shave the upper lip might seem a trivial oversight; but Lycurgus knew that disrespect for one law means disrespect for all laws, that a citizen who refused to shave his upper lip was capable of murder and arson. The

upper lip thus became a criterion of law observance; a man who grew a mustache was marked as a scofflaw and the authorities could take action accordingly.

Such was the Spartan system—at home and in peace time. But on military service, contrary to the custom of other countries, discipline was greatly relaxed. Accordingly the Spartans were always inclined to give three cheers when war broke out; they went to the front in high spirits. They might be killed, but at least they would enjoy a brief vacation from Law Observance.

IV

In one respect Lycurgus seems to have fallen short of the rigorous virtue of our time; he was weak enough to allow a safety valve for the repressed emotions of the citizens, and that in a field where modern theory would most inflexibly refuse it—in the relations of the sexes. But this appears to have been largely accidental.

To the average Greek his wife was something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. Athens was worse than the other states in this respect; Athenian women lived a sort of harem life, restricted to the bearing of children and the management of the household; any good Athenian would have regarded a barbarian slave as his intellectual equal sooner than his wife. Naturally, women so treated were apt to be feeble, timid, and stupid creatures; what the system made them almost seemed to justify the system. Even in Athens there were rumblings of feminist discontent; they are hinted at in the plays of Euripides and have lately been brilliantly if conjecturally restored in Mrs. Mitchison's excellent historical novel *Cloudeuckooland*. But to the average Greek women simply were not people.

In Sparta they were. To begin with, Spartan women, for purely eugenic reasons, underwent a vigorous athletic training; like Spartan boys—indeed, the

boys of any Greek state—the girls exercised and played games, danced and paraded in public, stark naked. Exercise made them strong, eurhythmics made them beautiful, pitiless publicity gave them self-possession. Willful bachelors and men who had funked their civic responsibilities were not allowed to look on at these undraped processions—a notable improvement over the standards of our time, for probably these classes would include most of the occupants of the front rows at Earl Carroll's revues. Sparta, then, bred "fierce, athletic girls" a good deal more attractive than the shrinking inhabitants of the women's quarters in Athens; they were as strong and agile as the men; they may have been rather stupid, but there, too, they were the men's equals. Sex equality was perfect in Sparta except that women could not vote; but women were as good as men only because neither men nor women had ultimately any rights at all. Male or female, the Spartan citizen was the slave of the state.

A depressed commentator on our time has lately remarked that we are approaching the Spartans in our "deliciously naked bi-sexual athleticism" and that this is making us as unromantic as the Spartans. The gentleman is in error. Athletics in deshabille did not make the Spartans unromantic; almost all the real love stories in classic Greek history come from Sparta. These Spartan girls were desirable and they were desired; and neither the law nor public opinion interfered—unless any given amour seemed to run counter to the interest of the state. Then it was stopped in short order. But there seems to have been a good deal of friendly promiscuity; a man might lend his wife to a friend, with the lady's consent; and where the lady consented but not the husband public sentiment seems always to have been with the lovers.

The law also ordered the young husband to live at his club for the first year or so after marriage, visiting his

wife only by such stealth as he would have had to employ in visiting some other man's wife. Apparently this too was ordained for eugenic reasons, but naturally it worked as an admirable preservative of emotional intensity. The Athenian had a choice between his dull wife and the polished but mercenary hetaira, who might be an Aspasia but was more apt to be a Lorelei Lee. The Spartan got his emotional interest from women of his own class, strong and beautiful, and at least as intelligent as he was.

But this was the one bright spot in Sparta; and, as George Moore or one of his parodists says (the distinction is not always easy to remember), "there are times when one is not thinking of girls, are there not?" Lycurgus foresaw that; he foresaw that life in Sparta would sometimes bore the Spartans, difficult as this may appear to have been. All the more would it bore them if they had a chance to contrast it with anything else. It occurred to him that a Spartan who spent any length of time abroad was not likely to come back to Sparta.

Here our time has failed lamentably to live up to Spartan standards. It is several years since we have heard anything of the dream, once cherished by the Anti-Saloon League, of keeping American citizens out of Cuba and Canada. Lycurgus was more successful; on the ground that the citizens of pure Sparta must not "acquaint themselves with the habits of ill-educated people," he virtually prohibited all foreign travel except on military service or business of the state. But there were ill-educated people even in Sparta, foreigners who lived there on business, or because political warfare had exiled them from their home towns. For fear their behavior should set an evil example of frivolity before the purified and single-minded Spartan, Lycurgus drove them out—all but one or two foreign poets who were allowed to remain on condition that they write "hymns to obedience and concord"—that is, administration propaganda.

And this practice was followed from time to time forever after. The Spartan standard of morality was admitted (by the Spartans) to be perfect; but it was feared that the citizens might not stick to it if they had a chance to hear of anything else. So every few years the ephors would hold a "foreigner drive" and purge the state. We deport aliens who violate our laws (or some of our laws). In Sparta only the citizens were adjudged worthy of submission to the divinely inspired constitution of Lycurgus; but every now and then all foreigners were deported for having had the bad taste to be born foreigners. In early years naturalization seems to have been easy; Sparta needed to fill up gaps in the citizen body caused by war losses. But presently, as the divine system swung into operation, naturalization ceased. No man not born a Spartan was worthy to become a Spartan. Indeed, as time passed fewer and fewer Spartans were judged worthy. Inequalities of property reduced more and more citizens, unable to pay club dues, to the rank of "the lesser men beneath"; others were degraded for breaking under the strain of the educational system or infringing on one or another of the laws of Lycurgus. Once the citizen body—that is, the adult males who had worked hard, and successfully, at obeying the laws—may have numbered anywhere from five to ten thousand. After seven centuries under the constitution of Lycurgus there were only seven hundred, out of a total population, citizen, demicitizen, subject, and slave of perhaps half a million—seven hundred simon-pure stalwarts who in a state of spies and sneaks and snoopers had managed, by virtue, influence, or luck, to survive the laborious and hazardous occupation of being a Spartan.

V

How did it work? Well, it certainly promoted efficiency—of a kind.

Sparta lived for the art of war and nothing else. There was next to no

Spartan art in historic times. Back in the dawn of history, before Lycurgus, there had been the beginnings of a native school of poetry; after Lycurgus poetry was suppressed like all other nonessentials. When the government needed a poet for propaganda purposes it hired one from abroad, who could be counted on to understand the terms of his employment and write what he was paid to write and nothing more. Other arts, too, had been making their beginnings; Sparta, before Lycurgus, seems to have been human. After Lycurgus it was organized on an efficiency basis; it grew human beings occasionally, despite the system, but they were usually driven into exile or died early and violent deaths at home. The Spartan was a standardized type; if any individual differed from the pattern out he went—out or down.

Sparta, in short, was the business man's dream of a state where nothing was allowed to interfere with business. Its business was war, and there it was notably successful. For three hundred years no Spartan army lost a major engagement, unless you count the stand of Leonidas and his single battalion at Thermopylæ. The system devised by, or ascribed to, Lycurgus was the most tenacious and durable that Europe has ever seen. Other Greek states had continual and ruinous revolutions; in Sparta uprisings were few, and till the very end, when Rome was already overshadowing the horizon, they were never successful. Pericles himself confessed that other Greeks, at war with the Spartans, were only amateurs against professionals; citizen armies composed of short-term-service men had little chance against the Spartans who were making war or playing war all the time.

And this success naturally gave Sparta an enormous reputation—the sort of reputation that the United States enjoys in Europe to-day. In our time economic strength has replaced military strength as the criterion of national power; we have not been quite so single-

minded as the Spartans but we have had a good deal of luck and have done well the one thing we chiefly set out to do. Accordingly, people admire us and envy us as the other Greeks admired and envied the Spartans; and even as the Spartans admired themselves, so do we.

But they are still our models; as yet we merely approach them. Bad manners and peevishness are not yet so common in American diplomacy (though visibly increasing of late years) as they were in Sparta, but we are learning. Envoys from another Greek state came to Sparta for food in a season of famine; they brought bags and, trying to emulate the famous Laconian brusqueness, they merely observed, "The bag wants bread." The Spartans told them they were too verbose; the sight of the bag would have permitted the rest to be inferred. It sounds rather like our dealings with a debt-funding commission; but nobody dared talk back to the Spartans, as nobody dares to talk back to us. Eventually the envoys got their bread, as foreign debt-funding commissions usually get their debts scaled down; but the Spartans, like ourselves, managed to do it as ungenerously and ungraciously as possible.

But why should not the Spartans have admired themselves? Everybody had to admire them—in public; and they had to admire themselves, in public, to silence a growing private uneasiness, a feeling that all was not well. For the Perfected Prohibitions of Lycurgus had made a happy state of unhappy citizens; and so, wrote Xenophon at the height of Spartan prestige and power, "all the other Greeks admire the system, but none of them would like to adopt it."

So Europeans of to-day admire our prosperity, but few of them would like to live here.

The system worked well—too well; its own success brought about its ruin. For it depended on keeping foreigners out and keeping the Spartans at home; and after Sparta had won the Peloponnesian War and had acquired an

empire both became impossible. Spartans abroad had long been notorious for their bad manners and rapacity; fortified by the self-esteem that sprang from the consciousness that they were the Chosen People, living under divine laws, they regarded themselves as above criticism (especially as they had the Spartan army behind them); but after they won the war they became insufferable.

And how they went abroad! "All the chief men," says Xenophon, "are eager to spend their entire lives as governors of the overseas possessions." Why? Because abroad they were freed from the necessity of Law Observance; and when they had put the laws of Lycurgus behind them they usually threw overboard the laws of ordinary human decency as well. Naturally enough; ordinary human decency had been ignored at Sparta because observance of the statute law comprised the whole duty of man. A Spartan governor overseas could have given points in misbehavior to a Kansan in Paris.

But only the wider opportunity for misconduct was new; Spartans abroad had always been easy victims for the puniest of temptations. For the cardinal point of their system was money prohibition. At home the Spartan knew only pig-iron money, non-intoxicating in fact; when he went abroad he was willing to take anything offered him. Bribery was common enough among all the Greeks, but what distinguished the Spartans was their cheapness; a Spartan general could be completely intoxicated by an amount of gold or silver that would have no effect at all on an Athenian who had been used to taking gold and silver in moderation all his life, who could take it or leave it alone.

Show a Spartan a few drachmas and his mouth began to water. History is full of instances. King Leotychidas, commanding an expeditionary force in Thessaly—a king, commanding the most powerful army of the time—was actually bought off by a gloveful of gold, a

few hundred dollars' worth. It is as if Ludendorff had agreed to give up his offensive of 1918 for a suitcase full of francs. King Cleomenes, one of Sparta's greatest generals, failed to take Argos, the ancestral enemy; he laid the blame on Apollo who had given him a misleading oracle, but that was an old story—Apollo was blamed for a good deal in those days which was the result of mere human frailty. Conceivably he had sound political reasons for sparing Argos, but back home everybody believed he had been bribed; evidently that was always the most obvious explanation. King Pleistoanax, marching on defenseless Athens, was bought off by Pericles. He at least got a fairly decent price, but Sparta later had a twenty-seven years' war as a result of this display of easy virtue.

This was not the only result of the bone-dry prohibition of money. Prince Cyrus of Persia put up the funds which financed the latter part of the Peloponnesian War for Sparta and her allies. When the war had been won there was a good deal of money left over, and Lysander, the Spartan commander-in-chief, sent it home to the government—public money belonging to the state. It was in charge of Gylippus, a man who had won the decisive battle of the war, who held much the same position in the Greek world of the day as Marshal Joffre in modern Europe. But Gylippus, when he got his hands on those bags of money, felt and behaved like a dry agent in charge of a carload of confiscated liquor. He unsewed every one of the sacks, took out some of the money, and sewed the sacks up again. . . . Unfortunately Lysander had sent an invoice along with the money, so Gylippus was discovered and fell from his high estate. Some people blamed him, some blamed Lysander for trusting him; but nobody blamed Lycurgus for writing prohibition of money into the constitution.

This money caused another crisis in Sparta; for it was the first money that

had legally been imported in four or five hundred years. Not that gold and silver were unknown in Sparta, despite the constitution; there had long been a lively bootleg trade. Foreigners from just over the border were persuaded to lend their names as dummy owners of gold and silver which somehow or other happened to be possessed and consumed on the premises by Spartans. But this was the first time that money had come in openly and in full view. A fraction of bone-dry zealots wanted to pour the vile stuff out into the sea; but the rulers of Sparta were politicians and they had learned the great political lesson that, so long as you respect the constitution in theory, it matters not how you behave in practice, that you may drink as you like so long as you vote right.

So they decided that money could be possessed for a public purpose, though not for private use; and before long Sparta was simply dripping with gold and silver which was all possessed for a public purpose, at least when anybody asked about it. Land could not be sold, according to the constitution; but some ingenious person tacked on an amendment to the effect that it could be given away. Before long inequalities of wealth were as great in Sparta as anywhere in Greece; the Spartans became known as the greediest and most money-loving people of their time. And this when money had been absolutely prohibited in Sparta for six hundred years, and was absolutely prohibited still.

The laws of Lycurgus were never repealed till a conquering invader ordered it when Rome was already at the door; but in the last century or two of Spartan independence the divinely inspired constitution was regarded much as Samuel Butler says the Christian religion was regarded in Victorian England: people would have been equally horrified at hearing it criticized and at seeing it practiced. Eventually there arose in the state a reformer (a king, like most Spartan reformers) who proposed that the heaven-descended laws of Lycurgus

which were still theoretically in force should be enforced in practice. And the citizens, says Plutarch, "were as alarmed at the name of Lycurgus as a fugitive slave about to be returned to his master."

This rash young optimist who tried to make prohibition prohibit was promptly snuffed out. Emulating Lycurgus, he too got an oracle from Delphi; but he was up against politicians of the old organization who knew too much about oracles to take them seriously. Failing in that, he copied Lycurgus once more, got his gang, and set out to take charge of things by force; but the Spartans had been clubbed into virtue once and did not propose to let it happen again. The protagonist of strict enforcement was done away with, like everybody else who had tried to shatter the Spartan system.

But even then the constitution was not repealed. Too many vested interests had grown up under its assorted prohibitions; many of the citizens, and all of the politicians, were satisfied with things as they were. There came another reforming king who succeeded for a little while; but he was beaten in battle and with a sigh of relief Sparta went back to the old ways.

Strict enforcement had been tried—tried for centuries—and it would not work. Like Russian Communism, it could not have succeeded unless all the world had been converted to it, and probably not then. So long as there survived lesser breeds without the law of Lycurgus, the Spartan's uprightness lasted only till he got across the frontier.

Sparta had done as much as any state can, more than any other state ever tried, to change human nature. It had accomplished much. It had bred a nation in which envy and jealousy, lying and deceit were all but universal, a nation of spies and snoopers in which everybody was watching everybody. It had produced a standardized type of citizen which had no equal in Greece for dulness of mind in everything but strategy and state-craft; an unimaginative type which

would have endured the laws of Lycurgus if any human being could. It had abolished the refinements and the graces; even when Spartans did a courteous act, as in the famous instance of the ambassadors to Athens rising to give their theater seat to an old man, they managed to do it ungraciously.

But apparently there are limits beyond which no education can change human nature. Sparta had not made men so unnatural as to withstand temptation abroad when they had never been exposed to temptation at home. It had not enabled them to improvise character to meet sudden exigencies; for the law had gone into infinite detail with the precise object of making character superfluous. Lycurgus had swept away previous laws, but he had not been able to repeal the law of nature that virtue and temperance and self-control are acquired only by practice, that you cannot say a man is good until he has had, and rejected, the option of being evil. So long as there was a temptation anywhere within reach, the average Spartan was sure to fall.

VI

But even in the last days of decadence nobody dreamed of repealing the constitution of Lycurgus. It was a national distinction—almost the only national distinction now that Spartan armies composed of freed slaves and grumbling bankrupts had developed the habit of losing battles. Sparta's glory had faded but all the citizens still enjoyed the sense of virtue, the reputation for virtue that belonged to all who lived under the divine statutes of Lycurgus.

Spartan virtue was already proverbial; and as Rome drew nearer and nearer, thoughtful Spartans—if the educational

system had left any Spartans capable of thought—must have realized that this was about all that Sparta would leave behind her when she passed into history. The Lycurgan efficiency had been entirely too efficient; whatever Sparta might have been, under his prohibition laws Sparta had actually turned out to be a state which kept down the slaves, and nothing more. (A brief experiment in empire, yes; but that ended in disaster.) Politically Greece was dying; Athens, Sparta's great rival, was already as good as dead, as a political entity. But, visibly, there was something in Athens that would never die.

And Sparta? Sparta had no Parthenon; Sparta had produced no Æschylus, no Aristophanes, no Socrates; even the history of her own great age would be passed on by Athenian hands. Sparta would be remembered only as the paradise of prohibition—the state where constitutional amendments had compelled everybody to practice all the virtues. To that reputation, and the constitution to which they owed it, the Spartans clung tenaciously. It was all Lycurgus had left them; it was their one ewe lamb, and they cherished it the more tenderly because there was no need to practice the virtue so long as they had the reputation.

We are a long way yet from Spartan virtue; and it seems rather less likely than it seemed half a dozen years ago that we shall ever reach it. But there is no harm in seeing just exactly what lies at the end of the road; though it is perhaps too much to hope that citizens of this great and prosperous republic, moving on, divinely guided, toward sterilized efficiency, will be very passionately excited about the lessons of history.



THE LAST TENTH

A STORY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

MY DEAR Miss Eversole:
My husband tells me that you have been commissioned to do an article on his work, and I am writing to suggest that instead of a hurried office interview, you come out here to us at Willowbrook for it. People are always more interesting in their home setting, don't you think? And it will be pleasant to renew our old acquaintanceship. Will next Saturday at four be agreeable to you? I hope so.

*Yours cordially,
Jessica Heath Hamilton*

The little perfumed note slipped from Ann Eversole's fingers, and her whole being gave a disintegrating swirl of revulsion. Go and have tea with Jessie Heath—the woman who had wrecked her life—see her and Victor together with their children—there were children, two of them—impossible! How did the woman *dare* to invite her! Didn't she know—of *course* she knew! Perhaps now after six years of married life her triumph had dimmed a little, and she desired to revitalize it by dragging Ann at her chariot wheels. Yet at the very moment that her whole being cried out its impossibility Ann knew that she would go. Her creed was that of the old Chinaman's: To walk the impassable way, do the impossible deed, think the ineffable thought. To see Victor Hamilton in his home with his wife was for her to walk the impassable way, therefore, she must do it, even though there was scant likelihood of its producing any ineffable thoughts.

Going over to her desk, she drew out the photograph of Doctor Hamilton which she kept hidden there because she did not dare have it where her eyes might seek it too often. Now, however, staring at it, she deliberately invoked the old pain. This was the man she should have married. No other had ever awakened in her what he had, no other ever would. His nature had played upon hers, bringing forth a latent beauty which it had not known before. That aspect of her was as completely Victor Hamilton's as a work of art belongs to its creator. As much and no more, for when he went out of her life it did not vanish with him, but remained to her an enduring possession. And as he had brought out beauty in her, so she knew she had done the same for him. In their companionship they had both literally become new people. There had been no engagement, indeed very little love-making between them. He was a young doctor then, far too poor to think of matrimony; but that they belonged to each other, and would some day be married, it never entered her head to doubt, and she supposed, nay, she *knew* that he had felt the same way. Then the flaming comet of Jessie Heath in all her amazing beauty flashed across their orbit. Many men had desired her, and suddenly she desired Ann's lover. In an astonishingly short time it was all over. Possibly if they had been forced to wait, his infatuation might have passed, but she had money, there was no reason for delay, and on a high tide of passion they

were swept into matrimony, leaving Ann's delicate bark broken upon the shores of life.

How does one weather such disasters? One thing alone kept Ann from being entirely shattered. That was her conviction that life was bigger than one incident, even though that one was the most overwhelming she was ever likely to encounter. She believed she had lived before, her whole nature cried out she would live again. Existence was infinitely larger than the present mere wink of life could show, therefore, she would not let herself go under. She would not—she would not. She did not, but only God and her inner self knew how near she had come to it. Her house of life had been demolished, but the dweller therein had power to reconstruct it, and the new edifice arose upon a deeper foundation. Fortunately out of her devastation came an "inner spaciousness," wholly unlooked for, large enough to admit humility and compassion, and also an occasional stab of beauty which left her breathless with astonishment.

As Ann stared now into the pictured face of Victor Hamilton, insensibly the walls of her tiny hard New York apartment fell away. All about the outer fringes of her vision was a softly flowing landscape, mountains in the distance, near-by shining fields of red soil, over all a beneficent October sun; and straight before her Victor's eyes looking into hers, while he told her eagerly of his hopes. "Ann, I believe I'm on the track of something big!" he had cried. "I'm not certain yet—just groping—but I *think* I'm on the way to finding a cure for one of the most baffling diseases that we eye-men encounter. Oh, if I only can!"

"You can," she had said and, to set the seal of confidence on his endeavor, had laid her hand on his.

He flung his arm passionately about her. "If I ever do anything, Ann, it will be because of you—your faith—your eyes inspiring me!" he had cried.

And now he had done it. He had

made such remarkable discoveries that he was in the front ranks of his profession; but the inspiration of her eyes had had nothing to do with it. At that very instant the Heaths, Eleanor, and her cousin Jessica from New York had come to call. Ann's romance ended that afternoon, and Jessica's began.

With a little shiver Ann came back to her present surroundings. The country landscape faded, and she was left staring at bleak walls. She dropped the photograph back in its drawer and, dipping her pen, wrote an acceptance to Mrs. Hamilton's note—her first step on the impassable way.

As Ann put on her hat on Saturday afternoon, she paused a moment to look closely at her reflection in the mirror. What changes would Victor find in her? Undoubtedly she had matured. Her look was deeper, more understanding, and she was more lovely. Yes, she knew it, although the seriousness of her face might mask its beauty from the casual observer.

As she hung there, trying to look at herself impersonally, she seemed suddenly detached, split into two people. The reflected Ann looking gravely at her appeared to have a distinct and aloof personality. Her own eyes regarded her half ironically, as though they said, "I am yourself, and yet not yourself. You think you own me, but I have a life beyond what you know. Every thought, every act of yours is stamped upon me, yet I am more than you."

"Who are you?" Ann cried. "I see you often, but I do not understand. You sit there behind my eyes watching everything, greater than I, wiser than I, but there is a veil between. Oh," she burst out, stooping closer, "you are my older self, wiser than the Sibyl, more compassionate than the mother of all, you, and only you, know what I have suffered—help me to-day! Show me a light!"

For a moment longer Ann hung there, seeing the tears blur her eyes as she confessed herself to herself, the only one in

whom she had ever confided. There was no lifting of the veil, but as she turned away a flash of comprehension came upon her. "We are all bigger people than we ever guess," she said with complete conviction.

The Hamiltons lived elaborately. Their house was large, and the man-servant who ushered Ann in was stiff with the importance of opening the door. This was Jessie Heath expressing herself, and her money which made it possible. Imagine Victor caged so elaborately! A wink of laughter shot through Ann at the thought. She had need of any mirthful alleviations she could muster, for as she waited in the golden drawing-room she was all too aware that her hands were tremulous and cold and that her heart thumped breathlessly. No doubt it was merely a drawing-room, but to her it appeared much more the other woman's triumphal car rolling imperiously along the roads of life.

She waited some time—all a part of the game of dragging her at the chariot wheels, she told herself bitterly—before her hostess glided in, holding out a very soft hand. She was sumptuously dressed, and there never had been any doubt of Jessie Heath's beauty. It was always the first thing—frequently the last—that one noticed about her. Now, however, there appeared to be more of it than formerly. Unquestionably her curves were more generous, and surely even *her* hair had never been quite so golden, nor her cheeks so pink. With a flash it leaped upon Ann that the woman was frightened and was clutching desperately at her beauty, over-emphasizing it in a panic.

"So good of you to come!" Mrs. Hamilton gushed, her jewelled hand clasping Ann's slender unadorned one. "Let us come into the library and have tea first, then I will turn you over to my husband."

Their hands still joined, although their spiritual antennæ did not even brush each other, they crossed the hall together. Ann was stifled, all her inner

being suffocated by the other's near presence. Oh, what a fool she had been to come! She took sanctuary in silence, fearing that her voice might betray her with a tremor.

"Here is my husband," Jessica said, as they entered the library. "Doctor Hamilton, Miss Eversole— But of course, I forgot—how silly of me! You and Victor knew each other in the South."

Jessie Heath introducing her to Victor—maliciously pretending she had forgotten they had ever met! A flashing retort leaped to Ann's lips, but she rejected it and, still in silence, accorded him a remote smile as their hands met. Heavens! How cold his was! Then he too had dreaded the meeting!

"Of course we have met before!" he said hastily. "Why, it was at your house that I first saw my wife."

How like him to come clumping in with the bald truth like that! Spoiling all his wife's little fiction of forgetfulness.

Still holding herself aloof, Ann sat down, and the little function of tea drinking began. Lemon—cream? One lump or two? Ann made no effort to emerge from her shell. Jessica had invited the meeting, let her bear the burden of it then! Gradually, under the outward composure, her tension began to relax sufficiently for her to perceive with some malicious amusement that her silence was causing Jessica to dash herself frantically against it in an increasingly nervous flood of chatter. And all the time under the cover of talk, she was watching Victor's reactions to Ann. Could it be then that she was frightened, and had wanted to drag her fear out into the open and there look at it?

Victor was almost as detached as Ann, only throwing in an occasional remark to tone down some statement of his wife's, or even to contradict her flatly. For the most part he sat silent, his great bulk half in shadow, but Ann was dreadfully conscious that his eyes were constantly upon her in a slow appraising inspection. And what was he to her? Well, there was no denying that he was,

what he always had been, the one man for whom she had ever cared, or ever would. In a lull of his wife's chatter, he emerged suddenly with a direct question.

"Have you been South lately, Miss Eversole? How are they all in Albe-marle?"

"They are all very well, thank you, Victor. I was there most of the summer," she returned, scorning his formal address.

"How *nice* to hear you call him Victor! So few people do nowadays," Mrs. Hamilton gushed.

"Ah, the penalty of greatness! I must remember, then, that you are removed to frozen peaks of distinction, Doctor Hamilton," Ann said, and out of her sheer unhappiness, she permitted herself to shoot a sardonic flicker of mirth at him over her raised teacup.

Victor flushed, as Ann had known he would. Never would be a man more shy and uncomfortable over his achievements. "Heavens, no! Not that—never that!" he stumbled and trailed away into an uncomfortable silence, well aware that the situation was brittle, but unable to relieve it.

Jessica, who had detected Ann's look, raised her head with a sharp jerk, alert and defiant.

"How we are all torturing one another!" The words leaped up in Ann's mind, and suddenly she was sorry: repentant of her own flirt of malice, sorry for Victor's discomfort, sorry indeed for all three of them, caught in an emotional tangle which meant unhappiness for each. Heavens! She *must* come out of her shell and try to play the game more kindly.

With this in view, she picked up the delicate teaspoon in her saucer. "What a beauty!" she said, turning to her hostess. "I hope you don't mind my admiring it. I have a weakness for rattail spoons. Surely this one has a history."

"Yes, it has," the other returned, and Ann was rewarded by feeling her unbend to a genuine interest. "Such a bargain! I got six of them from an old lady in the

country some years ago, before the value of old silver was generally known. We were on a motor trip and stopped by chance for water at an old house. I invited myself inside to nose about for bargains— Don't you *love* a bargain, Miss Eversole?"

"Oh, yes!" Ann responded, mustering what enthusiasm she could, although she began to fear that this bargain was to prove one that she could not possibly love, especially as she thought she detected an antagonism to the subject on Victor's part.

"Well, I went into the house," Jessica flowed on. "And when the old lady trotted out to the dining room for the water, I trotted right after, and *there*, laid out in state, were these six luscious little spoons! I guessed they were heirlooms and that it was going to take diplomacy on my part if I was to get them at all, more still, if it was to be any kind of a bargain, but—"

"Have some tea, Ann!" Victor interrupted suddenly.

"Miss Eversole has just declined a second cup, Victor."

"Oh, I didn't notice. How do you like living in New York?"

"*Victor!* You're interrupting my story—please let me finish!" his wife protested sharply.

"Oh, all right!" he capitulated, flinging himself back in his chair with a shrug of annoyance.

And thus, having obtained sufficient rope, Jessica proceeded to hang herself before Ann's very eyes. "Well, as I say," she went on, "it was plain the old lady treasured the spoons—you see they have a crest on them—but luckily she had no idea of their real value, and besides needed money just then for an invalid son. So in the end I got them—and for just about *one half* of what they were really worth!" She ended with a flash of triumph.

Involuntarily Ann glanced at Victor, but hastily averted her eyes from the unconsciously confessed shame of his. She was acutely uncomfortable, aware

that he was watching her, awaiting her response, that he might discover if his wife's thirst for bargains was natural to all women.

Again Jessica caught Ann's look, and was instantly and jealously alert. "Don't you think I was lucky, Miss Eversole?" she challenged.

"Luckier than the old lady," Ann returned, forced by the direct question to give an opinion, but trying to disarm its criticism by a lightness of tone.

"Oh, the old lady was lucky too!" Mrs. Hamilton retorted defiantly. "She needed the money, and probably would never have got a chance to sell the spoons at all if I hadn't happened along."

"And I suppose she never found out their real value?" Ann questioned.

The color flushed up in Jessica's face, and her lips tightened for an instant. "Well, she did, as a matter of fact. Some officious friend informed her—and she wrote me an insulting letter—actually threatened to sue me! I was quite willing to fight it out, but Victor was so soft, he sent her the extra amount at once!"

"Oh, you did!" Ann cried, forgetting herself, and turning to him with a flush of gladness.

"It was a perfectly silly thing for Victor to do!" Jessica cried angrily, beginning to lose her self control. "The old woman had absolutely *no* case. I had her signed receipt—I always make a point of getting a receipt—also I had the spoons!" She broke off with a little hard laugh. Suddenly she looked at Ann, and shot her next words straight at her. "I had the spoons, Miss Eversole, and *possession* is nine tenths of the law, you know." For a moment the lovely eyes opened wide, and Ann caught in their depths such malicious significance that it rushed upon her the words were meant to apply not alone to the rat-tail spoons, but to the possession of Victor Hamilton as well—a challenge and a defiance.

The other's anger had betrayed her into such an amazing, such a crude rev-

elation of jealousy that for one instant Ann was dumfounded. Then suddenly, under the moment's pressure, a barrier within herself appeared to break, a swirling flood of illumination poured in, and she was swept into a place of spaciousness, where the currents of life ran at more profound depths, and where all values were readjusted. Her larger self, the watching personality behind her eyes, had drawn the veil for an instant.

"Yes," she heard herself saying quietly, yet with absolute conviction, speaking out of this revelation. "Yes, possession is *nine* tenths, but sometimes there is a last tenth, not possessed by anyone, which is yet of more value than all the other nine."

The words came into the waiting intensity of the room clear and detached, almost like a child moving among wrangling grown people, and unconsciously speaking wisdom. Ann listened to them as though a voice other than her own had uttered them. In a blaze of insight she knew that what she and Victor had had together in the past was an everlasting creation, something which neither of them possessed, but which no circumstance could ever take from them, a thing beautiful and immortal, stamped forever upon their souls. In the light of this last tenth, she also perceived the amazing pathos of humanity, so futilely and tragically snatching at what was of no value, what one flash of insight could reduce to ashes.

She came back to the outer world to hear Jessica say sharply, "I'm sure I don't know what you mean!" and to be aware that Victor's eyes were blazing at her in passionate interrogation.

"I hardly know what I mean myself," Ann returned. "It was a sudden intuition that—that what we *possess* is the least of life, only its imitation, so to speak, that the real things, the enduring ones, are quite different, something else, something more—" she fell away into silence, unable to find words for what she had seen. "But now," she went on

after a moment, turning to Victor and forcing herself to meet his eyes, "I must get down to business. I hope you don't mind talking about yourself a little. I wrote you that my paper is running a series of articles on the work of distinguished physicians, and that you had been selected to represent the eye-men. Of course we make it entirely clear that it is all our doing, so there shall be no suggestion of advertising on your part. I did not know until I began these interviews how scrupulously you doctors avoid the limelight—most lions seek it."

"Then I suppose I must leave you to my lion," Jessica said, but made no effort to rise.

It flashed upon Ann then that this was the reason for her being invited to the house. Mrs. Hamilton wished to be present at the interview, and would not leave her husband alone with her if she could help it.

"Oh, please don't go! Unless it would bore you too much," Ann cried hastily, being quite as anxious to avoid being left with Victor as long as his eyes continued to hold that tremendous question as his wife was to prevent it.

"Nothing in connection with my husband's work could possibly bore me, Miss Eversole," Mrs. Hamilton returned heavily. "I think you can hardly realize—single women don't, I suppose—how completely I throw myself into all his interests. I only feared my presence might embarrass you."

"Oh, I'm far too hard-boiled a journalist for that!" Ann returned. "I'm quite used to lions under all circumstances, with or without their keepers." The last unfortunate words slipped out quite unintentionally, and Ann threw a hasty smile after them, hoping thus to draw their sting. The smile perished, however, in Jessica's icy reception. To make things worse, Victor burst out with a sudden gust of laughter, so poignantly reminiscent that Ann's heart lurched.

"Ann!" he cried delightedly. "You're just the same little old—" He caught

himself up, and ended rather flatly, "You're just the same as ever."

The same little old devil, Ann knew well he had been on the verge of saying. It was an old phrase of his, and now was a sudden happy remembrance of all their past intercourse, which even in its gravest moments was apt, through some twist of hers, to flash away into laughter. Ann was painfully aware that he was rediscovering her moment by moment. Jessica was aware of it also. "I hope you don't think I regard myself as my husband's keeper, Miss Eversole," she bristled.

Ann suddenly found herself upon the edge of hysteria. The situation, like life itself, was so ludicrous, and yet so tragic that she was seized with a desire to give way to great gusts of laughter which could end only in tears. She controlled herself, however, and managed to answer lightly, "Aren't all good wives their husbands' keepers?" Then, determined to disarm the other's resentment if possible, she said with unmistakable earnestness, "I really wish you would stay, if you don't mind. I don't doubt I can get more from you than I can from Victor himself."

Jessica unbent in spite of herself. "Of course I can tell you things he is not likely to mention—Victor never will make the best of himself," she conceded with a thinly veiled eagerness, which suddenly revealed itself as pathetic.

"Please do," Ann urged gently. In the revelation of the last tenth she could afford to be generous, and also, to her own astonishment, she found herself all at once feeling sorry for this woman who had almost wrecked her life.

Thus mollified, Jessica plunged happily into a recital of her husband's successes. Victor still sat in the shadow, his eyes watching Ann, and only throwing in an occasional absent-minded, "Oh, I say, Jess! Draw it mild!"

As she talked, all of Jessica's beauty, which her moments of fear and jealousy had dimmed, came back to her, warming itself in her happiness, like an iridescent

dragon-fly in the sun. There was no doubt that she was passionately and proudly in love with her husband and, in her eagerness to display him, she let the barriers of self fall, and Ann became more and more conscious of her pathos. She had caught Victor in the net of her beauty, but now was fearful of its power to hold him; and on him her whole life depended.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Hamilton, you have given me just what I wanted," Ann said at length. "And now," she added, again forcing herself to meet Victor's eyes, "I must ask you one or two questions. Had you been working long on this main discovery—when did you first begin to hope there might be a cure for *retinitis pigmentosa*?"

"You know, Ann!" he burst out.

"I?" she questioned, startled.

"Don't you remember," he rushed on, "the last time I saw you in Albe-marle, I told you then that I thought I was on the track of something big?"

Did she remember! It was only with the utmost effort that she held herself in her present environment, keeping the blue mountains and the red clay fields from flowing back upon her.

"Why, yes, I do remember!" she cried, making her tone bright and casual. "Let me see, that must have been six or seven years ago."

"It was exactly six years ago on the eighth of last month," Jessica broke in. "Don't you remember, Victor," she dropped her voice a little, "it—it was *our day*—the one on which we first met."

Oh, horrible, to go plowing down into the past to turn out that day of all days! And how alive and near the surface it was! How ready to leap out in all its poignant beauty! And the tragedy of "Do you remember?" "Don't you remember, Victor?" his wife appealed, but he had said, "Don't you remember, Ann?" And Ann was fearfully aware that at this moment it was more vivid in his mind that the eighth of October was the last day on which he had seen her rather

than that it was the first on which he had seen his wife. Ann's heart beat furiously, but again, out of all the pressure of her emotion, there emerged that unexpected stab of compassion for Victor's wife. This was the penalty of vision which cannot be restricted. As the veil lifted far enough for her to perceive the alleviation for herself in the beauty of the last tenth, so at the same time it forced her to look down below her rival's assured exterior, to where her small soul clutched at her possessions like a frightened child clutching his toy, and causing Ann to respond with a compassion that was almost maternal. Oh, why could she not be left to suffer merely her own tragedy! her thoughts rebelled. Why must she be faced by Jessica's as well? "Bear ye one another's burdens" walked fantastically, almost ironically, across the chaos of her thoughts, as out loud she heard herself saying, still in that carefully light tone, "Six years ago—that's very interesting. *Retinitis Pigmentosa*, is that right? There! I don't think I need trouble you any more. Of course you have a photograph on file somewhere that we can get? You haven't? Oh, Mrs. Hamilton, you should see that he is not so neglectful of the sacred limelight!"

"I will!" Jessica promised with that pathetic eagerness. "But I have a good photograph of Victor upstairs—I'll get it!"

"Oh, please don't bother!" Ann cried out hastily. But before she could prevent it, Jessica, her jealousy momentarily in abeyance, had flashed out of the room, leaving Ann alone with Victor.

The moment the door closed upon them he turned to her, his eyes blazing.

"Ann!" he burst out. "Ann—" and stopped dead, choked by emotion.

She kept her eyes resolutely upon her notes, making no reply.

"Ann!" he broke out again. "Do you know how beautiful you are?"

A great wave of emotion in response to his was rising in her, but she fought it back, making herself look up and smile.

"I have been told ere this that in my quiet way I had some claims to good looks," she answered, lifting a mirthful eyebrow.

"*Good looks!* Heavens, no, not that! Something else—more even than beauty—the spirit showing through," he cried confusedly. "Ann, what did you mean by the last tenth? Something opened in your eyes when you said it, and light came out—what did you mean?"

She rose breathlessly, stifled by his passionate nearness, and moved over to the window, seeking an escape, but he followed.

"What did you mean, Ann? You must tell me," he persisted.

She knew that her hand on the window sill was trembling, but she kept her voice steady, and forced herself to give an impersonal definition. "I meant something that has nothing to do with the snatch and grab of life, that is aloof from all of it, a thing that is most yours when you least possess it. I don't make it clear, I know, but it was what Christ meant when He said you must lose your life to save it."

He brushed her stumbling impersonal words aside, his eyes still blazing at her. "Did you mean by it our friendship—what you and I had together?" he demanded.

The color blurred her face, then fell away, leaving it startlingly white. Tears that she could not help forced their way into her eyes and she knew that what she had most hoped to hide was all confessed. Nevertheless, she looked at him steadily through the tears. "Yes, that was what I meant, Victor," she said, with a faint delicate gesture of acquiescence. "I understood all at once that what we had had, our—our friendship—"

"*Love!* Our love, Ann! You know it was that—I knew it too late!" he interjected in a shaken voice.

"Our love, then," she amended gently, since all was confessed. "Our love and complete understanding could never be lost. It was a perfect thing, which must

last forever, though neither of us possessed it. I seemed to see that its very perfection and its freedom had swept it through into the spiritual, stamping it there forever where it could never perish." For a moment longer she stared at him, her eyes very wide, seeing beyond him now, her spirit so close to the surface that her face was luminous. "This is real, Victor," she ended with profound conviction. "The truth—not something imagined."

He bowed gravely. "I do not doubt you, Ann," he answered, his gaze upon her transfigured face. Alas! That was what made it so difficult! That he was able to understand these fleeting insights of hers which made up her life, but which by most people were so little understood, that there were as yet hardly any adequate words with which to convey them.

"I understand," he went on after a pause. "But that is not enough. I need you now, Ann, I want your friendship—let me come to see you sometimes."

With a shock Ann came down from the heights to look straight into the desire in his eyes. Instinctively she drew a little farther away, pressing back against the window casing.

"Ann, I need you!" he rushed on. "I need your inspiration. I was different when I had your companionship—more alive. Almost all the ideas for my work came then. When you went out of my life something vanished with you—but you can bring it all back."

She knew that was true. How could she help knowing that her personality had played upon his and inspired it? And how very easily it might all be theirs once more—just the turning of a hair's breadth, the slipping of her cold fingers into his, a whispered word, and the doors into the old ecstasy would open again.

"Just friends, Ann," he pleaded. "Just to see you—talk with you sometimes."

Ah, but was it possible for them to be just friends? No matter how impeccably they might keep the letter of the law, would she not inevitably be taking some-

thing, the best part of him, from his wife? But then, had Jessica a right to this aspect of him which she did not even know existed?

"Down, Toby! *Down!* Now be good!" Suddenly a child's excited, laughing voice broke upon her ears. Turning, she saw through the window two children of three and five, laughing and remonstrating with a fox terrier who danced upon his hind legs, trying to snatch a cookie from one of them.

"Those are your children," she said abruptly.

"Yes! Ann, let me come to see you."

"No! Look at your children."

The tension and uncertainty within her snapped, and she came into a place of complete confidence and serenity. Again she paid the penalty of vision. She could no longer see for herself alone, as do the near-sighted souls; she must perceive now, must feel for his children, and even his wife, as well.

She put her hands lightly together, leaned back a little against the window, and smiled at him. "Your children are your answer," she said.

He knew that he had lost her forever. In the moment of her going she touched a plane of beauty that was beyond anything he had ever perceived: a creature of flame and spirit, within reach of his arm, yet utterly and forever aloof. "*You* are the last tenth, Ann!" he cried in a choked voice. "You are the perfect thing that is revealed in the instant of its loss."

Tears came again to her eyes at that, but she kept her smiling look. "Jessica," she got out a little breathlessly. "Oh, Victor, she cares so! *Don't* make her suffer."

As her words died in the warm stillness of the room, Jessica re-entered with the

photograph. Ann received it absently. "We have been looking at your children; they are lovely," she said.

Her eyes as they rested upon the other were so warm and luminous that Jessica was melted. "*I think they are the most beautiful things in all the world!*" she cried with a rush of feeling that swept her real self so near the surface that for a moment she was completely revealed, a woman small, and even at times mean, perhaps, but with her whole life centered in her husband and children, and infinitely capable of being hurt through them.

Ann caught Victor's eye, and directed it urgently toward the other. She *would* make him see his wife in this appealing moment, make him realize how utterly she was at his mercy. He caught understanding from her, and as his eyes turned to Jessica they softened with comprehension. When Ann held out her hand in farewell, he gave it a quick pressure. "Good-by—thank you," he said. Then releasing her, he reached out toward his wife, who caught his hand eagerly, passionately.

Ann turned away, knowing that it needed only the closing of the door upon herself, for them to embrace. She was infinitely exhausted, so drained of vitality that she even wondered if she could get home, nevertheless, she was conscious of a flicker of rueful mirth. "Bless you, my children," she said to herself. "Live happy ever after. I have saved you from the villain who was myself."

For herself she was content that her portion should be the last tenth, that residue of life which rarely emerges until all else seems lost, but which when once perceived is completely satisfying.



EQUALITY OF WOMAN WITH MAN: A MYTH

A CHALLENGE TO FEMINISM

BY JOHN MACY

MERELY to buttonhole the Woman Movement for a moment and ask it a few questions is to bring down upon one's head a cataract of abusive and irrelevant retorts, to be accused of oldfogyism, of misogyny, of disappointment in love, of wearing the scars, or the bleeding wounds, of the pecking hen. To give tentative answers to the questions, to suggest that woman has insuperable limitations, natural inferiorities is to be charged with the heinous crime of being a "mere man," or to be dismissed with a derisive jibe as impertinent, though probably not so witty, as Max Beerbohm's punning description of the suffragette parade as the "army of the unenjoyed."

Well, this article is the view of a mere man, because a man writes it. Everything written must be written from the point of view of a man or of a woman, since, obviously, very few neutrals and children write for publication. I may say, however, that much of my information and emphatic corroboration of my opinions come from women, their conversation and their published writings. In discussing this article and a possible book with several women of various social grades and ages, staid matrons, flappers, cocktail-drinking radicals, school teachers, working women, intellectual idlers, home-bodies, and ladies of the world, I found to my surprised delight that almost all the women with whom I talked approved my ideas and were eager to pour oil upon my typewriter. This attitude

could not be wholly accounted for as female flattery of the male parading a pet idea. Our sisters do not like one another. It is not simply a matter of jealousy or envy, for many of my charming friends have beauty or talent or social position which lifts them above mean rivalry. Perhaps some of them have a sense of superiority. At any rate there is an intrasexual antagonism, a critical hostility among women more sharply and dentally feline than the animosity and irritable friction between the sexes.

It was no mere man but a lovely, wise, and fully emancipated woman, a musician and teacher, who after a discussion of her girl pupils and her older contemporaries, concluded with the desperate generality "Oh, women are a mess!" And when I was searching for a word which should analogously match "feminism," it was a brilliant woman, a talented sculptor and poet, who coined the word "Masculism," a word which is not in the dictionary but I dare say will be in the next editions. If I am making an attack, there is an amusing irony in the fact that some of the explosive shells are being fed into my battery by fair hands.

But I am not making an attack. I am issuing a challenge to the feminist movement, as it is at the present hour, to give an account of itself, to indicate clearly its future course and ambition, to make an honest inventory of its powers to go forward to some definite destination worth striving toward. And I am also

proposing the development of a counter corrective movement to be called "Masculism"—lady, I thank thee for that word!—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Men. This new movement or cult will seek to restrain the wild women from losing themselves in the woods and perhaps to help them along some desirable road.

"Masculism" is not misogyny, not woman-hatred. That is as insane, as morbid as misanthropy, the hatred of man as a sex or of man as Mankind. All we have to work with is men and women, and all we who are past redemption have to work for is children, the men and women of to-morrow. Human nature may be feeble stuff, but it is the best we have; and most intelligent healthy-minded people seem to believe that, though it contains capacities for disastrous error, it contains also latent unrealized possibilities for good, and that some of its faults are transitory, remediable, eradicable.

II

Let us see what the woman movement has accomplished up to date. During the past fifty years America, and most European countries except the Latin, have witnessed the progress, the partial triumph, of Feminism. Women have won victories which every intelligent person must applaud or at least concede without blind reactionary opposition.

Equal suffrage is now an old story in thirty countries, America, Germany, Russia, the Scandinavian nations, England, though in England the equality is not quite equal, since women may not vote until they are thirty, a manifest injustice which progressive men and women are trying, with certain ultimate success, to remove. The practical political question, the answer to which would require a longer article than this, is what good the vote is doing women and what good are they doing with the vote?

Aside from the franchise, and much

more important, certain economic and social disabilities which women suffered for centuries have been rectified, largely through the efforts of enlightened men. There was a time, a long time, when, whether a woman could or could not call her soul her own, she was absolutely forbidden to call her property her own. And the man had exclusive proprietary rights in her children. In Italy as late as 1917 a woman had no free and clear title to her houses and lands. To sell an estate she had to make the transaction through her husband, brother, or other male representative. In almost every country to-day the man's right in the woman's property, the "courtesy" right, is balanced by the dower right of the woman in the man's property; it is a fifty-fifty game, and it may even be that in some states the woman's hold on real estate, especially on the homestead, is stronger than the man's. Many men take advantage of the position which women now enjoy in this relation by putting their property in the wife's name. The legal status of women throughout the world is a vast subject which has not been thoroughly studied, so far as I can discover, perhaps because the status is confused and is rapidly changing. It would be a good subject for one of the new sisterhood of barristers to investigate while she is waiting for clients.

Other ancient disabilities to which women have been subjected are enumerated by that splendid woman, Ellen Key, the leader of feminism in Sweden, who died recently after fifty years of incessant labor for the emancipation of women—and of mankind. These are some of the worst of the iniquities now happily abolished or at least mitigated:

The double standard of morals as affecting divorce, the woman having no way of freeing herself from the errant man, the man being able to put away the sinning wife.

The right of the man to collect his wife's wages from her employer.

The control of the public schools by

men and the ineligibility of women to serve on boards of education.

The disbarring of women from the higher education and the learned professions and arts, and also from the better-paid salaried positions and independent business enterprises.

The special obedience and subservience of women to clerical authority.

The literal application of the vow of obedience to the husband.

The indignity and belittlement of the single woman.

Marriage as the only means of livelihood for the woman without property; enforced married or unmarried prostitution.

The practical necessity of lying and cajoling to win consideration and comfort.

The slavery of unregulated child-bearing, and bondage to housework, partly due to lack of modern conveniences.

The uncritical acceptance of the superior wisdom of man.

The taboo upon wholesome exercises and athletics as "unladylike."

The absolute authority of the father in selecting a husband for his daughter.

The strict surveillance of courtship and lack of opportunity for young women to try out acquaintanceships, learn something about the characters of their lovers, and follow their hearts.

The premium placed upon frivolity and weakness instead of on serious thinking and strength of mind and body.

Prescribed ignorance of the things a young woman most vitally needs to know.

The taken-for-granted position of the daughter, as well as the wife, as a household servant.

The unquestioned right of the man to indulge in physical abuse of wife, daughter, and for that matter, of the son too.

The ruthless outlawing and persecution of the unmarried mother (in which as often as not the older women were more cruel than the men).

Complete misunderstanding of the nervous system and emotional life of

women, due largely to the backwardness of physiology, psychology, and medical science.

Rule-of-thumb mode and code of life with no consideration for the woman as an individual, a person, a special case—a lumping codification that restricted men as well as women.

The misapplication, misdirection, and general squelching of woman's natural abilities and capacities for self-expression and service.

The assumption that the sexual relation was primarily intended for the gratification of men.

The conversion of woman's passion and rebellious desire for more freedom into ingrowing hatred and meanness of spirit.

The aggravation of sex antagonism and the discouragement of sex co-operation and mutual support and fulfillment.

The subordination of maternal authority to paternal, with a resulting depression of woman's wisdom and power to rear her children and a consequent mal-education of the succeeding generation.

The wearing out of a woman's body before the fullest possible development of her intellectual life.

And more items of the same debasing kind. Truly a formidable list of crimes against nature and civilization. No matter what the virtues of the "good old times" may have been, nobody, not the most stupid conservative and praiser of the past, will wish to return to these outrageous conditions (some of which in a measure still prevail), conditions which inspired John Stuart Mill's magnificent essay on *The Subjection of Women* and Ibsen's "Doll's House," and a vast literature, expository, argumentative, and artistic, of revolt against hoary tyrannies. It is to be remarked, by the way, that the greatest expressions of Feminism, the most eloquent and effective pleas for emancipation of women, have come not from women but from men, though women have made some noble and imaginative contributions.

III

No, we shall not go back, we must go forward. But forward in what direction? Whither are we, not drifting but driving? It seems to some of us that the woman movement is running loose without guidance or clearly foreseen purpose, and that such freedom as has been won is in danger of being abused, or frittered away or degraded into pell-mell aimless license and undisciplined lawlessness.

When the clamor of women for the vote and other rights began to swell in irresistible volume, some of the arguments for and against their demands were a maudlin riot of ignorance, unreason, and misrepresentation of fact. For example, opponents of woman suffrage contended that woman has a weaker intellect than man, is not instructed in public affairs, and is not "logical," but is swayed by her emotions. As if millions of the male mutts who vote were not hopelessly ignorant, indifferent to the fundamental political and economic issues, incapable of reading and understanding a clear statement of fact or a sound argument! Watch the idiots spoiling their hats, listen to their bellowing at the bogus oratory of a politician whose election will not do them or the public the slightest good, or may perchance promise a fat job. That argument against votes for women is fatuous while the ancient Latin proverb still holds good: *Quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*—with how little wisdom the world is governed. Even if women were all morons who did not know the difference between a Republican and a Democrat (there isn't any), they would still have a right to a voice in the government under which they must live and to which they contribute with their labor or their money. And such an argument is equally imbecile when directed against any effort of women to enlarge their opportunities, to secure a free, fair, and open field of endeavor and enterprise.

On the other hand, some of the claims

of the advocates of votes for women were preposterous and untrue to biological fact. Some women maintained that their sex was as a whole equal in capacity, and the same kind of capacity, to the male sex. And the winning of the vote seems to have confirmed the blind zealots in this pitiful fallacy. Hark to Miss Alice Paul, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Woman's Party, as her words are quoted in the *New York Times*:

"The Woman's Party has continued to emphasize that it opposes protective laws for women, such as minimum wage laws, believing that such measures presuppose an inferiority that the party does not acknowledge exists."

Let me hasten to say that some of Miss Paul's remarks and some of the items in the program of the Woman's Party are intelligent. But the idea embodied in the quoted sentence is a pathetic delusion. If it represents the attitude of the Woman's Party, then the Party is deplorably misguided. The inferiority *does* exist. Women do need special protection in the matter of wages and hours of labor. They are handicapped by the maternal function and by periodic illnesses associated with that function. All workers need whatever protection they can secure by organization on the economic field with the support of such legislation as they can compel or persuade political authority to enact and enforce. And men and women workers must stand together to get what they can. But men have a better chance, more strength singly and in union, than women have to fend for themselves without the aid of political action. The program of another female organization, the National League of Women Voters, recognizes, not the inferiority, but the special needs, the physiological burden of women, by demanding "the extension of the period of operation of the Maternity and Infancy act with adequate appropriation."

The inferiority *does* exist. The comparative weakness *does* exist. The spe-

cial function with the temporary impediment to other activities does exist, actually or potentially. When women pretend to a kind and degree of power which they do not possess, though they have a kind and degree of power, patience, endurance, fortitude all their own, they drive one back to the stupid old masculine slander that women cannot think straight.

Woman is her own worst enemy. That is, some women are. One hardly knows which is worse, the stand of women of reputed intellect, like Mrs. Humphry Ward, against the political progress of their sisters, or the insolent and unwarranted pretension of women to do everything that a man can do—and a little more. The only things that a woman can do that a man cannot do are sing soprano (some freak males can do that), keep a smooth face without shaving (some women cannot do that) and bear children (some unfortunate women cannot or will not do that).

The extreme feminist who in her newfound partial freedom lets her hysterical enthusiasm play ducks and drakes with facts is doing the sororal world no good; she is harming the "cause" of women and the cause of men and the more important dependent cause of children. She is at best ridiculous and at worst a thorn in the flesh of conservatism that makes it not yield but balk. Woman is her own worst enemy. That is, some women. And man is her best friend. If he is not her hope and salvation, he is an indispensable ally. If she irritates him, she will get a fearful setback. And some of her false starts indicate that about now the doctor prescribes not a setback but a period of rest and reconsideration. The shrill, febrile, scatter-brained waste of voice and energy is getting to be a pesky nuisance damaging to lucidity of thought and rational planning. Unfortunately in the woman movement, as in all other movements, it is too often the flushed and clamant lunatic that gets a hearing, and the little docile women trot, trot, trot in multitudes after a leader who

is running amuck. The case of Feminism is especially confused and complicated. For some of the most prominent feminists are hard-favored vinegar-faced shrews who have it in for the men more malignantly than Mrs. Poyser, the creation of a great and wise woman, George Eliot. Other more comely women are quite unconsciously morbid, expending their sexual energy in a crusade that leads to no Holy Land but leads away from the land of heart's desire. There is some serious truth in Beerbohm's smart-aleck joke. But this is not a matter for jest. I quote from Dr. H. W. Frink's *Morbid Fears and Compulsions*:

A certain proportion of at least the most militant suffragists are neurotics who in some instances are compensating for masochistic trends, in others are more or less successfully sublimating sadistic and homosexual ones (which usually are unconscious). I hope this statement may not be construed as an effort on my part to throw mud on woman suffrage, for on the whole I am very much in favor of it. As a matter of fact it is nothing to the discredit of any movement to say that perhaps many of its conspicuous supporters are neurotics, for as a matter of fact it is the neurotics that are pioneers in most reforms. The very normal people who have no trouble in adjusting themselves to their environment, are as a rule too sleek in their own contentment to fight hard for any radical changes or even to take much interest in seeking to have such changes made. To lead and carry through successfully some new movement or reform, a person needs the stimulus of chronic discontent (at least it often seems so) and this in a certain number of instances is surely of neurotic origin and signifies an imperfect adaptation of that individual to his environment.

To make this passage clear to readers who may not happen to know the scientific words—"sadistic" means desiring to dominate by violence, to inflict pain. "Masochistic" is just the opposite, it means desiring to be dominated by violence, to endure pain. Thus according to the new and still groping science of psychopathy and psychoanalysis,

the most brilliant, aggressive, *enragée* woman leader may be unconscious not of what she is doing but of why she is doing it. And the better-balanced and wiser woman, Ellen Key or Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, often makes her fanatic sisters impatient. The temperate self-controlled woman, though she may be passionately devoted to the improvement and progress of her sex, refuses to take part in a violent warfare on male man and mankind generally.

But the violent woman too often prevails—for the moment—and it is she who needs curbing, who should be spanked and put to bed. She is the trouble maker who has it in for the men. She has often manifested herself as a rabid temperance crank (abetted by old women in trousers). Her motive in depriving men of liquor, and even of tobacco, seems to her righteous and noble, and she is apparently on the side of hygiene and sanity. But unconsciously she is impelled by the desire to spoil a man's pleasure, whether it be evil or innocent. The case is parallel to Macaulay's explanation of the Puritan's objection to bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear but because it gave pleasure to the populace. In her zeal to break up the other fellow's game she (with her emasculated or Puritanic brother) is utterly unscrupulous in her methods and her juggling with truth. Though she lies outrageously she is sure that Heaven and all the angels are behind her. I once knew a woman who tried to force through a most unreasonable and vicious proposition. She was sure that God was with her. Mark Twain happened to be against her and he remarked in his even, deadly accurate style, "These women make me darned tired who try to take God in as a silent partner without his consent." I am not sure that he did not say "people" instead of "women," for this kind of sincerely dishonest aberration is not the exclusive sin of one sex. But it is a vice to which women seem to be greatly addicted, partly because they are not restrained and men permit them an abuse

of liberty and privilege which they would not tolerate in other men.

A recent example was the appearance of a crowd of women at the hearing in Washington in April before a committee of the Senate sitting to hear testimony on the wet-dry controversy. The ladies, headed by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Boston, had, as the *New York World* put it, "few exact figures but were loaded with generalities." Mrs. Peabody said, "These women who appear here to-day represent from 12,000,000 to 18,000,000 in the Protestant churches of America. . . . We represent the homes and schools of America."

The lady had not a single credential to prove how many people she and her companions represented, and her sweeping inclusions of all the homes and schools in America is capable of immediate disproof. Senator Reed of Missouri questioned her rather sharply, but nobody flatly disputed her, because a white-haired lady still enjoys the immunity from attack which is accorded by old-fashioned courtesy and chivalry, a chivalry, largely lip-service and hypocrisy, but in part sincere gallantry which women are doing their best to destroy.

The woman as kill-joy, as snooping, sneaking, malicious trouble maker, or innocently unconscious sadist enjoying the discomfort of others, is as old as the human race. But woman's new freedom and extended range of activities seem to give her more ample opportunities for mischief. She can make a wide public display of her will to interfere which used to be confined to home and father. A neighbor of mine on a New England farm defined this trait or tendency of the female, that is, of some females, "There's lots o' women who if they can't find enough trouble lyin' round the house go out in the back yard and dig up some." Woman's back yard now is the whole world. It was the same shrewd Yankee who, having sized up his wife, was confronted with the problem of a younger woman, his daughter who had all the ways and manners of the town flapper.

In these days of movies, magazines, and Ford cars, the village girl is no longer isolated from the corruptions, sophistications, and up-to-date-ness of the city. "That gal of mine," he said, "is doggone smart, but she ain't got brains enough to carry it."

IV

This brings us to the real brow-furrowing problem—the younger generation. We are passing, or past. What is the new woman doing with the new girl who is to become the newer woman? Not one single essential thing which grandmother did not do at least as well for mother, which great-grandmother did not do at least as well for grandmother. True, daughter has a much better chance than her foremothers to become a stenographer and marry her employer if she is good looking. If she is unbeautiful she can be fairly sure of supporting herself. And comely or not, she can bid the men go hang with more assurance than the elder women felt, or she can make use of men for her own purposes more boldly and frankly than was customary in times past. She has a slightly protective superficial information which her foremothers did not possess or did not dare confess or discuss.

But what vital thing is her mother doing for her? What new courageous, expansive outlook is opening before her? What step is she to take ahead of her mother which shall make the newer woman better and happier than the old? None that is discernible to the naked eye of the present. The new freedom means simply a breaking down of old discipline without any adequate compensating extension of vital experience or growth of mind. The new mother is falling down badly on her job. And that job, if the race is merely to endure, not to speak of improvement, development, progress—that job is in the home, in the household, bearing and bringing up children intelligently. That is the job for most women, though it is perfectly proper for some women, especially the

less attractive ones, to go their solitary ways.

It used to enrage the extreme feminists to be told that a woman's "sphere" is the home, and they heard that dictum parroted so many times that it is no wonder they resented it. Nevertheless, it is true. In chasing after the paper ballot women have neglected the paper that records the household accounts. That is, some women have. While listening to Professor Quackenbosh's lecture before the Women's Club on Recent Developments in the Pedagogical Psychology of Infantile Neuropathic Abnormality women have forgotten that the school begins at home and that a large part of their job is to make themselves expert elementary teachers. That is, some women have forgotten. In fighting for a mythical equality with men, women have lost a decisive battle, the gentle, subtle conquest of children, a conquest which has for the spoils of war an attainable and priceless equality, equality with the children themselves. Some women have become expert in argument on the platform and have failed to cultivate the art of persuasion in the nursery. Some idle women have become champions at bridge whist while Willie played solitaire. Some women have been delegates to the convention of the International Women's Christian League for the Prohibition of Baseball on Sunday or the Unity Alliance of Christian Women for the Abolition of Cigarettes, while they delegated to nurses, dry or wet, the delightful, instructive task of caring for their children. "Oh, nurse," cried Reginald, "who is that beautiful lady?" "Darling," said the beautiful lady, on a flying visit home, "I am your mother." While dabbling in the fine arts, or even honestly working at them, some women have allowed domestic arts and science to become, so far as their knowledge goes, lost arts. Much American home cooking is an unsavory assault on the digestive system. The face of ignorance is saved only by manufactured foods and fool-proof appliances, mostly devised by

men. And by the way, since we may as well rub it in hard, a man cook can beat a woman cook hands down in the invention and preparation of palatable dishes. The chef is superior even to the excellent Mrs. Rorer and Mrs. Farmer.

The suffragettes had a slogan: "Come out of the kitchen," the commendable purpose of which was to rescue women from the killing drudgery of pots and pans. One of the slogans of the Association for the Promotion of Masculism shall be: "Go back to the kitchen quick, but to a kitchen properly equipped."

But, ah, the free, foot-loose soulful woman will live her own life and devote herself to art and literature, to psychology, so that she may converse glibly of "inhibitions" and "complexes" and the interpretation of dreams, without dreaming just what her own complex, that is, pain in the left gizzard, really is. She must lead her own life. Very well, leave her lead. But let her face the fact that women in the arts and sciences are second-rate. As one very successful woman novelist said to me, "When I read what men write, I don't see how we have the cheek to try." And yet literature is the one art in which women have done a few supreme things.

In music woman is often a fine performer, for example Madame Careño, and Maud Powell, and the great women of the stage, operatic and "loquent," are the equals of the great men. Indeed it is possible that there are more good actresses than good actors, since beauty is half the show, and women are naturally and habitually players of parts, histrionic assumers of roles, makers of gesture for effect. There has never been a woman composer of first rank, seldom one of second. Creative impulse is often present, but the creative power, the lofty and broad imagination, is lacking. It is idle to plead that in this art woman has not had a chance. Woman has always been encouraged to study and practice music because the male brute liked to hear her play and sing and see her dance.

There is no great woman sculptor or painter. We hear about Rosa Bonheur and Mary Cassatt, Cecilia Beaux, and Malvina Hoffman because of their positive merits and also because there are few women so talented. The museums and studios for a century have been full of girls. Some of them have done good work, and many women are making their living by competent painting and illustrating. But there is no emergent genius. There have been fine lyric poets from Sappho to Christina Rossetti—I dare not mention living poetesses. But no woman has written a sustained epic or drama of great merit. In scholarship, at least in the absorbent, acquisitive school and university stage, women by diligent application have sometimes rivalled men and run off with the prizes. But it is so unusual that when a woman takes a "first" it gets in the papers. It is news, as when a man bites a dog. But only biographers take the trouble to remember that Peel, Halifax, Gladstone, and others took double-firsts.

No woman has made a crucial discovery in science. Madame Curie, to whom all honor and homage, was educated by Monsieur Curie. Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor in the Harvard Medical School, is eminent in industrial medicine and bacteriology. Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton did lay the foundation of modern scientific nursing, and in that noble profession woman is at her best, for it is essentially maternal. All the surgical methods, appliances, antiseptics, anæsthetics are the discoveries and creations of men.

Ellen Key, who may be depended on to make out the best possible case for the achievement of women, says, "Many women are active in the sphere of invention, without a single woman's name having been thus far connected with an *epoch-making* invention. Especially where constructive ability is necessary, women have as yet not been eminent; they have created neither a philosophic system nor a new religion, neither a great musical work nor a monumental

building, neither a classic drama nor an epic."

In religion women have been great created and worshipped figures, if not creators. Among the saints and martyrs is none greater than Catharine, Theresa, and Joan of Arc. In Catholic churches and homes more prayers are addressed to the Virgin Mary than to God Himself. In other religions and mythologies (of which most women are ignorant because they would rather read "Advice to the Love-Shorn" and "How to Keep Your Husband's Affection, Though Worthless" than a fascinating book like Frazer's *Golden Bough*), in the great poetic religions the mother is the symbol of life, the very earth is a vast fertile benevolent womb from which we come and to which we return to be reborn. But the master of the universe is He, Zeus, Jove, Jehovah, Allah.

The one art in which woman is most fully mistress of herself and of life is literature, especially memoirs, friendly letters, prose fiction. Fiction consists primarily of the study of human character in love relations and the family life, which woman has abundant opportunity to observe, and of command of the prose of daily life, which she possesses in pure form. She is not critic, not philosopher, but she has the gift of humorous and emotional story-telling. Every country has had distinguished women novelists. But women have still to give us many portraits of women which *they themselves* find as true, as profoundly analyzed, as beautifully drawn as the women of Meredith and Hardy, of Balzac and Flaubert, of Tolstoy and Tourgenyev and Dostoyevsky.

Sappho is reputed to have been beautiful, and I have known women who made verses and pictures only less pretty than themselves. But there is truth in Ambrose Bierce's epigram: "Women of genius commonly have masculine faces, figures, and manners. In transplanting brains to alien soil God leaves a little of the original earth clinging to the roots."

VI

Let us be done forever with this nonsense about the equality of the sexes. They are not equal in nature and never can be. If the woman argues—and it is proverbially useless to argue with her—that she wants a chance to show what she can do, the answer is, Certainly, madame, all the chance in the world, for you, and for the man and for the child, opportunity for everybody to cultivate the best that is in him or her for the good of the individual, for the good of the race. But in heaven's name let not the woman try to compete with man, for the more chance she has, the freer the world grows, the more chance man will have, and he will always keep slightly ahead of her.

It is good for the world that individuals and the sexes cultivate divergent yet complementary aptitudes and do not all try to do the same thing. Ellen Key notes two ideals, two directions of the woman movement, the second of which she approves: "The older program reads, 'Full equality of woman with man.' In the 'state of the future' both sexes shall have the same duty of work and the same protection of work, while the children are reared in state institutions. The movement in the other direction purposes to win back the wife to the husband, the mother to the children, and, thereby, the home to all."

Professor William James, who derived much of his philosophy from a direct study of common life, used to quote with amusement the wise saying of an old farmer: "There's mighty little difference between one man and another, but what little difference there is is mighty important." So it is with the sexes. Let us foster the important differences. Men and women are much alike, perhaps too much alike, both belonging to that curious species of animal *Homo Sapiens*, the Human Being. They have about the same faults and virtues in varying degrees. And to every commentary upon the Gentle Sex is one conclusive reply:

"So's your old man."



THE PHILIPPINE MUDDLE

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

WHEN we assumed colonial control over the Philippines we undertook responsibilities far more varied and extensive than seem then to have been generally realized. How have we met these responsibilities? And more particularly, what should we do now? For one result of last summer's investigation has been to elicit a consensus of opinion from the Islands that the present state of affairs is "intolerable."

Philippine conditions were so different from those with which we were familiar in the United States, and the problems involved were so complex and specialized, that the obvious suggestion was made that we study not only British colonial methods but, more particularly, those which the Dutch have evolved during the last three centuries in their East Indies, immediately to the south. For it was from there that the forebears of almost all of the peoples of the Philippines came, and natural conditions in the two archipelagos are quite similar. But an American official is reported to have dismissed this suggestion with the remark that "Americans can learn nothing from others." Though having due regard for the inspiration that comes from good intentions and self-confidence, a modicum of respect for experience, nevertheless, led the present writer to visit Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies in order to obtain some practical Malayan background before looking into affairs in our own Malay colony.

While the Philippines run north and south for a distance little greater than

that from Chicago to New Orleans and have a land area about equal to that of New England, New York, and New Jersey, the Netherlands East Indies stretch along the equator almost as far as from New York to San Francisco and are equal in area to about a quarter of the United States. In the Philippines there are nearly eleven million Christian Filipinos, more than four hundred thousand Mohammedan Moros, about seven hundred and fifty thousand other non-Christian natives, over fifty thousand Chinese, and about ten thousand Occidentals other than our garrison—or a total of about twelve million. But in the Dutch colony there are about fifty million natives, ranging, as in the Philippines, from the most primitive savages to cultivated university graduates, close to a million Chinese, and nearly two hundred thousand who are classed as Europeans. Thus, the Netherlands Indies have six and a half times the area and more than four times the population of the Philippines, with an average density of about seventy people per square mile as against a hundred in our colony.

Though there are about seven hundred inhabitants to the mile in Java and five hundred in the densest Philippine province—Massachusetts and Rhode Island have nearly five and six hundred respectively—yet in both archipelagos there are vast areas of very sparsely peopled wild lands. Of the total one hundred and fourteen thousand, four hundred square miles of land in the Philippines, less than seventeen thousand are settled—that is, less than the area of Massachusetts and New Hamp-

shire—while the unsettled public domain, ceded by the Spanish Crown to the people of the United States, still amounts to over ninety-eight thousand square miles. So more than eighty-five per cent of the area of the Philippines is virgin pioneer country.

The orderly conduct of affairs, high state of development, and consequent contentment of the natives in the Netherlands East Indies are in such contrast to conditions in the Philippines as to arrest attention, especially in view of the basic similarity of the peoples and of the natural conditions of the two archipelagos.

We usually send to administrative duties in the Philippines men who, however intelligent, have little or no knowledge either of colonial affairs or of Malays. On the other hand, it often happens that Dutch officials have spent their childhood, as did their forebears, in the very province they come to administer after years of special training at home and in the colonial service. Indeed, one of the most notable things in the Netherlands East Indies is the intimate understanding and sympathy that exists between the Dutch and the more civilized natives of all classes. Both seem to appreciate each other's qualities and limitations, and apparently realize that their interests are best served by cheerful co-operation and mutual tolerance. This is well portrayed by the Dutch maxim that "the native is never at fault," meaning that if anything goes wrong it is to be attributed to failure on the part of the European to understand the native point of view or limitations and to supply proper leadership. While this suggests a paternalistic attitude with which many Americans unacquainted with Malay life will have scant sympathy, it also suggests a tolerant sense of responsibility that is worth pondering; for it is the fruit of three centuries of very intimate experience with Malays on the part of a very practical and successful people.

Although the Crown and legislature of

Holland are the highest authority over the Netherlands East Indies, yet the colonial service has been brought to such a high level that, in practice, this sovereign authority restricts its legislative activities regarding the Indies to laws of constitutional importance, laws influencing their economic life, and the annual budget bills. All other legislation is by decree of the Governor General in Java who has an appointed Council, supplemented by a *Volksraad* of forty-nine members the majority of whom are also appointed and whose powers are merely advisory to the Governor General. Thus, the sovereign power in Holland restrains itself from detailed interference in the internal government of the Dutch Indies and places virtually undivided responsibility and authority on the Governor General. But here again comes in the self-restraint, bred of experience. For only in Java and Madura does the Dutch administration act directly, while in all the "outer districts," and in the sultanates of Djokjakarta and Soerakarta in Java, government proper is through the local sultans who, however, are provided with Dutch advisors. There is a nice balance maintained between upholding such native sultans, holding them strictly responsible for local law and order, and restraining them from their traditional and excessive exploitation of their subjects.

In spite of such indirect rule there is an extensive and elaborate network of Dutch financial, economic, agricultural, health, and educational activities, most painstakingly adapted to the practical purpose of helping in every way possible the capacities of the natives to make the colony more and more productive.

Over four hundred and forty million dollars have been raised for public improvements by colonial bonds. Railroads and excellent automobile roads run through all the more settled parts of the colony. The ships of the "K. P. M." travel a total of nearly three million miles a year in carrying on the interisland

commerce of the archipelago and give probably the most efficient service of that kind in the world. The bureaus of economics and agriculture are among the most important, and particular attention is given to research and higher education in these subjects. There is an excellent and constantly improving health service. But in general education, as might be expected, the aim is practical rather than academic. Recognizing that virtually all of the children of the teeming agricultural masses inevitably must live their lives out as farmers, such primary instruction as they get is designed to help them become better native farmers rather than pseudo-Hollanders. They are not misled by inspiring accounts of how the Dutch threw off the yoke of Spain. Instead of the Malay's gift for flamboyant oratory being fostered, his native talent for decorative design is cultivated. Also, the Dutch have too much common sense to add to the children's task the wholly unnecessary obstacle of giving the instruction in a language foreign to their pupils. And likewise they have common sense enough to realize that, even if "unification" were possible as between the many tribes of their archipelago, it would serve no useful purpose from their point of view.

It may be objected that all of this is merely utilitarian rather than culturally uplifting. But the answer is that the path of the native to higher culture is through improvement in practical productivity. Indeed, one might almost go so far as to say that the ultimate aim of the whole administration in the Netherlands East Indies is greater profit. Some of us might hastily decry this as "exploitation." Undoubtedly, in former centuries the Dutch were exploiters, as were others. But they have learned by experience that development yields greater profits, just as our industrialists have learned that high wages and excellent factory conditions pay. So the entire emphasis is on development in which the first, most direct and most

enduring benefits accrue to those whose circumstances are developed, that is, the natives.

It has been said with truth in the Dutch legislature that their East Indies "are the cork on which Holland floats." That is, the profits from their products and trade are so exceedingly important to Holland that no pains are spared to give them as effective management as possible in every respect. So it seems logical to attribute the otherwise inconceivable improvement of native conditions to the close attention given them by the people and government of Holland because of the importance of the profits involved—a situation in sharp contrast to our public and Congressional neglect of the Philippines while we thought them of little or no material interest to us.

II

This indifference is readily understandable if we recall our own history. The comparatively meager and unpromising resources of our original States forced our forebears into extensive foreign trading for ready money between 1790 and 1860—a period during which our activities in Eastern Asia were second only to those of Britain, and during which Russell, Sturgis & Company, a branch of Russell and Company, of Boston, Canton, and Shanghai, became the leading foreign traders in Manila. But this first overseas phase of our national life gave way to that in which we were wholly absorbed in developing the Mississippi Valley and our West, an undertaking greatly helped by the accumulated profits of our Asiatic trade.

With such broad opportunities and abundant resources for the time at home, and without the spur that had driven earlier Americans and others to search the wide world for supplies and markets, virtually all of us ceased to take conscious interest in overseas affairs of all kinds. So when we took over the Philippines in 1899, we looked upon them more as a field for altruistic social

and political effort than as a very backward country whose peoples would be most benefited by sound development of their economic status with commensurate results to ourselves. In other words, we got the cart before the horse in centering our efforts on the cultural uplift of the peoples of the Philippines before seeing to it that the economic foundation essential to such a superstructure was broadly and solidly laid.

But some years ago we entered on a new national era in which our manufacturers and farmers are beginning to realize that the difference between profit and penury depends on export markets for surplus products and upon assured supplies of foodstuffs and essential raw materials which we cannot raise at home. For as Dr. E. B. Ball, of the Department of Agriculture, recently said, "The United States is to-day a food-importing nation, measured in dollars—that is, we import more of sugars, tea, coffee, spices, nuts, and tropical fruits than we export of wheat and meat." And to this Professor Pearl, of Johns Hopkins University, adds that before the end of the century one-half of the calories required to sustain the people of the United States will have to be imported, principally from the tropics. Also in the matter of raw materials it is common knowledge now that many of our main manufactures are as dependent on key imports from overseas as the entire automobile industry is on rubber.

As may be recalled, this situation was the subject of a special inquiry last winter by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives who reported that the costs to us of imports of rubber, coffee, nitrates, iodine, sisal, raw silk, and camphor—of all of which we consume between a half and three-quarters of the world's production—are materially increased by controls exercised by the governments of the countries in which they are produced. Continuing, the report said that there are some seventy other vital commodities which we do not produce

in sufficient quantities to satisfy our requirements and which could be controlled by action of foreign governments. And it pointed out that if the average price for rubber in November and December of 1925 had held for 1926, we should have been obliged to pay nearly seven hundred and thirty-eight million dollars more than the production cost of our rubber imports for the year and over five hundred and seventy-eight million dollars more than their agreed fair price.

With respect to such government controls, Secretary Hoover said in a concurrent statement:

We must build up free sources of supply for reasons much more far-reaching than the simple purpose of securing unobstructed supplies of raw materials for ourselves. If we cannot secure such freedom in these materials, and if the world is to witness further extension of these controls over other commodities, we are confronted with a most appalling vision of future world relations. It will be a world in which governments are to be engaged in negotiating and "jockeying" to secure favored positions in the distribution of the very lifeblood of industry and the necessities of every-day life.

As things stand, about forty per cent of the tropical lands of the world are independent, fifty-nine per cent are controlled by European Powers, and less than one per cent, consisting mainly of the Philippines, are under our flag. But our imports of such tropical produce as sugar, rubber, camphor, coconut products, hemp, sisal, and other fibres, tobacco, coffee, tea, cocoa, rice, sago, spices, quinine, indigo, and so forth are far greater than those of any other nation and cost us over two billion dollars a year—of which more than five hundred million are an excess charge due to foreign government controls. Yet virtually every variety of these necessities is or could be grown in the Philippines. And as little more than a tenth of the area of the Islands is now under cultivation—although their exports are close to a hundred and fifty million dollars a

year—it follows that the development of all possible parts of the ninety-eight thousand miles of wild lands would produce at least enough to break foreign controls and might go far toward supplying our requirements for some of these commodities.

But as the leading Chinese Mestizo politician of the Islands, Senator Osmeña, recently said, "There can be no economic development until the political situation is cleared up. Foreign capital is needed but will not come in until the uncertainty ends. It is time the situation was cleared up."

III

The diverse characteristics and varying capacities of the peoples of the Islands for political activity not only have contributed to this situation but should be the controlling factors in determining future Philippine political policy.

At present there are eighty-seven distinct ethnographic groups of natives in the Philippines. The three major divisions usually made are as between the Christian Filipinos proper, the Mohammedan Moros, and the many pagan tribes scattered throughout the Archipelago. Incidentally, it should be noted that only the Filipinos proper have the franchise, the non-Christian peoples being represented in the Insular legislature merely by two senators and six representatives appointed by the Governor-General. Likewise, the non-Christian provinces have governors similarly appointed; but their appointments are subject to ratification by the Philippine Senate. As the latter makes a practice of withholding its approval from all nominees other than its own candidates for political preferment—and this almost invariably against Americans—the result in practice is that the non-voting tribes are under the rule of the Filipino politicians.

Naturally, there are such differences in dialect among the many non-Christian tribes, and between them and the Fili-

pinos proper, as to debar general intercommunication. Indeed, the same is true as between such large tribes of Filipinos as the Tagalogs and Visayans whose languages differ more than French does from Italian. In fact, the Philippine legislature has to conduct its proceedings in either Spanish or English for lack of any native medium generally understandable by its members. But not one person in ten in the Islands can speak either one of these two languages.

This may seem surprising in view of the fact that English is supposed to be the medium of instruction in even the primary schools—a provision pursuant to our hope that the eighty-seven varieties of natives will acquire a common means of intercommunication and become "unified," and although thereby the extra difficulty of learning their lessons in a foreign tongue is imposed on the children. But only about forty per cent of the children of school age go to school. The average attendance of those who do go is less than three years, during which they learn little more than American children do in their first year; and less than two out of every ten entrants go beyond the fourth grade, whereas nine out of every ten American school children enter the seventh grade. With such meager and brief school attendance it is inevitable that what little English—of sorts—is learned does not "stick." Nor is it surprising that little more than a third of the population is literate, even in any of the eighty-seven native dialects. And undoubtedly this accounts for the total circulation of newspapers and periodicals published in the Philippines being only about one hundred and fifty thousand, or one for every eighty natives as against one for about every three persons in the United States.

Such conditions seem to contradict the alleged passion of the Filipinos for education, a passion presumably evidenced by one out of every fifty-four children attaining high school. But it is

noteworthy that the very great majority of the fifty-two thousand children in the high schools are either Chinese Mestizos or Spanish Mestizos of whom there are, respectively, about half a million and two hundred thousand in the Islands. For few Malays of unmixed blood have enough ability and tenacity to persist up to the point of entering high school. But even among these more ambitious Mestizo children the great aim is to get a distinguishing diploma rather than a useful education; to be freed from future work rather than to be better equipped to work. Consequently there has sprung up a half-educated class of Mestizo youngsters, locally designated as *ilustrados*, who have the glib assertiveness of the most obnoxious sophomores (*sophos moron* meaning wise fool) and whose one ambition is to be, first, political henchmen and then affluent leaders.

The tragedy of the Philippine school system is that the curriculum of the lower grades was patterned on our own, with emphasis on academics and American political history, in the expectation that, as with us, most of the children would pass on to the higher grades. Few except the Mestizos do this, while the great mass, having been merely exposed to instruction in things entirely beyond their grasp, pass out virtually uneducated and uninstructed in anything that will help them to live their peasant lives more effectively. In our enthusiasm over "universal education" we have most mistakenly failed to adapt the instruction given to the capacities and needs of the people.

Thus we have in the Philippines somewhat more than a million non-Christian natives, of a very low cultural average, and about ten million lowly and illiterate Malay peasants, or taos, as they are called. Scattered in little barrios, they patiently till the soil generation after generation, utterly ignorant not only of the world but of anything more than a few miles from their nipa huts. They are undernourished, disease ridden, and ninety per cent of them are so depleted

by intestinal parasites that, as a people, they would be utterly incapable of holding their own in the world. And lording it over these pitiable millions of taos are the Mestizo politicians and caciques to whom they are absolutely subservient and by whom they are ruthlessly exploited. With the fearsome aid of the politically appointed justices of the peace and fiscals, or magistrates and prosecuting attorneys, the Shylock caciques hold them in servile bondage, while the chief politico in each barrio tells them (as he is told) how to vote. Thus a "unanimous desire for complete, immediate, and absolute independence" is secured. It is a grand system—for the politicians and caciques. While it is the product of quite natural Mestizo cupidity, it has been possible only because of the political incapacity of the tao millions and because of American neglect and ignorance of Philippine conditions. But as the power to prevent or to correct is ours, we Americans and not the natives, whether politicians or taos, are at fault. And if we would estimate the chances of the Filipino masses being independently able to free themselves from their Mestizo overlords and to develop a sentient electorate of the Archipelago as a whole, we can do so from a lecture on constitutional government by Woodrow Wilson in which he said:

Self-government is not a mere form of institution, to be had when desired if only proper pains be taken. It is a form of character. It follows upon the long discipline which gives a people self-possession, self-mastery, the habit of order and peace and common counsel, and a reverence for law which will not fail when they themselves become the makers of law—the steadiness and self-control of political maturity. And these things cannot be had without long discipline. . . . We can give the Filipinos constitutional government, a government which they may count upon to be just, a government based upon some clear understanding, intended for their good and not for our aggrandizement; but we must for the present supply that government. But we

cannot give them self-government. Self-government is not a thing which can be "given" to any people, because it is a form of character and not of constitution. No people can be "given" the self-control of maturity. Only a long apprenticeship of obedience can secure them the precious possession, a thing no more to be bought than given. They cannot be presented with the character of a community. . . .

The conclusion seems inevitable that there must be decades of tutelage, under real protection by us, if the Filipinos and other native masses are to have a chance to develop ultimately the character necessary to actual popular self-government within the Archipelago, not to mention independent self-sufficiency in the seething Orient. And the alternative before them, were we to withdraw before our task is done, would be unending exploitation by their politicians or by their more virile neighbors. But in order to see what corrective steps should be taken now, we must realize what the present political situation in the Islands is and something of how it came about.

IV

In 1908 William Howard Taft, who had been chairman of our first Philippine Commission and was then Secretary of War, used the following terms in expressing to President Roosevelt his understanding of our policy toward the Islands:

Shortly stated, the national policy is to govern the Philippine Islands for the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the Islands and gradually to extend to them, as they shall show themselves fit to exercise it, a greater and greater measure of popular self-government. What should be emphasized in the statement of our national policy is that we wish to prepare the Filipinos for *popular* self-government. . . . Another logical deduction from the main proposition is that when the Filipino people *as a whole* show themselves reasonably fit to conduct a popular self-government, maintaining law and order and offering equal protection of the laws and civil rights to rich and poor, and

(*then*) desire complete independence of the United States, they shall be given it.

While reference is made to "the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the Islands," it is noteworthy that the emphasis is political, is on the development of popular self-government by the whole people and with justice to all rather than on first bringing about those basic human and economic conditions necessarily precedent to good and stable self-government. Whereas the far more developed and justly governed Netherlands East Indies now have only an appointively controlled *Volksraad* under their Governor-General and his Council, in 1907 we set up a legislative Philippine Assembly, elected under a broad franchise although the electorate was even less capable of exercising the vote than it now is. Naturally, the personally ambitious Mestizo Filipinos got themselves elected to it and made it a rostrum from which to demand forthwith the independence William Jennings Bryan had advocated in 1900 as a Democratic party policy. And their clamor was so successful in Washington that, when a Democratic Administration and Congress came into power in 1913, the emphasis in Philippine administrative matters was shifted from good government to Filipino self-government, a shift that was reflected in the organic law for the Islands which Congress enacted in 1916, known as the Jones Law.

This present law set up what is virtually the Congressional system of government, with separation of powers as between the administration, the legislative body, and the judiciary. And in imitation of our system, it provided for ratification by the Philippine Senate of virtually all important appointments to office made by the Governor-General. Undoubtedly this was an inadvertent but none the less disastrous bit of muddling that well illustrates how Congress has acted in Philippine matters without taking into consideration obvious conditions.

As is well known, our President usually has the political support, or courtesy, of the majority in the Senate for the ratification of his appointments. But both parties in the Philippine Senate habitually join in opposing the Governor-General, and not only refuse to ratify his appointments but let him know that they will ratify only their own nominees for appointive offices. It is as though a Republican majority in our Senate were to withhold from a Democratic President ratification of all others than Republicans of its own selection for Cabinet and other offices.

One result in the Philippines is that the Governor-General has forced upon him by their Senate a Cabinet of Filipino politicians upon whose advice and personal loyalty he cannot rely because they may well be both incompetent and antagonistic to him and to his duties. This obliges the Governor-General to call on Washington for trustworthy assistants and advisors. But as the Philippines are under the War Department, only army officers can legally be detailed to such duty. It is somewhat as though our President could fill his Cabinet positions only with such army officers as the War Department might select for him. But by far the most important result of the Philippine Senate's refusing to ratify appointments of others than its own nominees is that, in effect, it thus selects such important officials as the provincial governors, the judges of the courts of first instance, the justices of the peace, and the fiscals. And needless to say, it selects Filipinos and selects them for their subserviency to the chief politicians rather than for their ability to serve the public.

The state of affairs thus brought about is authoritatively described in the following quotation from a letter written by Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, to Senator Osmeña when the latter was Speaker of the House:

Since the government of the Philippines was established by the provisions of the Jones Law . . . it may be said that practi-

cally all measures which received your approval were transformed into laws, and no law could be approved without your consent. The department secretaries, individually and collectively, guided their course of action under your inspiration, and nothing against your opinion was ever performed by them. Recommendations on appointments made by the secretaries to the Governor-General were made upon your initiative, at least with your consent. Your veto in these cases was final and definite.

Such practices put the executive and legislative powers of the government of the Philippines in the hands of two men. I say two because all this was allowed to go on with my knowledge and consent, or at least with my tolerance. Thus there was created without provision that would authorize it, and merely with our consent, not as legislators, but as members of the same party, a truly supreme authority over the Cabinet and the legislature.

Frankly acknowledging that control over appointments had put the executive as well as the legislative powers of the government of the Philippines in the hands of himself and Senator Osmeña, this statement of Quezon's also permits us to draw inferences as to the real attitude of these two chief politicians toward popular self-government by and for the people as a whole. And it should be realized that such sultanic control over virtually every phase of the government gives its possessors the means of perpetuating their power over a politically incompetent electorate. For, as has been suggested, the ramifications of the system down to the petty politicians, justices of the peace and fiscals in the barrios can be and is used not only to exploit the tao electorate financially but to coerce it politically.

In short, instead of presiding over the evolution of a sound popular self-government for the peoples of the Philippines, we have acquiesced in the creation of such a native autocracy as was entirely natural for the Mestizo politicians to set up for their own particular profit if we gave them the chance. And as the power to prevent this has constantly been in

our hands, we and not the natives, whether politicians or taos, have been at fault.

V

Yet it is under such popular and political conditions that some of us give heed to the obviously artificial clamor for "complete, immediate, and absolute independence," or else seriously consider increasing Philippine autonomy by giving the Islands "a Dominion form of government." We should understand that, for the better part of a decade, the leading Filipino politicians themselves have realized that such independence would be extremely detrimental to their interests. What they want is absolute and complete internal autonomy, the discontinuance of an American Governor-General and, above all, the withdrawal of an American Insular Auditor; and yet that we shall protect the Philippines, no matter what may happen to the persons and property of foreigners in them, and shall finance them. The clamor for independence is nothing more than a trading position from which the politicians hope to get, under a Dominion form, a protected and financed autonomy that will let them do whatever they may choose unrestrainedly within the Islands.

There can be no question of our forsaking the peoples of the Philippines until they have proved that, unaided, they can maintain a sound popular government, giving even-handed justice and equal opportunity to all, and doing this under whatever may then be the prospect in the Orient. The only question is what steps we should take toward so developing conditions in the Philippines that their peoples may best acquire the material foundation and matured character precedent to real self-government and ultimate independence, if they then desire it.

The simple and fundamental way to correct the political situation, in the interest of the Philippine masses, would be to end the present tragic farce of pseudo-popular self-government, and

then to develop, rationally and soundly, first the material, secondly the cultural, and finally the political circumstances and capacities of the natives under a Governor-General and Colonial Council who would be given full authority and would be held strictly responsible. But such direct action is not to be considered. We are more likely to attempt to compromise with the present situation by partially palliative measures.

The power of the politicians comes from their control over virtually all political and judicial offices, because ratification by the Philippine Senate is required on appointments nominally made by the Governor-General. If Congress were merely to repeal this provision and were to empower whoever may be Governor-General to make all such appointments without ratification, the power of the politicians, based on patronage, would be utterly destroyed and the now all-powerful legislators would be obliged to look to the Governor-General. Obviously, this would be a "backward step"—from the point of view of the politicians. But it would be a forward step in the interest of good government, provided we were to see to it that a proper person invariably occupied the office of Governor-General. Thus at one stroke, the Governor-General would be enabled to appoint only men believed to be competent and trustworthy to all administrative and judicial offices under him. And then the Philippines would no longer be "The Isles of Fear" where there is neither justice nor mercy for the lowly or politically weak.

Another matter. It is axiomatic among us that self-control is a prerequisite to the proper control of others. Proven ability to maintain orderly self-government certainly should be an essential prerequisite to that greatest of responsibilities, the government of others. Those Filipinos to whom the franchise has been granted have not yet shown that they can govern themselves; and their politicians have manifested the reverse of due regard for the interests of

their own electorate. Nevertheless, and counter to our plighted word to the Moros, they and some seven hundred and fifty thousand other non-Christian natives, living mainly in the wild lands throughout the Archipelago, are now in effect ruled by the politicians, as previously indicated. It may not be desirable to restrict the franchise already given. But those it (nominally) puts in power should not be allowed to rule over other and extraneous areas. Therefore, the powers of the Philippine Legislature should be strictly limited in all matters to the specific electoral districts from which the members of its House of Representatives are elected; and the non-voting peoples and areas of the Islands should be in every respect—as they desire—under the American Administration in the Philippines.

Many of our legislative blunders undoubtedly have been due, in part, to our having no such expert staff of colonial administrators as the British and Dutch have. And it should be realized that the politicians work against our developing such a staff by reducing the salaries attached to offices held by Americans below what they can live on. On the other hand, ever since 1902, the United States Treasury has been turning over as a free gift to the Philippine Treasury (and legislature) all moneys collected as U. S. Internal Revenues on Philippine products sold in the United States—moneys that have amounted to about a million dollars a year. Under proper control in Washington, these moneys should be used directly to pay all salaries and to provide all facilities for the maintenance of all officials whom we see fit to put in the Philippines. Thus our officials there will be in no way beholden to the Philippine Legislature; nor will whatever staff we choose to maintain there be a burden on the Philippine tax payer. Also the detailing of experts not only from the War Department but from all others, should be legalized so that a rounded staff may be built up in the Islands.

Along somewhat similar lines at home the present Bureau of Insular Affairs, which has charge of the Philippines and Porto Rico, should be taken out of the War Department and a proper Office of Overseas Territories should be organized, with a well-rounded staff, capable of handling all of the affairs of the Philippines, Alaska, Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, Porto Rico, the Virgin Island and, perhaps, the Panama Canal Zone. Only by such centralized control of all our overseas territories can we develop a staff competent to give to each the expert management to which each and all are entitled; and only thus can we centralize responsibility for each and all.

It is regrettable that while we looked on the Philippines only as a temporary field for altruistic social and political effort, we paid so little attention to them that the present truly "intolerable" situation developed there. On the other hand, it is very encouraging that now that we are beginning to take a lively interest in the Islands as a source of tropical products essential to us, Congress consequently is awakening to the situation and has provided for periodic visits to the Islands by a Congressional committee. The more Congressmen go to the Philippines and travel the wide world the better. But would it not be logical to expect more comprehensively constructive results from a thorough study and examination, by an open-minded and non-partisan commission, of British, Dutch, and French colonial methods in India, Ceylon, Malaya, the Netherlands East Indies, and French Indo-China?

The results of such a survey, brought home to a proper Office of Overseas Territories, adequately supported by Congress, might well inaugurate a new era in colonial government. Inevitably, we shall be more and more dependent on overseas trade and colonial matters. The quicker we interest ourselves in them and become colonially minded the better it will be for all concerned.



MOTH-MULLEIN

A STORY

BY MARY LISPENARD COOPER

THE sky at that early hour was thin white and blue, faint with mist at the horizon. There was mist too on the low meadows, rising with the scent of hay and of ripe corn. With this thinness of light and sweetness of ripe summer there was a sense of completion in the morning. Something was finished. The deep trees by meadows and the road were darker, bluer green than in June. Above the mist and above the meadows, where pastures lay among the woods of the hills, it was already a dry and flaming tan that the sun brightened.

The white road leading between fields and to those high pastures looked cool and almost soft with its fine dust—a road to follow quietly toward that climb.

From the garden path two people turned to the road. A farmer was coming their way in a red milk cart, an old man, wide face ruddy, and far-sighted eyes a washed blue like his clothes. He leaned forward, straining even his eyes a little, in the attitude of one about to make appropriate inquiries after health.

The gray, worn man with Cynthia spoke. "We'll go by the lane, my dear." His voice was low but a little thin, and the words came quickly, all on one note. "Yes, father."

As Cynthia watched him for a moment her long eyebrows were raised ever so slightly. He laughed a little, looking at the smoothness of her forehead and the clear edges of her lips.

"No, going by the lane won't be too

hard for me. At school you'll go walking in a great procession with thousands of girls to talk to and you won't have to charge off into lanes."

He was talking too fast and unimportantly.

"What shall I say to girls?" she asked. "Will they care about our haymaking and our corn and our apples? And do girls like old tan books with deep footnotes about Roman wines?"

"I suppose with girls at seventeen you'll talk about God and friendship and dancing-lessons and how to arrange this."

He ran a hand over her thick light hair. She felt the thinness of the hand and its smooth heat too great even for that morning. The corners of her mouth deepened, and above long blue eyes the eyebrows almost met. Then after a small movement of her head the frown ceased.

"Well, of course, I shall love talking about my hair if there isn't—if it matters."

In the lane there were only long grass and wild roses. Over these the trees met. The light was made as much of shadow and mist as sun. In that air the man's face was gray and blurred, lined, and folded too deeply for its gauntness.

His daughter looked suddenly away from him. She reached down at her side for a handful of the roses, her eyes on the path ahead. There was a little cry and she glanced at her hand.

"I'm so sorry," said Mr. Lovellow.

"It's not anything. Only half a dozen thorns. Not half so bad as the first day of gardening." She looked up at him with again the slight raising of her brows.

"It is curious," he said, "to find wild roses so late in the summer." His voice was gentle and distant, not meant, you would have said, to reach farther than across a study.

"Yes," she said quickly. "There is something strange about it. They seem unreal here just now."

A few rose petals had fallen, speared on the fine blades of grass. He knocked them off with a jerk of his narrow stick. It was a long unpeeled piece of mountain ash, carved about for nearly all its length with tiny rings: there seemed hardly room for another notch. Cynthia glanced at it.

"So many walks!"

"Yes, good ones. It's time you had a stick, my dear, elderly as you're getting. Mind you make the notches fine and start high."

"I expect at school it would be odd to have a stick. I never saw a girl with one."

"But when, for that matter, have you ever seen a girl at all? I mean a real one such as you'll know, a girl with lovely indoor color and a trick of doing her hair low, and a high sweet voice and a way of copying quotations? With that sort you can, you know, do anything if you tell them I'm—about your father's writing."

She laughed at him, looking up and taking his arm. "I mean, you know, to make you the excuse for all my faults—carrying sticks or sunburn or anything else."

They had come now almost to the end of the lane, to the end of being held back by clinging long grass and longer sprays of roses. Already there was a new sense, for all the quiet, of the brook not far away, making silence calmer, of a swift deep brook that rounded a mountain at the foot with one wide curve.

Presently the line of willows showed where the creek lay, and the lane

stopped. Over the brook there was for a bridge only a single log, high above the stream, which cast on the dark water a blacker reflection. Cynthia looked at it and then at her father with rather wide eyes.

"You're not afraid?" he said. "You weren't afraid when you were four."

"I *am* afraid."

He kissed her between the wideness of her eyes.

"And I have been thinking you were so young! What a very grown-up thing to be afraid of crossing brooks." He was laughing at her. Her lips were white. She stepped with a strained stiff motion upon the log and went across before him.

"Silly of me to be afraid," she said.

"You mustn't be again."

Once on the mountain in the birches the light was clear and shifting, reflected from the high green of fine forest grasses and the bright gray of lichens. It was a light like sea water, just so otherworldly and so transforming: it made for languor and the slowest sort of movement through its floating clarity. Cynthia walked very near her father.

"Let's get out of this," she said. "I don't—it's like *Lyonnesse*—something lost and enchanted."

"You're not scared again? *Lyonnesse* isn't a thing to be afraid of. I've always meant to add my scrap to the poems about it—a very nice place, I'm sure, where they drink only *crème de menthe* and eat mint jelly from the tips of silver spoons. Who'd mind being enchanted there?"

Cynthia was silent. Then, "Well, I'm not afraid now. The thing's not a sea-monster, only lichen; but I don't mind saying I'm glad to see the wall."

For all the smoothing of the winters and the vines, the stone wall at the end of the woods and the edge of the pasture was a rough breaking-off of the liquid lights of the wood.

With a sort of released vigor they stepped past it into the open. In that wide space the heat came sweet and gold-

en, wet from the green lowlands and burnt from the pale sky. Half the heat was the scent of ripe corn and crops and the sweet fern of the wood's edge and the sunned grass of the pasture. Cynthia turned about slowly to the light, arms flung back.

"This is a good place," she said.

"The moths seem to think so," said Mr. Lovellow.

For the clearing was full of the high stalks of moth-mullein, thick-furred dull leaves with wide yellow flowers; and the air about them was in motion with tiny white moth-wings, thinner than the blossoms; but beating, quivering, fainting to be near them as if the flowers meant breath, meant life to white-winged moths.

"Do you suppose it's called moth-mullein because they love it so?" said Cynthia. "It's not fluttery and fine like them." She leaned over to a great stalk. "But it has a little scent, a very frail fragrance."

She dropped upon the grass beside her father.

"You might look it up in that seventeenth-century Dictionary of Arts and Sciences we found," he said. "It's often rather pretty on such matters."

"Then I will."

"But now—I wonder if we could hear their wings if we're still enough."

The moths came near to hanging without motion in the light. For a while it was quiet on the hill.

Cynthia reached out a brown hand to her father's.

"What a great fist you have!" he said. "I've brought you up very badly with gardening and apple-picking."

She brushed her cheek against his hand. He looked at her bent head and then across the valley. His face was deeper lined, not even blurred now, but sharp, gray and white, more than ever folded too deeply for its gauntness. There was quiet on the hill again.

Across the valley came the antiphonal faint chimes of the two churches and then the slow clear tolling for eleven.

"I like the courtesy of those two bells," he said. "They never ring together and one misses either without the other. I suppose they mean it's eleven, though, and we must go."

Cynthia's eyes were very wide. "This is such a good place."

His voice was cool and his words were clipped. "The bells have stopped ringing and we must hurry if the doctor is to take me to the hospital at twelve."

The woods now seemed chilled, more than ever like sea water to close overhead a last time; going down through them was as fast as diving, and as helpless once you started.

"The moths don't like this either," said Cynthia. "You notice they stay in the sun. They stay where the flower is."

"We'll go back through the village," said Mr. Lovellow, at the foot of the mountain. Again there was the slight raising of Cynthia's long brows. Her father smiled. "The street is interesting with everyone in church. And I should like to hear the murmurs of divine service as we pass."

The path to the village along the brook was brief beneath low willows. Mr. Lovellow talked very fast in his distant voice. Cynthia answered with her little smile and her quick questions. At the end of the path, where the village street began, the talking stopped, as if the street were charmed like the wood. In shadows of deep trees and heat fading the shadows, the white houses were freshly ancient, lovely shells of dwellings from which all life had passed; the frail music of a hymn came from the slender church: thin voices of old ladies did their best to belie the dying of the town. Cynthia's hand was on her father's arm, close and firm. His coat was too loose upon his arm and she felt the straight hot thinness through the cloth.

"Poor dears," she said. "Let's shout a lusty folksong for them."

Mr. Lovellow smiled. "You're so sure, then, that would fit the flavor of

this countryside better than hymns on immortality?"

"Who but you should know the flavor of this countryside? Whoever wrote about a thing or loved it half so well? I won't argue there, dear."

"You must begin, you know, to argue everywhere; when—when you're at school you'll have to."

Her lips were white as when she crossed the brook. She smiled. "I shall learn to argue."

Now that they were past the center of the village the houses were standing farther apart, less frail; built wider and set in richer gardens. Their own was the last before the open country. It was sturdily built with weathered wide gray shingles and lay low and long, the flaming garden on one side.

Their feet were nearly noiseless on the old bricks of the garden walk.

"Why haven't we ever planted thyme in the cracks?" said Mr. Lovellow.

"Thyme that hath so sweet a savor?" Oh, it must be planted there. Mint wouldn't grow where it's so dry, would it?"

A long stalk of hollyhock had fallen across their path. He leaned over and lifted it gently back among the others. His bending was steady at first but broke quickly into a jerk.

"It seems to me I've never seen it grow so high," he said.

At the threshold he stopped to look at his watch before entering the shadows of the hall.

"It's nearly time for me to go. I'd better get my bag."

"I'll wait here, dear," said Cynthia. She sat on the warm step at the head of the path, where the row of flowers ended; she sat stiff and erect with her hands flat at her sides, almost clumsy and still with the stillness of an archaic statue: that dulled and permanent dark stillness. The high sun was shining sharply in her eyes and on her head, but she looked past the walk and the flowers, beyond meadows and lower hills to the bright tan of the upland pasture where

moth-mullein grew. Her uneven breathing was short and deep, her nostrils faintly indented.

The noise of the doctor's car came from the distance. Cynthia lifted her head with a quick movement. Her eyes closed slowly, lids quivering. There was a sound of her father's weighted steps in the hall. Rising swiftly, she met him at the door. He put an arm about her shoulders. She roughened her hair against his coat.

"I heard the car," he said, "I thought I'd be ready."

For a moment there was silence. Then he spoke again, his voice deeper and his words accented, swift.

"Cynthia, this has been a good morning, hasn't it?"

"The very best sort, darling."

"It's what, aside from you, I'm hating most to leave—to exchange for the hospital and for—what is to come after that. Will you promise me that afterwards you'll go when you can to that pasture? My dear, you're not to cry." He was holding her stiff straight body close and looking into her wide dry eyes. "Cynthia, it's the sort of place and morning I should like to think of you caring for. You promise?" She bent her head, unable to look into his eyes, gray ones meant for calm, but now bright with illness. He let her go. "I know you do," he said. "I needn't have asked."

She looked up, lips white and straight, blue eyes blazing. "It's all right, Father; don't you worry, dear. I won't—cry."

The doctor had come, a dusty man with a brisk, tired voice.

"Good morning, Miss Cynthia. All ready, Mr. Lovellow? Splendid." He swung the suitcase into his car and fussed at length about placing it in the back.

"Are you sure everything was in your bag?" said Cynthia.

"Everything, darling. You've quite spoiled me with such beautiful care. I shall find even the most registered nurses clumsy. I expect there'll never have been anyone at your school quite

so thoughtful and so wise and so fond. They'll love you."

She looked back and up at him, laughing a little, a laugh pitched too high for her low voice.

"Will they, my dear? I shall try to make them: but then they're probably more particular than you."

The doctor had placed the suitcase. Mr. Lovellow's hands were once more hot and thin on Cynthia's. "Father—!" she said.

"Darling—my dear Cynthia—" He was kissing her. "You're to like school—and study—and write better than I have."

"I'll be very good."

He kissed her lightly a last time and left. From the car he turned and waved his hand, a small gesture. She smiled, the sun in her eyes.

When the car was out of sight, the road that had been cool and soft in the early morning was now a dried, drained white, hard and dull. Once the noise of the car had gone, there was the hot whirr of a locust. It quivered like the heat-waves above the road. Cynthia

went very quickly into the house. At the door she stopped to look again across the heat-mist of the meadows to the bright pasture. Turning, she went stiffly from the shadowy hall into the coolness of the library. Stopping before a shelf, she pulled down with a strange little movement a thick book with powdery calf binding and a fragrance of age about it. She rested it upon a desk and turned the clinging leaves quickly, as with some purpose, past many fine-flavored words—marigold—marzipane—mead—moth-mullein. The pages lay still and smooth beneath her fingers pressed on them to whiteness.

"It is called moth-mullein not because for fragility or brevity of life it is like those faint-heart creatures; but because, for the softness of its leaves and the sweetness of its tender flowers, moths are ever about it and delight to hover there."

Her hands fell away from the book. She flung her arms across the pages and shaking, sobbing beyond any help, she dropped her head upon her arms.





CULTURE AND BARBARISM

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IT WAS, perhaps, the performance of Racine's "Phèdre" at the Théâtre Français weeks ago that started these random yet precise reflections. Against cardboard columns and a soiled blue back-drop a group of markedly fleshy ladies and gentlemen rendered with an icy and exorbitant eloquence the lines of that dramatic poem which the anonymous editor of my cheap but excellent Garnier edition declares to be "*le chef d'oeuvre de l'esprit humain, et le model éternel, mais inimitable, de quiconque voudra jamais écrire en vers.*" The house was packed. This was a different world from that of the music halls where you hear nothing but the Ohio drawl or the Piccadilly diphthongs. Here were the Latins absorbed in their great tradition of discipline and order and of the transposition of experience into pure art. Transposition is a pale and feeble word. A happening among rude and remote tribes longer ago than the imagination reaches crystallized through the ages into a legend. Greek poets of a late and subtle period used that legend in their verses. Through them it trickled down the changeful centuries to a time when even their words had become pale and hard to read with any certainty of their meaning, and drifted at last into the consciousness of the Christian Frenchman of the seventeenth century. The audience at the Français applauded that far-brought eloquence:

*Justes dieux qui voyez la douleur qui m'accable,
Ai-je pu mettre au jour un enfant si coupable!*

Somehow that scene in the theater blended in my mind with another recent

scene. Cornered in a French drawing-room, a political discussion thrust much against my will upon me, I suggested in my halting French that the history of the world war was being rewritten and reinterpreted. A handsome and dignified gentleman in a frock coat inimitably like a toga, with a red ribbon in his button-hole, thrust his hand, Napoleon fashion, into his bosom and spoke in the rounded periods of a classical eloquence, "*N'ayez pas peur!*" How sonorous he was and how handsome and how convinced! Behind him stood the legions of Cæsar and Napoleon and the shades of Cicero and Bossuet and the whole tradition of Church and empire and war and patriotism and glory: "*N'ayez pas peur! La France n'a pas voulu la guerre!*"

Was it vagrant fancifulness or an orderly association that again and again brought these two scenes back to me as I was reading that elderly Tory's collection of patriotic extracts which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has chosen to call the Oxford Book of English Prose? Here you will find Fielding glorifying the British Navy and Christopher North on the religion of patriotism and a thousand other variations of the same theme and the whole culminating in an excellently written passage in which Mr. Chesterton declares that at Crécy, on the banks of the river Marne "Christendom was delivered once more."

Perhaps it was. For profoundly, beyond all differences, Christendom meant and means one thing to La Bruyère ("*Français et Chrétien*") and Racine and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Santayana, who

—quite rightly with his vision—is affronted by Shakespeare's morose barbarism, and to Mr. Paul Elmer More. To all of these Christendom means the great tradition of patriotism and war and victory and hierarchical, fore-known virtues and vices, and nobility and objectivity in literature, and discipline and order and conformity in life. All of them would have detested and detest the industrial revolution and the liberation of the masses and romanticism and Protestantism and the rising of the voice of the free personality. As it was from 1815 to 1848 so it is now. The old ideals of that, let us say, classical and Roman interpretation of Christendom prevail, and Horthy holds rule in Hungary, Mussolini in Italy, Primo de Rivera in Spain. The world is full of loyal knights and of the virtues of knighthood; men are trying hard not to be men but obedient tribesmen and henchmen. Down with Rousseau and the Revolution! We may have objective literature again—epics and tragedies concerning “noble” persons and subjects—stupid fighters like Agamemnon, megalomaniacal vulgarians like Napoleon, enmeshed in all the tawdriest delusions: titles, fabrics, palaces, gear, and pomp of this mortal scene. All may yet be well.

Nil desperandum est Teucro duce et auspice Teucro!

II

Am I slaying the thrice slain? Am I, an American speaking to Americans, babbling of “old, unhappy, far-off things”? Hardly. I shall omit Americanization and the public praise and private envy of Fascism by our more shabby and brutal magnates. Literature is my theme, is it not? Well, then: in the innermost core of the mind even the American, democrat, protestant, child of the revolution, still holds in awe the substance of the so-called classical tradition, still dreams of the “noble objectivity” of the great race before the flood, still thinks the lyricist, the subjectivist, the autobiographer a little meaner than

the epic celebrator of some savage slayer of men, still, if he be himself that personal essayist or autobiographical novelist, nurtures a secret doubt, almost a hidden shame.

The critics and reviewers, even the supposedly liberal ones, are quite open and definite in the matter. Why, they exclaim, must so and so always be talking about himself? Why are you always reading the history of himself and his family in the novels of a Theodore Dreiser or a Thomas Mann? Have these men no creative vision and energy? Toward the frank revealer of his experience they are even more condescending and seem always to feel a half-embarrassed patronage. Without knowing it they think all subjective literature—using that term quite broadly—a little ignoble, a little barbarous. They are fond of talking about “egotism”; somewhere in their minds hovers the ghost of that classical tradition according to which obedience, law, order, objectivity, impersonality—let not the jester or minstrel speak except in praise of his chieftain!—are the true marks of an enduring work. They may not know it; they do not consciously know it. Within them hovers the ghost, and they obey it. The classical, hieratic, Romano-Christian, the antique and broadly Latin mood still seems to them the mood of a humane culture; the modern, personal, pervasively lyrical has an inescapable touch of barbarism in their minds. They may not speak out as do Mr. Santayana and Mr. More. They are apologetic, as was the late Jules Lemaitre, concerning their absorption in the romantic, the modern, and the personal. Not being Frenchmen they cannot, as he did, end in the bosom of Racine.

What am I after? A complete and conscious reversal of this position and the laying of a ghost that has stalked long enough. Brave men lived before Agamemnon! How true. They are plentiful in bombing squads. There was but one Homer. Would that he had spoken out! The objective, classical tradition is the tradition of henchmen, of poets with no

audience except the chieftain who threw them broken meats. Theseus was a king, and the schools say that Racine was a great poet, and the obedient French audience applauds and believes that France did not will the war but is a white-souled victim of whom the American Shylock demands his pound of flesh, and can be deluded and dragged into war again. And the banners of knighthood will flutter, and obedience and loyalty and the virtues of ancestors will be the watchwords of the hour. But there were also Montaigne and Voltaire and Anatole France. They will be swept out of the field of consciousness in that new "*union sacrée*," and men will be drunk with blood and with the mystical babbling of M. Paul Claudel. What is the "sacred union"? The elimination of protest, freedom, the free play of personality, the critical and distinguishing vision of the sum of things. It is form with a preordained substance. It is the classical; it is (in the sense of Empire, Ecclesia, war, glory, crusading) Christendom. It is the objective and the traditional. It results in the power of the State. But men rot in trenches. With Christianity, with *Urchristentum*, with that essentially Jewish repudiation of force and war and property itself, with that ennobling, by virtue of their mere humanity, of slaves and outcasts it has no relation. Where is culture? Where is barbarism? Why do the critics distrust the modern autobiographical instinct, the Judaeo-Christian, Protestant, Romantic and saving speech and protest of the free man? Is the "*union sacrée*" nobler—the "*union sacrée*" of tradition and objectivity and the hush of all things but the braying of trumpets over the unspeakable shambles of some new Verdun?

"Look in thy heart and write." People quote Sidney and do not know how grave the admonition was. They quote Goethe's "*Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide*," and think it merely eloquent and moving and do not know that in those two sayings is summed up the

whole matter of literature: speech of the eternal Prometheus to his fellows concerning what his pain and his rock and his vultures and his clouds and patch of stars have told him of the riddles "of man, of nature and of human life." Nor do they stop to remember that these two sayings, uttered by two men of different centuries and lands and civilizations, are themselves links in the chain of a tradition older and nobler than that of objectivity and order, of rule and fixity, of generalization and decorum. Before the Greeks invented their forms, before Aristotle wrote that description of them which the children of the Latins were to misunderstand and misuse so long, the confessing individual had arisen in literature. "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was a herdsman and a dresser of sycamore trees: and Jehovah took me from following the flock, and Jehovah said unto me, Go, prophesy." Thus Amos, the earliest of the prophets of Israel. But did not, in more urbane terms, Socrates say precisely the same thing and assign to himself precisely the same motive? "Though I be well disposed toward you, O Athenians, and your friend, yet I shall obey the God rather than you, and as long as I breathe and am able I shall not cease searching out the truth and admonishing and persuading whomever among you I meet in my wonted way." These two had looked into their hearts; a God had given them the power to express what they had suffered. And they were impelled to share that knowledge with their fellows for the sake of light, for the sake of salvation. There we have the autobiographic, the confessional impulse, changeless in its essential character throughout the ages, despite all alterations in mood, in variety, in form. Paul and Lucian, Augustine and Dante, Montaigne and Luther, Bunyan and Milton, Swift and Voltaire, Rousseau and Hazlitt and Shelley and Heine and Goethe, whose works were "one long confession," satirists and mystics and men of the world, and all the long roll of modern

poets and philosophers and novelists—all looked in their hearts and wrote, all found that a God had given them the power to express what they had suffered; all felt that out of the depth of that suffering they must go forth to prophesy, to admonish, to persuade. Thoreau and Whitman and Tolstoi and Nietzsche, and even Shaw—are they not all in the same case? And what of the pseudo-classicists whenever they are real men? What are the *Lives of the Poets* but the opinions, prejudices, reminiscences, sufferings of Johnson? Why does the preface to the dictionary move us so or the letter to Chesterfield? The eternal individual human voice. “*Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide.*”

III

The epic, objective, anonymous, balladesque that rests upon uniformity, law, and rule, upon the obliteration of the individual in obedience to chief, state, academy, or convention—this is the barbarous. It is identical with tribal psychology, with mass-mindedness, with supine imprisonment in the delusions of loyalty, cruelty, hatred, and war. Its long and taut discipline have given to the classical elegance and definition of form. But it cannot be said that the great autobiographers from Amos to Augustine and from Montaigne to Goethe have written ill. Their works are apt to be more fragmentary because experience and speech melt only into the horizons of the infinite. But the autobiographic tradition, the tradition of the individual speaking out of the depth of inner experience to his fellowmen, creating his form even as he speaks—this tradition is as old, is older and nobler than that other of objectivity and rule and obedience and finiteness and superimposed law. It is older and nobler. It has been a saving tradition. Men read epic and ballad and classical tragedy or see the cathedrals of the Middle Ages and admire ferocity in war and the obedience of henchmen and uninquiring faith in baseless myth. They read Amos and

Socrates, Montaigne and Goethe, and Whitman, and they are set free for the pursuit of goodness and of truth. The autobiographic tradition is the tradition of a humane culture. Yet the critics babble about egotism and indiscretion.

The autobiographical impulse, changeless in its essential nature of confession and persuasion, has become enormously complicated in modern times by its necessary alliance with the art of prose fiction, of imaginative narrative. Naturally, then, it is from this very art, from this art upon its lower and lowest levels, that the most striking proof of the truth of my tentative argument can be brought. Examine second-rate objective fiction. The stories, whether of love or crime or adventure, are mean and trivial and stupid beyond description. But examine any of those first autobiographical novels by young men and women of which we have had so many in recent years. There is not one without some pertinence, some tang of life, some moment of eloquence, some radiant page. In art invention is nothing: the communication of experience is everything. It is quite true that many of these young men and women have no second work in them. The high awareness of youth was all their stock—a better stock than the endless spinning of yarns. “Talent,” writes Thomas Mann in his great essay on Tolstoi and Goethe, “talent could almost be defined as *Schicksalsfähigkeit*”—as capacity for an individual fate or lot, as high awareness of the trend and quality and character of one’s experience, and of the relation of that experience to society, to nature, to God. Now this *Schicksalsfähigkeit* may vary very greatly in strength, intensity, productive power. It may suffice only for one youthful novel. It may be rich enough for a long series of great works. He who possesses it is an artist, a *vates*; he who lacks it is an artificer. To take an obvious and common instance: Mr. Sherwood Anderson is *schicksalsfähig*; he finds it intensely difficult both to construct and to speak at all; but he has that essential mark of

the artist-prophet. Mr. Zane Grey is an artificer. He tells his tales as another man carves fancy tombstones. He is much more glib, objectic, obedient to the prevalent *mores*. He is much more classical. For what is it to be classical but to have ease of form and to repeat the moral and intellectual patterns by which the state has found it easy to keep men in subjection in both peace and war?

IV

It must be clear by now that the autobiographical impulse of which I have been speaking is a far profounder and more important one than the merely lyrical. The lyric cry at the discrepancy between dream and fulfillment, between our demands on the universe and its penurious gifts—this lovely and ringing and fruitless cry is likely to fall silent more and more before that other graver, richer, more philosophical but equally personal examination and communication of experience. How extraordinarily rich and creative it is! It includes, for instance, the whole of that modern literature which we call realistic or naturalistic. "We describe best," Balzac once wrote, "that which has given us pain." And so the modern novelist, especially the naturalist, from Flaubert to Dreiser, has described the pain he has suffered and the things that hurt him, and has tried, by that creative act, to heal himself, to mitigate the pain of others, to rob the evil from which he has suffered of pretension and of power. He has been confessor and prophet, poet, reformer, and revolutionary. The classicists have been quite right in never accepting his "objectivity" of method and results; they have been quite right in allying him with another tradition than their own. For their objective writers accept the world and the state and society as they are. But Hauptmann and Samuel Butler and even Sinclair Lewis—names can be taken almost at random—describe what has

given them pain, proclaim and confess, delineate the evil that is under the sun in order to destroy it, project this world of their pained vision in order to shatter and remold it nearer to the desires of an enlightened and humane intelligence.

Let me anticipate the trivial question which the youngest generation may raise: what becomes of pure art? There is no such thing except in the realm of the merely decorative. The substance of art is human experience, and morals and politics and even metaphysics are merely names for the inevitable modes in which that experience occurs. You may drop or repudiate those names. The groundwork of art which is human experience remains the same.

There is a transcendent answer to this and all similar questions. It is this: art is not life; the two are not identical. The impulse of the artist may be purely autobiographical; he may record nothing but his most intimate experiences; he may—it has happened—be accused of slander and sued for libel. These are all the follies of the unseeing. When the work is finished—a work of art and not a reporter's notes—it has become transposed into another and more intelligible world; it has become detached from the world of mere reality and transferred by form and creative interpretation and the prophetic activity of the artist beyond the sphere of mere resemblance into one where it shares separateness and self-sustainingness with other phenomena of the major order. The tree is not the seed nor art the original suffering and substance that gave it birth. But experience and free speech born of experience are its impulse and its mood and will be its impulse and its mood increasingly. These and not generalization and conformity. The old, old controversy between classical and romantic, objective and subjective is not so much destroyed as transcended. The function of literature is not to multiply the bad examples of old but to help save the world.



THE ECONOMICS OF WORLD HEALTH

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

ONE shudders a bit at the very thought of an economic evaluation of life. How much is a mother, a wife, or a child worth? The very words leave one cold; for life in its full implications is not commensurable with money. Life and health have a much higher and deeper value for us than money; in fact, they give value to everything else. Life and health are ends in themselves. They do not require any further justification for their conservation. If, therefore, in this paper I appear to evaluate life and health in terms of dollars and cents, it is not because that is the only way of evaluating them. I am simply attempting to place a money value on one very narrow aspect of life, namely, its actual cost to maintain, and its productive value in terms of dollars and cents. In this sense alone, life and health have economic value, and their evaluation on this basis should render a real service to those who are engaged in their protection.

It is a habit with us Americans to emphasize the importance of our national wealth but always in terms of real property, machinery, and of manufactured products. We quite forget that human life exceeds in value all such goods by a very large margin. Human capital is the nation's greatest asset. No wonder that we are wasteful of our human resources. We appreciate the value of life and health only when we lose them. It is when earnings cease through illness, and expenses mount that we recognize the value of life and health. It is when the breadwinner of a family is

removed through accident or disease and the mother and young children must become self-supporting that, first the dependents, and later the community, realize the large capital value which has been lost. But, even if such circumstances bring us the realization of the value of the individual, we give ordinarily little thought to the value of our living assets as a whole. We express in a hundred ways this indifference and lack of understanding. We are free with money as no other people, but are niggardly indeed with expenditures that are intended to conserve life and health. We do not realize how great are the immediate possibilities for saving our human resources and how profitable an investment life conservation can be.

To lay a foundation for the proper understanding of the economics of life and health it is necessary first to determine some items in the cost of human life and to discover also the net value of the earnings of average individuals. For a number of years my associates and I have been engaged in making a series of computations along these lines. Our first task was to calculate what it costs to bring up a child in a typical American community to age 18 when he may become self-supporting. Our computations were for the great body of wage-earning families of the country whose total family resources are about \$2,500 a year. Under present conditions the cost of rearing a child in such families to the age of self-support, including all the usual items of food, shelter, clothing, education, etc., etc., is \$7,238. Includ-

ing interest on the capital and making due allowance for the cost of those who do not survive age 18, the amount is increased to a little more than \$10,000. This amount does not include one very important item, namely, the money value of the mother's care. We were compelled to limit ourselves to the family's money income, but we recognize that the working mother makes a real contribution to the total income of the family; for if wages were to be paid commensurate with the mother's value in the bringing up of children, the sum would be considerable and would add materially to the \$10,000 actually spent by the family in raising a child to self-support. Our figure is, therefore, a minimum and will serve to keep our other calculations conservative.

The cost of bringing up a child may be looked upon as capital invested which will produce future returns. The process of raising children may be compared with winding up a piece of machinery which is later expected to do useful work. From an economic standpoint the bringing up of children is an investment, in fact, a very profitable investment not so much for the immediate family as for the community as a whole. The great majority of adults produce a good deal more than they consume and add to the capital value of the communities in which they live. If this were not so, the total national wealth would not increase as rapidly as it has during the last century. Our second effort accordingly was to compute the value of a man as a wage earner, that is, to determine the returns from the investment in human capital. Our computation proceeded with the same group of people, namely, those who were in the \$2,500 income class. We did not include the money equivalent of the wife's services. But, disregarding this item, we found that the present worth at age 18 of his future earnings was calculated well in excess of \$41,000, and the present worth of his future expenditures less than \$13,000. The present worth at age 18

of the net future earnings of a man in this economic class was accordingly close to \$29,000. The maximum value of a man in this income class is reached at age 25, when the present worth of his net future earnings is more than \$32,000. With advancing age, the present worth of net future earnings declines. At 50, it is \$17,510; at 60, about \$8,500. After age 70, the present worth of net future earnings is negative because earnings cease and the cost of maintenance continues. An astonishing item in our calculations is the high economic value of a child at birth. We found the sum to be \$9,333. This is the amount which it would be necessary to put at interest at three and a half per cent, in order to bring up the child to age 18 and to produce the net income throughout the working-period of life. At age 5, the corresponding figure is \$14,156 and at age 15, \$25,341. If we had assumed a higher rate of interest than three and a half per cent, the amounts would have been correspondingly smaller; at four and a half per cent, the value at birth would be one half as high. But in any case, the money value of children is no small matter. They represent, in a sense, the value of the social inheritance which comes to a human being because he is born in an economically organized state.

In the same manner, we computed the value of a man whose maximum earnings are \$5,000 a year. This represents a fairly large group of professional and small business men who have had better opportunities to advance themselves than their fellows. At age 18, the present worth of the net future earnings of a man in this group was found to be \$34,320. The actual maximum value occurs at age 32 when the net future earnings are worth \$49,100. The \$2,500 man reaches his maximum value seven years earlier at the age of 25, but his value as a producer is then \$17,000 less. The value of a child at birth in this group is \$9,629 and at the other ages of childhood the figures are only a little

more than those I have quoted for the children in the \$2,500 income families. This is because of the much higher cost of bringing up a child in the higher income class.

It costs money to raise human beings to the point of self-support, at least \$10,000, as we have seen. When they begin to work they produce a great deal more than they cost. We have calculated from the data which I have just presented to you—the value of males in the \$2,500 income class—what the sixty million male persons in the United States are worth. That is, we have computed, with regard to their present ages, the sum of their net future earnings. The aggregate figure is considerably over a thousand billion dollars. Unfortunately, we are not able to compute with the same exactness the economic value of the female population because the housewife's contribution to the family budget cannot be measured in dollars and cents. But, there are more than eight million gainfully occupied women in the United States, and those that are not gainfully employed have decided economic value to their families and to the State. If we estimate that the economic value of women in general is only one-half that of men, this will make the value of that sex 500 billions and the total vital assets, males and females combined, over 1,500 billion dollars. Our national wealth in material assets in 1922 was 321 billion dollars. This includes real property, live stock, machinery, agricultural and mining products, and manufactured goods of all sorts. Our vital capital, therefore, exceeded our ordinary material wealth about five to one.

II

This striking relationship between living capital, on the one hand, and material capital, on the other, is not limited to the United States, although it is possible that the difference between the two may not be as great in some other coun-

tries. Professor Nicholson, as far back as 1891, estimated that the living capital of the United Kingdom was five times that of all other capital. It would be a laborious task to determine the corresponding figure for England and Wales at the present time or to check up the figures for other nations. But, I should not be surprised if somewhat similar figures were obtainable in all civilized countries. For, even if human values, man for man, are economically lower in other lands than in our own because of lower per capita production and lower wages, the same relationship probably holds between live capital on the one hand and other forms of wealth on the other. In any case, we must see very clearly how great is the value of human life the world over. The figures I have quoted suggest how necessary it is to give due consideration to an effort to conserve this, the most valuable of our national resources.

With these figures as a background, we are now in a position to realize somewhat the losses which result annually from the interruptions due to illness and death. Our bodies are, after all, machines which need occasional overhauling. They wear out sooner or later, depending a good deal upon the care they receive. Sickness is one of the commonest of the facts of life and one of the most disturbing, as it interferes with production and breaks up normal family routine. It will be interesting to estimate the total economic loss sustained in this country on account of illness. Some years ago Doctor Frankel and I made a series of studies on the extent of sickness among a half million insured persons. The figures showed that about two per cent were constantly sick. Other observers, following similar methods, have confirmed our results, namely, that the average individual in the United States loses about seven days each year from sickness involving inability to work. There are additional days of discomfort which interfere more or less with a person's duties, but these

were not included in the statistics. Converted into economic terms, this means that there is a loss of two per cent of total current production. This, in round numbers, amounts to more than a billion and a quarter dollars annually in the United States. To this figure should be added the cost of such items as medical care, hospital service, drugs and appliances, and the like. To ascertain the extent of these expenditures we made an investigation of the cost of sickness among a group of people and found that the average annual expenditure was \$19 per capita for medical and nursing care and other items necessary in illness. This figure is probably higher than the average for the general population because the group studied had a rather favorable economic status. But, even if half this figure be used, say in round numbers \$10 per capita, the total cost of medical care, including all items, would amount to more than a billion dollars a year. We may, therefore, say with confidence that sickness costs directly in lost wages, in reduced production, as well as in the necessary care, a total of two and a quarter billion dollars a year.

Huge as these figures are, they do not cover the total which should be placed to the account of illness. In many instances sickness causes premature death, removing individuals in their prime when they have real and large economic values. Somehow, we must evaluate the total community losses which result from this item of premature death. I have calculated that about a third of the deaths which occur every year, even under the present conditions, are preventable. To be sure, the great bulk of such preventable deaths are in infancy and childhood. But I have shown you that even at these younger ages human beings have considerable monetary value. Every year 120 thousand babies die from altogether preventable conditions during the first year of their life. There is no reason for this slaughter except the ignorance of mothers and the indifference of the communities where

they live. Possibly it might make a difference if our legislators realized that these babies have a capital value of more than \$9,000 if they are boys, and of \$4,600 if they are girls, and that the capital lost throughout the country from this preventable infant mortality reached the astounding figure of more than three-quarters of a billion dollars a year. If there are those who question my mathematics, I can still counter by recalling that there are enough preventable deaths of adult men and women which would make a real impression on economic production, to say nothing of the general happiness of the people of the United States. Every year more than 30,000 young men and women between 25 and 29 years of age die from entirely preventable causes, and their capital value, having in mind their net future earnings, is about three-quarters of a billion dollars. Having due regard for the value of life at each age period, I estimate that the total capital value of the lives which can be saved annually through the application of modern preventive medicine and public-health measures is over six billions of dollars. The losses, as you see, from sickness and preventable death are enormous, as one might very well expect in view of the immense value of human life in the United States.

III

One would think under such conditions that no effort would be spared to conserve our living resources. But we have scratched only the surface of the possibilities in this direction. It would be quite unfair, however, to give the impression that nothing has been accomplished. The gains in extending human life and preventing sickness have been really considerable during the last half-century. There is already abounding evidence that the work of the public-health authorities to prevent illness and to conserve life, considered from a purely economic viewpoint, pays large dividends. Let us take the situation in a

city like New York. The results are fairly typical of what has happened in other large centers of population. In 1875, the death rate was 28.3 per 1,000; in 1925, it was 11.5, or a reduction of 59.4 per cent. A better measure of the improvement is perhaps the gain in average duration of life. In 1880, the average life-span was about 40 years in New York City and most likely in other urban centers in the United States. It is now 55 or 56 years, a gain of about 15 years in less than a half-century. The greatest gains have been achieved recently. In 1901 a baby born in the U. S. Registration Area might expect to live 49.24 years; this expectation of life has now risen to 57.32 years. The present figures are not accidental but the result of a definite trend which has been fairly continuous for a whole generation, reflecting the work of a new force in the life of the people.

It will be interesting to examine the facts of the death rate for a number of the more important causes. The diseases which have been most reduced are those which affect infants and young children. In the last twenty years, the infant mortality rate has been cut 60 per cent. In the past one might almost have said that babies were born to die, for as many as one quarter of them did not survive the first year. To-day, in most American communities, only about 7 per cent die during that first difficult year and two-thirds of these deaths will be prevented in the near future. Not long ago typhoid fever was a common cause of sickness and death throughout the United States. Even as late as 1900 the death rate was 36 per 100,000 in the Registration Area. Epidemics raged in the large cities of the country because of polluted water supplies and because little was done to prevent the spread of the disease through secondary infection. But, with the installation of excellent water systems in the larger cities of the country, the typhoid-fever death rate dropped in an amazing manner. This disease is now not far from extinction,

certainly in the northern and urban sections of the country. The public-health campaign has been especially successful in the reduction of tuberculosis. In 1900, the death rate from this disease was 195 per 100,000. It is now less than one-half as high. More than 100,000 people are kept alive each year who under the old conditions would have succumbed to this disease alone. Diphtheria is another disease which the public health movement is on the point of wiping out completely. At the end of the last century this was one of the most important causes of death among children. When the first Registration figures became available in 1900, this disease had a death rate of 43.3 per 100,000; in 1923, this was reduced to 12.1, and it is rapidly dropping everywhere throughout the country. To-day we are considering seriously the possibility of the complete elimination of diphtheria by 1930 in such large areas as the State of New York. The more widespread application of known methods of prevention such as the general inoculation of children with toxin-antitoxin will completely conquer this scourge of childhood.

Possibly the most striking demonstration of the effectiveness of the modern health campaign is the experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company with its millions of Industrial policy holders. Seventeen years ago, this organization instituted a program of health education and of nursing service for its working-class members. This business organization has expended altogether over twenty millions of dollars in this campaign. It has increased its annual budget for welfare work in response to an ever-increasing demand for service and also to the increasingly favorable results of the work done. For during this period the mortality rate has declined more than 30 per cent and the accumulated saving in mortality between 1911 and 1925, which can be ascribed only to the welfare work of the Company, has totalled the amazing sum of 43

millions of dollars, or twice the total expended. During this period of the demonstration the death rate from tuberculosis among the Industrial policy holders has been reduced over 56 per cent; from typhoid fever, the reduction has been about 80 per cent; from the communicable diseases of childhood, the reduction was 55.5 per cent, and from diphtheria alone, the reduction was over 62 per cent since 1911. In every important condition the death rate has declined among the Industrial policy holders fully twice as fast as has occurred in the general population. As a result, the expectation of life of this group of workers and their families has increased by nine years during the interval, whereas the corresponding increase in the general population is about five years. Health work, when properly undertaken and adequately financed, pays by every test of a modern business organization.

IV

These achievements in the field of public health, both official and private, have completely changed the life of the average citizen in the modern State. People in our country, at least, no longer live in dread of the plague, of cholera, of yellow fever, of virulent smallpox, or of pernicious malaria, and a host of other specters. If they pass the rigors of childhood, they are generally able to round out a good expectation of years, to bring up their families, and otherwise to live a normal and happy life. Never, probably, in the history of the world has there been such widespread wellbeing for great masses of people. This is, I believe, in large measure, the response to the great improvement in health conditions which has occurred. Increased efficiency and huge productivity, uninterrupted by illness or preventable death, have ushered in many advantages which follow from a high level of economic wellbeing.

In spite of these achievements, there is still a large field to cultivate. Tuber-

culosis still causes a hundred thousand deaths annually and a loss of about two and a half years in the average expectation of life of the entire community. If this disease could be eliminated just that number of years would be added to the expectation of every member of society. Accidental deaths are becoming more frequent with the extension of the use of the automobile and the development of industry. The elimination of accidents would add more than a year to the average expectation of life. A goodly proportion of the deaths from heart disease, certainly those which occur at the younger ages, are preventable, and their prevention would add appreciably to the life span. And, thus in its entirety, if we were but willing to utilize the knowledge which we have of preventive medicine, in the life of the American people, we should raise the expectation of life from its present point of 57 or 58 years to close to 65. The discovery of a method to control cancer and a few other obscure diseases would further increase this expectation appreciably. But, even if we discount these future discoveries and limit ourselves to the application of such knowledge as we now have and which is only waiting to be applied, an average duration of life of 65 years is an entirely possible one for the American people. The people of New Zealand are very close to such an achievement at the present time. What they can do, we with our superior resources can do likewise.

We are confronted, therefore, with a very real situation. We know how great is the value of human life. We know also how great are the current losses from sickness and death. We have the knowledge and the necessary resources for the control of disease. Obviously, we must put our knowledge to work. That is the program of the public-health movement of the immediate future. To-day, public-health work is in its infancy in spite of its achievements and the demonstration of its power. Most American communities still have no local health administrations,

inadequately financed, inadequately manned. Less than fifty cents per capita probably represents the total expenditure of the American people for public health. The money spent for medical service is almost altogether for the care of disease and not for its prevention. The relationship were better reversed. A new era of intensive public-health work must be brought about which will make available to the American people the power of this new branch of science. Expert opinion of public-health officials indicates that an expenditure of \$2.50 per capita wisely directed through organized channels against the preventable diseases and for public-health education would reduce the annual death rate two points per thousand and correspondingly increase the expectation from five to seven years. The money value of these added years of life as we have seen, runs into billions of dollars. There is no greater opportunity for a quick and more certain return on any investment than an investment in public health. The people of the United States and, in fact, of the whole world have not waked up to the enormous possibilities of profit in preserving life and health.

V

I am not unmindful of the fact that my subject is the economics of world health and that I have given very little consideration to other countries than the United States. This I have done because, as an American, I am most interested in the United States, and also because our country presents a rich detail of data not always present for other countries of the world. We can fortunately establish a basis for the development of an international viewpoint on health matters through the consideration of American conditions. There is, of course, a world-aspect to our problem, and I shall say a word with regard to that.

Much the same conditions exist to-day the world over, although countries vary somewhat with regard to the prevalence

of disease, the expectation of life, and the economic value of their citizens. But, everywhere there is a great opportunity for the extension of health and for the prolongation of life and the increase of capital assets. It was in England that the modern public-health program took form and developed; and it is not surprising to find that among the English-speaking peoples the very best conditions of longevity and productivity occur. It is in far-away New Zealand that the longest average life time is found. The expectation of life at birth is more than 62 years in that country, and only a little less in Australia. The Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, which very early applied the newer public-health procedures, have conditions very much like those of the United States, perhaps even a shade better, namely, an average expectation at birth of about 58 years. England itself falls only slightly below these figures, with an average of about 55 years; France, Germany, Italy and Japan before the War had expectations varying from 45 to 48 years, or about ten years less than our own country. India stands at the very bottom of the list of the countries of the world, with an expectation of about 23 years.

These figures are the best basis of comparison we have for the wellbeing and prosperity of the nations of the world. Where life is long, debilitating sickness is less prevalent and economic production is highest. The extraordinary prosperity which has been witnessed in the United States is, in large measure, the result of the control which has been exercised over disease; of the freedom which men and women have attained to labor without interruption and without fear; the opportunity that our children have gained to grow up in the care of father and mother, amply supplied with the necessities of life and preserved from the trials and sorrows of broken families. Where, as in India, the duration of life is short, existence is surrounded by fear of death, and of crippling, and of invalid-

ism. The capital spent in bringing up children is largely wasted because so few reach maturity to continue their full productivity for a period long enough to pay for themselves, with no thought of adding to the wealth of their country.

No greater service can be rendered to insure the general peace and prosperity than to improve the world's health. In this field of labor there are no international jealousies, but rather international obligations and opportunities. A low standard of health in any country is a menace to all its neighbors; in fact, to the whole world. It was because Europe and America were indifferent to the existence of influenza centers in Asia that this disease could later spread to all the world, causing more damage to life than the Great War. Prevention of disease and the prolongation of life for the people of India, for example, will bring prosperity to all the nations that have dealings

with them; for the people of India will become better producers and, therefore, better customers for the products of the whole world. It is obviously, therefore, to the interest of the leading nations—those who have enjoyed greater advantages and opportunities in health work—to make available these advantages to those who are backward and to those who lack financial ability to institute progressive measures on their own account. The International Health Board, the Health Organization of the League of Nations, and those other bodies which function in international health service are at the very forefront in bringing nations together on a higher plane. Such work creates a better understanding between nations and increases mutual trust and respect. What concerns the health of the people touches after all the most responsive chord in the heart of mankind.

SHADOWS

BY ALICE BROWN

WITHIN my room there is another room,
 Another bed and table, other chairs.
 They spring to life from out the envious gloom
 When, at my touch, the startled night lamp flares,
 Releasing harmonies of form divine,
 Offspring, it might be, of some vagrant wit,
 Enchanted artifice, matching beauty's line,
 Or else, with freakish antic, mocking it.
 Dear are the little kindly gods of home
 The fingers touch, the eye may straightway see,
 And dear their lovely wraiths that bid me come
 Into that chamber where, in secrecy,
 Moving among them is the One who seems
 The shadow image of my shadow dreams.



IS PROGRESS A DELUSION?

BY WILL DURANT, Ph.D.

Author of "The Story of Philosophy"

THE Greeks, who seem, in the enchantment of distance, to have progressed more rapidly than any other people in history, have left us hardly any discussion of progress in all their varied literature. There is a fine passage in Æschylus where Prometheus tells how his discovery of fire brought civilization to mankind, and where in fifty lines he gives such a summary of the stages in cultural development as would be considered immorally modern in Tennessee. And there is a fleeting reference to progress in a fragment of Euripides' (*The Suppliants*.) But there is no mention of the idea in Xenophon's recollections of Socrates or in Plato; and Aristotle's cold conservatism puts the notion implicitly out of court.

The Greeks conceived history for the most part as a vicious circle; and the conclusion of Lucretius, that "all things are always the same" strikes the note of classic opinion on the subject from Zeno to Aurelius. The Stoics counselled men to expect nothing of the future. Even the Epicureans took their pleasures sadly and seem to have felt, like the late Mr. Bradley, that this is "the best of all possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil." Hegesias, the Cyrenaic, pronounced life worthless, and advocated suicide; doubtless he lived as long as Schopenhauer.

Pessimism was to be expected in an Athens that had lost its freedom; but the same despair sounds in Roman letters at every stage of Roman history. Horace is a praiser of times past; Tacitus and Juvenal deplore the degeneracy of their

age; and Virgil turns from his fancies of a new Saturnian glory to phrase with his melodious felicity the gloomy notion of an Eternal Recurrence, a perpetual cycle and aimless repetition of events: "There will again be a Tiphys and another Argo to carry beloved heroes; there will be also other wars, and great Achilles will again be sent to Troy." The hourglass of æons will turn itself around and pour out the unaltered past into an empty and delusively novel present. There is nothing new under the sun; all is vanity and a chasing after the wind.

What were the causes of the hostility or apathy of the Greeks to the idea of progress? Was it due, as Bury thinks, to the brevity of their historical experience, the very rapidity with which their civilization reached its apex and sank again? Or was it due to their comparative poverty in written records of the past, and a consequent absence of the perspective which might have made them realize the marvel of their own advances? They too had had a Middle Age, and had climbed for a thousand years from barbarism to philosophy; but only towards the end of that ascent had writing graduated from bills of lading to the forms of literature. Parchment was too costly to be wasted on mere history. Or again, was this unconcern with progress due to the arrested development of Greek industry, the failure of the Greeks to move appreciably beyond the technology of Crete, or to produce in quantity those physical comforts which are at the base of the modern belief in progress?

In our own Middle Ages it was a similar dearth of luxuries which kept the notion of progress in abeyance, while the hope of heaven became the center of existence. Belief in another world seems to vary directly with poverty in this one, whether in the individual or in the group. When wealth grows, heaven falls out of the focus, and becomes thin and meaningless. But for a thousand years the thought of it dominated the minds of men.

Wealth came to Western Europe with the Renaissance and the Industrial Revolution; and as it multiplied it displaced the hope of heaven with the lure of progress. That greatest event in modern history—the Copernican revelation of the astronomic unimportance of the earth—made many tender souls unhappy; but its reduction of heaven to mere sky and space compelled the resilient spirit of man to form for itself a compensatory faith in an earthly paradise. Campanella, More, and Bacon wrote Utopias, and announced the coming of universal happiness. Europe, *nouveau riche*, imported luxuries and exported its asceticism and its saints. Trade made cities, cities made universities, universities made science, science made industry, and industry made progress. Gargantua writes to Pantagruel, "All the world is full of savants, learned teachers, vast libraries." "In one century" (the fifteenth), says Pierre de La Ramée, "we have seen a greater progress in men and works of learning than our ancestors had seen in the whole course of the previous fourteen centuries." This has an uncomfortably contemporary sound; what century has not heard some spacious self-estimate of this kind? But it was the keynote of the Renaissance; we hear it as an organ point in every line of Francis Bacon; it strikes the dominant chord of the modern soul; and the idea of progress is for modern Europe what the hope of heaven was for medieval Christendom. If man does not really progress, then the last prop of our faith is fallen, and we stand frustrate and

ridiculous in the sight of the smiling stars.

This dearest dogma of the modern mind found its most confident expression in the exuberant optimism of the eighteenth century. Rousseau was out of key, and preferred America's savages, whom he had not met, to the cruel Parisians who had rasped his nerves; he thought that thinking was a form of degeneracy, and preached a Golden Age of the past that was obviously a *Nach-schein*, as Teufelsdröck would say, of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man. But when we come to the irrepressible Voltaire we catch at first breath the exhilarating air of the Enlightenment. This "Grand Seigneur of the mind" had no delusions about the Indians; he knew that man was better off under civilization than under savagery; he was grateful for the slow and imperfect taming of the human brute; and he preferred Paris to the Garden of Eden.

It was his disciples Turgot and Condorcet who made the idea of progress the moving spirit of our day. Condorcet, escaping in 1793 from that consistently savage Rousseauian, Robespierre, wrote, far from his books and his friends, one of the most optimistic books ever penned by man—*Sketch of a Tableau of the Progress of the Human Spirit*. Having finished this magnanimous prophecy of the coming glory of mankind, Condorcet fled from Paris, was captured at a village inn, and confined in the village jail. The next morning he was found dead on the floor of his cell. He had always carried about with him a phial of poison to cheat the guillotine.

To read Condorcet is to realize to what a bitterly disillusioned and skeptical generation we belong. What eloquence he pours forth on the subject of print!—he is sure it will redeem and liberate mankind; he has no premonition of the modern press. "Nature has indissolubly united the advancement of knowledge with the progress of liberty, virtue, and respect for the natural rights of man." Prosperity will "naturally dispose men

to humanity, to benevolence, and to justice." And then he formulates one of the most famous and characteristic doctrines of the Enlightenment: "No bounds have been fixed to the improvement of the human faculties; the perfectibility of man is absolutely indefinite; the progress of this perfection, henceforth above the control of every power that would impede it, has no other limit than the duration of the globe upon which nature has placed us."

In his final chapter Condorcet draws a tempting picture of the future (by which he means our time). As knowledge spreads, slavery will decrease among classes and among nations; "then will come the moment in which the sun will observe free nations only, acknowledging no other master than their reason; in which tyrants and slaves, priests and their stupid or hypocritical instruments, will no longer exist but in history and upon the stage." Woman will be emancipated from man, the worker from the employer, the subject from the king; perhaps, even, mankind will unlearn war. And Condorcet concludes passionately: "How admirably calculated is this view of the human race to console the philosopher lamenting the errors, the flagrant acts of injustice, the crimes with which the earth is still polluted! It is the contemplation of this prospect that rewards him for all his efforts to assist the progress of reason and the establishment of liberty. He dares to regard these efforts as part of the eternal chain of the destiny of mankind; and in this persuasion he finds the true delight of virtue, the pleasure of having performed a durable service which no vicissitude will ever destroy. . . . This sentiment is the asylum into which he retires, and to which the memory of his persecutors cannot follow him; he unites himself in imagination with man restored to his rights, delivered from oppression, and proceeding with rapid strides in the path of happiness; he forgets his own misfortunes; . . . he lives no longer to adversity, calumny, and malice, but

becomes the associate of these wiser and more fortunate beings whose enviable condition he so earnestly contributed to produce."—What courageous optimism! what idealism! what a noble passion for humanity, and for truth! Shall we scorn more the naïve enthusiasm of Condorcet or that intellectual sloth and moral cowardice which have held us back from realizing his prophecies?

Behind these splendid philosophies lay the Commercial and Industrial Revolutions. Here were machines, new marvels; they could produce the necessities, and some of the luxuries of life at an unprecedented speed, and in undreamed-of quantity; it was only a matter of time when all vital needs would be met, and poverty would disappear. Bentham and the elder Mill thought, about 1830, that England could now afford universal education for its people, and that with universal education all serious social problems would be solved by the end of the century. Buckle's *History of Civilization* (1857) stimulated the hope that the spread of knowledge would mitigate human ills. Two years later Darwin spoke; the secularization of the modern mind was enormously advanced, and the idea of a coming Utopia replaced not merely the geographical heaven, but the legendary golden past. Spencer identified progress with evolution, and looked upon it, to a certain point, as an inevitable thing. Meanwhile inventions poured from a thousand alert minds; riches visibly grew; nothing seemed hard or impossible to science; the stars were weighed, and men accepted bravely the age-long challenge of the bird. What could not man do? What could we not believe of him, in those happy days before the War?

II

Of course there had been some philosophic doubts of progress long before the Great Madness came. Fontenelle, in his *Dialogues of the Dead* (1683), had pictured Socrates and Montaigne discuss-

ing the question—presumably in hell, where all philosophers go. Socrates is anxious to hear of the advances that mankind has made since his fatal cup; he is astounded to learn that men are still brutes, incapable of dying without metaphysics. Montaigne assures him that the world has degenerated; there are no longer such powerful types as Pericles, Aristides, or Socrates himself. The old philosopher shrugs his shoulders. "In our days," he says, "we esteemed our ancestors more than they deserved; and now our posterity esteems us more than we deserve. There is really no difference between our ancestors, ourselves, and our posterity. *C'est toujours la même chose.*" And Fontenelle's summary is judicious: "The heart always the same, the intellect perfecting itself; passions, virtues, vices unaltered; knowledge increasing."

"The development of humanity," said Eckermann, "seems to be a matter of thousands of years." "Who knows?" replied Goethe, "perhaps of millions. But let humanity last as long as it will, there will always be hindrances in its way, and all kinds of distress, to make it develop its powers. Men will become cleverer and more intelligent, but not better, nor happier, nor more effective in action, at least except for a limited period. I see the time coming when God will take no pleasure in the race, and must again proceed to a rejuvenated creation." "The motto of history," says Schopenhauer, "should run: *Eadem, sed aliter*"—the same theme, but with variations. Mankind does not progress, said Nietzsche, it does not even exist; or it is a vast physiological laboratory where a ruthless Nature forever makes experiments; where some things in every age succeed, but most things fail. So concludes Romantic Germany.

About 1890 Arthur Balfour suggested, in his genially devastating way, that human behavior and social organization are founded not on thought, which progresses, but on feeling and instinct,

which remain almost unchanged; so he explained the apparent failure of our increased knowledge to give us greater happiness or more lasting peace. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." "In all the world," said Anatole France (if we may believe Brousson), "the unhappiest creature is man. It is said, 'Man is the lord of creation.' My friend, man is the lord of suffering."

The socialist critique of modern industry did some damage to our faith in human progress. The endeavor to make people vividly realize the injustices of the present took the form of idealizing the content and peacefulness of the forgotten past. Ruskin, Carlyle, Morris, Kropotkin, and Carpenter painted pictures of the Middle Ages that made one long to be a serf attached to the soil and owing to some lord a share in one's product and one's wife. Meanwhile the liberal critique of modern politics, exposing corruption and incapacity in almost every office, made us doubt the divinity of democracy, which had been for a century our sacred cow. The development of printing and the Hoe press resulted rather in the debasement of the better minds than in the elevation of the worse; mediocrity triumphed in politics, in religion, in literature, even in science (Nordic anthropology, barn-yard eugenics, Viennese psychology, pragmatist philosophy). The "art" of the moving picture replaced the drama; photography drove painting from realism to cubism, futurism, *pointillisme* and other symptoms of cultured neurosis; in Rodin sculpture ceased to carve and tried to paint; in Strauss and Ravel and Scriabine music began to rival the delicate melodies of Chinese pots and pans. And finally came the War.

We discovered then how precariously thin our coat of civilization was, how insecure our security, and how frail our liberties. War had decreased in frequency and had increased in extent. Science, which was to be the midwife of progress, became the angel of death,

killing with a precision and a rapidity that reduced the wars of the Middle Ages to the level of college athletics. Brave aviators dropped bombs upon women and children, and learned chemists described the virtues of poison gas. All the international amity built up by a century of translated literatures, co-operating scientists, educational exchanges, commercial relationships, and financial interdependence melted away, and Europe fell apart into a hundred hostile nationalities. When it was all over it appeared that the victors as well as the fallen had lost the things for which they had fought; that a greedy imperialism had merely passed from Potsdam to Paris; that violent dictatorships were replacing orderly and constitutional rule; that democracy was dying, or dead. Hope faded away; the generation which had lived through the War could no longer believe in anything; a wave of apathy and cynicism engulfed all but the youngest and least experienced souls. The idea of progress seemed now to be one of the shallowest delusions that had ever mocked man's misery, or lifted him up to a vain idealism and a monstrous futility.

III

Perhaps, nevertheless, progress is real?

"If you wish to converse with me," said Voltaire, "define your terms." What shall we mean by "progress"? Subjective definitions will not do; we must not conceive progress in terms of the spread of any one religion, or any one nation, or any one code of morals; an increase of kindness, for example, might scandalize our young Nietzscheans. Is an objective definition possible—one that would hold for any individual, any group, even for any species? Let us provisionally define progress as increasing control of the environment; and let us mean by environment all the circumstances, external and internal, that condition the realization of desire.

Progress is the domination of matter by form, of chaos by mind and purpose. Spencer was right and Huxley was wrong; evolution and progress are one; they are both of them the conquest of the environment by life.

Put in this way, the problem of progress in man is simplified almost to a platitude. By common consent, human knowledge is increasing; and by common consent knowledge is power; the power of man over his environment grows visibly year by year. What shall we say of this argument?

We must guard against loose thinking. We may not compare the worst (or the best) of our age with the selected best (or worst) of all the past. If we find that our philosophers are slighter than Plato, our sculptors less than Angelo, our painters inferior to Raphael, our poets and composers a little short of Shakespeare and Bach, we need not despair; these stars did not all shine on the same night. Our problem is whether the total and average level of human ability has increased, and is increasing.

That it has increased since the earliest known state of man is hardly to be doubted. Under the complex strains of city life we take imaginative refuge in the quiet simplicity of savage days; but in our sober moments we know that this is a romantic flight-reaction from our actual tasks; like so many of our youthful opinions, this idolatry of barbarism is merely an impatient expression of our adolescent maladaptation. A study of such savage tribes as survive on our sophisticated planet shows their high rate of infantile mortality, their short tenure of life, their inferior speed, their inferior stamina, their inferior will, and their superior plagues. The friendly and flowing savage is like Nature—delightful except for the insects.

But the savage might turn the argument around and inquire how we enjoy our wars and our politics, and whether we think ourselves happier than the tribes whose names resound in the text-books of anthropology. The believer in prog-

ress will have to admit that we have made too much progress in the art of war; and that our politicians would have adorned the Roman Forum in the days of Milo and Clodius,—though we may consider Mr. Coolidge an appreciable improvement upon Nero. As to happiness, no man can say; it is too elusively subjective to lend itself to measurement. Presumably it depends first upon health and then upon wealth. We are making sufficient progress in wealth. Our thousand fads of diet and drugs predispose us to the belief that we must be ridden with disease as compared with the men of simpler days; but this is an illusion. There is one test of health—and, therefore, in part of happiness—which is objective and reliable, we find it in the mortality statistics of insurance companies, where inaccuracy is ruinous. In some cases these figures extend over three hundred years; in Geneva, for example, they show an average length of life of twenty years in 1600, and of forty years in 1900. In the United States, in 1920, if we may believe Professor Irving Fisher, the tenure of life averaged fifty-three. This is incredible, if true. Taking the figures for granted, we may conclude that if life is a boon at all, we are unquestionably progressing in the quantity of it which we manage to maintain.

Having made these admissions and modifications, let us try to see the matter of progress in that total perspective which is philosophy. When we look at history in the large we see it as a graph of rising and falling cultures—nations and civilizations appearing and disappearing as on some gigantic film. But in that irregular movement of countries and that chaos of men certain great moments stand out as the peaks and essence of human history, as the stairway of the progress of mankind. Step by step man has climbed from the savage to the scientist; and these are the stages in his growth.

First, *speech*. Think of it not as a sudden achievement, nor as a gift of the

gods, but as the slow development of articulate expression, through centuries of effort, from the mate-calls of animals to the lyric flights of poetry. Without words, generalization would have been stopped in its beginnings, and thought would have stayed where we find it in the brute. The infinite subtlety of the modern mind, as in an Einstein or an Anatole France, was made possible by the development of speech.

Second, *fire*. Fire made man independent of climate, gave him a greater compass on the earth, and offered him as food a thousand things inedible before. But above all it made him master of the night; it shed an animating brilliance over the hours of evening and the dawn. Picture the dark before man conquered it: even now the terrors of that primitive blackness survive in our traditions and perhaps in our blood. Our overspreading of the night with a million man-made stars has brightened the human spirit, and made for a vivacious jollity in modern life. We cannot be too grateful for the light.

Third, *agriculture*. Civilization was impossible in the hunting stage; it needed a permanent habitat, a settled way of life. It came with the home and the school; and these could not be till the products of the field replaced the animals of the forest or the herd as the food of man. The hunter found his quarry with increasing difficulty, while the women whom he left at home tended an ever more fruitful soil. This patient husbandry of the wife threatened to make her independent of the male; and for his own lordship's sake he forced himself at last to bend his back to the prosaic tasks of tillage. So woman domesticated man, as she domesticated the cow and the pig. His domestication, his taming, still goes on, and is far enough from being complete: he is born for hunting rather than for agriculture or industry; hence his cruelty, his orgies of violence, his restlessness, and his occasional relish for war. But woman and civilization are winning; the hunting propensities are

weaker; the male is becoming a pacifist and a vegetarian, and discovers the pleasures of the home at the very time when his wife has exhausted them.

Fourth, *the conquest of animals*. Our memories are too forgetful and our imaginations too unimaginative to let us realize the boon we have in our security from the larger and sub-human beasts of prey. Animals are now our playthings and our helpless food; but there was a time when every step from hut or cave was an adventure, and the mastery of the earth was still undecided between beast and man.

Fifth, *social organization*. Here too is a gift unfelt, because we are born within the charmed circle of its protection, and never understand its value till we wander into the disordered or solitary regions of the earth. God knows that our congresses and parliaments are dubious inventions, the distilled mediocrity of the land; but despite them we manage to enjoy a security of life and property which we shall appreciate more warmly when war or revolution shall have reduced us to primitive "liberty." After all, we must not excite ourselves too much about political corruption or democratic mismanagement; politics is not life, but only a graft upon life; under its vulgar melodrama the traditional order of society gently persists in the family, in the school, in the thousand subtle forces that change our native anarchism into some measure of co-operation and good-will. Without consciousness of it, we partake of a luxurious patrimony of social order built up for us by a hundred generations of trial and error, war and peace, accumulated knowledge and transmitted wealth. What ingrates we mortals are!

Sixth, *morality*. Only a disordered mind can suppose that there is an excess of morality in this world; despite the songs of Zarathustra we see no immediate need of men becoming "more evil." Let us congratulate ourselves on any moral improvement that appears in our race. We are a slightly gentler species

than we were; capable of greater kindness, and of generosity even to distant peoples whom we have never seen, or who have been our recent enemies. We still kill criminals; but we are more uneasy about it, and the number of crimes for which we mete out the ultimate punishment has rapidly decreased. We still exploit our immigrant labor, but we must soothe our consciences with "welfare work." Our prevailing mode of marriage, chaotic as it is, represents a pleasant refinement on marriage by capture or purchase, and *le droit de seigneur*. The emancipation of women, despite the biological problems which it entails, indicates a certain growing gentility in the once-murderous male. And love, which was unknown to primitive man, or was only a hunger of the flesh, has flowered into a magnificent garden of song and sentiment, in which the passion of a man for a maid, though vigorously rooted in physical need, rises like a fragrance into the realm of living poetry.

Seventh, *tools*. In the face of the romantics, the machine-wreckers of literature, the pleaders for a return to the primitive soil (dirt, chores, snakes, cobwebs, bugs), we sing the song of the tools, the engines, the machines that are liberating man. These multiplying inventions are the new organs with which we control our environment; we do not need to grow them on our bodies, as animals must; we make them and use them and lay them aside till we need them again. We grow gigantic arms that build in a day the pyramids that once enslaved a million men; we make for ourselves great eyes that search out the invisible stars of the sky, and little eyes that peer into the invisible cells of life; we speak, if we wish, with quiet voices that reach across continents and seas; and we move over the land and the air with the freedom of timeless gods. What more astounding romance could there be than the story of Icarus' dream and Leonardo's patient diagrams, and then that triumphant leap into the air

by the modest and undiscourageable Wrights? Granted that mere speed is worthless: it is as a symbol of persistent human will that the airplane has its highest meaning for us; long chained, like Prometheus, to the earth, we have freed ourselves at last, and now we can look the skylark in the face. . . . No, these tools will not conquer us. Our present defeat by the machinery around us is a transient thing, a plateau in our progress to a slaveless world. The menial labor that degraded both master and man is lifted from human shoulders and harnessed to the tireless muscles of iron and steel; power becomes cheaper than brute brawn; soon every waterfall and every wind will pour their beneficent energy into factories and homes, and man will be freed for the tasks of the mind. The slave will be emancipated not by revolution but by growth. The proletariat will not dictate, it will disappear.

Eighth, *science*. In a large degree Buckle was right: we progress only in knowledge, and these other gifts are rooted in the slow enlightenment of the mind. Here in the modest nobility of research and the silent battles of the laboratory is a story fit to balance the chicanery of politics and the futile barbarism of war. Here man is at his best, and through darkness and persecution mounts steadily towards the light. Behold him standing on a little planet, measuring, weighing, analyzing invisible constellations; predicting the vicissitudes of earth and sun and moon and witnessing the birth and death of worlds. Or here is a seemingly unpractical mathematician tracking new formulas through laborious labyrinths, clearing the way for an endless chain of inventions that will multiply the power of his race. Here is a bridge: a hundred thousand tons of iron suspended from four ropes of steel flung bravely from shore to distant shore and bearing the passage of countless men; here is poetry if your soul is not dead! Or this citylike building mounting audaciously into the sky, guarded against every strain by the

courage of our calculations, and shining like diamond-studded granite in the night. Here shall you find new dimensions, and new elements, and new atoms, and new powers. Here in the rocks is the autobiography of evolving life. Here in the laboratories biology prepares to remake living organisms as physics has remade the face of the earth. Everywhere you come upon them studying, these unpretentious, unrewarded men; you hardly understand where their devotion finds its source and nourishment; they will die before the trees they plant will bear fruit for mankind. But they go on.

Yes, it is true that this victory of man over matter has not been matched with any kindred victory of man over himself. The argument for progress falters here. Psychology has hardly begun to understand, much less control, the desires and actions of men. To-day we stand at the cradle of this new and hazardous science; we see it passing through psychoanalysis, behaviorism, glandular mythology, and other diseases of adolescence; and we might well despair of anything so harassed and muddled at its birth. But psychology will survive these storms and ills; it will be matured by the responsibilities which it audaciously undertakes. Three hundred years ago Francis Bacon, standing at the infancy of modern physics, predicted a thousand marvels to be found and formed by physical research. How moderate those predictions seem beside their multiple fulfilment! And what if psychology were entering now upon a like development; what if another Bacon should map its territory, point out the objectives of its attack, and the "fruits and powers" to be won: which of us, knowing the surprises of history and the courage of man, would dare to set a limit to the achievements that will come from our growing knowledge of the mind? Perhaps man, having remade his environment, will turn round at last and begin to remake himself?

Ninth, *education*. More and more completely we pass on to the next genera-

tion the gathered wisdom of the past. It is almost a contemporary innovation, this tremendous expenditure of wealth and labor in the equipment of schools and the provision of instruction for all; perhaps it is the most significant feature of our time. Only a child would complain that the world has not yet been totally remade by our spreading schools, our free colleges, and our teeming universities; in the perspective of history this great experiment but begins. It has not had time to prove itself; it cannot in a generation undo the ignorance and superstition of a thousand years. But already the results appear, like the first green shoots of April's soil. Why is it that, broadly speaking, tolerance and freedom of the mind flourish more easily in the North than in South, if not because the South has not yet won enough wealth to build enough schools? Who knows how much of our preference for mediocrity in office, and narrowness in leadership, is the result of a generation recruited from impoverished foreign lands, or too occupied with a primitive environment to spare time for the plowing and sowing of the mind? What will the full fruitage be when every one of us knows the happiness of school-days, and finds an equal access to the intellectual treasures of our race? Consider the instinct of parental love, the profound impulse of every normal parent to raise his children beyond himself; here is the biological leverage of human progress, a force more to be trusted than any legislation, tenoned and mortised in the very nature of man. Adolescence lengthens now with every generation; parental care increases as blind fertility disappears. We begin more helplessly, and we grow more completely towards that higher man who struggles to be born out of our imperfect and half-darkened souls. "The young are fortunate; they will see great things."

Tenth, *writing and print*. Again our imagination is too weak-winged to lift us to a full perspective; we cannot vision or recall the long ages of ignorance,

impotence, and fear that preceded the coming of letters. Through those numberless generations men could transmit their hard-won lore only by word of mouth from parent to child; if one generation forgot, or misunderstood, the weary ladder of knowledge had to be climbed anew. Writing gave a new permanence to the achievements of the mind; it preserved for thousands of years, and through a millenium of poverty and superstition, the wisdom found by philosophy and the beauty carved out in drama and poetry. It bound the generations together with a common heritage; it created that Country of the Mind in which, because of writing, genius need not die.

And now as writing united the generations, print, despite the thousand prostitutions of it, can bind the civilizations. It is not necessary any more that civilization should disappear. It will change its habitat: doubtless the soil of every nation will refuse at last to yield its fruit to improvident tillage and careless tenancy; inevitably new regions will lure with virgin soil the lustier strains of every race. But a civilization is not a material thing, inseparably bound, like an ancient serf, to a given spot of the earth; it is an accumulation of technical knowledge and cultural creation; if these can be passed on to the new seat of economic power the civilization does not die, it merely makes for itself a new home. Nothing but beauty and wisdom deserve immortality. To a philosopher it is not indispensable that his native city should last forever; he will be content if its achievements shall be passed on, to form part of the permanent possessions of mankind.

Already it is possible to transmit imperfectly a body of culture from one civilization to another, as once it was transmitted from age to age. Australia and New Zealand need not begin at the bottom; they can share in the civilization of the motherland to a degree utterly impossible before the telegraph and the printing press. We are witnessing a new species of parental care exer-

cised by one civilization over another. But it was by parental care that man outgrew the ape; perhaps by a similar solicitude a civilization can enshrine its values in a fresh form and a newer scene before it decays in the place of its birth. Now that dancing wires and leaping waves bind all the world electrically into an intellectual community, it will be a little harder for the accidents of time to destroy the cultural inheritance of the human race.

We need not worry, then, about the future. We are weary with too much war, and in our lassitude of mind we listen readily to a Spengler announcing the downfall of the Western world. But this arrangement of the birth and death

of civilizations in cycles of 1800 years is a trifle too exact; we may be sure that the future will play wild pranks with this mathematical despair. There have been wars before, and wars far worse than our Great one. Man and civilization survived them; within fifteen years after Waterloo, defeated France was producing so many geniuses that every attic in Paris was occupied. Never was our heritage of civilization and culture so secure, and never was it half so rich. Let us do our little share to preserve it, augment it, and pass it on, confident that time will wear away chiefly the dross of it, and that what is finally fair and noble in it will escape mortality, to illuminate and gladden many generations.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

BY EDWARD DAVISON

A *T* last the cygnet, preening his plumed snow,
Wins the midstream. Mark his new beauty well!
Erect, uplit he sails; in the clear flow
Reflected, breast and wing
And proud beak winnowing
The April air, all carved like a sea shell.

Out of deformity he grew to this
Divinest form, burgeoning on the stream,
A living water-flower. He scorned the hiss
And cackle in those ranks
That watched him from the banks;
He knew what seed he was: he had his dream.

And the dream raised the seed and molded him
In its own secret image, secretly:
Refashioned him, curved serpentine and slim
That delicate white neck
Feathered without a fleck,
Taught him his poise, shaped him the thing you see.

O Thou that shepherdest the waddling geese
Upon the flowery banks of Helicon,
Bid the hoarse gabble, the upbraiding cease,
And guide thy flock to see
How lonely and leisurely
Sails on this sunny river the young swan.



FREEDOM VS. COMPULSION IN RELIGION

THE ISSUE BEHIND THE COLLEGE CHAPEL QUESTION

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

DURING the last few years we have grown accustomed to hearing about a phenomenon which the alarmists like to describe as "unrest in the colleges." In the old days unrest would have meant riots on the campus, conflicts between town and gown, or other eruptions of the spirit of carnival. To-day it means something quite different. Sometimes as I contemplate the academic scene I am reminded of the White Queen's remark: "'She's in that state of mind,' said the White Queen, 'that she wants to deny *something*—only she doesn't know what to deny'"—with this difference, that the modern undergraduate wants to deny everything. Let us deny the Dean and all his rules; let us deny our antiquated curriculum; let us deny enforced attendance on lectures; let us deny compulsory chapel. Of these it is perhaps the last which has succeeded in drawing to itself most attention, for the reason that here the outside public can most readily understand and sympathize with the undergraduates' attitude. Whatever may be the real grounds for student hostility to compulsory chapel, the reason most often advanced—that compulsion should have no place in the free personal life of religion, coincides pretty accurately with the judgment of the ordinary man, when the ordinary man ventures to reflect at all on the claims of organized religion. The revolt against compulsory chapel is, after all, merely a symptom of a fairly widespread distrust of organization as applied to the

spiritual in distinction to the material side of life and of a feeling that we should refrain from trying to organize the emotions, sentiments, appreciations, or thoughts of the individual.

To realize how sound is this distrust of the letter that killeth, one need only peruse the dismal record of fatalities. Love of country is an admirable sentiment. But once let it be organized and it produces official patriotism, obligatory salutes to the flag, propaganda, heresy-hunting, one hundred per cent Americanism, and all the other abominations. To play games for the fun of the thing is beautiful and proper, but organize athletics and the result is such phenomena as the Great Golf Cult with its bands of devotees and its solemn ritual; cheering sections; quantity production of the rah-rah brew for a fuddled and somewhat disheveled Alma Mater; and the pompous nonsense of those who assure us that football develops moral character. The typical career of a religion is the story of an original impulse smothered by formalism. It begins with an inspired founder and a few followers whose faith and piety is as fresh and genuine as his. As it grows it gathers to itself a theology, a creed, an ecclesiastical hierarchy, a liturgy, and all the other adjuncts of a powerful institution. It has become a going concern. Authority everywhere usurps the place of freedom. The early enthusiasm gives way to formal obedience, faith to orthodoxy, love to duty.

Such, I take it, is the kind of evidence

invoked by those who dread the paralyzing touch of the organizer. It might form the basis of an impressive argument. The main conclusion would seem to be that the growth of the institutional side of religion is fatal to the personal and genuine religious life. This conclusion deserves some scrutiny. For, I think, it makes too much of the opposition between discipline and liberty and that it assumes too lightly that personal religion can afford to dispense with the institution and all its works.

Before coming to examine the question directly, we may assume for convenience that both parties to the discussion are agreed on two points. First, that religion, however defined, is or should be an integral part of any normal human life: that a life without religion is as mutilated or impoverished as a life without beauty. Secondly, that the religion which is not personal, that is to say spontaneous and sincere, is not religion at all.

II

Let us at the outset make the issue concrete and simple by supposing that we have to deal with a critic who expresses his opposition to churchgoing somewhat as follows, "You advise me to go to church next Sunday, but how can I be sure that I shall be in the mood when the time comes round? And if, though feeling no inclination, I nevertheless go, will not my worship be perfunctory and mechanical—a nuisance to me and an insult to God? Moreover, I shall repeat and hear repeated the same old prayers which have become so familiar that they have lost all meaning. Would it not be more honest to recognize the whole thing for what it is—a piece of magic? Why not spin a prayer wheel or unleash a gramophone and be done with it?"

Now it seems plausible to say that we should worship only when the spirit moves us, yet it is surely obvious that if a man worships only when he feels the impulse he will worship less often than

his spiritual health requires. The policy of drift is no more to be trusted in religion than in the other departments of life. No thinker and no creative artist is likely to accomplish much of any value who waits passively for inspiration to descend upon him. He has to learn to observe and to control to some extent his own mental processes. He must discover what conditions are favorable for work; he must learn to distinguish between natural laziness and genuine fatigue; he may have to lay down certain rules for himself and cultivate certain habits. In that event his procedure will not be an attempt to substitute industry and routine for inspiration: it will simply be part of the technic of preparing for, facilitating, and controlling inspiration. Why may not discipline hold a similar place in the religious life? Why should not the setting of regular times and places for worship be regarded not as a substitute for personal religious experience, but as a method of establishing predisposing conditions for it? This indeed seems to have been one of the major functions of the cult throughout the history of religion. Man found himself at times, mysteriously, enjoying some exalted religious experience which brought with it profound insight and access of power. The motive of established worship was to re-enact this experience as far as possible and to recall to the mind those truths which were lost to view in the wear and tear of daily existence.

Our hypothetical critic may say that these contentions have no bearing on his other objection to public worship: that it is formal and relies too much on the vain repetitions beloved of the heathen. But let him consider for a moment the only practical alternative—so-called *ex-tempore* prayer. This prayer is either the real unpremeditated thing—and then it is likely to be as sadly inadequate for the offices of religion as any of the other offerings pricked into life by the spur of the moment, or

it is the sham article that you can hear in any nonconformist church to-day. It pretends to be a response to the immediate demands of the occasion, but the congregation knows that it was carefully prepared and learned by the minister in his study the night before. The marks of deliberate composition are on its nicely ordered sentences and its phrases of considered unction. Such conscious literary artifice seems out of place when one is in the presence of God. But the quality of the workmanship really makes very little difference; whether good or bad the prayer calls attention to itself and to the almost intolerable predicament of the man who has to offer it. The priest and his prayer instead of mediating, interpose themselves between man and God. Thus the purpose of prayer—to lift the mind of the congregation to God—is defeated. That end, I believe, is far better served by the traditional prayers of (say) *The Book of Common Prayer*, prayers that are as anonymous, so far as most of the congregation is concerned, as the Border Ballads.

It may still be urged, however, that though the practice is deplorable, the theory and intention of ex-tempore prayer is sound. Established worship follows a prescribed model. Sunday after Sunday the worshiper is taken over the same ground in the same way: confession, repentance, absolution, thanksgiving, devotion. The monotony of it threatens to dull, if not to extinguish the spirit of religion. As contrasted with this the ex-tempore prayer *tries* to adapt itself to the particular needs which may be supposed to prevail in the minds of the congregation at the moment. This, I think, is completely to misinterpret the function of religion, if by religion we mean something instituted and not a mere sporadic visitation. There are certain spiritual needs of man, for example, the sense of unworthiness, forgiveness and reconciliation, disinterested contemplation of the Holy,

adoration, thanksgiving, which in their recurrence are as much a part of the normal rhythm of life as the need for physical food, for companionship, for recreation, for joy. These universal and familiar needs, rather than the personal and particular demands of life, it is the function of religion to stimulate and to satisfy. A friend of mine who is a minister told me that in the early days of his career when he was called to attend the dying he labored earnestly to compose prayers that would be appropriate to the particular circumstances of the person. On one occasion a dying woman to whom he was thus ministering asked him simply to repeat some familiar verses from the Bible and some well-known collects. She did not want intimate prayers. As one who was face to face with Death she was confronting a universal human situation. Her mind had been swept clean of limited interests and personal aspirations. What she required of the minister, in his capacity of priest, was to confer on the moment some spaciousness of interpretation, "to make," as my friend put it, "the universal gesture of religion." It is this conception of religion that justifies the formal service of worship with its fixed ritual and liturgy. If week after week we repeat the same ceremonial acts and recur to the same themes in prayer or praise, that is because we want to recall and to make vivid the major and unchanging truths of religion and to renew our hold on the sources of spiritual power. The function of religion is not to meet directly the changing demands of life from day to day but to provide for the perpetual rediscovery of the old in the midst of the new.

If this last statement appears cryptic I may try to express its meaning more simply and at the same time sum up what I have been contending for thus far. "Another world to live in," says Santayana, "whether we expect ever to pass wholly into it or no, is what we mean by having a religion." Religion,

that is, sets up a contrast between the sacred and the secular, the holy and the profane, the realm of grace and the realm of nature, between that which is customary or intelligible and that which is mysterious. The moment of religion is the moment when the sense of mystery and otherworldliness supervenes upon the ordinary routine of life with its limited horizons and its precarious security. The history of religions shows that there are certain critical situations in human life when this influence of the other world has been conspicuously felt—birth, puberty, marriage, death. The primary object of worship in its most general definition seems to me to be the recovery in the midst of secular routine of this sense of the nearness of the mysterious power and the getting into right relations with it. God, if you like, as that which is certain and changeless, is always there: in the press of daily living He is lost to view: worship is the deliberate lifting up of the heart to Him again. That is the sense in which religion is a perpetual rediscovery of the old. But this means that worship must have a technic of its own. The ways of man's approach to God and of his dealings with Him must be definitely ordered. Once grant this and you have conceded the case for formal worship. Maintain, if you like, that worship is a personal thing, an essentially private transaction between the individual soul and God, yet that lifting up of the heart, that leap from the secular to the sacred lies no more within the easy command of the individual than the mood of æsthetic enjoyment as we pass in from the street to the concert hall. Why then may not the individualist in religion look upon public worship not as an artifice that does violence to the free impulses of the spirit but as something designed to make the passage easier, a sort of inclined plane from man to God? On this view we should not have to choose between individualism and institutionalism: we could choose both.

III

Such a theory of worship is exposed to a criticism which at first sight looks serious. It seems to reduce worship to a form of suggestion. The architecture of the sacred building, the use of music, of color, of light and incense and vestments, the half magical repetition of a familiar liturgy, the performance of a ritual but partly understood—all these influences heightened and reinforced by the presence of a group of worshipers compact and intent, combine to form an almost irresistible energy of suggestion. No matter how little the individual may have felt disposed to worship before taking part in the service, he is likely to find himself carried off his feet and into a region of religious belief and emotion. But is the process really anything more than a rather refined spiritual drug-taking? Phrases such as "the technic of worship" hardly conceal the fact that we are dealing with an attempt to induce by artificial means certain supposedly desirable states of mind.

One may meet the criticism by accepting it. Worship works by suggestion. But suggestion is not so black as it is painted. Over a large part of the conduct of life it is indispensable. One of Max Beerbohm's early tales, "The Happy Hypocrite," relates an episode in the career of that bold, bad, dashing Corinthian, Lord George Hell. In order to seduce a pure young girl he went to a magical maker of masks and had him fit cunningly to him a mask of virtue. As time went on he found himself falling truly in love with the sweet creature. At last his conscience tormented him so for his deception that he went to the mask-maker to have the mask removed so that he might reveal himself to the girl as he really was. And then, if I remember the conclusion aright, he discovered that there would be no question of removing it, for his own features were become identical with those of the mask. This seems to

me a parable of the uses of auto-suggestion. We live by assuming certain attitudes or ideals and then discovering that our assumptions have turned into realities. We whistle to keep our courage up and end by feeling courageous. We go out to dinner feeling grouchy and boorish and quite disinclined for society, but we greet our host and hostess courteously, we go through the motions of a civilized, even of an affable, human being, and before dinner is over we probably realize that we are enjoying ourselves and that we are become even such an one as we pretended to be. Whenever we make an effort to live up to some type of conduct which at the moment the natural man in us resists we may be said to be practicing a form of auto-suggestion. But to say this is not to confess to insincerity or hypocrisy. If we keep up appearances it is in order that they may become strong enough to sustain realities. If we put our best foot forward we need not damn our best foot by calling it an artificial foot. A man's character is to be defined by what he is aiming at. Where his treasure or his ideal is, there is the real man. Thus we may, if we like, classify public worship as a kind of suggestion, but it would still remain a legitimate method of stimulating the emotions and refreshing the beliefs proper to religion.

It is necessary, however, to make more precise the difference between the legitimate and the illegitimate uses of suggestion. To take an extreme illustration: No one, I suppose, would approve of trying to induce a man to sign some paper by drugging him, by hypnotizing him, by overawing him, or in general by so working on his emotions of fear or excitement as to deprive him of the use of his power of judgment. Where we desire to win the belief of another person the appeal, we think, should be made to his reason, by persuasion, argument, and demonstration. But to many persons the whole apparatus and technic of worship seems to be sug-

gestion of a disreputable kind. Here is a man, let us say, who in his cool reflective moments cannot honestly say that he believes in the existence of a wise, holy, and beneficent God, but take him to an impressive service of worship and the chances are that before the service is over he will find himself in a state of religious exaltation, or at any rate undergoing some "variety of religious experience" in which emotion and belief are blended. Afterwards, when the mood has passed, he will regret what has happened, and you, he will say, who are responsible for the trickery, ought to regret it still more. "If you want me to believe in your religious certainties prove them to me: don't try to drug me."

Yet as one contemplates that demand "Prove them to me" it begins to assume a quaint air of the impossible. *Prove* the existence of God! Even the most confirmed believer does not think that he arrived at his beliefs by any process of logical demonstration or that conviction can be thus engendered in another. Religion may clarify and confirm them: it does not initiate them. The original sources of belief are to be found in early training and environment, in "the influence of natural objects," in the revelations and passionate convictions of love, beauty, or "the tragic sense of life." Religion seems to be something that happens to one, something that he does not get but that gets him, infused rather than acquired. To try to argue someone into religion is as futile as the attempt to argue him into the appreciation of beauty. If he does not see that a work of art is beautiful you cannot prove to him by logic that it is beautiful. But there is something you can do—the thing that every good teacher of literature aims to do for the pupil: you can by various means lead him to a point where he will exclaim, "Ah, *now* I see!" What you have done is to evoke, by suggestion, an æsthetic judgment, not to communicate one. And with this we can see, I think, the

justification for the method of suggestion in religion. Religious and æsthetic knowledge resemble each other in this, that they cannot be communicated, like the truths of science, by impersonal ideas, but must be elicited. The capacity for religious insight, the power to perceive religious truths, is a dormant capacity that must be aroused: it is not a body of doctrine that can be imported into the mind from without. That is why the appeal to logical demonstration is here out of order and the method of suggestion in place. From this point of view public worship appears not as a dubious means of luring the mind into indefensible beliefs but as the art of religious evocation. It is an indispensable factor in the training of the religious sense.

If we are justified in imposing this training on ourselves we are presumably justified in imposing it on others who are still by common consent in the early stages of education. No one, I imagine, calls in question the propriety of the attempt to arouse and cultivate a child's sense of beauty by seeing to it that he comes in contact with good books, good pictures, good music. It would not be fair to the child to leave his development to chance and to exclude him from participating in the traditional culture of his nation or his race. And with most children some form of compulsion will be necessary. The same argument holds for religion, just in so far as religion is a part of general culture. If this solution seems over simple, because too abstract, let us look at this difficult problem of religious education in a concrete form. I have in mind the average parent to-day, eager to do the best for his child, yet theologically skeptical or bewildered. He is living, and his child will presumably grow up, in a community professedly Christian. Yet the parent cannot in honesty call himself a Christian. He does not believe with any conviction in a God who is Heavenly Father. The divinity of Christ, the Atonement, Immortality, even the

Christian ethic itself—these form no integral part of his accepted working system of ideas. Consider his dilemma. On the one hand he does not want to teach or have his child taught doctrines that he himself thinks false or at least extremely doubtful. On the other hand he would not have his child start from scratch, as it were, and grow up in ignorance of what religion and, in particular, the Christian religion, stands for. He has no desire to see his child without spiritual citizenship, like that precocious boy of academic legend who, having been uninstructed in religion from infancy, came one day upon a copy of the Bible and afterwards reported to his father that he had discovered—"a book incoherent in plot and archaic in style—the holy bible." Confronted by these alternatives, it would seem that whatever the distracted parent does he will do wrong: he will work some injustice to his child. In that event the lesser of the two evils seems to me that the child should receive some kind of religious training even though he may later have to grow away from it or reject it entirely. Even so, dogma can and should be reduced to the minimum, and explanations need not be gratuitously offered. The important thing is that the child should get some idea of dependence on a Higher Power, some feeling for the difference between sacred and secular, the mysterious and the commonplace, and that his sentiments of awe and reverence should be aroused. This can be accomplished by teaching the child hymns—make Hymns Ancient and Modern as familiar to him as Mother Goose, a few simple prayers, and by taking him occasionally to services which have a genuine religious value. (To take a child to a poor service is no more defensible than taking him to a bad concert.) For thus you arouse the religious sense without provoking too many theological inquiries.

The principles I have sketched apply within limits to the question mentioned at the beginning—compulsory chapel and the undergraduate's attitude

towards it. In so far as his criticism takes the form of a protest, in the name of religious freedom, against compulsion, it rests on false antithesis. Required participation in a formal service of worship is supposed to be an impediment to the expression and growth of personal religion. But if the line of reasoning I have followed is sound that is not true. If personal religion is to maintain itself at its best it needs the stimulus and support of institutional religion. From this point of view compulsory chapel should be regarded less as a routine enforced than as an opportunity provided. All education, whether its aim is to cultivate taste or to impart information,

implies discipline, and there is no more reason why the colleges should surrender their right here than in the teaching of science or of literature. Assuming that the college authorities provide both a building and a service which evoke and minister to the real spirit of religion, they are justified, in the name of personal religion itself, in forcibly exposing the undergraduate to these influences for part at least (say the first two years) of his time at college. In this way it might be possible to satisfy the claims both of the religious individualist and of the religious institutionalist, claims which in theory, as I have tried to show, are not antagonistic but complementary.

BOOTS AND BED

BY ROBERT GRAVES

HERE in this wavering body, now brisk now dead,
 Rules the long struggle between boots and bed,
 Empiric boots distrusting all that seems
 And quietistic bed, my ship of dreams.
 Each laid a wager in my infancy
 Himself would have me when I came to die,
 And still the stakes are raised as I appear
 More stalwart or more sickly, year by year;
 Until I lie afield and keep my toes
 Naked and nimble as a monkey goes.
 Yet, something always baulking this evasion,
 Glass under foot or frost or irritation
 Of gnats and midges in the summer hay,
 Once more begins my accustomed day-to-day
 With pride of boots, and closes in delight
 Of ghoulish bed gloating "perhaps to-night"
 So nothing's left but to dull-weary them
 And out-Gethusalem Gethusalem.



VIENNA ROAST

A STORY

BY HAROLD W. BRECHT

I USED to eat lunch at Mike's Arcadia Café, on Sixth Street, Philadelphia, one of those little restaurants where one can lunch completely, if not wisely, for thirty cents, or even a quarter, by foregoing the luxury of dessert. It was a noisy, uninviting place, always permeated with the stale odor of cooking; its only decoration a United States flag and a Greek flag crossed on the wall. It did not even boast chairs; we sat upon a cunningly devised but uncomfortable system of stools which swung out from beneath the bare wooden tables. But it was always crowded, on account of its cheapness, its clientèle drawn from the business houses of the neighborhood, a flotsam of under-clerks, janitors, and bookkeepers tossed up to bolt their lunches between twelve and one, and then disappear. They were harassed, shabby little men, and they had in common, I thought, an expression of worry and discouragement, as though their efforts to live on their salaries were almost too much for them. Everything about them spoke of low wages and a dejected struggle for existence; there was an almost tangible atmosphere of mediocrity and failure.

We who were Mike's regular patrons sat as often as possible at the same table, and we exercised strict proprietary rights over the seats which it had become our daily habit to occupy. If some newcomer, ignorant of the etiquette of the Arcadia, were on our stool we usually waited until he finished, and when we were forced to journey to another ap-

parently similar table we went resentfully, feeling that we were leaving a friendly, familiar environment for one that was alien and disagreeable.

By this means we ate day after day in the same company, but we did not talk much with one another. The waitress would be greeted with "Hello, Maggie, wotcha got good to-day?" or sometimes, by those whom Maggie called great kidders, with remarks like, "Where was yuh last night, Maggie? I had a date with yuh." We would laugh, above the rattle of the knives and forks, and some one might add, "Damn fine girl, Maggie." The remainder of our hurried meals was usually passed in silence; if we did talk, it had to be against the noise of dishes slammed and our orders shouted and repeated.

I don't know how long I sat at Maggie's table, the one nearest the door, before I became acquainted with Mr. Canby. I was first led to notice him because he took no part in our major topic of conversation, the one subject we had which could be depended on to prove enthralling, no matter how frequent its recurrence—our bad luck, the injustice of the fate which had condemned us to our present jobs and to the Arcadia. We would speak of men who had made great sums of money quickly and easily, and by comparing ourselves to them we could see that they were our superiors only in luck. "There's a guy I used to know," one would say. "I knew 'im when he didn't have a nickel, and

now. . . . All he did was buy central real estate, and get a lucky break. . . ."

We would nod. "That's the thing to buy, central real estate. If you could get your hands on a little capital . . ."

We would look from one to another, not seeing the ordinary, familiar faces nor the food on the heavy white plates, our minds busy with visions of what we could accomplish with a little capital, of stores and apartment houses in the center of the city, of power and of wealth. We were forced to consider ourselves as victims, cheated of our opportunities. "There's no use in our working for anything where we are now," we would say, because our employers, oblivious of our efforts, were influenced only by favoritism or pull.

Through all this Mr. Canby would continue eating unmoved, as though he were not listening. I fancied, however, that his silence was one of disapproval and, since I was usually silent myself, there was gradually built up between us a sort of wordless understanding, as though we two were the only ones with sufficient fortitude to accept existence without repining. It got so that we exchanged significant smiles, and one day he whispered an aside to me:

"It ain't bad luck's the trouble with that guy."

"No?" said I.

"No. The trouble with him is he hasn't any, as you might say, grit."

I had been impelled to study him from the first occasion that his silence had impressed me. He was, say, forty-five. His clothes were shiny and cheap, his cheeks invariably had a stubble of beard, two of the characteristics which fatally marked Mike's patrons; apparently he was only another in the company of shabby little men who daily insulted their hunger with the food of Mike's restaurant. But his face, even while he was eating his medium and boiled, had a curiously removed expression, as though his thoughts were held steadfast on another plane. Perhaps because of this detached air of his, perhaps because

of his silence, I received as I looked at him the impression that he did not quite belong among us, that he should have been richer and more successful. The others appeared, somehow, to have been designed especially for the Arcadia Café, and it for them; they fitted here, they were as much fixtures here as the faded flags and the bare wooden tables. Only Mr. Canby, I thought as I watched him, was out of place.

He was evidently under the need of the strictest economy. He smoked only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, a five-cent brand of cigar which he lighted with every appearance of enjoyment. On those days he did not buy dessert. There was on the Arcadia menu a dish called Vienna Roast, a horribly unpalatable mixture of scrapings and left-overs which cost only twenty cents, but which even a starving man would hardly attempt more than once. This Mr. Canby ordered every Saturday, though he did not eat much of it. Now and then one of us might stab at monotony by sallying among the more expensive, *à la carte* dishes; Mr. Canby, never. During all those lunch-hours his program underwent not the slightest variation.

I was interested in him, but at the beginning my curiosity had to be content with the poor gratification of sitting beside him. "Good morning," he would greet me in his grave, detached way. I might remark, "Rather warm to-day." He would consider a moment, reply slowly, "Yes, sort of warm," and then return to the food on his plate, packing the morsels on his knife with his fork as though by means of a petty vulgarity like this he were trying to convince me that he was as ordinary as his appearance implied.

He and I were the only representatives at Maggie's table of our respective offices, and could share in none of the anecdotes of what the shipping clerk had said to the stenog, or how the boss had failed to take the speaker's advice. This community of isolation was another

factor in drawing us together; and as the days passed we gradually progressed from perfunctory remarks about the weather to exchanging ideas on a great variety of subjects, the high cost of living, the merits of automobiles which neither of us had any thought of buying, the chances of the Athletics. He was talkative; his reserve had been due to shyness. He had a very indecisive way of expressing himself which irritated me at first, perhaps because of that impression which he gave me that somehow—with better luck, say—he should have been more successful, he should have been able to make realities out of some of those dreams of success with which the men around him only made their failure more apparent. He could never deliver an opinion without interrupting himself to advance the arguments on the other side. "Of course," he would say, rubbing his fingers over his stubble of beard, "they'll never be able to enforce Prohibition—but I guess it's a good thing for the country, and if the people get used to it. . . ." But he was unfailingly even-tempered and cheerful, never depressed, and there was something heartening for me in the fact that, middle-aged, gray-haired, he could so patiently accept the petty discomforts that made his life, as though dingy surroundings and thirty-cent lunches could never be important. I came to look forward to seeing him. We both, I think, enjoyed our conversations, and we would smile at each other in a friendly fashion as we talked of the humidity of Philadelphia's climate, or the mistakes of Connie Mack.

After I had known him for some four months I was sent on a business trip, and on my return I was ill for a week. It was with real pleasure that he welcomed me back.

"Good-morning," he said, swinging out my stool for me, "you're quite a stranger."

He was very sorry to hear of my illness. "Sickness is a terrible thing,"

he remarked in his grave way. "I know, I've had a lot of experience with it."

"You look healthy enough," I objected.

"Oh, it's not me. I'm all right. It's Mrs. Canby. Mrs. Canby never feels, you might say, really up to par."

I expressed my sympathy. "Nothing serious, I hope," I said.

"That's just it. Of course, to look at her you'd think she was strong, but she never really feels herself."

"The doctor—?"

"Mrs. Canby ain't had much success with doctors. She's tried one after another, but they can't seem to find the real trouble, to lay their finger on the real trouble, as you might say."

That day the Arcadia seemed to me more depressing than usual. It was an insufferably hot Saturday in July; in the restaurant it was hotter and more oppressive than it was on the street. Flies buzzed everywhere, on the tables, on the food, on the faces and necks of the diners, everywhere but on the yellow spirals of fly-paper that hung motionless from the ceiling. Maggie's cheeks, around the rouge, were shiny with perspiration, and the men sat pale and dispirited in their shirt-sleeves, swearing at her slowness instead of kidding her. As Mr. Canby talked to me he kept wiping with the back of his hand the little beads of sweat from his forehead, and something in the patient repetition of that gesture irritated me. "God," I cried suddenly, "I'm sick of this."

"Huh?" He glanced at me in surprise. "Don't get the blues. There ain't no use in that, y'know."

He had ordered, as was his custom on Saturday, Vienna Roast, and as usual the meat lay untouched on his plate. This also, for some reason, irritated me. I replied heatedly, "I'd give anything to get away from all this and never come back."

He stopped eating to smile sympathetically, his knife clutched in one hand. "Oh," he said, "of course sometimes we

all feel that way. I feel that way myself, sometimes. But all yuh can do is as you might say, keep pluggin' away." He returned to the hot, heavy food on his plate, dismissing the subject. "What'd the A's do yesterday? I ain't seen a paper."

After that he felt, apparently, that I stood constantly in need of being bucked up, and he would often greet me with, "Well, how you feel to-day? Got the blues to-day?"

"No," I would reply, rather ashamed of myself, for I was sure that my salary was more than his, "No. Full of pep to-day."

"That's right," he would approve, smiling as he surveyed the crowded, noisy restaurant, as though nowhere in it he could discover the faintest reason for pessimism, or discouragement—"that's right."

About a month later, on another Saturday, I could tell from Mr. Canby's manner as he surveyed me over the unappetizing mess on his plate that he had something which he wanted to say to me. He was on the point of broaching it several times, I am sure, when his courage failed, and he made instead some remark more indecisive than usual.

He said finally, "I was wondering if I might make bold to ask a sort of a favor from you."

I replied that I should be glad to do anything in my power.

"Of course, it's quite a big favor," Mr. Canby deprecated, arguing, as usual, on the opposite side, "and it'll be quite all right if you don't see your way clear to . . . to . . . Coming from a perfect stranger, as you might say."

I answered to the effect that it would be from one friend to another, and that I should be really glad to do anything that I could.

Pleased, he smiled at me, his knife, held in his fist, resting upright on the table. "That's right. I hadn't

thought of it that way, before. One friend to another. Well, the fact is, pay-day's on Monday, and of course I'm pretty well strapped on Saturday. Money's a little tight with me just now, anyway." (With us at the Arcadia money is always tight, for the moment.) He paused, moved his heavy white plate a trifle, becoming more and more vague and hesitant as he approached the point. "Mrs. Canby has sort of set her heart on a little trip over Saturday and Sunday. Of course, I could ask Mike for it, I been eating here a long time, now; but you know how it is, I don't feel I know him like I know you. . . . The fact is, I was wondering if you could let me have a coupla dollars till Monday. I could give it back to you the first thing next week, but of course, if it's gonna put you out it'll be all right. It'll be quite all right."

I gave him the money, and in addition offered him a cigar. He refused it with longing in his eyes; I had forgotten that this was not a cigar-day.

"Take it," I insisted. "To tell the truth it was given to me, and I don't care much for this brand."

He was extraordinarily grateful. "I consider this very friendly of you, very friendly," he repeated. "If you're sure it's not gonna put you out."

On Monday, immediately after saying "Good-morning," he handed me two wrinkled one dollar bills that looked hard-earned.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked. "On your trip?"

"Oh, it wasn't me that went. It was Mrs. Canby and a woman friend. Mrs. Canby enjoys a little outing, and in the sort of straitened circumstances we're in I can't give her as many as I'd like."

"How is she feeling?" I inquired.

"Well, she's feeling pretty good, just about up to par, as you might say. And that's a big load off my mind, a big load."

"I should think so," I said.

"I guess maybe you're thinking," he went on slowly, "that it's a sort of a

funny thing that a man pretty well on in years like I am should be so hard put to it for a coupla dollars."

"Not at all," I said.

"Well, I didn't like to ask you for it. I think it was, as you might say, an imposition, and I don't like debts anyway. To tell the truth, I'm carrying a lot of building and loan, and of course it keeps me hustling to meet the payments."

I said that building and loan was a good way to save money, but that it took a long time.

"Oh, not so long. Six years. That ain't so long if yuh have, as you might say, a definite object in view."

"What, a get-rich-quick scheme?" I asked, smiling. "I hope it's different from the ones they usually talk about in here."

"That's just it, you know how it is, yuh get an idea in your head—I've had this so long I feel sometimes I'm sort of a little, as you might say, cuckoo about it. And I think maybe an outsider, a third party. . . ." He smoothed out his paper napkin, rested his knife upright on the table in his favorite gesture, and surveyed me critically, coming to a decision. "I'll tell you the whole thing, the whole thing. There ain't no secret in it, though of course I know it won't go no farther."

He leaned nearer me, his face intent, the pre-occupied air altogether vanished, and spoke in so low a tone that I had difficulty in hearing him, amid all the noise that always filled the restaurant, and especially since the man on the other side of me was talking in a loud voice about the great opportunities that there were in New York.

"I was born and raised in Vermont," Mr. Canby said. "On the next farm to ours there's marble. Enough marble to make me rich, to make me a rich man. What I'm trying to do is get enough money together—though of course it's pretty tough sledding—to buy that farm."

"Just found out—about the marble,

I mean?" I asked, lowering my own voice in response to the appeal in his eyes.

"Oh, no, I've known it a long time, since before I was married. But you know how it is, being married's an expensive business, what with one thing and another. And other things come up yuh think yuh can do, that look surer, maybe, because of course it's sort of a risk to take, buyin' this farm. But there ain't no chance for me where I am now, in the office, I mean to say; and so what it's come down to is that this is, you might say, my only hope." He smiled in his deprecating way, as though he must apologize for so lofty an ambition. "Yeh, I've had it a long time. About ten years ago I got the money together, but of course I've had bad luck. Mrs. Canby's health failed completely, and that put me back."

"I should think that your wife could have held out long enough for you to get started," I said, irritated, as usual, by his patience.

"No, you mustn't be hard on Mrs. Canby. I know there's marble in that land, but she don't take no stock in it, see, she thinks it's just a crazy air castle of mine, as you might say. And of course between that and her health. . . ." He paused, his intent, almost pleading glance fixed on my face. "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I don't know much about marble," I answered, "but it looks all right to me. I don't see why your wife objects. You're sure there's marble there?"

"Well, of course, that's the chance we have to take, how much there is, and so on. But yes, I'm sure there is. But I've had this idea so long, see, and what with the way Mrs. Canby talks, it sort of appears like a crazy notion. . . ."

He interrupted himself to look at his watch, a silver one on a massive, old-fashioned chain, and I could hear the man at my right saying, "New York, there's money there, that's the big money town."

Mr. Canby hastily gobbled up a few mouthfuls of food. "Phew!" he ejac-

ulated, with his mouth full, "Mrs. Canby came in town to-day to do a little shopping, and I promised her I'd meet her before I went back to the office. I wonder, if it's not out of your way, or too much trouble, you wouldn't like just to come along and say 'how-de-do' to her. I've talked about you at home, and Mrs. Canby said she'd like to make your acquaintance. But of course, if. . . ."

I interposed to assure him that I should be very glad to meet Mrs. Canby. As we went out of the Arcadia he gave me a cigar, a ten-cent one, which he insisted that I accept.

We found Mrs. Canby on Chestnut Street, in a shop which was entirely too expensive, I am sure. She was a large woman with many cheap bracelets which jangled as she raised her arm to shake hands with me. "How d'you do? Pleased to meetchu. John has said so much about you I feel I know you already." She looked at me carefully, rather disappointed, I am afraid—I don't know what sort of figure Mr. Canby had made me—and transferred her gaze to the expensive goods on the counter, which she surveyed in a blasé manner. "I just love shopping," she went on, laughing. "I'm going to make John buy me these. They're marked down."

For the rest of the afternoon my work at the office suffered while I thought of what Mr. Canby had told me. I know little about marble, but his idea seemed to me altogether attractive. What troubled me was the fact that, although he had lost his preoccupied air when he talked of it, he still remained hesitant and indecisive, as though he were not absolutely sure that there was marble on the farm, as though he were almost convinced himself that what he called his one hope was only an air castle. I was irritated also by the way he had let himself be victimized, as it seemed to me, by his wife. Owing to her he had spent practically a lifetime in getting enough money together to buy this farm. . . . I had been wrong when I

had thought that he did not belong among us at the Arcadia, he fitted in this ineffectual company of shabby, gray-haired men, he also was marked fatally with the stamp of failure.

Why hadn't he borrowed the money? So simple a solution had apparently never occurred to him. I knew a rich man; if Mr. Canby were willing to have a partner. . . . With some pride I saw myself transformed from a chance acquaintance over a restaurant table into a friend who was going to accomplish immediately what Mr. Canby had failed to do in fifteen, twenty years.

The next day, over stewed lamb on toast, I opened the subject. "Why didn't you borrow the money?"

There was something suddenly resigned and weary in Mr. Canby's face as he looked at me, as though to every conceivable question of mine he were already familiar with the answer. "Yuh can't borrow money without yuh have security. Of course, we don't own our house, we rent, because every penny I could get my hands on I laid away—"

"No," I interrupted, "I mean a friend, or a partner."

Mr. Canby filled his mouth with lamb and potatoes and chewed reflectively, as though the food were more important than the obvious answers to my questions. "Well, I have tried to interest some people in it, but of course I can't be too definite without a contract, or a written agreement, or something, or else they could go right ahead behind my back, and leave me out. That time when I had the money together, and Mrs. Canby's health failed completely, as you might say, and I was feeling sorta down in the mouth, I did try to interest a cousin of mine. But of course he'd have to go into the proposition on my bare say-so—we couldn't go prospecting around the farm without the present owner suspecting something was up, and then where would we be? He couldn't see his way clear to going into it, and of course Mrs. Canby talked against it."

"Listen," I said. "I know a rich man. Now, if you want me to, I'll take you to see him, and I think—"

Mr. Canby laid down both his knife and fork to smile at me. "I consider that mighty friendly of you, mighty friendly. I appreciate it. Of course, I don't think he'd want to go into it, and anyway, there's one thing I didn't tell you yesterday." He lowered his voice. "I've just about got the money saved up again, got my hands on it, as you might say. My building and loan comes due in two weeks."

"Two weeks," I repeated, delighted. "That's fine. I'm certainly glad to hear it."

There was something of indulgence in the smile with which he rewarded my words, as though he had been too often deceived by enthusiasms like mine to be cajoled by them again. "Well, all I hope is something don't turn up the last minute. Now that it's getting so near I'm sorta worried. I've had a lotta bad luck—and it's liable to happen to anybody, y'know."

"What could happen?" I demanded. "How's your wife's health?"

"Well, I've laid my plans careful. Nobody," Mr. Canby assured me with his patient earnestness, "could lay their plans more careful than I have. But as you say there's Mrs. Canby. She seems pretty good now, but of course she's a big worry. I'm getting, as you might say, pretty well on in years, and it's harder to save money, what with everything goin' up, and all. I get scared sometimes no matter how careful I've planned something may turn up the last minute. You never can tell."

"Don't get the blues," I reproved him, smiling.

"Oh, it ain't the blues. It's just I can't help bein' sorta worried, now it's getting so near."

We walked down Chestnut Street together, each trying to give the other a cigar. Mr. Canby, stoop-shouldered in his worn blue serge, did not look like

a successful man, especially in contrast with the prosperous men and women who brushed past us, but I kept assuring him that his fears were groundless. "Everything will turn out all right," I repeated.

"Do you know the first thing I'm gonna do?" he said. "I'm gonna run up and see the A's play. I ain't felt I could afford it for a long time, now. . . ."

"Good luck," I said, "good luck," and we shook hands when we parted, as though we were going to be separated for a long time.

Despite all that I had said I still felt myself rather fearful about Mr. Canby's success, even though he was apparently at its threshold, but I resolutely ignored my doubts. . . . I saw him, suddenly, very clearly. I understood now the reason for that detached air of his which had impressed me at first, that curious, apart silence in which he sat while around him we talked enviously of big money and rich men, of power and wealth. I thought of his rigid system of economy, tobacco three times a week, dessert three times, his painful scraping together of nickels during all those countless lunch hours. On Saturdays, when he ordered Vienna Roast, making his lunch cost twenty cents instead of twenty-five, this took on for me the aspect of a symbol of determination. By this monotonous, repeated sacrifice he saved exactly, leaving out two weeks for vacation, two dollars and a half a year. Two dollars and a half a year. . . . He was a book-keeper with a salary of, say, thirty dollars a week, with an ailing, extravagant wife, but no obstacle had defeated or embittered him. Not even the obstacle of his own weakness, his own misgivings. I had been wrong when I had thought that he did not belong among us. Ours were minor lives, filled with petty difficulties, difficulties like having a wife who was sick and domineering. But one of us could disregard them and plod steadily ahead, a mediocre champion, perhaps,

but a champion, the champion of weak men whose cause was lost from the beginning. Might he be successful, at last!

The next day when I found him in his accustomed seat at the usual time my confidence in his ultimate success was somehow fortified, and I had the impulse to grasp his hand and congratulate him. I said, instead, "Well, pretty soon, now."

"Huh? Oh, yes, yes. As a matter of fact thirteen days, though they say thirteen's an unlucky number." He showed me a calendar in which the date was marked with a red circle; he could not have been counting the days with much more impatience than was I.

Then, at the end of the week, I was sent on a long trip, and for some two months I saw no more of Mr. Canby. I often thought of him, however, wondering if he had been successful, assuring myself that he had, that his patient, almost humble determination had been finally rewarded. If only nothing had happened, his wife's health. . . .

By the middle of December I was in Philadelphia again, and one bitterly cold day I arrived at the Arcadia at my old time of seven minutes past twelve. Maggie, the lines of men bowed over the tables, and nowhere could I have mistaken that blue serge—Mr. Canby in his accustomed seat. It was warm in the restaurant, but I shivered.

"Good morning," he said.

"Why are you here?" I demanded. "What happened?"

Mr. Canby's face, as he turned it toward me, looked suddenly old and

weary. His eyes met mine for an instant, and then his gaze traveled down the crowded, noisy restaurant, coming to rest on the faded flags on the wall. "I—" he began, "I—" he gulped, and with his hand he covered the working of his mouth, "I don't like to talk about it."

For some few minutes we did not speak, while Maggie wiped off the table in front of us with a rag, and slammed the heavy white dishes together. "You're quite a stranger," she said to me. "What's yours to-day, Mr. Canby? Vienna Roast?"

"It was Mrs. Canby," Mr. Canby said, speaking in an odd, strained voice unlike his usual tone. "The doctor ordered her to Florida for the winter." I commenced to speak, but with his knife upraised he checked me. "No, you mustn't be hard on Mrs. Canby. She don't think there's marble in the land, and of course, her health. . . . It's only what I've always had," he started to smile, and again hid his face with his hand, "bad luck."

"Maybe this is the last," I said.

"Maybe. I feel this trip will put Mrs. Canby on her feet for good. D'you think it will?"

"I'm sure it will."

"Well then, in six years, maybe. . . ." He seemed to sag forward sudden'y, and let his hand fall heavily on the table. "It's only," he said in his queer muffled voice, "that I was so near." He got up, pushing aside his full plate. "I guess I'll be goin'," he said. "I ain't had much appetite lately."



CONGENIAL CONCORD!

AN EMERSONIAN EPISODE

BY VAN WYCK BROOKS

In this article Mr. Brooks has drawn here and there from Emerson's own language in his published writings.—*The Editors.*

IT was 1841, and Henry Thoreau had joined the Concord household. As a steward, an adopted son, a master of rural arts—chiefly, perhaps, to give Emerson lessons in gardening. He had his little room at the head of the stairs and worked, when he chose, about the yard and barn, banked up the fruit trees against the winter and the mice, looked out to see when a pale was loose in the fence or a nail dropped from its place, set up the stoves, and put the shutters to rights. There was never such a man for locks and hinges and door-knobs, or for making the chickens behave.

It was all in a family way, for Emerson had known Henry since he was a boy. He had helped him to get a scholarship at Harvard, for Henry's father, the pencil-maker on Main Street, was always short of money. And then he had had a surprise: Henry had come back to Concord the walking incarnation of all his own ideas. He had steeped himself in the Greek and Roman sages; he had hunted out the Elizabethan poets, Fletcher, Drayton, Raleigh, whom Emerson especially loved. But this was incidental. He proposed to live without following any profession, live for the sake of living and keep alive by whatever means might offer. Live like a monk, if need were, live like a workman; earn his dollar a day by carpentering, gardening, painting—but live for his thoughts, his perceptions, his journal and his flute.

Emerson set to work, with this stern instructor, digging and hoeing in the garden. Not for long, to be sure; he found himself sadly untuned. The smell of the plants drugged him and robbed him of energy, and he soon awoke from his dream of chick-weed and red-root and made up his mind that writing and practical farming could never go together. But lessons in the art of walking, in the art of observing and exploring were another matter, and Henry knew the country like a fox or a partridge; and although he had no walks to throw away on company, he could always spare an afternoon for Emerson. He was not an easy companion, for he wanted a fallacy to expose or a blunder to pillory; he required a roll of the drums, a sense of victory to call his powers into exercise. He would say, and wait for Emerson to contradict him, that nobody dared to walk to the Concord post office with a patch on the knee of his trousers. Or that nothing was to be hoped from him or anyone if this bit of mold under his feet was not sweeter to him to eat than any other in the world or in any world. But only as long as the village was still in sight: in the swamps and pastures he forgot the sorry human race. And then what an air came over him, what a light shone in his eyes, and what magic Henry performed with the jack-knife and spyglass and microscope that were tucked away in his pockets with his diary and pencil!

Snakes coiled round his leg, fishes swam into his hand, a sparrow even alighted on his shoulder. He would name the plants that ought to bloom this day, and there they were, as if his voice had evoked them. He would hazard a guess that the spot where they were standing had once been an Indian camping-ground, then stoop and dig in a circle and uncover the blackened stones of an ancient fireplace. Emerson could easily believe him when he said that if he awakened from a trance in the depths of the forest he could tell the time of year within two days by the plants that were growing about him.

He was writing too, as diligently as Emerson: crowded little poems, in the manner of the seventeenth century, with a certain intricate melody. But his journal was the greatest delight—pastoral as Isaak Walton, it seemed to Emerson, spicy as flag-root, broad and deep as Menu. What prose Henry wrote, how acute were his senses! Half the wisdom of the ancients seemed to have been born again in this Concord Pliny. He was very severe with himself and shaped his rambling thoughts into formal essays with infinite toil and a good deal of hesitation. But when Emerson read his paper, "A Winter Walk," he was ready to account Henry the king of American lions.

II

William Ellery Channing, the doctor's nephew and namesake, had come to Concord to live. He had married Margaret Fuller's sister, the pretty sister Ellen, and together they had taken the little Red Lodge a mile up the turnpike. Ellen, as cool and *dégagée* as Margaret was volcanic, had opened a school in the village, and Ellery was determined to work his acre of land.

A character, a true original, this Ellery Channing. He had published several pieces in *The Dial*—poems, "Ernest the Seeker"—and Emerson had been eager to meet him. But

Ellery was always playing hole-and-corner, tearing back and forth to the Western prairies or hiding at "Aunt Betty Atkins's" in Newburyport. With the manners of a man of the world and features that suggested all the Boston families with which he was connected, Ellery was as much the social antinomian as Henry Thoreau himself. He had refused to take his degree at Harvard and had built himself a log hut in the wilds of Illinois: he was resolved to have no commerce with the "bottomless stupidity" of the Bostonians. A poet, a botanist, a lover, as he said, of old books, old garrets, old wines, old pipes, an amateur in all things, he lived for the hour and chiefly for conversation.

No one so moody as Ellery. He was harsh and tender by turns, abrupt, disagreeable, distant, then cordial and generous. But who was a better crony for a walk? Ellery led like an Indian. Was Emerson piqued by the impatience of his countrymen, each one striving to get ahead of the rest? A stroll with Ellery soothed his irritation. He would stop by a clump of goldenrod. "Ah, here they are! These things consume a great deal of time. I don't know but they are of more importance than any other of our investments." He spent his mornings (for the farm was soon forgotten) conning old folios of his favorite authors; there was never a man of more recondite learning, with so many mottoes, conceits, and allusions bubbling in his brain. His taste was so sound that if he said, "Here's a good book," Emerson knew he had a day longer to live; and if he preferred Herrick, as a true Greek, to Milton (who reminded him of his uncle, Doctor Channing)—so much the better. Herrick, poet of cherries and Maytime, with his hen Partlett and his Julia's hair, was the right touchstone for strollers in rural Concord. And Ellery had such a wonderful respect for mere humors of the mind. He caught the most delicate shades of one's meaning, matched one's happiest phrase with another, and always returned to

the weather and politics when there was the least faltering or excess on the high keys. Capricious, yes, the April day incarnated and walking, soft sunshine and hailstones, east wind and flowery southwest by fits and starts. He complained of Nature—too many leaves, too windy and grassy. And he forgot one's existence for weeks, ceased to bow as he passed, then called and hobnobbed again as if nothing had happened. But a sensible, solid, well-stored man was Ellery for all his whimsies. He despised yards with foreign shrubs. He said that trouble was as good as anything else if you only had enough of it. He admitted that even cows had their value. They gave the farmers something to do in summertime, and they made good walking where they fed.

A perfect companion, Ellery, for a ramble to White Pond, that pretty little Indian basin where Emerson could almost see the sachem canoeing in a shadowy cove; or to Flint's Pond, perhaps, or Nine Acre Corner. Sometimes Henry joined them, and then the blue-bird's warble and the murmur of the brook would be drowned in the play of their talk: strokes of wit, tags of rhyme, and the Latin names of the flowers; for Linnæus too was one of the gods of Concord. They thought of those "herborizations" at Upsala, when the master summoned his class for an excursion into the country and they gathered plants and insects, birds and eggs, and returned in the evening, marching through the streets of the town with flowers in their hats, to the sound of drums and trumpets. Less pomp attended their own perambulations, but they were not less joyous. They lingered over every pool by the roadside, stopped to examine the buds of the marsh-marigold, tossed stones into the river and watched the circles and dimples and lovely gleaming motions of the water; for time meant as little to them as it meant to old weather-beaten Goodwin, fishing from sun-up to dusk on the bank. They discussed the labors of the farmers whose

fields they passed, and the religion of the Indians, so much clearer and fresher, as Henry said, than the desiccated theologies of the paleface, and Shakespeare and Carlyle, Ebenezer Hubbard's pears, and the architecture of Palladio, while Ellery's dog Peter, with his cheerful tail, capered through hedge and bush. Nor was the day complete till they had stripped and had their swim, now on the leafy little beach at Fairhaven Bay, now from some willowy ledge at Walden.

For a longer journey, to Sudbury, for instance, they could set out in Emerson's Jersey wagon, stopping wherever they chose: the good mare Dolly could be trusted to stand patiently for half a day at a tree while they roamed about in the woods and pastures. There was nothing like Sudbury meadows on a sunny morning to remind one of Isaak Walton's gentle Lea. The mere sight of Sam Haynes, fishing at the mouth of the Pantry Brook, was enough to set the rhymes running in one's head, rhymes as sweet as Carew's or Suckling's, sweet as the notes of the red-wings and bobolinks that flitted over the fragrant marsh. From afar came the faint sound of the bells of Framingham. They pushed on to the hill for a glimpse of Marlboro. What a spectacle of rustic plenty and comfort, what ample farms, what mountains of pumpkins, what spacious houses, with squashes ripening between their Grecian columns! Not Shakespeare himself had sung a lovelier prospect—and what bard was to save this present beauty from oblivion? If Ellery could only have written as he talked, if, writing, he had not been so shamelessly indolent and slovenly, New England would have had its Virgil, for his mere presence turned the day into the most melodious of eclogues.

An art, walking, like any other, with strict qualifications: endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for Nature, good humor, curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much. No loud singing, no story-telling, no

vain words (Emerson said to himself) profaning the river and the forest. With a loved and honored companion his sentiments appeared as new and astonishing as the lightning out of the sky; every thought rushed to light, rushed to body, and society was already revolutionized. By himself Emerson was inclined to stop and linger. With Ellery and Henry together walking was another matter: no graceful idling then but a strenuous chase, for walking was Henry's work. One stepped along more quickly, submitting to one's guide; and the tempo of one's talk, so often languid, soon grew as brisk as the biting autumn air. Even when Henry stopped to study some plant by the pathside one felt the relentless ticking of his brain. It was always in action, that brain, hard, precise, clear as a seven-day clock.

Ellery too was hard, hard and cool, and Emerson liked him for it, he who liked dry light and hard clouds, hard manners and hard expressions. But Ellery could melt as well and waken to the most genial mirth. He was full of amusing notions. He suggested setting up in every village a magnified dollar as big as a barrel-head, made of silver or gold. Let Colonel Shattuck, he said, or some other priest be appointed to guard it; they would then have a local deity and could bring it baked beans and other offerings and perform rites before it. He was always laughing at the villagers and their stodgy ways, the passengers on the train squeezing their bundles, and the member of the Legislature hastening to drain the last drop of gossip from the ginger-beer newspaper before he left the car to fodder and milk his kine. And he railed at Concord, he said he would rather have settled on the icy peak of Mount Ararat; it was absolutely the worst spot in the world. "Think of the climate of Venice," he lamented, "of Cuba, the Azores, Malaga"—there was scarcely a field in Concord he had not watered with his tears. Then he

talked about landscape-painting, the only art that was worth a moment's attention.

So Ellery sauntered along, squandering his jewels as if they were so many icicles, sometimes not comprehended, sometimes not even heard. Henry was bleak beside him, bleak as frosty November. But what a tonic! Even his captious paradoxes kept Emerson's wits in motion. Was he rather inclined to dream and drift? Henry, with a volley of facts, brought him back to the earth. As they lingered beside some spring, Henry would take out his notebook and scribble away, with a mind fixed upon what he called the particular and the definite. Then Ellery followed suit and tried to recall his impressions, but all in vain. He soon slipped the notebook into his pocket again, or scrawled some sketch on the broken page, or contented himself with a few "ideal remarks."

III

Concord, congenial Concord! It was good to exchange ideas with artists and teachers, people of the city and the world. But how much Emerson learned from his country neighbors too! From the laborers, for instance: to refresh himself with the bone and sinew of society he had to avoid the so-called respectable classes as carefully as a good traveler in a foreign land avoids his own countrymen. Now and then, at least. Take a group of villagers laying a new bridge. How close they were to their work! They sympathized with every log and anticipated its every stir with chain and crowbar. And how grand were their postures, their air, their very dress!—like figures of Michael Angelo. No other cultivation but that of war could have made such forms and carriage.

He lingered by a blacksmith or a truckman. No fear these men would speak because they were expected to speak; they were realists, not dictionaries, and they uttered only words that

stood for things. The style of the Boston scholars was so trite and poor because language was properly made up of the spoils of actions, of trades, arts, games, metaphors borrowed from natural and mechanical processes, from the street and the field and the market. That was Plato's secret; if he loved abstract truth, he drew his illustrations from sources disdained by the polite, from mares and puppies and pigs, from potters, horse-doctors, butchers, fishmongers, and cooks. Everett and Bancroft should certainly have lived in Concord. They would never have poured out such floods of empty rhetoric if they had spent a few minutes in the square each morning listening to the drovers and teamsters. What rattling oaths, how beautiful and thrilling! They fell like a shower of bullets. What stinging phrases, and that fiery double negative! No pale academicisms there, but a strong, salty speech, brisk and laconic, words so vascular and alive that they would bleed if you cut them, words that walked and ran.

Where could Emerson pass an hour better than on the Mill Dam, dropping into the grocery and the Squire's office, or chatting with Sam Staples on the steps of the courthouse? Or walking along beside Edmund Hosmer as he plowed his cornfield?

They shamed one's slight and useless city limbs, these soldiers of the soil—shamed the slackness of a scholar's day. A glance over Abel Moore's fence, a half-hour in the field with Edmund Hosmer, was a tonic for Emerson's will. And these men too spoke the language of nature. They challenged his mind, they drove his notions into a corner and obliged them to render up their meaning in a phrase, at the point of a pistol. They made him study the low tone, and he never forgot in their presence that the roots of the great and high must still be in the common life.

A capital place, Concord, for the study of human nature. He could find every

human type there: Take Cardinal de Retz's *Memoirs*: it was easy to identify all his principal characters, playing similar parts in the village comedy. There was M. de Rohan, whose only talent was dancing and who knew that his element for rising in the world was the ballroom. And that old granny of a M. d'Angoulême, and Beaufort, who was only a private man and affected neutrality; and Mazarin, with his genius for going about the bush and giving to understand; and Mr. E— of Bangor who never finished his sentence—"you take the idee?" In the country church one saw the cousins of Napoleon, of Wellington, of Wilberforce, Bentham, Humboldt. A little air and sunshine, an hour of need, would suffice to call out the right fire from these slumbering peasants. The more silently they sat in their pews the louder their faces spoke—of the plain prose of life, timidity, caution, appetite, old houses, musty smells, retrograde faculties "puttering round" in paltry routines from January to December. The old doctor was a gallipot, the bookbinder bound books in his face, and the landlord mixed liquors, in motionless pantomime. Emerson could scrutinize every breed in the germ and verify all the impressions his reading had given him.

Why should people talk so much of the broadening effect of travel? You made an immense conquest of humanity by studying one man thoroughly. And Juvenal was right: "A single house will show whatever is done or suffered in the world." All history—Parthia, Macedonia, Rome, and the Netherlands—repeated itself every year in Concord. At one end of the village scale were the clowns and sots who made the fringes of your tapestry of life and gave a certain reality to the picture: old Sol, old Moore, who slept in Doctor Hurd's barn, and the denizens of Bigelow's and Wesson's barrooms. At the other end was the courthouse, where the greatest men in the country appeared and spoke, Channing and Everett and Choate,

Wendell Phillips and Webster; the village got a handful of every ton of greatness that came to Boston. And there were shows and processions, animal-trainers and conjurors, revivalists and reformers, tourists and politicians—not to mention the Penobscot Indians who always came back with the summer. You had only to mix your impressions with a little imagination, and the whole panorama of human life unfolded before your eyes.

IV

A little imagination! Sometimes, at night, as Emerson lay awake, he listened to the endless procession of wagons creaking past his gate on the great road from Boston to the mountain villages of New Hampshire and Vermont. All the wealth and goods of the Indies, of China and Turkey, of England and Germany and Russia, were in those wagons streaming through Concord. Easy for him then to remember that the whole world was to be found in any least part of it, that the stars and celestial awning that overhung his own walks and discourses were as brave as those that were visible to Coleridge as he talked, or Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, or Chaucer and Petrarch and Boccaccio when they met. One had only to make much of one's own place, and it became in actuality all that one's fancy desired.

It was true that the world came to you if you were ready to receive it, if some fact in your experience gave you the key. The more facts, the more keys; that was the beauty of living close to the concrete. Housekeeping was a universal school, where all knowledge was taught you, and the price of your tuition was simply your annual expense. You wanted your stove set up, and this want entitled you to call on the professors of tin and iron in the village, inquire the cost of production

of cast and wrought metal, the kinds of iron they had, all the secrets of the trade. You wanted soap or vinegar, manure, medicine, and you played the chemist; you were a politician with the selectmen and the assessors, a naturalist with your trees, hens, wood, and coal. You opened, in short, a shop in the heart of all crafts and professions. And besides, the familiar household tasks were agreeable to the imagination. Were they not the subjects of all the Greek gems?

Emerson was open in Concord—how easy it was to be open!—open at every pore to the common life. To the spring sounds in the village evenings; to the winning, artful-artless ways of the young girls in the shops, buying a skein of silk and gossiping for half an hour with the broad-faced shop boy, each laying little traps for the attention of the other, and each jumping joyfully into the traps; to the casual talk of pot-hunters and wood-choppers and cattle-drivers, and the local worthies exchanging dry remarks round the grocery stove; to the amphibious, weather-beaten, solitary fishermen on the river, floating in their flat skiffs and consoling themselves with rum; to the farmer who found in Plato so many of his own ideas; to the Social Circle that met on Thursday evenings—doctor, lawyer, trader, miller, mechanic, solid men, yielding solidest gossip, like the circle in *Wilhelm Meister* of which every member was a master of some indispensable art; to the Indians on the river—they could give you a new tea every day, and a new soup, lily-soup, hemlock tea, tea from the snow-berry, and cut a string from spruce-root, something no white man could ever do; to old George Minott up there on the slope, in his little hip-roofed cottage, with his cow and his corn and his “crook-necks”. . . .

Congenial Concord!



LIQUOR AND THE SCHOOLS

BY ALFRED E. STEARNS

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IN VIEW of recent testimony of "Wets" and "Drys" at Washington and elsewhere—testimony so often flatly contradictory—one needs more than ordinary courage to venture an opinion on the much-discussed liquor problem, even though that opinion relates only to an individual group or locality. The problem is complicated and baffling, and its ramifications seemingly endless.

And yet there are some phases of this important question of which the public at large knows comparatively little and the study of which reveals interesting and significant facts. One of these phases is the effect of prohibition on the youth of to-day as revealed by the habits and conduct of the students in our boarding schools and colleges. Such student bodies represent a fair cross-section of a large element at least of American youth, and an element too that is most often subjected to the limelight of publicity. If then we can determine with any degree of accuracy the effects of prohibition on this selected mass, from whom we expect to recruit the leaders of the coming generation, we shall have found fairly stable grounds on which to base our hopes or fears for the future.

The head of an institution of any size is perhaps the last one who can honestly claim to have full and clear knowledge of the habits of his students which naturally seek concealment. He knows, or ought to know, that practices of this kind which are revealed and invite customary discipline represent at best a fraction only of those that actually exist. And yet, if his experience covers any rea-

sonable length of time, he is surely justified in contending that on the basis of such evidence as he has and has always used fair inferences may be drawn and fair deductions made. On this basis alone do I feel qualified to discuss this particular phase of the problem presented by national prohibition: and on this basis I believe we are justified in reaching some interesting and perhaps unexpected conclusions.

All educators are agreed, I think, that previous to the war and the adoption of national prohibition drinking among the students in our American schools and colleges had shown a steady and wholesome decline. With the war came a change. The excitement and strain of those hectic days exerted a tremendous and not always a beneficial influence on unstable youth. Some were inspired to heroism, others to reckless adventure, others still to folly. Drinking once more became a not uncommon thing among American youth; and schools and colleges alike noted and deplored the change. Nor was youth the only offender. Those of older and supposedly wiser years lost their poise as well and joined the ranks of the worst offenders.

The end of the war did not bring an end to the unnatural conditions that war had bred. To the present day the effects of the war's reactions are still evident in our midst. Nowhere are these effects more noticeable than in the widespread and reckless drinking of a portion of our people who willingly break their country's laws, flaunt their country's constitution, risk their lives

with rank poison so often masquerading under the name of liquor, hand over their money to unscrupulous bootleggers, criminals, and murderers, in all this directly conspiring to shake the foundations of our national life itself. This strange attitude of so many otherwise respectable people will go down into history, I believe, as one of those occasional but striking instances of unaccountable human behavior.

The imposition of prohibition alone does not account for this recklessness. The abnormal reactions of the war are still finding their expression in dimmed ideals, distorted vision, uncontrolled wills, a craving for excitement, and a general letting down of standards, the end of which is not liberty but license, alluring but dangerous. Curiously, the worst offenders are not found in the ranks of youth but among those of maturer years. Old age and youth appear to be maintaining or approaching something savoring of sane stability while middle age has not yet found its bearings. Unfortunately middle age embraces most of the parents of present-day youth. Those to whom youth should naturally look for ideals and guidance are setting strange and often dangerous examples, and it is to the everlasting credit of youth that, against and in spite of this pernicious influence, our boys and girls are developing a clearer vision. If the most reliable reports from our schools and colleges are to be credited such a contention is surely justified.

II

Too little attention has been given to the published reports of responsible college officers and others, who testified before the Senate Committee in Washington recently, of the beneficial effects of prohibition on the student body of Yale, a representative university, while contradictory testimony of two undergraduates, who had already earned the reputation of being "knockers," has been widely broadcasted through the public

press. Let me repeat this favorable testimony as reported at the time.

The following statement from Professor Charles C. Clark was read upon the witness stand:

I am not a prohibitionist, and have never been. I will admit to you, however, that the effect of prohibition at Yale University has been good. I know whereof I speak, for I have been a member of the Committee on Discipline from a time dating back many years before prohibition.

I know conditions intimately. I do not pretend that the students are prohibitionists or are not drinking, but the change has been simply revolutionary. In the old days our Committee was constantly busy with cases involving intoxication and the disorders originating from it. Now we have practically no business of the kind at all to transact. Moreover, this is in spite of the fact that in the old days we rarely troubled ourselves about a case of mere intoxication if it had not resulted in some kind of public disorder, whereas now intoxication of itself is regarded as calling for the severest penalty.

And this from the Chief of Police of the same city:

Speaking from the authentic records of the Police Department, there is much less drinking now than before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. Yale undergraduates are much better behaved than then, and one of the direct benefits of prohibition is that their conduct has improved so materially.

Surely testimony of such high and dependable character cannot be ignored.

Since the writing of this article was undertaken, the *Literary Digest* has published the results of its nation-wide poll of colleges and universities. With all reasonable allowance for the limited knowledge of the authorities reporting, it cannot be denied that this composite and emphatic testimony gives the clearest kind of evidence that drinking among our college students to-day is distinctly less than ever before. Nor is this surprising to those most intimately in touch with our student bodies and whose contacts cover sufficiently long periods to justify them in making comparisons and drawing contrasts.

In order to sustain or disprove my own personal convictions, and before attempting to offer those convictions to the public, I sent personal letters of inquiry to officers of thirty of the leading boarding schools, colleges, and universities of the East. Purposely, those addressed were not always the heads of the institutions selected but those who were known to be most intimately in touch with undergraduate life and activities. The answers to these inquiries with singular unanimity confirm my own conviction that the extent of drinking among the boys in school and college is steadily on the wane.

Of the colleges reporting, nine insist that there is less drinking than ever before. Seven report a definite improvement over the previous year. Three, which happen to face peculiar local conditions, believe that there is actually less drinking than formerly, though they question whether the net results, due to the use of hard and often poisonous bootleg spirits, are better or worse than before.

The schools reporting are practically unanimous in their testimony that drinking among undergraduates is steadily on the wane, while a number emphasize the fact that the past year has proved the best on record.

Colleges and schools alike admit and deplore the pernicious effect on the youth of to-day of the law-breaking element that now enters into the problem; and the schools especially lay emphasis on the fact that if week-end home-goings and visits could be eliminated the liquor problem, so far as their student bodies are concerned, would practically disappear—a strange and somewhat disquieting commentary on the modern home.

Reinforced by such striking and uniform testimony as this, I am confident that those of us who believe that drinking among the undergraduates in our schools and colleges is steadily decreasing are fully justified in our contention. That undergraduates themselves may often believe otherwise and so testify

does not disturb us in the least. The undergraduate knows only the institution of his time and has no basis for trustworthy comparison. Only those whose contacts cover long periods can fairly say whether conditions are better or worse; and these with striking unanimity insist that they are better.

III

Since these conclusions are seemingly so different from those which the public at large has reached, something further should be said by way of explanation. Unquestionably the readers of our daily papers and those whose opinions are formed by common gossip may be excused for believing that excessive drinking is the rule in our schools and colleges to-day. The wide and noisy publicity given to such drinking episodes when they do occur creates a natural but wholly wrong impression. What the public fails to recognize is the fact that it is only recently that these affairs have come to be regarded as "news." Why this is so is not difficult to discover. Several reasons at least are clear.

Before the present prohibition law became a reality excessive drinking, whether in our institutions of learning or elsewhere, received little if any publicity. Flagrant cases, of course, especially where other factors were involved, secured the attention regularly accorded to the unusual. But on the whole such delinquencies were accepted as customary and natural and occasioned little comment. Conditions now have changed, and the bitter and widespread controversy between "Wets" and "Drys" has given a wholly new significance to drinking and its attendant results. The "Wets" especially have eagerly seized upon every incident and evidence pointing to the ineffectiveness of the prohibition law and noisily proclaimed their findings to an interested public.

Again, drinking to-day is no longer a purely personal and possibly, a moral matter, but a legal offense. When it

was only the former it was not often treated as "news." It became news only when the results prompted the overstepping of legal bounds and so carried the effects of the act beyond the moral and purely personal realm. Now that nearly all drinking, at least that of a public character, involves the actual breaking of the law and the defiance of the Nation's constitution, such indulgence takes on at once a new meaning and becomes a matter of real interest to the public at large. Under these new conditions the drinking that actually does exist, whether it be either more or less than formerly, is bound to be more widely heralded than ever before.

Finally, the changed conditions under which we live in this modern age conspire to give publicity to acts which only a few years ago would rarely, if ever, have been drawn from their customary concealment. More than formerly our actions are forced into the open under the influence of the high-speed world in which we live. With the phonograph and radio to spread it, news is cheaper and more widely disseminated than it used to be, and the automobile especially has added to its color. Privacy and the motor car make poor bed-fellows.

In my own college days there was a popular song, set to a Moody and Sankey tune, that is still sung with enthusiasm by returning graduates. The theme was based on the common practice of making the journey to and from the neighboring city of Northampton in the vehicles supplied by Paige's Stables, a well-known institution of the college town. The words are significant:

"Paige's horse is in the gutter,
Paige's sleigh is upside down,
And my head goes reeling, reeling,
As I wander into town."

The sentiment of this jingle sprang undoubtedly from many historic incidents in undergraduate life: but such incidents had no special interest to the public. Why? Well, chiefly because of the setting. There was nothing very dramatic

about sliding out of an overturning sleigh into a snowdrift, while the effects on the victim were sobering and generally beneficial. Such incidents doubtless became known to a considerable number of the student body to be joked about and then forgotten. But the high-powered automobile crushing its tipsy driver against a tree or telegraph pole introduces at once a wholly new element—that of tragedy; and the story, news indeed, finds its place at once on the front page of the daily paper. And yet, in spite of this significant difference in results, it cannot be fairly said that there is any appreciable difference in the characters and purposes of those involved. The boy of the present day is only the victim of that highly developed mechanical life of which his predecessor never knew. Increased publicity is one of the penalties we pay for the increased speed of modern life.

The earlier reactions of the younger generation to the adoption of national prohibition, which resulted in such distressing excesses, were inspired largely by a spirit of bravado and adventure, a spirit which always has been and probably always will be a common characteristic of youth. Drinking in itself has never made a strong appeal to the young; and even in the earlier days when drinking among students was far more general than it is to-day, the number of those who could be said actually to enjoy hard liquor was almost negligible. Prohibition pretty effectively cut off the supplies of milder spirits at least, and those who elected to disregard the law turned from necessity to strong drink, stronger generally than the hard liquor of the past. They did so not because they craved any satisfaction which this kind of drinking would give, but chiefly as an act of defiance, in a spirit of daring, and under the strong encouragement offered by their elders who constantly prated of the "injustice" of the prohibition law. Injustice youth will never readily tolerate: and here was a chance to protest.

Schoolmasters are familiar enough with the reactions of boys to any new school regulation that gains the reputation of being unjust. Either student sentiment must be changed, or the rule must be modified or withdrawn. So long as it stands and student opinion holds it unjust, defiance is sure. This undoubtedly was the spirit that animated our boys and girls in their first reaction to the new prohibition law and for the time swept them off their feet. Only as they began to think for themselves did their attitude change; and that change has been steady and pronounced. The popularity of the hip flask has steadily waned among the undergraduates in our schools and colleges. Often it is still a cherished possession among those of a well-known type. Sometimes its presence is boastfully announced to a few. But less often is it actually used.

IV

It is not easy to give all the reasons why the youth of to-day, or at least that representative and more thoughtful portion of it from which our student bodies are recruited, should be choosing of its own volition a course at variance with and certainly saner than that commonly ascribed to middle age. But to those who enjoy intimate contacts with the young men of the present day some explanations at once suggest themselves. My own contacts have been almost wholly with boys, and it is, therefore, of them that I speak.

Whatever the faults and limitations of youth, it has to its eternal credit the quality of looking facts in the face and of discriminating with rare insight between the true and the false. Youthful vision goes to the heart of things and is little impressed with the glamour and veneer by which those of older years and skilled in the art of compromise are so frequently swayed. Youth will impulsively lie, generally in self-defense, but its love of truth is strong. Youth will at times play unfairly, but its sense of

justice is inherent and compelling. Youth will condone among its mates almost any sin or vice except that which involves hypocrisy and sham. On that point youth is adamant. And it is just here that youth with its clear perception of underlying truth clashes with the older generation. "Our boys see through us and believe us hypocrites, and that is why we have lost control of them," said an eminently respectable father to me recently. And that father told the truth. Youth is instinctively a hero worshiper and craves an ideal. It will give its allegiance whole-heartedly to one whom it trusts; but once it discovers in that hero of fancy a discordant and hypocritical note the allegiance is severed, and for good.

Nothing seems better calculated to develop hypocrisy and encourage sham among a large group of otherwise sane and respectable people than the liquor question of to-day. The curious and so often contradictory attitude of this group youth watches with increased misgivings; and youth is not favorably impressed. To its ears the constant and noisy talk about "personal liberty" does not ring true. On every side it sees accepted conditions where personal liberty is gladly surrendered for the common good, the more gladly when that common good reacts to the direct benefit of the one who makes the sacrifice. Father and father's friends may talk themselves hoarse about their right to personal liberty in the matter of drink, but would speedily call the police if the drunken driver of an automobile, exercising his equal right to that same personal liberty, decided to drive on the wrong side of the street and collided with their car. Wherever and whenever these advocates behave like respectable citizens and civilized men they are surrendering a definite amount of that personal liberty for which, on other occasions, they shout so lustily. All this youth sees and more than dimly comprehends.

Nor is youth blind to the appalling

increase in crime which gives this country, and by a wide margin, the unenviable leadership among the nations in this dastardly and preventable business. Youth listens to its elders as they talk in glowing terms of their great and free country, of its glorious history and destiny, of their love for it and their undying patriotism. But it notes too, and cannot forget, that the money which these same "patriots" so freely hand over for forbidden and bootleg liquor is a direct contribution to the efforts of those who are deliberately undermining the foundations of our government and sapping its heart's blood. And youth is beginning to sense more and more clearly that hypocrisy and selfishness of this pernicious kind are a direct encouragement and invitation to the lowest dregs of society, thieves, murderers, and anarchists, to do their worst. Surely, youth reasons, there is something wrong with these professed "patriots," something woefully illogical in their arguments, something rotten underneath.

For yet another reason are our boys concerned over the conditions that confront them. After all, it is their world that is in the making. The stage is being set for them and only a few years hence they will be called upon as men to play their parts on it. To-day's sowing will yield a harvest which they must reap. To that later day youth is already looking forward; and the questionings of youthful minds are as to the character and setting of that stage, the quality of that harvest. No wonder then that our thoughtful young men hesitate to join unreservedly with their elders in actions and attitudes that must spell for them in their later years danger and discord and the loss of much at least that has made their country in the past great and powerful, and an ideal for a needy world.

The prize-winning essay this last June, at one of our large city high schools, was entitled "What Young People Should Do About Prohibition." The sentiments expressed by the young man who

wrote it, just completing his high-school course give voice, I feel sure, to a growing conviction among our youth that is in accord with and fully justifies the opinions offered above. Let me quote a significant paragraph:

What can we young people do? Not all of us may vote. But we may all treat the law with the common decency which it demands; and may expect our friends to do as much. We may study into the problem of prohibition, weighing carefully each proposition and each table of statistics. We may each hold an opinion and know why we hold it. And, whatever our final theories may be, we may exert whatever influence is ours to give this "infant law" a chance in life. It asks no more. It is you and I that shall benefit from this great experiment. If the test is allowed to continue, you and I shall know at last its worth. We shall see its effect upon our children, and our children's children.

Youth must and will find a way out of the present muddle. Already our boys are leading the way. But the tragedy of it all is that this hard task must be accomplished not, as in all fairness it should be, with the whole-hearted help and support of those of older and supposedly wiser years, but against and in spite of them.

Whatever the advocates of personal liberty, law-breaking, and bootlegging may delude themselves into believing, youth is not easily or, at least, for long deceived. For a time youth, with its natural love of adventure and hostility to restraint, swung easily into the path chosen by its elders. For the moment it did not ask where that path might lead. But it is beginning to ask that question now; and there are increasing signs that youth is not satisfied with that questionable goal. Youth desires at heart and will seek a better and more stable one. It is not asking its elders for help; but it may rightly demand that we shall not hinder. But the pity of it is that there should be even a question as to where we stand and what our influence is to be.

The Lion's Mouth



COMPOSITE IRISH LOVE SONG

(After an orgy of Irish reading)

BY EDWARD ANTHONY

OCH, to be with my Bridget!—
(Or is "me Bridget" right?)
The pride of County Kerry,
With faychers like a sprite.

'Tis I'll be cillibratin'
The day we meet wance more
Along the River Kelly
Where banshees line the shore.

I'll tell her: Nora, darlint,—
Or, rather, Bridget dear,
I've done with all spalpeenin',
I'm sittlin' down this year.

And thin Oi'll also whisper:
Hark ye! (or is it "yez?")
Hark! angel straight from hiven
To what yer feller sez.

Ochone! (That's Irish sighing)
I love yez, Miss Malone,
As sure as purple heather
Blooms bright in Innishown,

Where undern'ath the flax-plants,
As still as soilint Cal,
Lie buried, 'n'ath the moor-herbs,
The men of Donegal,

That fought for Oirish fraydom
And chased the British foe
Whoile bird-voiced Dublin fairies
Kept dancing to and fro.

Yer loikes I've niver seen, oh,
Swate Ballyshunock maid!
Yer fit to roide first-carriage
In Patrick's Day parade.

Proize iv old Erin's childer,
Quane iv the Imerald Isle,
Yez has me all a-fuddle
Whine'er Oi see yez smile.

'Tis thin I'm so beflustered
Me pen conglomerates
F. Carlin, Mr. Dooley,
And William Butler Yeats!



THE PERIL OF BEING CAPABLE

BY ALIX

EXPERIENCE has convinced me that a corporeal Nirvana lies ahead of one who has earned the reputation of being capable. As a child I was taught to be self-reliant. It was impressed on me early that I must button my own shoes, do my own hair, fasten my own coat, take care of my own things, wait on myself—be capable, in short. And I have been so ever since, to my everlasting detriment.

The first ominous signs appeared long ago: my numerous aunts used to be glad to have me visit them because I was so helpful with the younger children; the neighbors liked me because I was so good about doing errands; my mother's friends marveled at my ability to wash dishes and make beds, dust, bake, and get meals when I was hardly tall enough to see over the edge of the table. "Such a capable

child," was a frequent comment that flattered my self-esteem—then. Now I know it was one of those beguilements that lure us into trouble before we are aware.

As I grew older and began to enter into church, club, or social activities, I found myself always complimented with the chairmanship of those committees which furnished the suppers or cleared up afterwards—"the most important ones, which require a capable leader"—so I always spent my time in kitchen apron, out of sight, while others less capable, met the celebrities, and graced the occasion. At first I was impressed with the importance of the responsibilities I carried, but gradually it began to dawn upon me that these flattering responsibilities carried with them a most unflattering burden of toil, and that I was working like a non-unionized day laborer.

It was the same when I went to college and when I began to teach. Fragile, blue-eyed, helpless maidens would gaze at me with languishing admiration and warble, "How can you do so much! You are so capable." And I fell for it—I still do. Whenever there is something easy or pleasant to be accomplished it always manages to elude me; when there is any undesirable task to be done, "Ask Miss Doe to do that; she is so capable." And I am unfailingly the goat.

For the last fifteen years my aged parents have complacently permitted me to support them in such affluence as half a pedagogue's salary will furnish. For seven years a joyous and debonnair adopted son has benignly accepted me as mother, father, teacher, guide, and bank account. For two years I have been the mainstay to his childwife and infant daughter. Under these auspicious conditions I am learning how it happens that the capable ones get so much experience in being capable that their capability is developed to the n^{th} degree. I am discovering that, after the first prideful thrills at being so necessary, the word capable begins to have an ominous, sinister, even offensive sound. But most valuable of all, I am learning—oh so capably—how not to be capable.

It is very simple when one has acquired the basic principles of the art, particularly if there are also the necessary physical qualifications. (This handicap I have to overcome by superior intelligence, unfortunately.) To have mournful blue eyes, a tendency to pallor, and the figure of a "wee slip of a girl" is to have earnest of success at the start. To be prettily puzzled, gently distressed, or gracefully overcome by obstacles constitutes a sweet, feminine appeal which is irresistible. If there be added, with deprecating helplessness, "I did so want to . . . I wonder if . . . No, after all, I don't see how I can . . ." the end is certain—especially if the audience has been selected with shrewd eye to its receptiveness and suggestibility—for one of the most capable is sure to chirp brightly "Not at all. Go right along—I can attend to everything perfectly."

At this point of course the consummate artist will demur with gentle, self-abnegating reluctance; but she will eventually yield with sweetly well-bred acquiescence to the dominant urgency of the Capable One, leaving that fond fool with the impression that he has won the privilege of doing the undesired task only by overcoming tremendous opposition.



MUSIC, THE LAST RESORT OF THE STUPID

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"YOUR child," said the teacher, rather gingerly, "will never, I fear, have a true ear for music."

"For which Heaven be praised!" I responded instantly and, as the good lady looked somewhat aghast, I was obliged to make up some stout, specious lies to reassure her. What I intended to convey, I told her, was that she was a true friend in not encouraging my little Helen on a career in which she could

find only disappointment; that no greater tragedy could exist than a semi-artist who was deluded with the idea of being ultimately among the elect.

But actually I had meant exactly what I said. When Fate denied to my little daughter "a true ear for music" it also kept her from being a trivial, pica-yune person, a constant torture to herself, and a miserable nuisance to all her associates. It kept her, in short, from being in a feminine form what my old friend Mark Hobbs used to be in a masculine form—a decent, modest little fellow on ordinary occasions but a most intolerable ass when a word or a note of music was anywhere in the vicinity.

Just where Mark Hobbs first got the idea that he was a supersoul in music I cannot imagine, for he was not a real artist in any broad sense of the word. He had no knowledge of the literature of music and no apparent imagination for its larger forms. He played the piano in a correct, expressionless way and he sang sometimes in a diffident, cautious barytone, but he did less and less of either as he grew in years and became more and more conscious of his own divine gift—a true ear. In brief, he did not enjoy listening to music, he did not enjoy the production of music. His sole pleasure in life lay in telling other people that they were off the key.

My own peculiar bitterness against Mark Hobbs arises from the fact that he utterly ruined two years of my college life. In the college that I attended the students were divided into groups of sixteen according to the section of the dormitory in which they were quartered and, until Mark Hobbs moved into it, our section was the home of harmony. It was the Tin Pan Alley of Huntington Hall. Its inmates were widely divided on matters of religion, campus politics, fraternity associations, and taste for scholarship, but in one thing they were a solid knot—a common love and a long standing practice of "campus agony."

Now campus agony, I need hardly state, is merely the academic form of the

"barber shop chord." It is the true folk song of the undergraduate and arises naturally from the student soul in its moments of work or play. It voices the poetry of a dewy campus on a warm night in Spring term, it chimes with the rhythm of flat wheels and whining trolley on the "last car from town" on a Saturday night, but it reaches its greatest heights of pure ecstasy in a steaming, tiled shower bath underneath the gymnasium or in a stone dormitory with painted walls and leaded windows, where every atom acts as a natural sounding board and makes any poor songster feel like Caruso.

With this perfect background, Section Eight, Huntington Hall, had worked out a simple but very effective method of counterpoint. The leader would be the man who knew all the words, and the rest of us would be tenors or basses. By instinct and experience the tenors would seize on a chord note about three tones higher than the dominant note of the air. They would then continue, straight along, on this one note, watching the bloodshot eye and straining throat muscles of the leader until something told them that he was about to change. They would then go either one note higher or one note lower (it didn't seem to make very much difference) until the last phrase of the song, when their eyes would light, their tonsils would swell, and they would leap into that final, three-note descending wail by which a tenor part can be made to fit the last bar of any song ever written.

The task of the basses was even simpler. All they had to do was boom up, boom down, sounding two notes a bar, until that last happy phrase, when they would come climbing up from the cellar as the tenors came wailing down from the roof, and all three parts would meet in one perfectly exquisite chord. With this fundamental fugue, we could, after two years' practice, wring tears out of anything from "Rock-a-bye Baby" to "I've Found a Horseshoe," the only requirements being that the song be

slow enough so that we could feel our way in advance and that everyone present take part in the crime.

Then came Mark Hobbs into Section Eight, and harmony died overnight. I will not recount all his methods, for they are perfectly familiar and are always the same with every member of his vast and contemptible tribe. If the crowd started one of our favorite "close harmonies," Mark Hobbs would emit a low groan of pain, and his face would become that of a sensitive lady who has just stepped on a worm. If we started singing in unison, as in the football songs, Mark Hobbs would hold up his hand and say, "Please, please, just a minute. You're nearly a whole tone off the key." If one of the glee-club men dropped in and was coaxed into giving a solo at the piano, Mark Hobbs would sit quietly enough, but he would glance furtively around the room until he caught somebody's eye, then he would smile faintly, as if to say, "Poor chap, he means well, but *you* know and *I* know how terrible this really is." And we, poor cravens, would smile in response, as if we agreed with him, proud to be taken into his musical confidence.

Now the really astonishing thing is that we were still twenty-one and still rowdy. If Mark Hobbs had tried these tactics in any other branch of art, science, or sport, we should simply have told him to go soak his head; but in music the world has permitted the absurd illusion that certain persons are born with a mystic, inscrutable alchemy that gives them the right to lay down flat dictums without debate or appeal.

For, twenty years of later experience have convinced me that Mark Hobbs was nine-tenths a bluff. Not but what we, as singers, were fairly terrible, and not but what Mark Hobbs was fairly right; but we were not anywhere nearly as bad as he said we were, and he was not anywhere nearly as infallible as he succeeded in making us believe. My ear to-day is no doubt as imperfect as it was at that time, but the

queer paths of journalism for some years led me into a position where I had intimate and familiar converse with a large number of real musicians—singers, composers, and conductors of the very first rank—and none of them was at all like Mark Hobbs. Fritz Kreisler, for instance, would thoroughly have enjoyed our musical evenings, and so would Frederick Stock. John Alden Carpenter would have seen the idea for an original symphony in campus agony, while Victor Herbert would have taken the top off the piano and showed us, if possible, how we could make our music even worse.

No, the ruling motive of Mark Hobbs was not suffering, as he pretended, but unconscious delight. Our maudlin efforts gave him his one chance for distinction, and the natural instinct of every human to fight against obscurity made him seize his one possible talent and squeeze out the benefits of it to the very last drop. In everything else that is dear to an undergraduate he was a total nonentity and at heart he knew it, but his knowledge of music was taken for granted. As his dictums were never disputed he became an æsthetic bully and, like every bully, he had learned that the way to keep his preëminence was always to pick the quarrel and strike the first blow.

Furthermore, the tactics of Mark Hobbs are those of nine-tenths of the half-baked musicians who make up the supposed "musical world." If you don't believe it, try this very simple trick: Go into any social atmosphere where your own antecedents are not especially well known and wait until there is a parlor recital or until some good amateur is asked to sing or play. You need not know a flat from a sharp, but sit quietly until the performer strikes a high note or comes to a minor passage, then give a quick, convulsive shudder, but act immediately as if you were trying to cover it up. The chances are five to one that someone sitting near you will give you a sympathetic,

knowing smile. If this doesn't work, walk out on the piazza and wait until someone praises the performance, then say gently, "Yes, it was very pleasant but wasn't he painfully off in the second movement?" No one will ever dispute you. You will get away with it every time.

Then there are countless Mark Hobbses, male and female, who keep up their reputation by judging music entirely by the place where they hear it played. While they will accept any symphony orchestra, they always pretend to suffer agonies from a hotel or theater orchestra. The joke of this lies in the fact that hotel and theater musicians are usually in such positions because they have no qualities except one—that of being scrupulously correct. As a matter of fact, given the limitation of instruments, there is some very astonishingly good music to be heard in restaurants and small theaters, and for a real music lover the relaxed atmosphere of the place is a part of music itself.

The worst feature is that professional critics, except a handful of the truly great ones, are recruited naturally from the Mark Hobbs class. They have a few catch words, such as "tone color," "virtuosity," "attack," and "brio," but beyond that their one dream in life is to catch a well-known performer a hairsbreadth off pitch. It seems never to dawn on them that there may be something in music beside rigid correctness. We do not read books in the sole search for typographical errors, nor do we condemn them for occasional slips.

But, even granted that all the Mark Hobbses are right and we are all wrong, what franchise is theirs to display such abominable manners? Has a painter the right to walk into a room and, looking at water colors done by his hostess, say, "Frankly, madame, that is the very worst picture that I have ever seen in my life"? Does an actor get up and walk out when forced to attend some summer charades?

My own theory about Mark Hobbs and his ilk is one, I believe, that will bear examination. During the fifty years which preceded the present generation the only accepted gateway to music lay through the piano. A musician was a person who could "play"; all others were wistful aliens. Now, say what you like, piano playing in its ordinary phases comes most readily to a cold, exact temperament. A dexterous proficiency goes with precisely the same type of mind that is found in a fast infielder, a good needlewoman, or an expert die sinker. Select the best pianists of a given company, and you will invariably find the least intellectual, most unimaginative persons in the room. This, of course, excepts the very greatest.

On the other hand a poetic mind or an original imagination is accompanied notoriously by clumsy fingers. The result has been that the huge voting power in American music has fallen into the hands not of the spiritually sensitive but the manually dexterous. It is exactly as if no man were allowed authority in the theater unless he could do a tap dance. The fallacy of such an idea is shown by the fact that good performers are rarely composers.

It is only in recent years that the public has been allowed to grasp the idea that although a person cannot sound G sharp with hand or voice he still may understand and love music. It sounds, I fear, exactly like the sort of thing that Mark Hobbs himself would say, but it does seem to be true that the radio, the phonograph, and the player piano have accomplished a service far beyond the dreams of their inventors. Perhaps, on second thought, this is exactly what Mark Hobbs would *not* say, for it is one of the tenets of his tribe to express a horror of all mechanical music. But if it will annoy him I will say it myself and if he *should* happen to have said it I truly apologize, for it would be the only true word that he has ever spoken about music.



Editor's Easy Chair



PRESIDENT ELIOT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OF COURSE Doctor Eliot never was the conventional college president. It will be recalled that the Harvard Overseers would not at first endorse the selection of him by the Harvard Corporation. He was thirty-five years old at that time, and the Overseers, who were possibly old-fogier in 1868 than they are now, considered him too immature; besides which he had given some evidence of being what in our rude vernacular we call a roughneck. He had disclosed in *The Atlantic Monthly* that in his opinion education was not being done right. Possibly the Overseers felt flouted by his remarks, which they may have thought reflected upon them as supervisors of education. But the Harvard Corporation, which has only seven members and is self-perpetuating, and is at least as superior to external opinion as the unjust judge of Scripture, is a very remarkable body, that does an unexpected thing as often as it thinks necessary and has a curious appreciation of the value of youth. When it has a vacancy in its own body to fill it is quite likely, as in this case, to take some young fellow not more than ten or fifteen years out of college. Having picked Charles Eliot to be President, it stuck to him and, when the Overseers had had time to remark on the Corporation's persistence, they accepted him.

But he was never the traditional college president of sixty years ago. Indeed, he set a new fashion in college presidents, and set it with such success

that colleges generally began to look about for presidents as nearly of his type as the visible supply of material could afford. There were times—indeed a good many times—when he recognized the humanity of human beings. Once in discussing coal mining he pointed out as one of its attractions as a calling that when you put in a charge of dynamite to bring down coal you never knew how much you were going to get. That made the job a gamble, and he noted that human creatures like gambles and that employments in which they are found are more interesting than the employments in which they are not. Probably he did not call gambles gambles, and was college president enough to use more dignified language, but he was writer enough not to use too dignified language. He never tangled up his ideas with words, good or bad. You knew what he said. Indeed, in certain ways he came to be a great expert in words especially, as everybody knows, in inscriptions. That he did poetry I never heard, but he did do inscriptions, which is a very particular branch of the literary art. One of his inscriptions was sunk the other day in the North River on the steamer *Washington Irving*. It adorned a bronze picture of Irving. No doubt they have fished it out by now. He must have written hundreds of inscriptions and he took fees at times for practicing this vocation. Some that he made for public buildings in Washington were changed by another word artist, Dr.

Woodrow Wilson but, in the judgment of the present critic, not improved.

One would not venture to say that Doctor Eliot escaped completely from the disabilities of being a college president but he did avoid a surprising lot of them. He was sometimes oracular but never pompous. And naturally, since he had no more need of being pompous than a Ford car, with which conquering democratic mechanism he might perhaps be advantageously compared if it was reverently done and with proper qualifications. For the Ford car changed American life, and so in appreciable measure did Doctor Eliot.

He was kind but did not advertise it much. John Jay Chapman long ago published a piece about him. Of course, Chapman is a chartered disillusionist, and likely to say anything about anybody that happens into his head and sounds good to him. He said saucy things about Doctor Eliot, but among other things said he was kind, very kind, to young fellows in college who had bad luck and needed help or attention. Chapman gives instances of that, and offers himself as one because, having suffered a fiscal setback while an undergraduate, he was sent for by Eliot, examined as to his needs, and put in the way of remunerative light employment that would meet them.

Perhaps Doctor Eliot saw something in Chapman. It was his great, perhaps his greatest, specialty to discern what men had in them. He was a great picker of men; a great employer, constantly in need of high talent to help him make a good thing—a good educational Ford—out of Harvard University. If he saw value in a man and could acquire him, he reached out and took him without regard to whether his captive saw value in him or not. In college appointments he never tried to punish anybody for opposing him provided he was good at his job. To be sure, he had limited powers, or none, over professors; but positive and aggressive as he was, he was neither arrogant nor arbitrary.

The changes he wanted he got, but he waited until they came by consent of his colleagues whose consent was necessary, and he gained that consent by argument and persuasion. His stories in *A Late Harvest* of his dealings and relations with men, and especially of his modernization of the Medical School and Law School of Harvard are fascinating and very amusing. He had great gifts as a biographer. Would that he had written up more Harvard graduates as he did Dixwell, Lowell, Doctor Holmes, Langdell, and others.

But, as said, he was kind to Chapman, who is also a biographer, and possibly saw something in him. Chapman is not academic, not very; but he is something of a scholar—more in several lines, than Eliot was—and he could beat him as a writer on religion, but as an administrative officer Doctor Eliot could beat Chapman hands down. He could run a college much better of course than Chapman would have wanted any college to be run for most of the purposes which Doctor Eliot thought useful.

A LITERARY person, that is, a sort of literary person, who had formed the habit of going to Northeast Harbor every summer for a while, used always to call on Doctor Eliot while he was there. This person was a light character with very moderate supplies of knowledge, moderate diligence, and a fair line of deleterious habits; but by dint of some facility in adjusting words to one another he had managed to get along passably in life. It always surprised him, so I am told, that Doctor Eliot should tolerate him at all. But he did, treated him with indulgence, was ready even to talk man to man with him, got out of him what he knew, if anything, about things and people he was conversant with, wanted to know how much money he made writing pieces, and evidently thought better of him because he made a rather better living than he was entitled to. For Doctor Eliot was always interested in making a living, especially as contrived by gradu-

ates of Harvard. The man always marvelled at the old man's kindness, but so it was. Doctor Eliot was probably shy to start with. There was not that in him, as there was for example in Roosevelt, that went out and embraced his fellow creature, but he was interested in him, very patient with him when it was necessary, helped him when he could. It may be even that he suffered fools gladly, but as to that one would like to hear testimony.

Mr. Brisbane notes that he "knew the value of serenity and refused to be Ambassador to Great Britain." So he did. He had also from the first a very definite idea of what was his calling in this life, and he stuck to it. It kept him in Europe with his young family for two years, 1863-5, studying chemistry and methods of education while Justice Holmes's then youthful frame was being ventilated by bullets and Robert Gould Shaw was being buried with his niggers. But, as often related in the papers, when in his early days he was offered five thousand dollars a year to be manager of a cotton mill he refused, because that was not the job he had in mind for himself, and presently he hired out as a teacher for half the salary.

He was very practical. A while ago in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* there was a story of Benjamin Peirce, the great mathematician, and how when sometimes he got an idea in mathematics that was too big for him to express he adjourned in the street car to Somerville to Doctor Hill, afterwards President of Harvard College, to get his help in putting his mathematical thought on record. Peirce could think in mathematics better than Hill could, but Hill had a greater gift for expressing mathematical thoughts than Peirce had! So they sat together sometimes far into the night till between them they got down on paper Peirce's last great thought. That tale being one day communicated to Doctor Eliot it was expected that his enthusiasm would be kindled. It was not kindled at all. What he said about

it was that Benjamin Peirce was a poor teacher. No doubt he was. His name is on a tablet in Paris along with Pythagorus and Archimedes as one of the twenty great mathematicians on record since world records began and, of course, the old man was a glory of Harvard. But Doctor Eliot was interested in teaching, and no doubt it was true that Benjamin Peirce was not very abundantly useful to the young idea.

Doctor Eliot was not all things to all men but he was many things to a lot of them. He was predominantly mental. What he did, he did with his mind, and it was an extremely good mind. But spiritual things he did not get with all of the certainty that he got mental things. They seemed not so much to be shown to him. Yet he had a lively interest in religion. What he saw he saw clearly. What he did not see he could not think existed. Being a Unitarian, he was fully satisfied with that point of view, especially as it left him to his own point of view without disparagement or molestation. First and last he wrote a good deal about religion. In one of his forth-givings about it, included in *A Late Harvest* (the volume of his papers written between eighty and ninety) he said: "No single personality born in Christendom—and no class of persons—can reach his best without accepting as guides in life the fundamental teachings of Jesus Christ—love God and thy neighbor, have compassion on the wronged and the desolate, seek the truth that frees, and worship God in spirit and in truth. To live in this way, it is not necessary to accept any of the dogmas of the great churches, or any part of their symbolism or ritualism. Indeed, much of their symbolism, ritualism, dogmatism, and ecclesiasticism is inconsistent with essential obedience to the precepts of Jesus Christ."

That is very positive testimony and will seem to most readers to entitle him to standing as a Christian, albeit in the next essay in the same volume he recommends as an item in the creed

of an imagined Free Christian Church: "We believe that mankind would get along better than they do now if it were positively known that the heaven of Revelation had been burned and Hell quenched."

He did not like the Heaven of Revelation and perhaps feared he might go there. About hell he seems to have had no anxieties, but he disapproved of it as depicted. There must be some medication of bad cases in the hereafter, but it need not be done with fire and brimstone, nor go on eternally.

In his latest years he got interested more or less in what was going to happen to him next. One hears that two or three years ago he went to visit a Buddhist friend in Boston to learn what his expectations were. What information he got does not appear, but he was entirely dissatisfied with the picture of the life in the *au delà* described by the orthodox churches. "The usual conception of heaven," he said, "is a place of refuge from pain, a rest from monotonous drudgery. To me such a heaven is unthinkable. My greatest happiness is in pleasurable activity. Joy in work is my ideal of existence, here or hereafter. An existence of idleness, or relief from work, would be wholly unbearable." No wonder he thought that the advance in knowledge had "made it harder than it used to be for an intelligent man to be a mystic." All the same, the expectation of the spiritualists of this generation, who are mystics of a sort, matched very accurately these thoughts of Doctor Eliot. Their information is that we go on in the after life from the point at which our labors cease here, and proceed to learn and develop as we can. Nevertheless, when an effort was made to bring this conception to Doctor Eliot's notice he shied at the spiritualists as Harvard College has done invariably for eighty years or more. He approved of the doctrine of John Robinson of the *Mayflower* that more light and truth were still to break forth from God's word, but not as applied to communica-

tion with the dead nor as to healing. He approved and heartily supported and advanced medical experiment and the use of animals in it, and approved and encouraged the provision of animals for vivisection; but mental and spiritual medicine, which in his day made enormous advances, was not in his line and got nothing from him. Yet it was in his time that William James, who had so useful a curiosity about those things, ran his beneficent course in Harvard College.

WAS HE consistent?

Probably not, but that would have troubled him as little as it troubled Emerson or Horace Greeley. He saw what a nuisance rum was, was converted to the idea of abating it by legislation, and went in finally for Prohibition, albeit that experiment seems contrary to his philosophy of life as expressed by the slogan of his early years "Education by liberty," and in his approval of "God's way of developing the best and most effective human character—the way of liberty to sin, in order to further the development of self-control." Observing local prohibitions in Maine and elsewhere for fifty years, he remarked that "unless the strong majority of any government unit in the states where prohibition laws exist was in favor of prohibition, the law would, as matter of fact, not be enforced." But delighted with the success of the war-prohibition for soldiers under discipline and orders, he found it obvious that "you must have national prohibition to make prohibition effective. It must be nation-wide, or it simply cannot be enforced."

Finally it was made nation-wide, but enforcement of it seems still to be so severe a problem that at last accounts Doctor Eliot was considering the expediency of light wines and beer. He was no fanatic about drinks. He wanted regulation that would work and would do good. Some of the methods of the prohibitionists must have been shocking to him. He came to believe that the use

of cheap spirits such as Jamaica rum and whiskey was the great contributing cause of venereal disease and "will kill us unless we kill it." By "us" he meant the white race and particularly the American stock. Probably he made of that more of a bogie than the facts warrant, but whatever the facts are—and there are facts—the cure of them by prohibition is not yet vindicated.

Prohibition, however, has added to knowledge by as much as it has failed to cure rum. It is something to know how not to do it. We know more about law, more about men, more about politicians, more about Methodists, capitalists, industrialists, and humanity than we did before Prohibition, and we need not squirm if we have to pay something for all this knowledge.

In his address on December 29, 1914, to the Unitarians in Philadelphia, Doctor Eliot heartily cursed war and reprimanded the Christian Church for not having put an end to it. But in due time he was strong for having the United States go into the World War, and when the time for our entry approached, was one of the staunchest and most influential backers of President Wilson's war policies. The undaunted spirit of him could not tolerate the thought of a world in the throes of dissolution, and the United States merely looking on. By his very nature, the blood in his veins, the conclusions of his mind and the impulses of his spirit, he was pro-ally, and dead against the monstrous German conceptions and purposes of those days. When the Stars and Stripes finally broke out on the Eiffel tower and the Houses of Parliament, I daresay he cried. Our

more sedulous debt collectors seem to forget that any tears of relief were shed in these States in 1917.

Was he a great man? People have different notions of what constitutes a great man, but he was indisputably a great figure; a giant of his kind. As the years rolled on and he rode them out, he came to be our leading sage. There is no one yet in sight to sit in the chair he left vacant.

A splendid man; tolerant, generous, bold: not always right, but majestic in the steadiness of his effort to know the truth and teach it, and make it prevail. We all live more or less in mental bonds. To break those bonds and set us free is the highest service of the highest souls. He did his share of that. It took courage and he had it. In the current number of a weekly paper (*The Nation*) is an article entitled "I Believe in Free Speech, But—". The title is a quotation from a recent speech of Mayor Nichols of Boston in reply to a remonstrance from citizens of that town against interference by city officials with the right of free speech and free assemblage. The article makes complaint of similar interference in Fall River and Lawrence. What would Doctor Eliot have had to say about such a matter as that?

We shall not know now. All we know is that whatever he had to say he would have said it.

Other cases will come up as to which, for some time to come, we shall wish we had his outspoken judgment. And when we realize that it is no longer accessible, we shall realize anew how valuable it was, and how rare is the combination of discernment and courage that made it so.



Personal and Otherwise



NO AMERICAN writer excels *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* in dealing with topics which require a broad background of knowledge and social experience, a fine discrimination in social values, an acute perception of the subtleties of meaning which give color to our American speech, and a pen under such exact discipline that it can attach to these subtleties their precise significance. Not since our July issue, when Mrs. Gerould wrote for us on "This Vulgarly of Ours," has she been represented in the Magazine; we are glad to say, however, that during the next few months she will follow "Ladies and Gentlemen" with more than one essay of equal penetration. As most of our readers will recall, Mrs. Gerould is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton, and is an able novelist and short-story writer as well as essayist—witness, for example, her novel *Lost Valley* and her stories collected under the title of *Vain Oblations*.

Since 1919, *James Norman Hall*, Iowan and war aviator whose accounts of the day-to-day experiences of fighting men on the Western Front (*Kitchener's Mob*, *High Adventure*) attracted wide attention, has been living in Tahiti. In 1921, with his friend Charles Nordhoff, also an ex-aviator, he published the popular *Faery Lands of the South Seas*. Since then he has occasionally contributed to this and other magazines stories and sketches written with a sensitive touch.

Before *Elmer Davis* became a novelist and a HARPER contributor, he spent seven years preparing to be a professor of history—which explains his uncommon knowledge of Sparta and Spartans. Mr. Davis's portrait of Bishop Manning in the June issue has been followed by several other contributions, "The White Horse of Sam Parks," "Bride of Quietness" (a story), and "Have Faith in Indiana." He now lives in New York.

Margaret Prescott Montague of White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, author of *Deep Channel* and many excellent essays and short stories (her story "From England to America" won the O. Henry prize in 1920) returns to HARPER's after a long absence.

Nietzsche may not have been right when he said that a good war hallowed any cause, but at least a good hot argument enlivens any magazine. In his plea for masculism *John Macy* defies the champions of present-day feminism. It will be interesting to watch the reaction to his article: will most of the women who read it agree with him? Mr. Macy, formerly literary editor of *The Nation*, is the author of several books, of which the most recent and perhaps the best known is *The Story of the World's Literature*. His observations on feminism will later be expanded into a book.

New light is thrown on the perplexing Philippine problem by *William H. Gardiner*, a well-known authority on international problems, particularly those of the Pacific.

In our recent Intercollegiate Contest, *Mary Lispenard Cooper*, competing with representatives of more than eighty American colleges and universities, won second prize with "Moth-Mullein." She represented Vassar, from which she graduated last June. In announcing the results of the Contest last August, we incorrectly gave her home as Flushing, Long Island. As a matter of fact, she has lived in Yonkers and in Salisbury, Connecticut, and has been spending the past summer at Brentwood, Long Island.

Ludwig Lewisohn's reflections on "Culture and Barbarism" were sent us from Europe, where he has been living for some time. Mr. Lewisohn (author of *Upstream* and *Don Juan*, editor, translator, critic, and former college professor) contributed to HARPER's a year ago an exquisite story entitled "The Holy Land."

Born in Russia, *Dr. Louis I. Dublin* came to this country at the age of four, studied at the College of the City of New York and Columbia, and after a few years of teaching at City College and in a New York high school, became in 1911 the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. If all statisticians could make their findings a basis of such readable material as his, there would be greater popular enthusiasm for statistics. This is Doctor Dublin's first appearance in HARPER'S.

Every reader of this Magazine has probably sat in on arguments on human progress, and has been alternately assured that the Greek civilization was better than ours and that the age of bath tubs, automobiles, and electric lights is the best ever. *Will Durant*, author of the successful *Story of Philosophy*, brings to a subject of perennial interest not only knowledge but wisdom. Last month Doctor Durant wrote for us an appraisal of modern democracy. He is the head of the Labor Temple School in New York.

Many a college community has been divided during the past year over the question of compulsory chapel. As *Professor Charles A. Bennett* of Yale points out, all discussions of this subject inevitably lead us back to more general and fundamental issues; with one of these he deals in his article. Mr. Bennett's sketches for the Lion's Mouth (many of which were collected in *At a Venture*) are familiar to friends of the Magazine. One of the most delightful of these, "The Matterhorn," was published last month.

Harold W. Brecht's first HARPER story, "Two Heroes," appeared a year ago last September. It was given high rank among the best American stories of the year by the O. Henry Award Committee and was included in their 1925 collection. A few months later he followed it with another boy story, "Paradise Regained." Mr. Brecht is a Philadelphian.

Drawing here and there from Emerson's own words, *Van Wyck Brooks*, author of *America's Coming of Age*, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, and *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, skillfully sketches the Concord philosopher by showing us Thoreau, the younger Channing, and Concord village as seen

through Emersonian eyes. This is Mr. Brooks's first HARPER paper. A later sketch will show Emerson's plight when confronted by the curious and sometimes ridiculous reformers of his generation.

There has been so much talk about the effects of prohibition on school and college life that we recently invited the principal of Phillips-Andover Academy, *Dr. Alfred E. Stearns*, to reveal the conditions of the present day exactly as he sees them. His testimony will perhaps surprise some readers; we shall be interested to see whether others in a position to know the facts have arrived at the same conclusion.



We have three poets this month: *Alice Brown*, of Boston, long distinguished as novelist and short-story writer, who occasionally turns to verse; *Edward Davison*, former associate editor of the *London Mercury*, whose *Harvest of Youth* was published by the House of Harper last spring and who is now assistant professor of English at Vassar College; and *Robert Graves*, an Englishman now serving as professor of English literature at the Egyptian University at Cairo.



The Lion is ministered to this month by *Edward Anthony*, of New York, an accomplished writer of light verse and humorous sketches; *Alix*, whose identity must remain shrouded in mystery; and *Philip Curtiss*, of Norfolk, Connecticut, a frequent contributor of stories and Lion's Mouth articles.



"American Motherhood" is one of *Charles W. Hawthorne's* many recent prize-winning paintings; it won the Walter Lippincott Prize at an exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Hawthorne lives in New York in the winter and at Provincetown in the summer; he owns and teaches at the Cape Cod School of Art. Two other paintings of his have served as HARPER frontispieces during the past year: "The Captain's Daughter" and "The Captain, the Cook and the First Mate."

From our correspondence it would appear that an occasional reader has been disposed to take at its full face value the article entitled "Upholding the Constitution," which appeared in our September issue over the signature of the Reverend Jeremiah Hevenward. It should be made clear to such readers that the signature was a pseudonym and that the article was satirical.



Readers of Bishop Fiske's articles on the proper sphere of action for the Church may be entertained to recall that Shakespeare once said something on the subject. William Hard recently called the attention of the Bishop to the fact that in *King Henry the Fourth*, Part II, John of Lancaster encounters the Archbishop of York, who has entered into politics and has proceeded in arms to try to tell the King what to do about statesmanship. Lord John says to him:

My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum.
Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings.
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven
As a false favourite doth his prince's name.

Mr. Hard added to Bishop Fiske, "So, as always, isn't everything in Shakespeare?"



Challenged by Mr. Aikman's paper on "The New Decadents" in the September issue, one of our readers calls for a new fictitious character to set over against George F. Babbitt and incidentally speaks in defence of that much abused institution, Rotary:

Don't you think Mr. Babbitt has had the field to himself about long enough? This chief exponent of smugness in American life appears to be in need of a little healthy competition, and I have in mind

a certain gentleman, as yet unnamed and unsung, who should contend with him for honors. . . . I want a fictitious character to represent the spirit of "mercenary negation," the spirit that condemns and destroys anything and everything, not for the purpose of correcting an evil but for the sake of the financial profit it brings him. "Mr. Jabbitt" would be "agin" it all and he would be smart and would say cute things at so much a line. Everything would be grist for his mill.

In my business of building machinery, the raw materials are pig iron, bar steel, and other metallic substances. In the foundry more or less "scrap" is melted up with the pig iron. This scrap consists of worn out parts of machines and sundry cast iron objects for which the junk man is ever on the lookout. The junk man is valuable in the business so long as he confines himself to gathering up old worn-out material, but when he begins wrecking expensive machinery for the mere profit he can get out of it as scrap iron, he becomes a nuisance and a menace. Fortunately, so senseless a thing is rarely done in engineering but it seems to be common practice in literature.

Perhaps, among your contributors, you may be able to find an author who can portray the human jackal who smells out the rotten spots in the social structure and tears down the building for the sake of a decayed morsel on one of the shelves. Are workers in the literary field obliged to specialize to such an extent that destructive criticism is an art in itself regardless of what it feeds upon? Apparently there is no institution sound enough, no set of ideals practical enough, no business useful enough to escape bombardment; and no one expects this. But, to me, the fact is quite clear that a great deal of shooting at targets is going on these days, and shooting at targets is never for the good of the target. It is indulged in for the benefit of the shooters. The smaller the bullseye the greater the skill required to make a hit. The shooter who can hit the smallest mark, show the most style in his cracks and ring up the greatest number of hits, becomes the champion—and that is all the game is for. Nor is the shooting always confined to honest-to-goodness targets. The shooter who can aim a shaft at something no one else ever expected to be taken for a target creates traffic congestion in short order.

I do not doubt for a minute that Mr. Babbitt is a member of the Rotary Club. But, having met him, Mr. Jabbitt, who knows nothing about Rotary but is perfectly at home on the Babbitt stuff, gets out his gun and goes to shooting. There is money in it for him, and fame and a following. Shooting at Babbitt in a Rotary Club is likely more profitable just now than out-of-doors shoot-

ing. It is no concern of his that thousands of people who know scarcely more about Rotary than he does himself thereby get a twisted and distorted conception of it. That is immaterial. It was just one more thing to shoot at and tomorrow he will shoot at something else.

The truth about Rotary should be told by a business man who understands that "service" is not a Sunday School by-product but an economic force in the evolution of business; that "love your neighbor" is not a sex complex but could better be expressed "understand your neighbor"; that to understand one's neighbor, one must first get acquainted with him, hence the luncheon and the club. A Rotary Club is not a public institution but a private business organization into which members are elected by secret ballot. It is not composed of millionaires and captains of industry but it takes in the best and most enlightened members it can select from all trades, professions and businesses. It is not a proselyting society nor a moral censor. It concerns itself with neither politics nor religion. It is a private school for business men.

But why defend Rotary or any other institution against this kind of criticism? Is it not sufficient to understand that most of this smart writing is merely a standardized product from a class of writers who specialize in it? Let a new scientific discovery be announced and a popular writer, with no technical knowledge to speak of, dishes it up for mass consumption. Another class delves into psychic phenomena; another specializes in human triangles and sex geometry. A few young women and old girls are seen smoking cigarettes in cabarets and immediately no story-book heroine is complete without a triangle and a cigarette. It is the way of writers who have fame and fortune to make. It is not strange that there should have arisen a school of scoffers with clever pens and an eye to the main chance. But their writing is not instructive—it is misleading. It is cleverly done and entertaining, but invariably it is too trivial to start a ferment and the net result is a batch of sour dough that eventually finds its way into the garbage can.

In calling for a "Jabbitt" to match our Babbitt, I am open to criticism myself for "knocking the knockers," but then I am not a professional writer

—merely a business man, a Rotarian and—a target.

Very truly yours,

L. G. MERRITT,
Vice-President Lockport, N. Y., Rotary Club.

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We are never certain exactly what the contents of any issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be until almost the moment of going to press, for we like to leave the door open as long as possible for timely eleventh-hour contributions. But even at this early date our December issue is beginning to take shape; and we venture to give our readers a foretaste of it. Here are some of the features planned for next month:—

Christopher Morley, author of *Thunder on the Left*, will begin a new serial.

Mrs. Gerould will be represented with an article of characteristic brilliance.

The English economist, George Glasgow, will attack the stormy subject of the war debts from a new and startling point of view,—startling above all for an Englishman.

Following up John Macy's broadside at the feminists, we shall permit R. LeClerc Phillips to speak her mind freely on a somewhat delicate subject—the marriage chances of college women and particularly of the scholarly women who are the delight of college faculties.

American business men will find food for sober thought in a discussion by Jesse R. Sprague of the effect of the go-getter and his methods on our business security.

In a "Portrait of an Olympian," R. W. Brown will depict the great Charles William Eliot as he was never depicted before.

Other probable contributors will be Walter Lippman, Van Wyck Brooks, Ada Jack Carver, and William McFee, each adding to the variety and liveliness of the Magazine.





